

# A TIME TO HARVEST

## KEEPER REFERENCE - PLAIN TEXT HANDOUTS

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## HANDOUT: HARVEST I

Oh Mother of Life!  
Begetter of the Thousand Young  
Devourer of my enemies  
With my flesh I serve thee  
With my soul I worship thee  
That thy will be done here as it is in the spaces betwixt the stars  
May my sacrifice be worthy  
That I may sup on thy holy milk in the Summerlands forever

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 3B

Mother loves me this I know  
For the Others tell me so  
They have watched us for so long  
Where we are little  
Our Brothers are strong  
Yes Mother loves me  
Yes Mother loves me  
Yes Mother loves me  
For the Others tell me so

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 4

### ARKHAM ADVERTISER

September 16<sup>th</sup>, 1929

#### SEARCH FOR MISSING STUDENTS CALLED OFF

You may remember the mystery surrounding the death of Miskatonic University history student, Boyd Patterson, and the disappearance of two of his classmates during a field trip to Vermont last month. Patterson's body was found at the foot of the Green Mountains after local Sheriff, Dan Spencer, grew concerned about the students' whereabouts and mounted a search of the woods and hills surrounding the picturesque farming town of Cobb's Corners in an attempt to locate them. The subsequent inquiry concluded that Patterson's injuries were consistent with a great fall, and his death was recorded as a tragic climbing accident. No trace of anthropology student, Miss Daphne Devine, nor geology student, John Jeffrey, could be found. It is believed that the students were in Vermont following up on a previous research trip which had taken place earlier that summer.

Another student, Robert Blaine, who had been due to take part in the expedition, suffered his own fall the night before the group's departure and, as a result of his injuries, was unable to join them. As soon as he heard of their plight, Blaine is reported to have rushed to Cobb's Corners to help with the efforts to locate his fellow students. Sadly, that search has now been wound down, as no trace of either Miss Devine or Jeffrey has been found. To date, there is no clue regarding their fate, nor may there ever be. Their loss is, undoubtedly, keenly felt by all who knew them.

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 5

You open your eyes to find that you are not in bed and instead lay upon a flowerbed. The immense night sky is full of twinkling stars and a huge gibbous moon rises directly above you. The moon is somehow sinister in a way that you cannot properly explain. As you rise from the flowerbed the flowers make a rustling noise, and as you stand, you realize the rustling noise continues. Turning around you see the flowers seem now to shudder of their own volition. Backing away in fear, you find your gaze is taken toward the dark woods. Ugly shapes and creeping shadows move between the tree trunks, somehow almost human but twisted and smaller. Suddenly, a myriad of glowing eyes appear in the tree line, blinking and feral. The rustling stops and from deep within the woods you hear a man's cry, long and painful. You hear your name shouted aloud, twice—the second time so loud it wakes you. You are in your bed, sweating, confused, and frightened.

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 6

You awake in complete darkness. Not due to a starless night or curtained room, but rather the absolute darkness of the void. Frozen and immobile, there is no possibility of movement. Though your eyes feel open, nothing can be seen through the impenetrable blackness. The only sensation is a slight buzzing in your ears, and this, through slow increments, grows in volume until it becomes a terrible buzzing. You think you can hear words throbbing through the uneven tones. A sharp, excruciating pain follows, and the darkness is replaced by a sudden influx of light as nebulous shapes come into focus.

Discordant images flash before you. A fragmentary vision of a forest of huge twisted oaks thick with loathsome fungoid growths appears first, the sky barely visible beneath the canopy of leaves. This scene is followed by a city of sky-blue marble. Slender minarets are visible, as are high walls lined with bronze statues dressed in medieval garb. The scene then shifts to a windswept and desolate place spotted with squat granite huts. Unclear humanoid shapes lurk nearby, dancing and capering around flickering green flames. A massive vista of cylinder-shaped towers follows. A twilight world illuminated by sickly yellow orbs. A sudden cold fear builds as you stare at the shadows lurking beyond the city's thirty-foot high doorways.

These visions fade and you find you are still immobile but now seem to be in an overgrown clearing of twisted weeds surrounded by trees. Sugar Maple trees. It is broad daylight, yet no bird sings. Powerless and immobile, you sense things moving nearby. From nowhere you hear a gut-wrenching woman's scream. You awake back in bed, frightened and confused.

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 7

You are on a cold, earthen floor. It's dark here, but not so dark that you don't realize you are in a root cellar. Gnarled knots of decayed vegetables droop above your head, root tendrils brush against your face and bare shoulders when you stand. You are naked, cold, and vulnerable. You see long wooden shelves lining two walls, holding jars containing pulsing, slightly glowing objects. Could they be brains? As you begin to approach, you turn as you hear a low, ugly growl that makes your hairs stand on end. The growl transforms into guttural words speaking a strange language you don't understand. Panicking, you run toward the stairs but, in true nightmare fashion, the stairs never get any closer as you run and run.

The roots grow thicker as you attempt to escape; grasping your hair and limbs. It is only when the strange voice reaches a booming crescendo that the roots part and you finally stumble onto the stairs. Darting upwards, you see a sturdy looking trap door barring the exit. The voice issues a final scream of rage as you hammer at the trap door and somehow manage to break it open, flooding the cellar with starlight. Sweating and panting, you climb outside to see that you are in a clearing surrounded by Sugar Maple trees. You take a few cautious steps across the wet grass.

Something cold and sticky wraps around your ankles and begins to drag you back toward the cellar. Painfully, you are bundled down the stairs and the last thing you hear before complete darkness descends is a roar of bestial laughter. You wake up, shaking in abject terror, the laughter still echoing in your ears.

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 8

### MRS. BELLWEATHER'S TALE

When Franklin Cobb and the original settlers were moving toward this valley, they was halted by a group of Indians. It seems the Indians tried to warn the settlers this was cursed land. They told Franklin that, long ago, a tribe settled in this valley and evil spirits wiped them out in a single night. According to their legends, the tribe died in the most hideous ways: frozen, burned, or ripped apart. The remains of those massacred were found and buried at the foot of a hill in the valley. But on that evening, the evil spirits took to the air, screaming curses and threats, but the Indians' wise man had powerful magic and he was able to keep the spirits at bay while his tribe made their escape.

Now I believe that there's some truth in it. There ain't no bugs in the valley, no bees, and no skeeters. Birds don't fly overhead going south for the winter, and no bear or mountain lion comes down to terrorize us. The only things living in this valley are man and the things man brings. Did you know that farmers here don't have to worry about weeds? They won't grow here! Least not in the crops. So many things do grow here though; if we couldn't sell it all off to the cities, we'd be drowning in crops and cows! And all this produce coming from thin, rocky soil. Every so often I wonder why we was granted this bounty, but more than that, I wonder what we're paying for it.

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 9

**BENNINGTON BANNER, JUNE 12, 1921**

### FAMILY FOUND DEAD IN VERMONT

Yesterday, the bodies of Lou Ann Clark and her two sons, Simon and Samuel, aged 9 and 7 respectively, were found at a campsite at the base of the Green Mountains. Police speculate the family had been murdered over a week ago by an unknown assailant. According to locals, the Clark family arrived in the small town of Cobb's Corners on June 4th, prior to going on a fishing, camping, and hiking vacation in the forest surrounding the town. As for Keith Clark, the husband and father of the slain family, no trace of him has been found at the scene of this terrible crime. Police continue to search the woods for evidence and have made a call for Mr. Clark to come forward to assist with their enquiries.

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 10

Dear Ashley,

I wish to thank you for coming through in regards to the funding of the field trip I have planned. I can't imagine why the university would deny me funding for such a potentially beneficial excursion. I have my suspicions that damnable Wilmarth is behind it.

In any regard, I believe it's quite generous of Federated Oil and Chemical to finance this expedition and I sincerely look forward to integrating our students, as I have been a vocal proponent of inter-disciplinary field trips for quite some time. I hope your students are as fruitful in their diggings as mine will undoubtedly be in their quest for local folklore. Please let me know if I can ever be of service to you in the future.

Yrs.,

Roger Harrold

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 11

Dear Mr. Abelard,

I regret to inform you that it would appear the Pasquallium is extraterrestrial in origin. My students have returned with another sample of the ore, which they found in a crater they estimate to be thousands of years old. I am enclosing photographs of the site for your perusal.

According to my students, they found the ore at Red Rock Mountain, five miles due south of Brattleboro. I have taken the liberty of holding on to both samples of the ore so that I may continue testing them. If you desire the original sample returned, please contact me.

It has been a pleasure dealing with a philanthropist such as yourself, sir, and if I may be of any further assistance to Federated Oil and Chemical, I would welcome your call.

In thanks and appreciation,

Prof. Ashley Learmonth

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 12

August 20<sup>th</sup>

Mrs. E. Cratchett  
12 Orchard Road  
Cobb's Corners  
Vermont

Mr. Blaine,

I write this letter only to tell you why you haven't received any response to your last three pestering letters. My beloved husband, Jethro, who was a great and honest man if ever there was, is dead. Dr. Perry says it was an accident but I think better of it.

I told Jethro not to get mixed up with you or that Ms. Devine and all of your oh-so-smart college foolishness, but you and that woman got him to go against me and now he's dead. I hope you are happy, sir, and I hope you rot in hell. I know he died because of the stories he was telling you. I don't know how, but I'm sure you had something to do with his untimely demise.

Please, if you have any mercy in your damnable heart, do not write to me again. May God forgive you because I cannot. You have made me a widow before my time.

Emelda Cratchett

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 13

Dear Ms. Devine and colleagues,

I write this note to congratulate you and your team on the splendid work you have performed so far. It is most impressive and goes to prove how ideal you are for this task.

I'm also pleased that you all are having an enjoyable jaunt, and wholeheartedly approve of your return trip to Cobb's Corners.

Yrs.,

Roger Harrold

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 14

### Supplies

- Bedding
- Canned food
- Bottled water
- Medical supplies
- Kerosene lanterns
- Electric torches (plus batteries)
- Binoculars x three (3) pairs
- Miscellaneous tools
- Chemistry and biology lab (should be everything you need)
- Short-wave radios x two (2)
- Ford model TT truck
- Ford model A car
- Radio antenna—nine (9)-foot tall (to be attached to the roof of the farmhouse)
- Portable generator (use only to power the radio)
- 50-gallon steel drums of gasoline x four (4)

### Armory

- Lee-Enfield Mk3 .303 rifles (British) x six (6), with 600 rounds ammunition
- Colt model 1917 .45 revolvers x four (4)
- Thompson M1921 submachine guns x two (2), with 800 rounds ammunition
- Very pistols (flare guns) x three (3), with 50 flares for each (150 total)
- Case of 24 hand grenades x one (1)

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 16A

### Transcription

Interview held November 18th 1926.

### STARTS:

Dr. Matherson: Can you hear me? Can you understand me?

Subject: (A slow, almost mechanical sounding high-pitched buzzing voice.) Yes, we understand.

DM: You have been here for two days, why did you wait until now to speak to me?

S: We did not speak your language.

DM: You mean that you learned English in just two days? How?

S: Listening to human speech. Since capture two solar cycles ago.

DM: That's amazing. So why do you wish to speak to me now?

S: Hungry. Require food.

DM: Well, I've tried feeding you everything I can think of... but you haven't eaten anything.

S: Cannot consume food. Must return to Mountain.

DM: Well, I just can't let you go back to the Himalayas now can I?

S: We have not harmed you. Leave us to be left alone and in secret. No harm to you. Need food. Will die.

DM: Well... I'll see what I can do, but let's get back to the questions shall we. What shall I call you?

S: We are Mi-Go.

DM: Mi-Go eh? We found you in the Himalayan Mountains. Where did you come from before that?

S: Far away. You do not know of it yet.

DM: Yes, but what is it called? How far away is it?

S: Very far. Food. Must have food... soon.

DM: I'll get you some food soon, but I must know more about this place.

S: Food. Food.



## HANDOUT: HARVEST 16B

DM: I warn you, if you do not answer my questions I will be forced to administer an electric shock to make you talk.

S: Talk no more. Must have food! Food!

(A flurry of sounds lasts for three minutes of the recording. The cacophony seems to include an electric hum, the hiss of static discharge, a metal scraping sound, Dr. Matherson shouting for the mi-go to answer the questions, and an eerie, buzzing scream. Finally, the subject speaks an almost unintelligible word.)

S: Yug-goth...Yug-goth. We come... from Yuggoth.

DM: And where is this Yuggoth?

S: Ninth planet... in this system.

DM: You're lying. This solar system only has eight planets. Am I going to have to turn the electricity back on?

S: No. Your species has not... found it yet.

DM: Well what brings you to Earth then?

(A ten second pause.)

DM: I asked you what is your reason for being on Earth?

S: Food. I must have...

(A return of the horrific sounds of an electric hum and an ear-splitting, high pitched wail. One minute silence followed by buzzing sound that begins to form words.)

S: Ia! Ia! Shub-Niggurath! Black goat of the woods with a thousand young! Ia! Ia! Nyarlathotep! Release me!

(This, repeated three more times, then subject falls silent. Electric hum heard and further high-pitched wailing.)

DM: It appears that the subject, this "Mi-Go," has died. Its head is no longer changing colors and the process of decomposition appears to be advancing rapidly. Its whole body is beginning to discolor to brown and quickly putrefy. End the recording. I have to rush the carcass to the lab and start an autopsy before it's too late.

**ENDS**

## HANDOUT 17A

Connaissez vous cette homme?

**Nathan Roche**

Age inconnu

Contactez Détective Degarmo a la station de police de La Tuque

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 17B

Destructiveness - Executiveness

Excess: cruelty - a lack of fortitude

Alimentiveness - Desire for food

11. Love of Approbation

12. Cautiousness

16. Conscientiousness

17. Hope

13. Benevolence

Job 7:17 - What is mankind that you make so much of them, that you give them so much attention?

ABEL - background: discharged from army, now an alcoholic. Areas 6 and 6a of brain (Combativeness) normal. Area 13 (Self Esteem) is indented.

CORNETT - background: mill worker, unemployed and a heavy drinker. All areas APPEAR NORMAL.

ROCHE - background: unknown, taciturn, homeless man. Area 10, for Secretiveness IS LARGE.

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 19

I hear the striga's Sabbat outside my house. I hear many children and a man... I am thinking he is Sheriff Spencer. I crawl like dog through thickets. I see... I see... terrible things, many children dance and sing around hill. I see Mrs. Carmichael lying on the altar stone, she is alive, and her little Susie... that child of the Devil... she holds her momma's hand and she smiles at her. A man at the altar... his back is to me... he keeps cutting on Mrs. Carmichael but she just stared... stared at her daughter. She didn't scream until the end. Until her own Susie stabbed her in the heart. Then from the trees... came... came a devil. It was a blasphemy on God's world... and the little children... they ran to it like it was family. Dancing around it and singing. Another was brought up to the altar and killed... and another devil come out of the woods. They do this for a long time. I black out and wake with rain stinging me. Most children gone... most devils gone. I go back home, get hammer, then wait till all leave. I smash stones but striga children return... they strike me but I strike them too. This rain... I think... I think God sends this rain to wash away this evil. Like... Noah, yes?

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 18

**May 10th, 1853**

Finally on my way home again, the sun is shining, birds are singing, and I am sitting in the most wretched smelling boxcar between here and Vermont. I almost didn't make the train, but was luckily helped aboard by an Indian fella. We've spent most of the day talking and swapping stories while a few other passengers lie on the other side of the car, snoring fit to raise the dead.

This Indian, I'll call him 'Hank' as I didn't get his real name, told me a peculiar story. Hank said his people are the Abenakis from the Green Mountains in Vermont, close to my home in Cobb's Corners. One mountain he mentioned by name was Broken Hill and I think I recall hearing that name back in my youth. According to Hank, strange critters had been living in the mountains there since before God created man. In fact, he said these creatures don't worship no Christian God, he says they worship other things. These creatures don't really bother anybody much, as long as folk keep their distance from certain hills where they live. Hank said you can find such places if you know what to look for. Places animals shy from, spooky quiet places, or have strange old stones marking the territory. Sometimes they take people in the night, especially people who go poking around in their hills. Sometimes they send the people back, but changed, and never the same as they was before.

Hank swore that one time when he was a boy, his father pointed out one of the creatures flying haphazardly across a moonlit sky. Hank asked his father why the thing flew like a wounded duck. His pa told him that, just as he could never swim as well as a fish, neither would this creature fly like a bird, as the sky was not its home. Hank's father warned him to watch were he stepped, as the creatures loved to dig in the earth and had created vast warrens in the mountains.

From what I gather, these things are digging for something, like precious metals or gems or some such. Apparently, they can't find whatever they are looking for anywhere else.

It got me to thinking as I sat quiet looking at Hank. I'm sure I recall about some caves up in a mountain called Broken Hill near home. I'm writing this all down to remind me to look into it when I get home. A fella could make a killing selling these critters mineral rights!

## HANDOUT: HARVEST 20

Those who see you will gaze at you, and consider you, saying is this the man who made the Earth tremble, who shook kingdoms? Isaiah 14:16

See daddy! I read your damned book.