



THE SHANDLER CHRONICLES

New Cthulhu fiction! Supernatural skullduggery runs amok in this continuing series of writings culled from the archives of occult investigator Phillip Shandler, as transcribed by Call of Cthulhu author Monte Cook.

SHANDLER INVESTIGATIONS

Phillip Shandler
188 Gibson Lane
Providence, Rhode Island

Dear Thomas, August 28, 1938

I am on my way to England on the S. S. Washington. I have been at sea for four days now, and I cannot say I care for it. Seasickness has incapacitated me for most of my time on board.

Once I finally land on the Sceptred Isle, I have plans to meet up with a Mr. John Morris, who assures me that he can provide me with more information about the Vrill-Ya that I learned about in the vision given to me by the Star of Unseen Stars. Thank you for connecting us, Thomas. I know that you and he have never actually met, but I am certain that any correspondence of yours will be a fine fellow indeed. From his cable, it would certainly seem that he is very knowledgeable in all sorts of occult matters.

I, of course, have that strange, mystical stone with me on the ship. It's locked away safely in my steamer trunk.

I just hope this voyage becomes more tolerable soon. The Atlantic is a harsh place.

Sincerely,

Phillip Shandler

Dear Thomas, Sept 4, 1938

Hope this finds you well. I am, of course, still on route to Liverpool, England.

What do you know about marine life? Last night on deck I saw a very strange sight. I was relaxing, having finally got my sea legs, as they say, with a nice stroll. It was cold and rainy, but I needed to get out of my cabin.

Suddenly, I saw something dark and dripping slink along near the rail, and duck behind one of the lifeboats. I drew closer, to get a better look. Had someone fallen overboard and managed to climb back up?

Rounding the well-secured boat, I saw that it was nothing human. A creature, clearly piscine in nature, hunched there and hissed at me like a snake. Its mouth was filled with needle-like teeth, and its eyes were bulbous. I recoiled, and threw my hands before me in a defensive reaction. It lunged toward me and I stepped back. In a voice, low but oddly human, the creature spoke. It said, "The stone," and held out a clawed hand.

I reached out with both hands and grabbed the thing by what would be the wrist on a man. Its flesh was cold, wet, and covered in dark scales. Touching it brought instant revulsion. However, with a single heave I pulled it toward the rail. This surprised it. Clearly a predator, it was likely ill-accustomed to its prey fighting back.

It hissed again.

Afraid of those teeth and claws, I did the only thing I could think of. Using my weight and its own against it, I yanked its arm over the rail and thrust myself against it. With all my effort, I managed to



fling it over the rail and off the ship. However, it lashed out with a webbed claw and caught my raincoat by the lapel. I felt a sudden jerk and was soon about to follow it into the drink. Fortunately, my coat was old and not what it used to be. The fabric ripped before I was pulled entirely overboard.

Gripping the rail with white-knuckled hands, I watched it disappear into the dark waves, as though it had never existed.

Like the creature that appeared in my office weeks back, this monstrosity from the deep seems to have been drawn to the Star of Unseen Stars. I'm just not sure what to do, Thomas. It's like some kind of magnet drawing deadly horrors to me.

Perhaps I should cast it into the sea. Then I could stop worrying about it. I mean, haven't I seen enough horrors for one lifetime? But no, I would be rid of it, but certainly it would continue to draw malevolence toward itself. It seems that delivering it into the hands of something far below the surface would be a monumentally bad choice. I need to learn more before I take any action.

Sincerely,

Phillip Shandler

Telegram to Thomas Meyer, Boston, from Phillip Shandler, Liverpool, England:

ARRIVED SAFELY IN ENGLAND STOP MET UP WITH THE OCCULT EXPERT MORRIS AS DIRECTED STOP TURNS OUT THAT HE WAS MERELY USING A PSEUDONYM STOP HIS REAL NAME IS ALEISTER CROWLEY STOP