



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

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Dear Thomas,

December 7th, 1939

To start with, allow me to put down on paper what is so obvious. While I have found ways to send you letters here and there, I have not been anywhere where I could receive word from you since... I think it was May. In any event, a very long time. Many of the letters to you were written in places and times when I knew I could not mail them. Some have been sent, others not, but I have no idea if you're getting any of them.

In other words, I know full well that I write these more for myself than for you. As I steam headlong into danger, it is a comforting illusion for me to imagine a friendly soul might read these words, and know what I am doing.

Otherwise, the feelings of utter loneliness and the enormity of what I do would likely keep me from my goals.

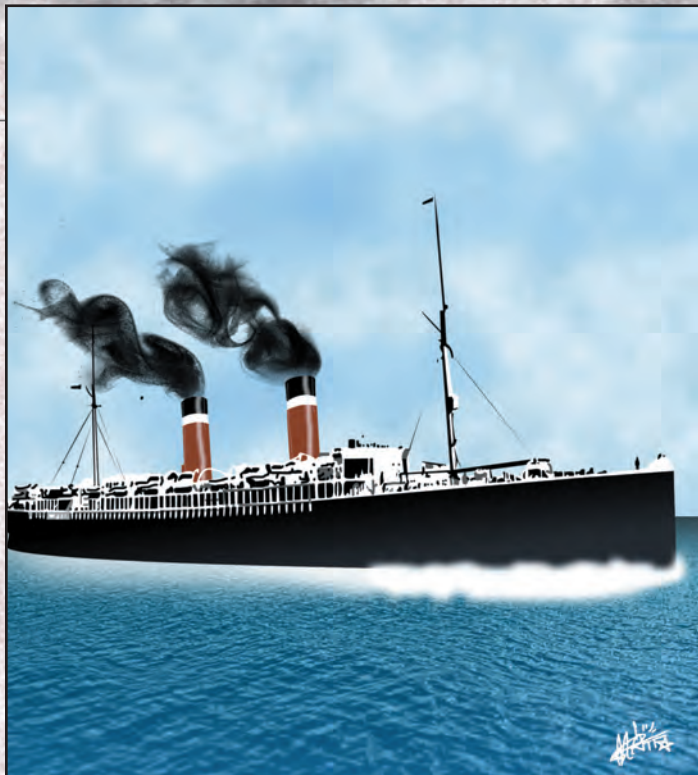
Thus, I write this still stowed away aboard The Eagle, on my way to Antarctica with a secret Nazi mission to summon Hastur, one of what the Necronomicon called "The Great Old Ones." Not to mention that the Dark Man himself is kept in the hold here, a "prisoner." I have learned that the Nazi occultists plan to use him as a source of power for this endeavor, although I don't entirely understand what that means.

What I do know is that the Vrill-Ya creature that posed as Aliester Crowley's companion, Adriana, tried to use the jewel The Star of Unseen Stars to conjure Hastur earlier. This took place on the city (world?) I now know to call Vadoma. It is possible that she wasn't summoning him, but instead attempting to speak with or even control him, as it might be the case that Vadoma is that being's home. I don't know.

Adriana is undone, I believe, but there are more Vrill-Ya, apparently, and they seek the aid of the Nazis, or the Nazis seek their aid. Either way, they work to bring Hastur to Earth at the so-called Bottom of the World. Why? I don't know that either, although it must be clear to everyone paying attention to news from Europe that Hitler wants power any way he can take it.

Perhaps without the jewel, the Dark Man, Nyarlathotep, will serve as the necessary key to opening the door they seek? Or maybe that's just what he wishes them to think. He perhaps has his own agenda in all of this.

Since leaving Buenos Aires, I have attempted to examine the manner in which Nyarlathotep is supposedly held captive, frozen in a sort of "stasis," but the Germans keep him well-guarded. I learned earlier, of course, that he only pretends to be in this state.



In this time, however, I have ascertained that this secret project's leader is a woman named Dr. Stein. She seems more scientist than occultist to me, but perhaps the line between the two is thin. There is an SS officer, however, that has ultimate authority, and he is Major Holtz. I have heard them speaking enough to know that our ship will be meeting with an advance team already there on the frozen continent.

There is one other curious thing. The jewel, which is of course still in my possession, has grown very quiet. When I first found it, you'll remember that it actually spoke. While it has not done so in any overt way since then, it would not be wrong to say that it has been "vocal." All these months, it has throbbled with power. A life unto itself. I realize now that for much of that time, the Star of Unseen Stars was calling out on some psychic level, almost imperceptible to me, and I assume most other normal people, but "whispering" on a frequency well known to inhuman things like that creature that attacked me in my office, or the thing that crawled aboard the ship I sailed to England upon so long ago. It drew them to it, and thus to me. Now, however, it does no such thing. With each day, it seems to lose luster. Is it darker in color now? Perhaps. I don't know what that means either, but I am disconcerted by it.

It is my only ally now. And it is dying.

Sincerely,

Phillip