



# 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, December 21st, 1939

The whisper seeped into my thoughts as I slowly awoke. I think it spoke my name. I heard it more clearly as my eyes opened. "I know you," it said.

The whisper was something akin to metal scraping along the bottom of my teeth. I felt it more than heard it. "I know you, Phillip Shander."

"Who's there?" I looked around the boiler room of The Eagle, where I had been hiding to get a little sleep. No one there. A dream, I thought. Some night terror to rouse me from an understandably stressful night. All my nights had been stressful since I stowed away aboard this ship, bound for Antarctica. I managed to snatch fitful bouts of sleep here and there, but never more than an hour or so at a time, and then only if I was lucky. I had learned all the noises of the ship to alert me if any of the sailors or soldiers aboard the vessel approached.

But that's not what I heard now.

"Phillip," the whisper came, clearly but subtly. "It has been just a few short years. Have you forgotten me already?"

The voice had the chill of familiarity. At first, the image of a wizened, gaunt face and a rictus grin came out of my memory. A name I had not allowed myself to utter or even think for years came with it: Simon Carlisle. But no, this was not his voice--just someone achingly similar. Someone, perhaps worse. For years ago, as you likely well remember, Simon Carlisle was the high priest of the Church of the Risen God, a cult devoted to none other than Nyarlathotep.

"Ah, you do remember me," the voice whispered.

I hadn't said anything. Was something in my mind? Reading my thoughts?

"I saw you when you boarded the ship," the voice said. "And eventually you saw me. I know you did. I know you recognized me."

"Get out of my head," I said aloud.

Can you hear a smile, Thomas? I would have said no before now. But I swear to you I could hear him smile. I knew him. Of course I did. Nyarlathotep. The Dark Man. The Horned Man. The Crawling Chaos. He had as many names as he had forms, according to the Necronomicon. Speaking to me now, from a distance, was likely a small thing to such a being. One of the so-called Great Old Ones. Or was he? Some texts suggested that he was greater even than they, more akin to Azathoth, the Blind God. And yet he was their harbinger. His presence heralded the end of the world, according to some.

"I have no wish to speak to you," I said to the empty air.

"But my wishes differ, and yours are of little import."

There was no way I was going to control this conversation, I realized. But could I perhaps glean something from it?

"Why are you here? Why are you with the German scientists."

"You really don't remember, do you? All those years ago, you learned so much but apparently absorbed so little. Do you not recall learning of the Thule Group? Even then they set things in motion. Now it comes to fruition."



"What comes to fruition?"

Again, a terrible smile.

I did remember the Thule Society. Fleming and I had spoken about them when I first came to England. But I had somehow forgotten that I had encountered the name years before when I investigated Carlisle and his massive and secretive cult. The Thule Group was their politically-minded, German branch. Which explained the Nazi connection. But if Dr. Stein and Major Holtz worshipped Nyarlathotep...

"Then why did they hold me - or at least one of my forms - prisoner?" He was indeed reading my mind.

"One of the qualities of humanity that I actually find most amusing, dear Phillip, is your profound arrogance. In a cosmos more vast than they can possibly comprehend, humans can still believe themselves capable of rising up and taking control of their situation. Encouraged by the vril-ya, the Thule Group has used both science and sorcery to work what I'm sure appears to them to be great wonders. They now believe me their captive, not their god. The point that they will never truly understand, is that I am, and never have been, either. I have come to cold Antarctica not because they have brought me, but because I have guided them. Duty calls, you see."

"Duty?" I laughed. "What does a creature like you know of duty?"

"Perhaps a better word would be 'pleasure,' he whispered out of nowhere. "Duty. Pleasure. Regardless... when the stars are right, and the Old Ones loom near, I am there. I usher in the end of all things, you see. That is why I am here."

"But you can be stopped. You have been stopped before!"

"Have I? Ah, the delicious arrogance."

I reached into my pocket and clenched the Star of Unseen Stars. And just like that, as if I had flipped an electric switch, his whispering voice was gone. I had not expected that. My action was more reflex than anything. But the jewel gave me some kind of defense against his power. That was clear.

And thus, my heart sank in my chest as I remembered that the only way I knew to stop the Nazis and the vril-ya was to destroy it.

Sincerely,

*Phillip*