



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

Jan 2, 1940

I continue to chronicle these events in case anyone should find these notes – in fact, if anyone remains alive to find these notes – so that they can know what happened here.

The monstrous thing known as Hastur now roams across Antarctica. I don't think that my mind can fully absorb the ramifications of that, or even truly comprehend what Hastur is, although perhaps my experiences in Vadoma helped prepare me for these events. The others present do not seem to have fared as well as I, and I suspect that most of them – the nazis, the Thule members, Dr. Stein, and even Major Holtz – are dead or uselessly mad now.

Fortunately for me, the camp that they created here is still intact. Ironically, as I hide here in the main building I am warmer and better fed than I have been in weeks. That won't last, I am certain, but for now it is something. There is a radio shack at the far end of the camp. I think I might attempt to sneak there and send a warning to, well, whomever will receive it.

Sincerely,

Phillip

Dear Thomas

Jan 3, 1940

My attempt to get to a radio was thwarted by danger as well as by providence. As I made my way across the small compound, I spotted the two Vrilya. They were unfortunately hale and well. I ducked back behind Dr. Stein's small lab building to hide. As I did, I heard in the distance a strange and awful sort of music. Like a hundred madmen playing flutes with such distinct and precise discordance that it had to be intentional. This music rolled across the empty Antarctic landscape as though it was born for it.

The Vrilya pair did not see me, but were walking right to the main building, so I could not return to its safety. Instead, I circled around, and went back down the path toward the dock where there were now three craft waiting in the water. On that path, I saw a familiar glimmer from the ice. Not unlike that time when I first found it during the electrical storm, I saw the Star of Unseen Stars laying on the ground before me, as though waiting for me.

The Vrilya had called it "The Master Stone." Even though I had seen others like it in the ceremony field where they had summoned Hastur, they seemed to think it was different. That is was no simple "Carcosan stone." I had originally planned to use it to stop the ritual, but now it was far too late for that.

And now that I saw it again, picked it up, and held it in my hand, I was certain that I didn't want to complete that plan anyway, for it had involved destroying the stone. How could I contemplate such a thing? The stone was far too precious for that.



I returned to the ship that I had arrived upon, the Eagle. It was empty.

Sincerely,

Phillip

Dear Thomas

Jan 3, 1940

That hellish piping music grows louder and more awful by the hour. I have spent the night hidden in the hold of the Eagle with the Star of Unseen Stars, which I have somehow – impossibly – found once again. I am worried, however, reading what I wrote yesterday. Once again, I feel as though the gemstone is affecting my mind and my perceptions, forming an artificial affection for it in my eyes. Yes, I owe this mysterious stone a debt of gratitude for the help it's granted, but it has also brought me danger and misery since all this began as well. It's tied to Vadoma, Hastur, and all the rest, and it very much should be destroyed.

I've set it in a storage locker across the hold from me while I slept, and left it this morning while I've planned. But I've felt it calling out to me in a way that I can't quite explain. Like how a starving man might feel the call of bread he sees in a bakery's window. He knows he shouldn't contemplate such a thing, but nevertheless can think of nothing but breaking the glass and snatching what he must have.

But I have resisted it, focusing instead on the awful fluting music and my fear at not knowing what is going on outside the ship. Yet now I must gather it again, and somehow remain vigilant against its influence.

Just moments ago, I went up to the deck of the ship, to see what I could see. There are still no signs of the soldiers or others that had been here, nor did I see the Vrilya. What I did see, however, was that the sky above was... changing. Colors, textures, and shapes undulated above me. For lack of a better way to describe it, I will say it this way: the music of Hastur is taking form above this icy land, and that form is something too alien and terrible to contemplate.

I must act quickly.

Sincerely,

Phillip