



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
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Dear Thomas,

June 23, 1931

I sit now, back in my office in Providence, wondering if you got all the letters I sent to you from Mexico, or if perhaps I beat them back to the States.

I spent a lot of time getting back here, generally avoiding the local authorities. I was afraid that I might somehow be implicated in the deaths and disappearances of the archeological team, and my insufficient Spanish would likely make it impossible to defend myself.

It falls upon me to attempt to contact the relatives of Professor Schultheiss, and his team, and in particular the French Mayanist Adele le Dor. She and I were quickly becoming friends, Thomas, but it's more than that. I'm sure she would have become famous for her breakthroughs in translating Mayan writing. From what I understand, her skills were far beyond those of anyone else, and now they are lost forever.

I got your letter dated April 20th, waiting for me here at the office. I'm sorry to hear about your financial troubles. I've no doubt that the numerous times you aided me in the last year contributed to your current position. I shall attempt to make it up to you somehow. Of course, Schultheiss owed me money, but I don't know if I have the heart to attempt to try to collect it from his heirs. He did speak of Austrian financial backers, however. I can try there, I suppose. In any event, they'll need to be contacted to tell them of the results of the expedition.

Chin up, friend. Like me, you just have to soldier on.

Sincerely,

Phillip

Dear Thomas,

June 27, 1931

The last few days I've spent my time tracking down the contacts of Schultheiss' team in Europe. It's been an unpleasant time, but I've sent off all the dreadful telegrams that need to be sent, I believe.

I've also been thinking about some of the things that Adele le Dor told me she gleaned from the temple carvings that she translated. Mostly, I've been thinking about them in the context of what I have encountered in the last year or so

first hand, and what I've read about in the dreaded Necronomicon. Something that she said that I don't think I included in my previous letters has really stuck with me. She told me "the Mayans really believed this. They write as though these were things that they had actually seen. It's neither fanciful nor insane if you've seen it with your own eyes. It's insane to deny it." She was referring to references to the Azathoth, the Blind Idiot God at the center of everything and the hideous pipers that attended him. And, of course, to Nyarlathotep, whose appearance is said to herald the return of the Old Ones.

Her legacy may be lost for the archeological world, but it is not lost for me - at least not that sentiment. I can't deny what I know, and what's more what I have seen. Although it fills me with dread to even write the words, I have got to face the fact that there are dark, supernatural forces that walked (or crawled, or slithered) the Earth in the primordial past, and now there is evidence that they are coming back. These things at best are as utterly unaware of us as the front grill of an automobile is to the insects that it smashes into as one drives down the dusty road. At worse, they mean us harm and feel contempt for us. Either way, they mean annihilation.

I need to do something. I need to act upon what I know. But how?

I am hoping to hear from you soon. Surely your situation has not left you even without the funds for postage? (That is a joke, of course, Thomas. I do not truly wish to make light of your situation. Please let me know how I can help.)

Sincerely,

Phillip

Dear Thomas,

July 1, 1931

Thank you for your message. It is good to know that my letters did eventually reach you, although judging by what you wrote I am still not sure if you received all of them. More importantly, I am glad that you have found some recourse for your own difficulties.

I myself have also experienced an interesting turn of events. I received a cable from a man in Vienna named Aldo Falke. This gentleman was one of the people involved in backing Schultheiss'

expedition. While he is sorry to hear of the tragedy, his group wants to help me in my own endeavors. It seems that they know, at least to some extent, the kinds of things involved in both the expedition's end and in some of my own experiences. I think I told you that Schultheiss knew quite a bit about my investigations in the past, and he had some idea that we were dealing with related issues in Uaxichal, even before we got there. That was why I was along (not that it seemed to help, I'm afraid).

I would like to know more about what this Austrian group knows, but it seems that they know enough to be worried, like I am. And like me, they want to do something to prevent terrible things from happening. It's good to have allies, even ones I hardly know. What form their assistance to me can take I do not know, nor do I know what I would do with their help when they give it yet. I imagine that the political and economic upheaval their country is suffering at the moment

In any event, I've replied to Falke and asked for clarifications regarding his offer.

Sincerely,

Phillip

Dear Thomas,

I have heard back from Aldo Falke today. It turns out that he belongs to a group called the Thule Society, and is instructing my local bank to advance me enough funds to enable me to pay off all my debts and cover expenses for the rest of the year! That means I can repay you as well for all the help you've given me in the past. So we both win.

Falke explained that his group has also seen the signs that the Old Ones are returning and they are taking steps across the globe to see that such a dire event never comes to pass. To this end, he told me that there is a still-functioning (though secret) congregation of the Fellowship of the Risen God in Boston. I had thought that they were all gone. Although I shudder to think about the possibility of another encounter with Simon Carlisle, a part of me also relishes it.

But first, he recommended that I contact an associate of theirs who may

be able to tell me more about the Old Ones. Apparently, it's a writer living right here in Providence with the curious name of Lovecraft. Howard Phillips Lovecraft, to be precise.

It's a lead, at least. Finally, after weeks of doing nothing, I can perhaps get something done.

I shall let you know how my meeting with the writer goes.

Sincerely,

Phillip



will limit their ability to provide me with funds, the way they backed Schultheiss. Perhaps events in Europe make the possibility of impending doom seem all the more real.

To be clear, then, the expedition to Mexico was, at least from Falke's point of view, an attempt to find out more information about the dark forces that seem to be marshalling. No, not marshalling. Awakening. Marshalling implies that they prepare an attack. It is important for me to remember that this is not a war. If the Old Ones return, they win. There will be no resisting them. There will be no battle. Time and time again, I have seen first hand their undeniable power, or rather the power of their servitors and heralds.