



# 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,

June 25th, 1938

Forgive me if I skip the pleasantries, but you're not going to believe what happened. Do you remember the creature that attacked me in my apartment a few years back? That shambling thing that started the fire? Well, I saw it again. Or perhaps something very much like it. How can one tell with beings that might not even be from this world? Something that slogs its way through the dimensions the way you or I might walk down a rainy street?

Anyway, here's what happened. I was sitting in my office, studying some old books that I had borrowed from a friend for any references to that strange gem that I found, the Star of Unseen Stars. My desk was piled high with withered old tomes and the stone itself, resting atop the felt-lined box I'd procured for it. Moonlight had just begun to glint on the crack in my window.

I felt a chill, even though the window was closed. As I glanced at it, I saw something in the street below. At first, I just assumed it was a large man, but the way it moved was not like any human would or even could. I saw it only for a moment, and the feeling of recognition came over me as I realized that it exactly resembled that thing that had invaded my home years earlier.

And then it vanished.

Not like a stage magician with a flourish and a puff of smoke, but it stepped to... somewhere. As though it stretched its bowed leg and took a stride to some new spot, but that spot - where its twisted foot found purchase - existed far away. Perhaps not in this world at all.

I assure you that it was real. Why would I see it again? Has it tracked me all these years or was it pure coincidence? What do you think, Thomas?

Sincerely,

*Phillip Shandler*

Dear Thomas,

June 28th, 1938

It returned! The creature that I saw earlier out in front of my office came back. And I can assure you that it was absolutely the same thing that attacked me many years ago. Without question. You don't forget a thing like that. Once again, I was in my office reading. You are right in observing that I am becoming quite obsessed with the jewel, but how can you blame me? I wish you could see it Thomas. You should come for a visit soon. In any event, I was deeply engrossed in the pages of a book on occult gemstones when the thing was just suddenly... there. Before me.

The hideous shambler, hunched as it was, was still a head taller than me at least. As broad as it was tall, its massive arms hung down to the ground like a grotesque ape. I'm certain, in fact, that if I reported it to the police, they would insist that it likely was an ape, escaped from a circus or some other foolish story you might see in a comic book. And perhaps it is just as well.

The thing stared with tiny black eyes like glistening marbles right at the Star of Unseen Stars. It was drawn to it, like, I daresay, a moth to a flame. Its malice was palpable, and I knew that it would slay me with glee, but moreso it lusted for the glistening purple stone.

I reacted without thought, and snatched the jewel from where it lay. The creature let out an almost inaudible moan of surprisingly high pitch as I did so.

I gestured at it with the gem in my hand, saying, "You'll not take this from me, beast!" I'm not sure where that came from, neither the words, nor the bravery to speak them.

The shambler recoiled. Its back arched and its arms rose defensively each time my gesturing brought the gem closer to it. It feared the stone even as it craved it.

It stood there for a just a moment longer, as if waiting for something, but I do not know what. Then, just as I'd seen it in the street, it shambled off into some direction beyond the three dimensions we know. It left a lingering odor of burnt fish behind it, as if to confirm that it



truly had been here.

There was something about its reaction to the stone, and something about when it left. The creature possessed an aura of what I would have to call chastisement about it. Like a dog that had been scolded by its master.

I am certain that I provoked no such reaction from it. Thomas, it had to be the stone.

What is this thing that I have discovered, that seemingly draws and yet frightens horrors from beyond? Is it a blessing or a curse? Something about it fills me with dread, and yet I must learn more about it. I must.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,  
*Phillip Shandler*