



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,

August 11th, 1938

Thank you for your letters. I appreciate your advice and support. It seems like you are the only one I can turn to in dark times. You're certainly the only one that would understand or even believe many of the things I have to report.

And I'm afraid this letter is no different. I'm sure you won't be surprised to learn that it has to do with the strange jewel, the Star of Unseen Stars. You'll remember that I discovered it during a lightning storm, and that it appeared to actually be drawing lightning strikes to it. This property seems to be one innate within the object. It took a while for me to notice, but the light bulbs in my lamps were burning out very quickly. The batteries in my radio drained overnight. I heard a strange hum coming from the walls. All this eventually made me realize that power was being drawn out of the appliances and even the wiring.

It didn't truly all come together until I saw the jewel glowing with its own radiance two nights ago, as I got up to get a drink of water. It was no reflection of light, but a true illumination coming from deep within the heart of the jewel itself. As I gazed upon it, I thought I heard a voice.

A whisper.

I looked around my office, but of course I was alone. Although I did not make out any articulate words, it had seemed that the voice had come from the gem. I shook my sleep-muddled head, and dismissed it as a trick of the night. But I could not argue with the fact that the gem shone with an unnatural light. Was a whispered voice coming from it all that much stranger? Was it stranger than things that you and I have encountered before? I think not.

So I listened for more whispers throughout the rest of the night. But I heard nothing. The glow faded.

The next day, bleary-eyed from lack of sleep, I did some paperwork for an infidelity case I'd picked up in recent days. Standard follow-the-husband routine. That night, however - by which I mean last night - I stayed up to watch the Star of Unseen Stars again. Almost as soon as the sun set and the room grew dark, it began to emit a gloomy, violet radiance. As strange as it sounds, it was as though I gazed upon the light of a dying sun - one other than the one we know.

As I stared, I heard the voice again. It used words that I had never heard, and yet I understood them. It felt like I interpreted them with a different portion of my mind than I normally would.

It said: "He waits beyond the veil. He waits for safe passage."

I do not know what that means. Does it make any sense to you, Thomas?

But there was more. The light of the jewel took shape. It formed the images of buildings. These titanic structures did not appear to have been crafted by men's hands, nor did they seem intended for men's



habitation. They stood dark and tall and menacing. And things fluttered among them, on the ground and in the air. Inhuman, unearthly things. I had to look away, Thomas. It was all too much for me to take in all at once.

Even as I did not look, however, the voice in the jewel spoke again, one last time. In some way that I can't fully explain, I knew that it spoke directly and specifically to me. This was not like some phonograph record playing something spoken long ago, so that anyone could listen. It said, "The veil shall be rent at the bottom of your world by the Teutonic Knights and their Vrill-Ya allies."

The image disappeared.

I don't know what it all means. Do you? Can you make sense of it? I believe it showed me a vision of a different world, but why? Who is waiting beyond the veil? It will be easy enough to look up the Teutonic Knights, I imagine - the name is familiar from history - but who or what are the Vrill-Ya? Have you heard that name before?

Most importantly, I believe, is this final question, though, Thomas: Is the event described by the jewel a desirable thing, or not? Does it prophesy some great moment soon to come, or does it foretell our doom?

Sincerely,

Phillip Shandler