



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

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Dear Thomas,

December 20, 1939

We finally arrived.

I thought I would go mad hiding down here in the hold all this time. I've been cooped up before. It's not just that. And although it's been painfully cold down here, I've been cold before too. I almost froze to death in the Carpathian mountains last year, after all. No, what made the last few days so hideous was the fact that I knew that I was trapped down here with him.

The Dark Man.

Nyarlathotep.

Somehow, I could feel him. He knew that I was there, and his gaze bore holes through the interior of the ship to look upon me. Watch me.

He still does, I feel.

The Nazis unloaded much of the ship's hold right away. While they did, I hid in the boiler room, empty for the first time, at least that I knew about. Even as it cooled, the boiler's warmth reinvigorated me, and made me feel human again. When I came out, they had moved Nyarlathotep in his "stasis." I could hear a lot of activity on the deck, so I remained below for another few hours.

When I finally slipped out of the hold, it was night. However, night in December in Antarctica is short and dim. Nazis in heavy, winter gear patrolled the simple dock. No stars or moon shone down through a thick blanket of clouds, but the wind was sharp like a razor. A shadowy landscape rose around me, everything covered in snow and ice - even here in this land's "summer." I only gave myself a moment to let it sink in that I was at the very bottom of the world.

Another craft lay low in the water, near the ship. Small, sleek, and black, I believed it to be a submarine. A path lead up to a cluster of buildings, suggesting where Dr. Stein, Major Holtz, and the others had gone. I was going to make for them, but it was devilishly cold with that wind. I had a coat, but it was not up to the task. Particularly since the ship's boiler had taught me what it was like to be warm again.

I went back into the ship. I felt mostly alone there now, but still tried to keep quiet and careful. I searched through room after room on the upper deck before I found a supply of warm clothing that might be more suitable for the icy land I had come to. Once in my new, fur-lined coat, I checked on the Star of Unseen Stars, which was dark and quiet. I slipped on some gloves, a wool hat, and some goggles and went back up onto the deck.

Now I could see only one guard, who appeared to have very little interest in keeping watch. I mused that there was little to guard against here. As far as I knew, nothing lived on this continent beyond penguins and seals. Getting off the ship proved to be simple, and I used the twilight's shadows to my advantage. I crept slowly along a cleared path toward the structures. The incline was steep, but it was the only approach.

The buildings were made of metal and wood, with a few frost-covered windows. They had diligently cleared the snow away from them, which must have been a good



deal of work. A guard watched from a shelter atop the roof of what seemed like the main building. I sped across the cleared compound and reached a large, well-lit side building. I peered in through the small window and could make out activity inside. Figures moving around something. Perhaps a large machine of some kind. It was too difficult to tell, for the glass was thick, clouded, and covered with ice.

I crept to the main building in the ample shadows, when a door at its front opened and two people came out. I should not have been surprised by their appearance, but I admit I was. They looked very much like Adriana. They could have been her siblings. One man, one woman - tall, with long dark hair and wide eyes. They were dressed in fur clothing but seemed as though they barely noticed the temperature.

More vril-ya, I guessed. They did not see me, and spoke in whispers as they walked out of the building and then away from where I crouched. I chose to follow them from a distance.

They climbed along a steep path which brought us up onto a wide, flat plain. There were lights positioned around a perimeter perhaps two hundred yards across. At the center of it stood a tall tower of metal beams, also with an electric light atop it. Set into the beams, all up and down its length, were large jewels. Each and every one of them appeared identical to the Star of Unseen Stars.

I retreated back down the path. I saw what I needed to see. I knew what I needed to do. The sky was already growing brighter as I made my way all the way back to the ship. It lolled in the icy black water. I had to make a plan. That tower was the key to their plan. So many jewels. My hand reached into the pocket and gripped the Star of Unseen Stars as I huddled in the ship's boiler room once again.

I now know that I need to destroy these gemstones. All of them.

Sincerely

Phillip