

ENDLESS WINTER'S STAY



--a fan-made case for "Bureau of Investigation: Investigations
in Arkham and Elsewhere"

U.S. Department of Justice
Bureau of Investigation

Bureau of Investigation (BOI) Headquarters, Boston, September 9, 1929.

"Agents,

We have a matter of critical importance at hand. I am sending you to Arkham, Massachusetts.

Late yesterday evening, the engineering department of Miskatonic University was broken into by forces unknown. This breach holds grave implications as the department plays a pivotal role in the planned Dyer —Lake Antarctic Expedition scheduled for next year. Notably, the department is currently developing in its research laboratory an advanced drilling apparatus under the guidance of Professor Frank H. Pabodie.

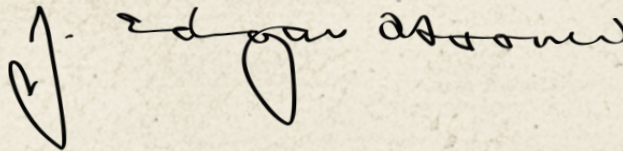
The federal government has a vested interest in the success of the expedition. Your mission is to identify and locate the culprit behind the university break-in and recover any material or information they might have stolen from the engineering laboratory.

Exercise utmost discretion while ensuring public safety. If required, you are authorized to eliminate the culprits. A number of junior detectives will aid you in the investigation. They are still green, but should prove useful.

I expect you to report back within **15 days**.

Should a dire need arise, you may contact the headquarters in 801 ELS and request for more time.

Good luck."

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "J. Edgar Hoover". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

To play this scenario, you will need these pages, the Arkham map, the Massachusetts Directory, and the September 9th 1929 issue of the Arkham Advertiser.

INTERVIEWS

WC DISTRICT

8 WC

"Yes, here we go. Joseph Fish, aged 29, born in Lyndonville, Vermont."

"Died from a severe head trauma on 22nd of June, 1929 after falling down from the scaffolds at the A.C.E. Miskatonic Dam construction site. A steel rod used in reinforced concrete had gone through his cranium."

"Murder? Heavens, no. There was no need to suspect any wrongdoing. It was an accident. A regrettable accident. Now good day to you, detectives."

15 WC

"I don't work on Sundays," Professor Dyer tells you when you interview him at his home on Crane Street, "so I wasn't at the university last night. If you must know, I was at *'The Dartmouth'*, enjoying a long supper."

Dyer leans back in his chair, adjusting his glasses thoughtfully. He's a thin and bespectacled man in his fifties, sporting a head of gray hair.

"I do have my suspicions as to why the break-in happened, though. It reeks of industrial espionage."

You ask him to elaborate.

"Professor Pabodie's drilling apparatus is truly remarkable. It's capable of swiftly handling varying strata of hardness and reaches a depth of 1000 feet. Engineered to withstand the harsh conditions of the Polar regions. Nothing short of a breakthrough."

"I'm afraid that certain influential figures within the oil industry must have caught wind of his work. They're thirsty for the technological edge the drill offers, particularly in the vast and untapped oil fields of Alaska."

"Alaska?" a junior detective repeats in disbelief.

"Yes, Alaska, where else?" Professor Dyer doubles down on his hypothesis, "There's oil trapped under the permafrost. The Pabodie drill would provide a means to reach it. It disgusts me, frankly. Our pursuit is not for personal gain or financial wealth; it's about pushing the boundaries of human understanding."

Professor Dyer is unable to provide any evidence to back up his theory. You thank him for his time.

20 WC

The exact moment Billie Hansen, a very tired mother of three, answers your brisk knock on the door, you realize that you've made a grievous error. It's Millie. Millie with an 'M'. After seeing your badges Mrs. Hansen quite rightly asks you why the federal government has deemed it appropriate to wake her and her newborn triplets from their nap. You have no answer. Three babies are crying in the background like some colic Cerberus. A junior detective makes the situation worse by trying to explain to her how the bilabial consonants 'b' and 'm' can be very easily mistaken for each other, especially in a fast-paced, high-stress environment. She doesn't find it interesting. She finds you utter morons. The door slams shut.

21 WC

"Gerald Graves, head of campus security," the older man with a prominent mustache introduces himself. Mr. Graves has the firm handshake of a military man and he wears his humble security guard's uniform with the same pride as the Frankish paladins once wore their coats-of-arms in the court of Charlemagne. "It's a comfort that you're here, good sirs" he says, "we've got something big on our hands."

You're in his office which is located on the other side of the campus from the engineering department. Miskatonic University is like a miniature city within a city. You ask Mr. Graves to go through last night's events.

"At approximately 11.30 P.M. the electromagnetic alarm system in the engineering department started ringing. First, I assumed it was a false alarm. They're working hard to finish the new experimental drill for the upcoming expedition, you see, and sometimes there's people staying very late in the laboratory. However, when the ringing wouldn't stop, I and two other guards moved double-time to investigate. We arrived at the department at approximately 11.45 P.M."

"By then the perpetrators were already gone. Scared away by the alarm and our quick response, no doubt. We found Professor Frank Pabodie in the hallway outside the engineering laboratory. He'd been in his office late to the night as usual – the man lives for his work. Anyway, he had heard the break-in happen and gotten out of his office to investigate. His office is in the same hallway as the laboratory, you see, right next to it, in fact. Professor Pabodie was rather shaken up by the ordeal."

You ask Mr. Graves if Professor Pabodie witnessed the actual burglary as it happened. "He might have, but I couldn't question him on the spot. The man was a nervous wreck. He's taking today off, resting at home. He lives at 32 Salem Avenue SW, in the suburb south of Hangman's Brook."

CONTINUE 

Gerald Graves pauses. You notice he's waiting for you to finish writing down the information he's given you. When he sees a junior detective put down his pencil, Mr. Graves nods approvingly. You ask Mr. Graves to describe the crime scene at the engineering department as it was when he arrived there.

"There are windows in the hallway of the engineering department that face College Street. One of them had been broken. Glass shards everywhere. From the hallway the burglars were able to access the engineering laboratory. Now, the engineering department is on the fourth floor. The windows aren't connected to the alarm system, because it wasn't reasonable to assume that anyone would climb 60 feet to reach them. But they did. Not an easy task that. It also means that the alarms didn't go off until they broke down the door to the engineering laboratory..."

Mr. Graves hesitates before continuing.

"The doors of the laboratory are thick oak reinforced with steel... and yet... they'd been battered open like they were *nothing*. I've never seen anything like it. The burglars must've had heavy specialized equipment with them."

You ask Mr. Graves what leads him to believe they were multiple perpetrators.

"If they were after the drilling apparatus inside the laboratory, like I believe they were, there'd need to be more than one person. You'd need at least a team of four to pull this off. A point man with climbing experience, a veteran cat-burglar or a mountaineer, perhaps. He could get in through the window and drop a rope ladder for the others to climb in. They'd need at least three men to carry the apparatus piece by piece, and one would have to stay down as the lookout."

And was the drilling apparatus stolen, you inquire.

"Er... no. All its parts are still in the laboratory, I'm told. The place is in a state of chaos, and the undergraduate students are still working on the inventory, but it seems that nothing else of note was stolen either."

Lastly, you ask Gerald Graves if he has any suspects in mind who could be behind the attempted burglary. He answers without hesitation: "Homegrown bolsheviks. Sponsored by an overseas adversary. The reds would kill to have this kind of advanced technology in their hands. No doubt about that in my mind, sirs. Ask Professor Pabodie and he'll tell you the same, you'll see. And tell him not to worry. We won't be caught off guard like this again. I'll patrol the hallways myself all night, if I have to!"

You thank Mr. Graves for his time and exit his office.

24 WC

The name tag of the front desk receptionist reads "Leeroy", but when he introduces himself he pronounces it "*Le Roi*". You suspect that everything in Hotel Touraine, including Leeroy's French accent, is merely a thin coat of lacquer, a charade, to justify the hotel's ridiculously high rates.

"*Monsieur Pabodie*? Pardon, but I don't believe we 'ave anyone of that name staying with us." You ask him to show you the guest register. Leeroy lifts the book on the desk in front of you. "*S'il vous plaît, messieurs*. If you see any names that you wish to know more about, just ask me. I 'ave a spare key for every room, too, if you wish to inspect them."

NAME	ROOM NUMBER
<i>Mons. H. Caligari</i>	240 WC
<i>Jacques De Mercy</i>	241 WC
<i>Ms. Sara Sloane</i>	242 WC
<i>Mr. Fritz</i>	243 WC
<i>Umberto Falconi</i>	244 WC
<i>Mr. Blackwood</i>	245 WC
<i>Mr. Salazar</i>	246 WC
<i>Mr. & Mrs. Jones</i>	247 WC
<i>Capt. Johannsen</i>	248 WC
<i>Belisarius Wandsworth</i>	249 WC

26 WC

You are escorted to the office of Mr. Oswald Saxon, branch manager of the Miskatonic Saving Bank. He wears his hair short, has the thinnest of mustaches, and his three-piece suit is all black, incredibly well-tailored. On his lapel he wears a silver pin in the image of two crossed spears. The room is filled with the sweet aromatic smoke of the narrow Mexican cigarillo that he is smoking. You make note how he doesn't offer you one, not that you would accept it.

"Gentlemen," he greets you but doesn't ask you to sit down. This is indeed a very rude man. "My secretary tells me this is about a bad check."

You explain that this is not exactly the case. You're interested in the true name of the account holder—"Filippo Marinetti" being an obvious fake identity.

CONTINUE 

"Yes, and that's perfectly legal," Mr. Saxon tells you. "The federal law allows for an account to be opened under an assumed name."

Luckily, you know the federal code like the back of your hand. The bank must also have a record of the person's real identity. You ask Mr. Saxon to provide you with the name. The manager takes a long, final drag out of his cigarillo and stubs it out against a white marble ashtray. His eyes narrow. "No", he says.

No what, you ask.

"No, we don't have it. We never saw his government-issued ID. Mr. Marinetti opened that account using a nom-de-guerre with our promise of full and unbreakable anonymity. It is a premium service of ours. He is who he is. I can't help you, gentlemen."

You tell him that this is most likely a breach of the federal banking laws, and Oswald Saxon becomes agitated. He stands up. "This is not an industry where one can just play by the rules and expect to survive, gentlemen, let alone thrive. We—and by 'we' I mean rightwise old Americans like you and I—are up against competition that has the game set in their favor. Hell, they've practically ghostwritten the federal banking laws. A legion of Shylocks, let's not kid ourselves. I've got to use all the edge I can get."

He puts another cigarillo between his teeth and sits back down. "You understand." He lights it. "And if you don't, I've got my lawyers."

Disgusted, you leave the office of Mr. Oswald Saxon and make a note to alert the Internal Revenue Service to go through his books as soon as possible.

30 WC

You find yourselves at the doorstep of Professor Howard Lake, a distinguished biologist. A housekeeper leads you to the professor's study where your eyes are immediately drawn to the sizable glass terrarium in the corner, housing a majestic python. Professor Lake stands by the terrarium with what looks like a shoebox in his hands. The snake's scales glisten with hints of emerald, and its piercing eyes seem to follow his every move. You realize Professor Lake is feeding the python live mice.

"I was at the university last night, yes, but it's a big campus. The biology department is nowhere near the engineering lab," professor Lake states, "I have no knowledge of the break-in other than what was in today's paper. You've interviewed our head of campus security Mr. Graves, I trust? Then I suggest you speak with Professor Frank Pabodie. He's in charge of the engineering department."

Snap!

The python moves lightning fast, catching a mouse in its jaws, swallowing it whole.

Next, you ask him about the Antarctic expedition, which Professor Lake is supposed to embark on next year, together with Professors Pabodie and Dyer. "You suspect the break-in was an act of sabotage against the expedition? Well, unless it turns out the anti-evolutionary crusaders from Tennessee were behind it, I can't see the connection myself. The purpose of the expedition is to collect biological samples of Archean life forms under the ice sheet. Why anyone would wish to prevent this from happening is frankly—"

One of the junior detectives, intrigued by the unfamiliar term, interrupts, "'Archean?' What's that?"

Lake offers an understanding smile and responds, "The Archean Eon is the name of one of the eras in our planet's early history."

The junior detective nods. "So, some bloody old fossils then, huh? Like the whale they just found in Maryland?"

"'Old' doesn't even begin to describe it," professor Lake says, turning to his terrarium and gesturing at the snake, which lies patiently in wait like the wrath of god.

"As a species, we modern humans are at best 200,000 years old. This python here belongs to a reptilian *genus* that has existed on this Earth for over 50 million years. It is hundreds of times our senior." He turns back to you. "But even that pales in comparison to what we are looking for in the Antarctic region. Not something from millions of years ago, not even hundreds of millions, but billions – the ancestral organisms that first emerged out of that Hadean darkness that followed the moment of creation. That is what we hope to find buried somewhere under all that rock and ice. Answers to some of the most fundamental questions about the origin of life itself."

Snap! Hiss! The python catches another mouse, crushing it with formidable force. The shoe box is empty, and it's time for you to leave. You thank Professor Lake for the fascinating lecture.

32 WC

At the front desk of the trauma center at St. Mary's Hospital you find nurse Joyce McCarthy, bearing the burdens of countless shifts, sitting in a high-backed chair with an air of someone overworked and underappreciated.

CONTINUE 

"Listen, detectives," she grumbles, "I really don't have time for your questions. Besides, any file from before 1925 is gone for good. The basement flooded." You press on, inquiring about any doctors who might have been around back in 1918 when Millie Hanson was under their care.

Annoyed, nurse McCarthy looks for a pencil and writes down an address on a piece of paper: "Dr. Samuel Oakeshott, 42 Holston Street ELS, Kingsport"

She explains that before retiring and moving to Kingsport, Dr. Oakeshott was the chief surgeon at the trauma center for years. "If anyone remembers Miss Hanson, it's him," nurse McCarthy mutters impatiently, "Now, if that's all..."

240 WC

You ask Leeroy about the occupant in room 241. "Ah, *oui*, Monsignor Caligari. The cardinal is from the Vatican. A man of 87. Moves very slow. Like a tortoise." Leeroy mimes a turtle.

241 WC

Leeroy clears his throat. "*Oui, oui, monsieur* Jacques is a fellow Frenchman. A businessman from Paris. We 'ave 'ad many a lively discussion about our dear 'omeland. Y'know, the baguettes, the wine, the Louvre... such memories." He laughs nervously.

242 WC

Leeroy's eyes light up with enthusiasm and he drops his French accent when you mention Ms. Sloane in room 242. "You're really from the gossip papers, aren't you? You know who she is then, don't you? Zelda Fitzgerald. The Zelda Fitzgerald. The writer. Wife of that other writer. I don't know what she's doing here, but I bet it's something scandalous!"

243 WC

Leeroy's French accent is gone. "Mr. Fritz..." he looks at the name on the guest log.

"I-," he starts confused. He's thinking. Trying to remember something that he has worked very hard to repress to the deepest and darkest recesses of his subconscious. He looks up from the book, but rather than looking at you he seems to stare right through you. It is a thousand-yard-stare as if he had climbed out of the battle trenches of Somme. Eyes glazed he begins to recite and it's apparent that you and him are equally clueless as to how his story is going to unfold:

"I don't recall ever speaking with Mr. Fritz myself. He came from Europe, I think. All communication was in telegrams. A blank check mailed in advance. I'm not sure if I've ever even seen him. One day the cleaning staff simply let me know that suite 243 was occupied. I knocked on the door once... I don't-I don't think he answered the door. I think I was told to leave him alone. Did he open the door? I don't remember. Oh God. Did he?"

Cautiously you try to get Leeroy's attention by tapping on the desk. He snaps out of it. "That's... very curious." You ask to see the advance check.

It's a blank check from the Miskatonic Saving Bank. Though the bank is a local bank, the account holder's name seems foreign: Filippo Marinetti.

You tell Leeroy that BOI is going to keep the check for now. "And... what should we do about the room?" he asks.

You advise him to leave the room alone and keep the door closed.

244 WC

"*Monsieur* Falconi is from Palermo, Sicily. 'E brings his own knife to the 'otel breakfast. Uses it to carve the apples like some, some... I don't mean to sound prejudiced... but, y'know, 'e's a mafioso."

245 WC

"*Monsieur* Blackwood is a traveling salesman from Dunwich. I think 'e sells shoes. Or maybe silk scarves. Mostly 'e just drinks whiskey and asks us to send telegrams to 'is wife to ask for more money." Leeroy scoffs. "*Mon Dieu.*"

246 WC

"*Monsieur* Salazar is a Spaniard." Leeroy shrugs. "Not everyone 'as a story behind them."

247 WC

Leeroy smiles a little and leans in to whisper. "Between you and me, *messieurs*, I don't believe they are actually married. Not to each other anyway." He winks. You catch his drift.

248 WC

"*Capitaine* Johannsen is a retired seadog. A Swede, or a Norwegian, or maybe an Icelander. Always tries to order pickled 'erring from room service."

249 WC

"*Merde!* A folklorist from Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island. 'E is 'ere to collect old folktales for a book. All the time, the man is talking about pixies and goblins. Pixies and goblins! *Intolérable!* Good sirs, could you perhaps plant some narcotics in 'is luggage and arrest 'im?"

250 WC

"Room 250?" Leeroy asks, puzzled.

'But, but, there is no such room in this entire 'otel. I 'ave no idea what you're talking about."

You look at the guest log. By God, he's right. Is your mind already unraveling? What is it with this hotel?

NE DISTRICT

2 NE

Judging by the exterior, the old warehouse on 2 Innsmouth Street seems totally inoperational, at least during the afternoon hours. The solitary person you find outside is a big man in a flat cap leaning against the wall by the main entrance. He looks more like an underworld enforcer than a security guard. There's a phlegmatic menace to him, and your instincts tell you that he's almost certainly got a gun somewhere on his person. You approach him and ask him if he could answer a few questions. He spits.

"Afraid not."

You ask him why.

"A man's got a right to silence. Last I checked this ain't Soviet Russia."

You tell the man that you're federal agents trying to find information about gatherings that have taken place here and that his cooperation would be appreciated. He perks up a little and stands up straight. He's at least a head taller than any of you.

"Boys from the BOI, eh? Let's see 'em badges then."

You show him. The man takes out what looks like a little notebook and writes down the badge numbers. You catch a glimpse of its cover – there's a picture of two crossed spears in black ink and underneath it there are the letters: "A.P.P." Next, the man asks to see a federal search warrant or an arrest warrant with his name on it. When you say that you don't have either, he leans back against the wall and pulls down the cap of his hat to block the late afternoon sun from hitting his eyes. He looks pleased with himself.

"A damn shame, ain't it? Another time then, boys."

You leave the large man alone. When you sit back in your Ford Model T, you realize that you didn't even learn his name. You glance back at the warehouse. The man is no longer there.



8 NE

You stand atop the Peabody Bridge, watching the traffic. Underneath, the mighty Miskatonic River flows slowly, its waters black like oil.

You stop one of the pedestrians crossing the bridge. She is a typist working for the *Arkham Advertiser* making her way to an evening shift.

"Oh, you're the agents from Boston, are you? I sure hope weren't facing a national emergency. I can imagine if anyone got their hands on the Pabodie drill there's no bank vault in the country that was safe from them. Fort Knox beware!"

10 NE

"Welcome to Quinn Furniture, how can I help you?"

You ask Mr. Jedediah Quinn, if he's seen anything suspicious as of late. "The only thing that's suspicious are my low prices," he jests, "Though, no seriously, I do pay my taxes. And no, there's nothing suspicious around here."

13 NE

You find Roland Wells in his workshop, where he's welding, seemingly lost in his work. At first, he doesn't notice your arrival, or perhaps he pretends not to. The abstract metal sculptures around you cast ominous shadows that move around on the walls and the floor as the welding torch flickers. When he finally turns and sees you, he removes his goggles, revealing eyes that hold a mixture of surprise and curiosity. The welding torch sputters and dies, leaving the workshop in eerie silence.

"Detectives," he says after you've shown him your badges. "I didn't hear you come in. You caught me in the middle of a moment of creation." He gestures at the piece he was working on. An abstract steel monstrosity that looks like an explosion suspended in time.

You ask him if he's heard about the break-in at Miskatonic University.

"Ah, so that's why you're here. And here I thought the bureau wanted to commission a sculpture from me for the Department of Justice building," he says, grinning, flashing a row of perfectly white teeth. "Yeah, I've heard about the break-in, it was in the morning paper. What of it?"

When you ask him how well he knows Gregory Pabodie, he makes a puzzled face.

CONTINUE 

“Greggie? Are you sure you don’t mean his brother Frank? He’s the one at the university. Besides, Gregory is– uhh– dead. Well, that’s what everyone thinks anyway. He went to Europe in 1919 and just disappeared some time after that. Are you telling me that he is not dead, detectives? I’ll be damned.”

You neither confirm or deny this, but ask Roland Wells to describe his relationship with Gregory Pabodie.

“I met him at the university. We are the same age, Greggie and I. We were both engineering students. Truth be told, I only enrolled to study engineering to please my family. My grandfather invented the electric chair, you know – there’s no beating that, so I always knew I needed to carve out my own path elsewhere.”

He gestures at his artwork around us: “That’s what all this is about.”

You ask him about the car crash that led to Gregory Pabodie seeking treatment in Arkham Sanatorium in 1918.

“Ah! What a downer end to the summer break that was. It was my automobile that he crashed. Chevrolet Classic Six – a real beauty it was! I bought it for \$2,000, but the salvage company gave me just 50 bucks for the wreck after all was said and done. I shouldn’t have let Gregory drive. He couldn’t handle the Classic Six at high speeds the way I could, but I was happy emptying a bottle of sloe gin on the backseat. Frank was there with me and Millie Hanson had fallen asleep riding shotgun. At a sharp turn Greggie just lost control and we went off the road into the woods. A deer? Yes, there might’ve been a deer on the road, who knows. Like I said, I was all liquored up. There could’ve been a woolly mammoth on the road and I wouldn’t trust me to remember it. In any case, off the road we went, the car wrapped itself around a tree like a ribbon and us four flew out every which way. It was like nothing I’ve ever experienced. Snapped me right out of the drunkenness. In the blink of an eye I learned more about life than at any university lecture.”

“I quit my studies after that and devoted my life to the higher mysteries of art and philosophy. You already know that Gregory went into the loony bin for a couple of months. That’s no place for a man. I can’t imagine it did him any good. After he got out, he wanted to get as far away from the asylum as possible. Went to Europe.”

You ask Wells when was the last time he saw Gregory Pabodie or heard from him.

“We exchanged some letters after he had left. And I spent some time in northern Italy in 1920 and ‘21. We met in Milan a few times. Had coffee. Even then I could tell he was unwell. Physically, too. Last time I saw him was in... Nevermind, I forget. It was years ago anyway. He stopped replying to my letters and I assumed that whatever it was that ailed him had finally killed him.”

Finally, you ask about Millie Hanson and Frank Pabodie.

“After she got out of the hospital, Millie abandoned her studies as well and traveled around the world. Alone. Bold move for a woman with only one arm. Never sent me so much as a postcard. She’s now back in Arkham, I believe, but I don’t have her address. Frank, as you know, stayed at the university. Good for him, he’s a professor now. I know he’s hard at work on his revolutionary new drilling apparatus – practically lives at the engineering department! We tried having dinner once – oh, maybe a year or two ago, but it was beyond dull. We don’t have much in common these days.”

You thank Roland Wells for his time and are about to leave, when the sculptor notices one of the junior detectives studying the metal sculpture that he was working on.

“You like it? I call it ‘*Mastery Over Metal and Flesh*’.”

He scoffs when the detective innocently asks the question that’s on everyone’s mind: “What’s it supposed to be?”

“Art seldom gets better when you explain its meaning, but alright, I’ll humor you. How familiar are you with the work of the Italian poet Filippo Marinetti? Author of, among other things, the ‘*Futurist Manifesto*’?”

Met with silence, he continues:

“Well, to put it in simple terms, the Italian futurists, Marinetti chief among them, believe that the future is for the strong. They believe that aggression and violence are good things because they drive societies forward. They believe that in the right hands all our technological and industrial advances – radio waves, the automobile, electronics, aviation – will destroy the old world and lay the future at the feet of men. My work aims to capture those ideals.”

As you leave, you can agree with Roland Wells on at least one thing: art indeed does not get better when the ideas behind it are explained to you.



17 NE

Marion Washington, a brunette woman in her 40's, answers the door. "I'm afraid you've got the wrong lady. My maiden name is Morrison. And as far as I know, my picture's never been in the papers." It's clear that she's not the "M.W." that you're looking for.

25 NE

You mail the finished crossword to the Arkham Advertiser. The next day, you receive an envelope with your well-earned ten dollars. It's good money, but much to your dismay, it seems someone's written on it.



"All 4 are guilty"

EC DISTRICT

1 EC

The pastor at King's Chapel is a young man who has only been with the parish for a couple of months. He directs you to speak with Mr. Zadkiel Barnaby, the chapel sacristan, who according to the pastor "sees everything and forgets nothing". You find the man outside the chapel, raking and burning fallen leaves in the small boneyard. Mr. Barnaby looks to be in his eighties, his hair is white and his skin looks hardened like the hide of a crocodilian.

After introducing himself, he makes a point of shaking the hand and asking the name of each and everyone of you, and you know that your identities and likenesses are now forever etched into his mind. When he hears why you're making inquiries at King's Chapel, he amazes you by being able to recall the events from over a decade ago as if they had happened last week.

"I know what you speak of, detectives. Merryweather Whistler. Every now and then someone still comes and lights a candle for her. There's a memorial plaque inside the chapel for her, but there's no grave. The poor girl's body was never found, you see. There was a requiem mass held here, in absentia as they say, in the winter of 1918 – a little over a week before Christmas. She was a student at Southeast Public School of Arkham. I remember all the teachers were at the service. They loved her dearly, I could tell. And the poor girl's parents. Stricken. I'll never forget them."

"Everyone was crying their eyes out at the service – even I shed a couple of tears."

"Well, everyone except for that one stranger. It was a man, a young man, who sat at the back the whole time and showed no emotion at all. Just had this dead expression on his face and spoke not a word to no one. I know all the parishioners, and I had never seen him before and never saw him again. Might've been a foreigner who didn't know what was going on. Or maybe a looney." Mr. Barnaby glances at one of the junior detectives. "There's no shortage of looneys in this town, what with the Sanatorium and all."



2 EC

"M.W.? Yes, those are my initials, but do I look like a blond-haired schoolgirl to you?" asks Merle Willis, a bald man in his 50s, sporting a mustache that looks like it could win awards. He sighs and closes the door.

17 EC

You visit Arkham Burying Ground and find that there's no one there to talk to. The cold autumn wind rises. You know you're in the wrong place.

19 EC

Following your hunch you drive south to Boston and visit the prestigious Boston Athenaeum. Once there, you realize that you have no idea who you wish to interview. You ask one of the librarians if they've seen anything strange as of late. They have seen plenty of things, yes, but nothing that could be connected to the case you're investigation. You show them the personal ad from the Advertiser, and they simply shrug.

"I'm sorry, I have no idea who might've written that... or what that ad even means. It looks like a private joke to me, to be frank with you."

44 EC

"Look at the soles on your shoes, detectives! You're in desperate need of an upgrade."

You're offered a special deal and your whole squad soon finds themselves in new shoes. They're as good as advertised.

You have **1 additional day**, thanks to your new shoes.



501 EC

As you make your way through the sacred archway inside the Temple of Xolotl, the Trickster God of the Aztecs, you realize that all this time this has been a Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. And this text was here just to fool your eyes.

SE DISTRICT

1 SE

"Arkham Electric Company needs to get its act together!" exclaims a resident of one of the buildings in South East Arkham mistaking you for utility workers. "I've had enough of stumbling in the dark. Can't enjoy a quiet evening without those flickering lights ruining it."

Politely correcting her mistake, you ask her if she's seen anything unusual. "No, I bloody haven't seen anything," Thelma grunts, "Didn't I say my lights are always out?"

2 SE

"I don't much care for it myself," says the clerk at Barker's Bookstore, when you ask him about the new collection of essays by Roland Wells.

"Wells' essays have a fascination with violence. It's as if he yearns back to the time of the Great War. But it sells alright, being cheap and all. You should see the people who buy it. They don't seem like ardent readers to me. Menacing folk, really."

"If you're interested in essays on politics, may I recommend Virginia Woolf's 'A Room of One's Own'?"

A junior detective buys a copy of Woolf's essay. "There's some really interesting stuff here, chief. Did you know that Shakespeare had a sister named Judith?"



3 SE

When you tell her why you're in her office, Miss Lavinia Latimer, the venerable mistress of the Public School of Southeast Arkham, sighs. "Merryweather Whistler," she begins, her words tinged with both warmth and sadness, "It's been eleven years since we lost her, but I don't think anyone who met Merryweather could ever forget her."

"She had both kindness and ambition. Merryweather harbored dreams that one day she'd compete in the Tour de France, even if she'd had to wear a fake mustache to do so! I regret it now, but I encouraged her to hold on to that dream. I told her she could do anything, and she believed me."

"She went missing in the summer of 1918. Throughout the summer break she would go on longer and longer cycling trips. Her parents, though apprehensive, couldn't deny anything from her. She embarked on a journey from Arkham to Bolton on August 9th, the last weekend before the new school year started. It should have been a two-day journey. But she never came back. She had only just turned seventeen, poor child."

Miss Latimer recounts the search that followed Merryweather's disappearance. It yielded nothing but despair. The search area spread farther and farther in the Miskatonic River valley around State Route 97 between Bolton and Arkham, but as the weeks turned to months and an early winter set in, it became clear that there was no hope of ever finding her alive.

Finally, Miss Latimer recalls the requiem mass that was held on December 14th 1918 in memory of lost Merryweather at King's Chapel. "Her parents were there, too, half-feral with grief. They were good people, and the loss of their daughter broke them."

"And where are the Whistlers now?" a junior detective ask, "We couldn't find them anywhere in the directory."

"They... passed soon after. I can not judge them."

4 SE

In Mildred Hanson's sitting room, a crackling fire sets a cozy ambiance as she serves black tea with honey in mismatched cups. The room reflects a life filled with adventure, adorned with mementos from around the globe. A model *aéroplane* rests on the mantelpiece, piquing your curiosity. "It's a British Supermarine seaplane. I flew air-sea rescue in the North Sea and the English Channel for three years," she explains. An unusual feat for a woman – especially a woman with only one arm. Millie Hanson's left arm is missing just below the elbow. Perhaps she notices one of you glancing at it because she continues: "I'm not saying it was easy, but with a good enough copilot and some modifications to the steering system one arm is all you need. But you're not here to interview me about my *aéronautical* past—are you, detectives?"

You ask her what she knows about the break-in at the Miskatonic engineering department.

"I did read about it in the Advertiser. It said there'd been no violence. Thank God for that. I know the professor – Frank Pabodie. We're old friends, him and I. Or used to be. We studied engineering together at the university until I quit in 1918. A department of two hundred or so students, and I was the only woman. Imagine that."

You ask if she dropped her studies because of mistreatment due to her gender.

"Well, no, not at all. In fact, I had a wonderful time there until that last summer, when we..."

There's silence. She doesn't finish her sentence. Millie Hanson drinks her tea instead. You ask her to tell you about the events of summer of 1918.

"You've already talked with Frank, haven't you? Then you know what happened. I'd rather not relive that episode. There was an accident on the road. I am lucky to be alive. I spent a long time in St. Mary's Hospital and when I got out, all I wanted was to get far away from New England. I wanted to travel the world and help people – be useful. That's what I did for nearly ten years, before I felt it was time to come back to Arkham. I've been here since '27. But what's any of this got to do with last night's break-in?"

You say you're trying to establish all the underlying facts. You ask if she's interacted with Frank Pabodie and Roland Wells recently.

"I was thinking that I should write to Frank about the expedition and ask him to put in a good word for me with Professor Lake. They'll be needing *aéroplane* pilots. Antarctica is the only continent I've yet to visit."

"I haven't spoken with Roland Wells in all these years, and I aim to keep it that way. Normally, when people read and travel, it broadens their worldview, but not Roland. He has published some essays which are downright disgusting."

Finally, you mention Gregory Pabodie, and Millie Hanson's visage visibly darkens.

"So, it's young Gregory then, is it? He's your suspect? I never saw him after the accident. When I was discharged from the hospital he was still in the Sanatorium. I didn't feel like visiting him back then. Perhaps I should've. When I was at St. Mary's, I did receive a parcel from him. Gregory had made a prosthetic arm. It came with a note where he promised to find a way to make everything right again. Afterwards he left to continue his studies in Europe. Every now and then a letter from him would find me. Zagreb, Turin, Milan... each time from a different city. After the letters stopped, I – like everyone else – thought he was dead..."

She pauses.

"...until this morning."

Millie Hanson leaves the room and returns with a wooden box. Inside, there's a mechanical human arm. It is white as whalebone with copper and silver wire connecting the different pieces together. Its craftsmanship is exquisite, to the point where you half-expect the delicately wrought fingers to spring to life at any moment. It exudes the electric scent of ozone. You ask Millie Hanson if the package came with a note or anything that would give an idea as to the current whereabouts of Gregory Pabodie. "No," she says after a moment that could be interpreted as hesitation. "There was nothing but the box. I just found it outside my doorstep at maybe 6 or 6:30 A.M."

You thank Millie Hanson for her time. Once outside, a junior detective wonders out loud: "There's one small detail that baffles me, chief. The box that the fake arm came in. There was no postmark on it. How did the box wind up on Miss Hanson's doorstep then?"

A second junior detective joins in. "Yeah, and there's another thing. Miss Hanson is missing her left arm, yes? But the mechanical arm in the box was a *right* arm."



14 SE

Inside The Dartmouth, the air is thick with the scent of forbidden spirits, defying the Prohibition era. Patrons, their speech slurred, engage in suspicious revelry. Amid the inebriated crowd, a man named Mr. Applesby passionately espouses a peculiar theory.

“You see, dinosaurs ain't extinct, they just went subterranean! Underground dino parties, I tell ya. Those whale fossils they found in Maryland? Dinosaurs having a bash, and the whales were like, 'Hey, we want in!' Cheers to the ancient subterranean soirée!”

He chuckles, a mix of whimsy and intoxication evident in his theory. The surrounding empty glasses silently attest to the vigor with which he's been championing his imaginative perspective.

15 SE

In the desolate expanse of South Arkham Cemetery, tombstones stand as silent sentinels to the departed. A chilling wind whispers through the gravestones, and you instinctively tighten your trench coat. The absence of any living soul amplifies the eerie atmosphere. A junior detective breaks the solemn silence. “Chief, are you sure we aren't just picking these spots at random?”

20 SE

After interviewing the staff at New Palace Theater—they've seen or heard nothing of note—you decide to treat yourself to a matinée showing of “*Wild Blood*”, a western action picture, where Rex the Wonder Horse finally saves the day.

Afterwards, you rendezvous with a junior detective who returns from the hall where they were showing “*Gold Diggers of Broadway*”, his face the reddest shade of red that even Technicolor couldn't produce. Another junior detective is less impressed by his screening of “*Metropolis—die Original auf Deutsch*”.

“I couldn't make heads or tails of it, chief,” he complains, “It was all in bloody Dutch or whatever.”



SW DISTRICT

6 SW

"I have trouble sleeping, so I'm always up at strange hours," says Earl Baker, a tenant of the building, "I was reading in the kitchen when I heard the sound of glass shattering. I took note of the time – it was 11.07 P.M. – just in case. I've been reading a lot of detective fiction as of late, so I wanted to make sure I was a useful witness, if it ever came to it. Pretty lucky, huh?"

"Well, in any case, I walked to the window and peeked outside. There was no one on the street that I could see. There was a light on the fourth floor of the university building, though. I saw a window had been broken. No, I didn't see a ladder or anything like that. It was dark outside and the street lamps had gone out. What I did see was shadows moving in the hallway inside the university building. There were one or two people. Just black silhouettes. One of them moved kinda funny. Looked like they went inside one of the rooms there. The light went out. I waited and waited and waited some more, staring at nothing. Eventually I got bored and, thinking that was the end of it, returned back to the latest edition of *Black Mask*. Really gripping stuff that is, though you fellas would probably find it like just another day at the office, huh?"

"Anyway, at 11.31 P.M., I heard another crash. A real big one. This time alarm bells were ringing, too. I sprung up and sprinted back to the window like a jackrabbit to see what had happened. The hallway was lit up again and shadows were moving once more. I saw someone running real fast to the window that had been broken and just... dropping down onto the street. Truth be told, I sort of looked away when it happened. Figured the fall would kill them and didn't want to see the impact."

Earl Baker takes a deep breath. "But when I did look again, there was no one or nothing on the street! It was very dark, though, so I guess they may have been hiding. Pretty soon the entire fourth floor of the university building was lit up and I could see a lot of movement there. When I saw the first police vehicles arrive, I decided I'd try to get some sleep in case I needed to give an eyewitness' statement later. And now you fellas are here. Almost spooky, right? Well, how did I do? I bet this was useful, wasn't it? Just let me know if you need me to testify in a courtroom. I'm your man, detectives. I've read enough about police work."

19 SW

Miss Armstrong, Gerald Graves' housekeeper, answers the door.

"What? No, mister Graves is not at home. He's at the university."

She invites you in for a cup of herbal tea and answers your questions regarding the head of campus security at Miskatonic University.

"I've been in his employ for twelve years now. He's a good employer as far as I'm concerned. A bit stubborn sometimes, but I think it's his military background. He was in the war, you see, not in the Great War, but the one against the Spanish thirty years ago. Fought in Cuba. He was a Navy officer, I think. But he never ever speaks of his time in the war. Keeps it all bottled up inside. I've tried telling him it's bad for your blood pressure, but he won't listen."

"He was awfully upset about the break-in. I could tell. He said he'd patrol the hallways of the engineering department himself from now on. He cannot abide failure. It's his military background, I think."

You thank Mrs. Armstrong for the tea.



"I'm afraid, I'm all out of tea or coffee, detectives. Can I get you some water with slices of lemon?"

You're sitting in the living room of professor Frank H. Pabodie in the suburb south of Hangman's Brook. Morning sunlight pours in through the large windows of the room and outside you can see a lush garden in the English style, wild and overgrown with nettle, wild bergamot and foxglove. The potted plants inside are faring less better. This is a home that's seldom lived in.

You suggest that professor Pabodie drink some water himself. He's only in his late thirties, but as he sits there, hair and beard disheveled, blinking his dry eyes in the morning brightness like a prisoner unexpectedly returned from the blackest pits of a medieval oubliette, he looks frail, tired and positively ancient. You realize he mustn't have slept at all since last night's events. You start the interview with an easy question and ask the professor about his work at Miskatonic University – and specifically about the new drilling apparatus being built under his guidance in the engineering department.

"Yes–yes–," he nods with some eagerness, your question providing a much-needed distraction from whatever images were haunting his mind earlier. "It's quite remarkable even if I do say so myself. The drill is light, sturdy and portable, as needs be for the purposes of the upcoming Antarctic Expedition. We've developed a new aluminum alloy for it. It's truly the most beautiful thing I've ever been a part of creating."

When you ask what the expedition hopes to discover drilling in the Antarctic, professor Pabodie shrugs: "We're looking for geological and biological samples, but that's not my area of expertise. I'm an engineer, detectives. Professor William Dyer and Professor Howard Lake are our experts of geology and biology, respectively. You should turn to them in these matters."

Now that the professor has perked up a little – he has even drunk a few sips of the lemon water – you ask him to recall last night's break-in. He sinks back into his seat.

"I know Mr. Graves, our security chief, thinks it was a team of expert thieves that were behind this, but I know it wasn't. There was just one man. I *saw* him. I know who it was."

Professor Pabodie falls quiet. He's reluctant to continue and doesn't do so until you sharply ask him to.

"I couldn't see his face, not properly, but you know how you can still recognize someone you know just from the way they walk, the way they move? Even if they were a hundred yards away? Even without a face? The very moment I saw him in the hallway, I knew it was Gregory."

You ask the professor if 'Gregory' has a last name. Finally, he looks up at you.

"It's Pabodie. Gregory Pabodie. He's my brother."

The tone of the interview has shifted. You wait for a few minutes, while professor Frank Pabodie searches through his personal archives in the basement for a photograph of his brother. "I'm afraid I was never much of a photographer," he says apologetically when he returns without the promised picture, "I have nothing with Gregory in it, but I did find this one picture that was taken by him."

He hands you the said photograph. There's two men and one woman in the picture, students in their mid or late 20's perhaps, standing outside a university building in front of an automobile. Smiling. A date is written on the picture. *April 1918*.

CONTINUE 



"This is from the year before Gregory quit his studies and left Arkham," he says, "Our last year together. Our small group of friends at the university."

You ask him who the people in the photograph are.

"Ah, I'm sorry. That's me in the middle. And the man on the right is Roland Wells, who would later drop out and become a sculptor. And that's Millie Hanson, the first woman ever accepted to study engineering at Miskatonic University. Maybe, if you interview them, Roland or Millie might have a picture of Gregory that would be of use..."

You give the photograph back to professor Pabodie. He looks at it, overtaken by what you assume are memories of far better days. You ask him what happened that made Gregory leave Arkham. This memory, clearly, is a much more painful one.

"What happened changed the lives of us all. There was... an accident. August 1918. We had an automobile and the four of us – Gregory, Roland, Millie and I – were touring New England. We wanted to show our friends our old family home, in the Miskatonic River valley northwest of Arkham. We were driving on Route 97 through the dense woodlands. It was late in the evening. Gregory had the wheel. At a narrow bend, at 97 ELS, he swerved to avoid a deer. We went off the road and hit a tree. It was in the newspapers at the time. It is a miracle we lived. Gregory didn't suffer physical injuries. Both Roland and I had a few cuts and broken bones, but Millie's left arm was so badly crushed they had to cut it off below the elbow. Our group was never the same again. Gregory had to spend a few months in the Arkham Sanatorium."

Professor stares at the lemon slice sitting at the bottom of his otherwise empty glass. Before you can ask anything, he continues:

"*I thought he was dead.* God forgive me. You see, after he had been discharged from the Sanatorium, Gregory quit his studies saying that the engineering department at Miskatonic was underdeveloped. He traveled around Europe. I got letters. Trieste, Milan, Cordoba... Last I heard of him was in late 1921. He wrote to me telling me that he had seen *El Ajedrecista*, the chess-playing thinking machine by Leonardo Torres Quevedo, in an exhibition in Madrid and that it had greatly moved him. He also wrote about his ailing health, but did not say what exactly was wrong with him. I wrote him back many times, but got no reply. Eventually I gave up. My own brother... and I just gave up."

You ask the professor to cast his mind back to the more recent past now and tell you what, exactly, transpired at the engineering department yesterday evening. "I just saw Gregory standing in the hallway, like I said. I can't recall the time. Half past eleven, maybe. The window was broken as were the doors to the engineering laboratory. He must've just been in there."

"What happened next... I can't tell. It all happened so fast. He saw me, and I saw him. I tried to call out, but I couldn't. And he didn't say anything either. And he simply... escaped through the window. What he was doing there, I have no idea. I only know that it was him."

You ask him what he suspects his brother's current whereabouts could be. The professor mentioned their old family home earlier – perhaps Gregory might be there. He shakes his head. "No, I don't think so... It's in the middle of nowhere, in 13 ELS, halfway from here to Bolton. Either way, the house is abandoned. It's been empty ever since our parents died in the epidemic of 1908, and then Arkham County Electric Company bought the land a few years ago. The company's got a groundskeeper minding the place... I guess you could interview him."

Lastly, you ask about Roland Wells and Millie Hanson, the other two people who knew Gregory Pabodie. "They're both here in Arkham. Roland is a sculptor, like I said, but he's done some writing too that I've read. He has some rather Spartan ideas about how society should be restructured. Millie quit her studies and traveled around the world after she recuperated, but she's now returned. I haven't spoken with either of them in years."

You thank Frank Pabodie for his time and advise him to get some sleep now. You stand up to leave. A junior detective in your squad holds up a finger like a schoolboy asking for permission to speak. He reminds Professor Pabodie how he mentioned that last night he could recognize Gregory "even without a face". Surely, by that, the professor meant that the suspect was wearing a mask? A long silence hangs in the air, heavy like lead. Pabodie's eyes widen with some hidden recollection. "Yes," professor Pabodie says finally. "That is what I *must've* meant, isn't it?"



ELS DISTRICT

13 ELS

The drive north through the New England woodland takes the better part of the day. At one point you pass an intersection where a sign pointing east towards the Miskatonic River reads “A.C.E. Co. Construction Site (21 ELS)”. You keep driving north and the poor condition of the road gets even worse. Everywhere dark pines surround you and the late afternoon sun of September offers only a pale imitation of warmth. Knowing the Pabodie house itself to be abandoned, you pay a visit to the only man still officially living in the area – the groundskeeper who works for Arkham County Electric Company. You stop at his cabin which is located only a mile or two from the Pabodie house.

The groundskeeper, Amos Goggins, serves you black coffee in dented tin cups—and pours some bootleg whiskey from a flask into his own cup. “Hope you don’t mind too much, detectives. It’s to help my sore throat.” Two mean-looking wolfhounds lay down in the corner half asleep. The groundskeeper takes a sip from the cup and coughs. One wolfhound perks up its head a little, then lowers it down again.

“I’ve minded these lands for the electric company for near two years now,” Goggins explains, “Best post I ever had. Won’t last for too long anymore, though. They’re finally finishing up the construction of the dam down river to harness the Miskatonic for electricity – you must’ve seen the construction site when you drove here. There’s been a delay after delay, but in a few weeks these lands will be under a hundred feet of water.”

“The company pays me to make sure no one gets the idea of squatting in one of the abandoned buildings here. Not that there are many of them. There’s a couple of old farmhouses and half-collapsed barns. And the old Pabodie house, of course. That’s what you were here for, right? The couple who built the house passed away in the epidemic twenty years ago and their surviving children live elsewhere. One of ‘em is a teacher at Miskatonic University, I think. The house has been empty since before the company bought the land.”

When you ask if he’s certain the old Pabodie house is indeed uninhabited, Goggins reacts defensively. “Look, I make my rounds twice a day, each day, except on the Sabbath. There’s more than two thousand acres of hilly woodland to cover, and I do it on foot. I start out every morning, right after I’ve had my coffee. I begin my second round well before sundown, which is about 7 P.M. this time of the year. You don’t want to be alone in those woods after dark even if you have dogs with you. So, yes, if someone was hellbent on squatting in the old Pabodie house during the hours when I’m not there, I guess they could do that. But short from dynamiting the place to the ground, there’s no helping it. Aye, I’ve got the keys to the house, but I’ve never felt the need to go in and have a look. As far as I’m concerned, it’s deserted.”

Mr Goggins stands up and drinks the last of his coffee. He glances at the clock on the wall. 6.46 P.M. “It’s nigh time for my evening rounds. I’d better start preparing. Detectives.” The groundskeeper escorts you to the door. As you step out, he hands one of you the key to the Pabodie house. “Look, check the place yourselves. You’ll see what I told you is God’s honest truth... No mortal man has set his foot in that house in years.”

Inside the cabin, one of the dogs starts to howl. The other joins in. Goggins shrugs nervously. “They always do that in the evenings. They’ll soon quiet down. Now goodnight to you, detectives.”

Goggins closes the door in front of you.

Now outside his cabin, you decide to wait for a moment, to see if he will indeed soon leave. A minute passes. Then another. It’s ten past 7 P.M. and the sun has gone down. The door remains closed. The howling doesn’t end.



21 ELS

Crew chief Tony Russo is a big man with a loud voice who makes it clear he has no time for you. “Yeah, yeah, I know damn well we’re behind schedule! I’ve known it since the spring of ‘27 when we were supposed to be done within nine months and I still know it today. Just tell Mr. Everett that it’ll be done when it’s done, okay? You tell him that. He ain’t the one knee-deep in the goddamn mud and concrete for chrissakes.”

When he realizes that you aren’t pencil pushers from the company offices, he calms down and answers your questions. First, you ask him about the delays in the construction.

“These sort of big projects always take a lot of time, but this whole job feels like it’s jinxed or hexed or something.”

You ask him what he means by that.

“I mean that weird shit keeps happening, pardon my French. Little bits of material or equipment goes missing. Tools. The wireless transmitter. Steel rods meant for the reinforced concrete. Gasoline. Copper wires from the welding gear. The goddamn drive belt from the excavator. There’s no explaining it. I trust my crew—they’re union men each and every one of ‘em. They wouldn’t steal nor sabotage nothing. And they sure as hell wouldn’t murder one of their own.”

Russo watches your faces. He smiles, bitterly. The loudness is gone. “Didn’t know about that one, did you? Yeah, it happened three months ago. His name was Joe Fish. Came from Vermont. Damn good man. It got written down as an accident. The Arkham medical examiner’s report says that Joe simply fell to his death. Well, sure, he fell alright, but not before someone put a twist drill through his forehead.”



30 ELS

Wilfred Martens, Jr. goes through the company receipts looking for the information you seek.

“Lucky for you, pops kept a good track of everything for the taxman. I think I found your wreck. August 11th, 1918. Crash on Route 97 the night before. A Chevrolet Classic Six, right? Damn, that’s a nice model. This *Roland Wells*’ guy must’ve been pretty darn peeved to have wrecked it. Brand new ones could cost something like 3,000 dollars back then. Well, anyway. According to our books, we paid 50 dollars for it and the bike. Minus the towing costs.”

You ask him about the bike he mentioned. He shrugs.

“Yeah, it says here there was a broken bicycle that came with the car. It was in the trunk, apparently just as wrecked as the car was. We don’t discriminate against two-wheelers. Scrap metal is scrap metal.”

42 ELS

“Yes, yes, I remember her,” Dr. Samuel Oakeshott tells you when you ask him about Millie Hanson. “Automobile accident, right? Some ten years ago. Late summer, early fall.”

You ask what sort of injuries she had.

“She had some cuts on her face and torso, but they were all superficial in nature.”

“And, of course, there was the left arm. We did have to remove it, below the elbow. It said in her paperwork when she arrived that her arm had been crushed between a part of the vehicle and a tree and that she’d have massive hemorrhage, but the injuries, as I recall them, didn’t really correspond to that. The blood loss wasn’t massive, and instead of a single impact trauma, it appeared as if the arm had been struck against something more than once. A terrible loss, nonetheless.”

“There was an interesting episode towards the end of her recovery. Some lunatic from the Arkham Sanatorium send her a prosthetic arm. It came with a note of apology. As far as I understood, it came from the young man who had driven the vehicle. It was a crude-looking thing, as you’d expect something made in a madhouse to be, but it showed quite an impressive understanding of mechanics. She wanted us to throw it away, which was a shame.”

97 ELS

The drive northwest to the Route 97 car crash site takes you a better part of the day. The valley road gets more and more densely forested as you leave Arkham behind and the condition of the road worsens with each passing mile. On your way to the site you pass an intersection where a sign pointing east towards the Miskatonic River reads "A.C.E. Co. Dam Construction Site (21 ELS)". You make note how all the houses in this area look to be long since abandoned by their inhabitants.

You arrive at the site of the car crash, a sharp bend on the road bordered by trees, pull over your Ford Model T and step out of the car. You see no one else around you. No one to interview here.

The road continues north, to 13 ELS, where you know the old Pabodie family home and the electric company's groundskeeper are.

621 ELS

"Gregory Pabodie? Yes, I remember the man."

You're in the office of Dr. Eric Hardstrom, who serves as the director of Arkham Sanatorium. The room exudes an air of efficiency and professionalism. The paperwork on his desk is neatly stacked, all the pieces of stationery at perfect right angles, and on the pale mint green wall behind the desk hang the diplomas from both Yale and Princeton. *Summa cum laude*. With highest praise.

"He stayed with us from August 1918 to January 1919, if memory serves."

The way Dr. Hardstrom emphasizes the last part of the sentence makes it clear that usually his memory does, indeed, serve. The doctor may have slipped a little to show off his mnemonic prowess, but when you ask him about why Gregory sought treatment in the sanatorium he becomes far less cooperative.

"I am sorry, detectives, but I cannot go into the specifics of what sort of treatment an individual may or may not have received here. Disorders of the mind are a sensitive issue, you understand. Generally speaking, I can say that when someone has had a traumatic experience, it is common for them to develop an acute case of neurosis."

You ask how one would, generally speaking, go about curing an acute neurosis.

"Analysis of the traumatic event in a safe environment with a qualified professional combined with electrotherapy works in most cases."

You ask what he means by "in most cases". Does he mean it didn't work in this one?

Dr. Hardstrom is visibly vexed by you trying to catch him with your question. "I want you to understand that this is still just general commentary on the nature of mental disorders. Sometimes during treatment, when the initial disorder is resolved, new symptoms that were previously locked inside the subconscious may begin to manifest. In this regard, the human mind is not unlike the ancient Greek hydra."

Dr. Hardstrom stands up and motions you to leave. "Now, if you'd excuse me, I should get back to work."

Outside the office a junior detective wonders out loud: "Like the Greek hydra, eh? Sounds to me like the man came in here with one type of madness and left with a dozen new ones."

801 ELS

"Gentlemen,

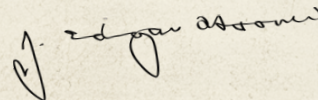
Since, according to new information, nothing was stolen from the Miskatonic University engineering laboratory, it appears that the motives behind the break-in were more personal in nature. At the same time, it appears that the forces behind the burglary pose a direct threat to the citizens of Arkham. According to recent Secret Service intel, there are also malignant political forces moving in the city.

Your request for more time to carry out your investigation has therefore been approved.

You have **5 additional days**.

However, both Attorney General Mitchell and I expect results that reflect this new lease on life.

Good luck."



NOTE: During the *Intervention* phase at the end of the game, you must **choose 4 locations** instead of 3. However, you must also score **9 points or above**. Anything below 9 means that the mission is a failure.

INVESTIGATIONS

WC DISTRICT

21 WC

The early morning sun casts a dim light through the windows of the hallways of the engineering department at Miskatonic University. On your way to the scene of the crime you make note how it would be very easy for one not familiar with the university to get lost in its labyrinthine corridors.

Your footsteps echo through the laboratory as you step inside. The first thing that grabs your attention are the massive oaken double doors leading into the laboratory. They've been battered open with incredible force, hinges twisted, the lock obliterated, and wooden splinters scattered everywhere. It's clear that whoever or whatever did this possessed immense strength and determination.

Everywhere inside the large room there are engineering students with clipboards, taking stock of all the objects and putting the disturbed items back in their proper places. Someone is even sweeping the floor with a broom. You're painfully aware that the crime scene is utterly contaminated and, gritting your teeth, you put away your fingerprinting kit. However, the students do confirm that so far nothing is recorded as stolen.

You don't make much of the revolutionary Pabodie drill that sits in the middle of the room. It is in several pieces – by design, a postgraduate student assures you – but even so the individual parts are too heavy for one man to lift.

The air in the laboratory is thick with a strange mixture of scents. There's the strong odor of gasoline, the faint scent of dust and metallic particles, various odors of chemical solvents, the unmistakable smell of burnt wood, and also an unsettling aroma that you can't quite place. It's not until a junior detective remarks that it reminds them of the air just before a thunderstorm that you realize that the peculiar scent is that of ozone. You assume that one of the many electronic devices in the room can account for the scent.

You exit the engineering laboratory and make your way to the office of Professor Frank Pabodie, which is on the same hallway as the laboratory. The professor's not there, but you decide to take a look inside nonetheless. You discreetly pick the lock on the door and enter the office.

It is a small, cluttered space. Bookshelves line the walls, filled with dusty volumes on engineering and other scientific texts. In one corner, a small chalkboard is covered in complex equations, and the room is illuminated by the soft, warm glow of an antique desk lamp. The mahogany writing desk is covered with letters, research papers, and other documents relating to the drilling apparatus. The papers speak of the ambitious Antarctic Expedition that is on the horizon, outlining plans, blueprints, and mathematical calculations. It's clear that Professor Pabodie's work is at the heart of this endeavor. It's impossible to tell whether or not any documents have been stolen from the desk or its drawers.

Amidst the expected scents of aged paper, tobacco smoke, and polished wood, there's, yet again, the metallic scent of ozone. You see nothing in the room that could explain its presence. Whatever it was, it's gone now.

Your attention is drawn to a pocket address book that has fallen on the floor. It contains a wealth of addresses, including those of Professor Howard Lake (30 Pickman Street WC) and Professor William Dyer (15 Crane Street WC), key figures in the upcoming expedition. Curiously, the very first page for the letter "H" has been torn off from the book. You look for it in the room, but come up with nothing.

You conclude your investigation outside, on College Street, below the broken window. You see only a minimal amount of glass shards on the ground, suggesting that the window was indeed broken from the outside. You estimate it to be at least 60 feet from the ground. The wall is red brick with seemingly very few potential handholds. Certainly a difficult climb. The street pavement is cracked and the ground is slightly sunken right below the window. "Perhaps they had a big ladder here?" suggests one of the junior detectives. Perhaps, in which case someone must've seen it. You observe your surroundings. 6 College Street SW is right across the street, a residential building with windows facing the university.



24 WC

You sit inside your Ford Model T automobiles, discreetly parked outside Hotel Touraine, a prestigious establishment with a continental European flair. The building's old-world charm stands in stark contrast to the dark mysteries you're chasing. For the better part of a day, you keep your vigil, watching the comings and goings of people, but nothing out of the ordinary catches your trained eye.

The sun casts long shadows over the cobblestone street as the afternoon wears on, and you decide to step out of the automobiles and take a closer look at the Hotel Touraine's exterior. As you stroll towards the entrance, something catches your eye. A thick layer of blood-red ivy, the kind that never sheds its leaves even during the winter months, covers one of the hotel's walls entirely as if conjured by some fairy tale witch, with only small gaps in the crimson foliage hinting at the presence of windows underneath.

However, something is amiss. Leaves are scattered on the ground below. You look up and observe that the ivy, in certain places, appears to have been disturbed, as if someone or something had clawed at it.

Your eyes rise to the uppermost floors of the hotel. At one of the windows – you can't quite discern which room – you notice something unusual. The panes look to be blackened, as if by burning. It's a curious detail that raises questions about what might have transpired behind those windows.

You reach down to pick up one of the fallen leaves. It, too, is blackened. As you examine it, you're struck by the scent of ozone, like the aftermath of an electrical storm.

32 WC

You slip into the records room of St. Mary's Hospital which is in the building's basement. There a musty odor immediately assaults your senses. It's clear that the aging hospital's lower levels haven't been well maintained. As you sift through the files, looking for the medical records of Millie Hanson, you realize that there's nothing in the archives from before 1925. All the older records are lost to the ravages of time.

240 WC

You find Monsignor Homero Caligari inside room 240 of Hotel Touraine. He sits on an extravagant chair that he has clearly had brought with him and receives you with the mannerisms of a Renaissance era Pope.

He wears his red robes and his gold crucifix, he is incredibly ancient and thin and his skin looks like old parchment. He greets you slowly in what sounds like Latin.

You ask him if it's alright if you take a look around in his room. He waves his hand and sits still like a statue when you search the room and find nothing of note.

241 WC

Jacques De Mercy is not in his hotel room. You search through his things while he is away. You find a French passport, some clothes, and postcards that, by the looks of it, he means to send back to France. Not very interesting.

242 WC

The so-called Miss Sara Sloane is not in her room. You search the place and find books about Russian ballet, empty gin bottles, letters from F. Scott Fitzgerald asking her wife Zelda to come back home, and an unfinished manuscript of a novel about a Southern belle named "Alabama Beggs".

There's also a diary. The latest entry reads: "*Now that I'm in Arkham, maybe I should have myself committed? I have heard people don't necessarily get better in Arkham Sanatorium, but they certainly get stranger. Who knows, it might improve my writing.*"

243 WC

The door to room 243, occupied by the enigmatic Mr. Fritz, remains closed. Even with the master key borrowed from the front desk, it refuses to open. You examine the lock from the outside and realize that it's no standard lock. Someone has replaced it with something far more advanced than anything you've ever encountered.

You knock on the door. No answer.

After losing a coin toss, one of the junior detectives climbs out of the window of the neighboring room, fingers grasping onto the ivy-covered wall for any available handhold as he inches towards his target. Defying the gods of gravity, he finally reaches the window of room 243, opens the latch and slips inside.

CONTINUE 

You stand behind the door, listening. Footsteps approach. The lock clicks and the door slowly opens. Before you the junior detective stands, his eyes vacant, his face ashen, as if during that short walk from the window to the door he had been forced to bear witness to the cumulative sins of all of Christendom. Behind him you see only darkness. "Chief..." he addresses you in a pained tone, avoiding direct eye contact. "I don't- I don't know- Maybe no one should see any of this stuff..."

You disregard his advice and step past him into the room, revolvers at the ready. There it is again, stronger than ever, the acrid scent of ozone. You try the light switch, but the room remains dark. You turn on your torches.

Everywhere there are electrical wires, all running into what looks like a large steel coffin or a capsule at the center of the room in the place where a bed should be. It looks heavy beyond imagination. A circular window, not unlike that of a submarine, is embedded in the lid of the coffin. Peering through the glass with an unsettling sense of anticipation, you're met with an unexpected void. There's nothing inside.

The bedroom, while dreadful in atmosphere, is clear.

You notice some of the electrical wires snake their way into to the room's bathroom. Slowly, you make your way in. The shower curtain is drawn. You steel yourself for what lies beyond and, with a trembling hand, you grab the edge of the curtain.

As you pull it aside, a sinister sight greets you. In the bathtub, submerged in dark viscous liquid, there lies a human body, constructed from cold, white metal. Its form is feminine, a creation of mad science. It lies perfectly still. It has no right arm. Your eyes fixate on its uncanny black eyes, hollow and lifeless, which nevertheless *seem* to follow your every move. No. They *do* follow you. They move. You can feel your souls being clawed out of your bodies.

Hastily, you pull the shower curtain back and stumble out of the bathroom.

When the junior detectives inquire about what you found, you're at a loss for words. You slam the room door shut as you follow your instincts screaming at you to get out.

244 WC

You open the door to Room 244 of Hotel Touraine. Umberto Falconi, a member of the Sicilian Black Hand, lunges at you, knife in hand, hurling curses in Italian. He slashes wildly with the blade, but thanks to your superior numbers you manage to subdue him. You recognize his face.

Wanted for kidnapping and murder in New Jersey. A bad guy, yes, but nothing to do with the case you're currently investigating. A pair of junior detectives drag him in handcuffs out of the hotel.

245 WC

Luther Blackwood, a traveling salesman, lies in drink, snoring, empty glass bottles all around the hotel room. You search through his luggage. There's ladies' clothes: scarves, hats, shoes. According to a financial notebook you find on the bed stand, he's terribly in the red. On the floor you find a telegram from his wife: "*Luther, I'm cutting you out. You're done spending my inheritance. It's over.*"

246 WC

You rummage through Mr. Salazar's belongings in the room, but find nothing of interest. There's an awkward moment when he returns while you're emptying a large suitcase on his bed. You show your badges and excuse yourself. A junior detective stays behind to help the vexed Spaniard clean up the mess.

247 WC

There's a "*Do Not Disturb*" sign hanging on the doorknob of room 247. You knock. A panicked voice inside replies: "No thank you! Come back later." About a half an hour later a man and a woman emerge from the room. They light their cigarettes in the lobby, exit the hotel, and go their separate ways.

248 WC

You have a junior detective follow Captain Harald Johannsen while the rest of you search his room. The kid comes back with a report. "He's just going from shop to shop looking for some guy named... hold on, I wrote it down... Sur Strömming."

You have no idea who that might be. The room is clean and there's nothing suspicious among captain Johannsen's things. It seems you've learned nothing, until you consult a Swedish-English dictionary that you find in an old canvas rucksack and learn that "*surströmming*" is a "*type of fermented salt herring*". Some horrors are man-made.

249 WC

In the room of Belisarius Wandsworth, a folklorist from Brown University, you find books on goblins, faeries and ghosts, but very little else. Mr. Wandsworth himself, it seems, is out hunting dragons.

NE DISTRICT

2 NE

It's late in the evening when you approach the old warehouse on Innsmouth Street at the edge of town. The streetlights are out, but you notice a group of people entering through the front door. You also notice that there's an armed guard posted there, so you decide to opt for the fire escape to get a look inside.

You climb the rickety metal ladder and peer down through the grimy window. The warehouse is full of people, black-clad figures packed in like sardines. A great American flag hangs on the back wall, its patriotic colors removed in favor of oil black and bone white. There's a podium at the center of the room. It bears a sinister symbol: two crossed spears, painted black. The crowd erupts in cheers and salutes as a thin man in a sharp black suit steps up to the podium. A spotlight targets him and you recognize the man immediately: it's Roland Wells, the sculptor.

Solemnly, he raises his hands as if he were a man of the cloth about to preach from his pulpit and his black-clad congregation falls silent, waiting. This is not the first time they've come here to hear him speak. Wells begins his sermon:

"Time and space are dead," he declares. "History has ended. And we, my brothers, are standing on the edge of a mighty cliff. Below our feet is the great abyss of the future. The unknown. The weak-willed masses fear that the fall will kill us. But I tell you this: the only way forward is to take the leap!"

The mesmerized crowd listens as Roland Wells unfurls his horrid vision for America's destiny. Museums and libraries will burn. Places of worship will be torn down. Seats of democracy ground to dust. Automated factories, more beautiful than the Statue of Liberty, will be built on the broken foundations of the old world, and the gears of industry and war will be lubricated with the blood of the weak and unclean. Out of this chaos, Roland Wells proclaims, a "new man" will rise, a master race who will defy the laws of nature, gain mastery over both metal and flesh, and conquer the cosmos.

He preaches with a gradually increasing passion. There's a violent electricity in the air. Roland Wells concludes his speech with a call to arms.

"These ideas will not win favor in the statehouse or in the papers. And the federal government... so long as that colossal relic stands, the public opinion will remain against us. But, remember this, my brothers: the ultimate factor in all human decisions is physical force. So, we must arm ourselves! Arm yourselves and be ready! We are the American Phalanx Party! The future is ours!"

The mass of blackshirts roars in an echo, hands raised in fists and Roman salutes.

"THE FUTURE IS OURS! THE FUTURE IS OURS!"

You exchange grim nods. You've heard enough. It's time to go.



8 NE

You stand atop Peabody Bridge, observing the area. Underneath, a barge sails down the Miskatonic River.

A couple of suspicious fellows go past you. They're dressed in all-black. They're heading north.

"Sorry, chief," a junior detective breaks your concentration, "Can I bum a cigarette?" The wind rises. "This stakeout seems like a waste of time," the junior detective mutters.

10 NE

You observe the comings and goings of the customers, but see nothing suspicious. Discreetly, you enter Quinn Furniture Co. store and take a look around. The prices are low, but not criminally so. A cognac-colored leather desk chair has a nice swivel to it. You'd love one for the office.

13 NE

In the late afternoon, you observe Roland Wells leave his workshop – locking the door behind him. You decide to split into two teams. You will investigate the place while the sculptor is away, while a secondary team of junior detectives takes the Ford Model T and tails Wells to whatever location he might be going.

You deftly pick the front door lock and slip into the workshop unseen. Everywhere around you Wells' otherworldly metal sculptures loom like eldritch sentinels. As the waning sun's light filters through the windows, these abstract creations cast long, uncannily human-like shadows, lending an eerie touch to your surroundings.

Finding nothing in the workshop proper, you make your way upstairs to Roland Wells' living quarters. The furniture and items you find there exude utilitarian sophistication, each piece representing the very forefront of modernist design: the sleek Neapolitan espresso pot in the kitchen, the chromium lamp by the neatly made bed, the steel-and-glass coffee table and bookshelf in the lounge. Wells' sculptures must bring in a lot of money for him to afford all this.

In his bedroom you find something which strikes you as odd. It is a news article, framed behind a glass, from the *Arkham Advertiser*, dated August 11th 1918. In the accompanying photograph there's a badly damaged automobile, in a ditch in the woods. Even though the picture is taken at night, you're able to see the dark spots of blood on the windshield and the hood.

"Automobile Accident on Route 97 ELS – Three Hospitalized, No Fatalities," the headline reads.



"ARKHAM August 11, 1918 - Late last night, a Chevrolet automobile carrying four students of Miskatonic University swerved off the road and hit a tree on Route 97 ELS. The accident left three of the passengers hospitalized, but thankfully there were no fatalities. Details remain scarce, but sources suggest one of the injured students, a young woman, is now at St. Mary's Hospital in a critical condition after significant blood loss. Authorities at the scene declined to comment at this hour. Mr. Wilfred Martens, a salvage company proprietor called to tow away the wrecked automobile, described the vehicle as severely mangled."

In the lounge, the bookshelf is full of books on art, history, and engineering, but also a lot of literature concerning political theory. Most of them are in Italian, Greek and German, but some are in good old American English. Among them you notice such troubling titles as *"Order of the Black Sun"*, *"Manifesto of the Fascist Intellectuals"*, and *"Aesthetics of War"*.

On the coffee table there are two miniscule coffee cups. One has been emptied, while the other is untouched – still full of the dark liquid now gone cold. You smell electricity in the air. Next to the coffee cups lies the English translation of the *"Futurist Manifesto"* by Filippo Marinetti. You pick up the manifesto to examine it. It's full of handwritten notes presumably by Wells himself, some of which are legible. Comments and annotations. He has underlined a passage that reads *"Time and Space died yesterday"* and written *"YES!!!"* above it. In a paragraph that declares that the modern racing car is more beautiful than the *"Victory of Samothrace"*, the ancient Greek statue's name has been struck over with an annotation explaining: *"the hoi polloi won't know what this is – replace it with the Statue of Liberty."* It would seem he has been drafting a manifesto of his own. Anticipating that Wells might soon return, you put all the items you've disturbed back in their places and promptly exit the building.

Outside, you meet with the team tasked with tailing the sculptor. They report to you that Wells went across Peabody Bridge and into a warehouse on 2 Innsmouth Street NE. "Looked like a shindig of some sort was about to take place there, chief. Could be a speakeasy?" It could be, yes, but you know you're probably not going to be lucky like that.

EC DISTRICT

1 EC

King's Chapel, a small, gray Gothic church, stands solemn and unassuming in eastern Arkham. The sun hangs low in the sky, casting a melancholic light over the scene. A small graveyard surrounds the chapel, filled with timeworn tombstones and ancient elm trees that seem to guard the secrets of the departed. You observe an elderly sacristan burning the fallen autumn leaves. The smoky scent of smoldering leaves wafts through the crisp autumn air, creating an eerie backdrop to your investigation.

You step inside the chapel where dust motes float in the slanting rays of light that pierce through the stained glass windows, casting vibrant colors on the stone floor. There's no one else in the chapel. As you explore the interior, a brass plaque on one of the walls, with a solitary candle burning underneath it, captures your attention.

"In memory of MERRYWEATHER WHISTLER

1901-1918

*Lost as summer's skies turned gray,
leaving an endless winter's stay."*

A small inscription at the bottom of the plaque reads: *"She is deeply missed by her parents and will be forever remembered by her friends and teachers at the Southeast Public School of Arkham."*

Before leaving the chapel, you feel obliged to light a second candle for poor Merryweather.

17 EC

You visit Arkham Burying Ground and find nothing but gravestones. The cold autumn wind rises. You know you're in the wrong place.

19 EC

Following your hunch you drive south to Boston and visit the prestigious Boston Athenaeum. Once there, you realize that you have no idea what you're looking for. You wander aimlessly in the library halls searching for something that would seem unusual. The architecture is very beautiful, but other than that this trip was for nought. "We should stick to Arkham, I think, chief," says one of the junior detectives.

44 EC

After a long day of surveillance, your hunch is confirmed: men do, indeed, buy shoes.

303 EC

You stand behind the curtain, eavesdropping on a telephone conversation. Suddenly, without warning, Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum--the whole Latin spiel strikes you right between the eyes. It was just a trick.

SE DISTRICT

2 SE

You stalk between the shelves of Barker Bookstore, observing the customers, looking for anything suspicious. A huge grunt of a man in a flat cap is leafing through a thin black book. It's *"Trenches of the Future"* by Roland Wells. The cover bears the symbol of two crossed spears. He notices you and puts the book back, exiting the bookstore promptly.

You take a look at the essay collection yourself. It is about society, war, aesthetics, and the future. Roland Wells' thinking is clearly inspired by the right-wing totalitarian movements of continental Europe. One essay is titled *"Bone Breaks, Flesh Burns, Metal Endures"*—a disgusting treatise on the supposed beauty of accidents involving vehicles and machines.

You put the book away.

3 SE

There's nothing to be gained in observing the comings and goings of the Public School of Southeast Arkham from the outside. Going inside, you stick out like a sore thumb amongst the young students, but you manage to slip inside an archive room where you find multitudes of old report cards. You're able to find one for Merryweather Whistler, too, from the school year 1917-18. There's a photograph of her, too – fair haired and wearing round wire rim spectacles. Her grades were excellent. There's also a record of a special stipend of 20 dollars, for the purchase of a bicycle, granted due to her merits in Physical Education. Merryweather had one more year left at the school, but there's no report card for 1918-19. You learn very little else from the school archives.

4 SE

You bide your time, waiting for Millie Hanson to depart her residence. She finally exits her home around noon, and you assign a detail of junior detectives to tail her. You make your way through the small garden filled with blue daisies and other wildflowers. After a few tries you manage to pick the lock on the front door and gain entrance to her home.

As you make your way inside, you're struck by the eclectic decor – trinkets and trophies from across the world. An Ottoman yataghan with its vermiculate Damascus steel blade and gilded pommel hangs on one wall, while a richly colored North African prayer mat graces the floor beneath it.

A walrus ivory chess set in the style of Isle of Lewis captures your attention with its intricate pieces, and a dark brass statuette of the Hindu goddess Kali radiates terrifying beauty. As you explore further, you discover a skull of an Amazonian jaguar, feathers from an exotic bird of paradise, and a plethora of old maps, photographs, and newspaper cuttings from Millie's travels. In one photograph she is standing in front of a seaplane bearing British insignia. You also locate a wooden box, inside which there's a prosthetic arm made of a metallic substance that you can't identify. It exudes the scent of ozone. It's a right arm, which is curious given the fact that in the photographs Mildred Hanson is missing her left arm.

An old newspaper cutting, found in the very bottom of a desk drawer, stands out in stark contrast amidst the array of exotic memorabilia. It's a photograph of a fair haired girl, perhaps 15 or 16 years old. You don't think it's young Millie Hanson – she looks nothing like her. The girl is wearing round wire rimmed glasses and is dressed in what must be her Sunday finest. On her collar there are embroidered initials: "M. W." Whatever news story the picture used to accompany has been cut off. On the other side of the cutting, there are old advertisements from the Arkham area, perhaps from a decade ago.



You exit Millie Hanson's home and rendezvous with the team who tailed her. They have a report on her movements: "First, she headed to a cafe on Walnut Street, took her time there, and had a cup of coffee or something. Then she went west on Pickman Street, turned north onto Garrison Street, and ended up at this church called King's Chapel on, errr, 1 Garrison Street EC. She was there for quite a while, chief. When she came out she was looking all sad and somberlike."

20 SE

Your stakeout outside the New Palace Theater yields little results other than some market research. You're able to observe that the "*Gold Diggers of Broadway*" draws in the biggest crowd. It would seem that color, sound, and dancing girls are the future of moving pictures.

123 SE

You stand behind the curtain, eavesdropping on a telephone conversation. Suddenly, without warning, Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. You wonder what this tells you about your state of mind.

What next? Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum--the whole Latin spiel strikes you right between the eyes. It was just a trick.

SW DISTRICT

19 SW

You wait outside until you see the housekeeper leave for errands. You find a window that's left conveniently open and enter the home of Gerald Graves. It is a well-kept house. Amongst the faded photographs from his US Navy days you find a medal, tarnished yet honorable, hints at valor during the Spanish War of 1898. Nearby, a Navy saber rests in its ceremonial scabbard. You unsheathe the sword and observe that the blade is still sharp and keen. On his bedside table, a well-read dime novel offers brief respite, while a half-empty bottle of strong pain relief pills silently testifies to the enduring scars of his service. There's no evidence anywhere that would indicate that Gerald Graves was a so-called "inside man" organizing the university break-in.

32 SW

From the exterior of his house, you're able to observe Professor Frank Pabodie go upstairs, presumably to try to get some sleep after last night's ordeal, after which you decide it's safe to investigate the lower floors of his home unseen. You make your entry through an unlocked basement door, greeted by a pervasive layer of dust. As you move in the house, moldy dishes left in neglect, alongside lifeless potted plants, serve as evidence that Professor Pabodie spends most of his days at the university rather than his own home.

Among his private things, there's very little of note. No letters, no diaries. There are books on engineering and metallurgy and a few student papers he has yet to grade, but nothing related to the upcoming Antarctic expedition. It would seem that Professor Pabodie keeps his most relevant documents in his office at Miskatonic University.

You do find an old photograph album, but much to your dismay, it only contains a handful of pictures. A lot of them seem to have been removed from the album. The few images that are still there offer glimpses into a family's history: a snapshot of an old New England house, identified as the "Old family home, 1902"; a photograph of two young brothers, no more than ten and twelve – "Frank and Gregory, 1905", a photograph from a funeral a couple of years later marked "Farewell to Ma and Pa." Another photo reveals three individuals in their mid-20s, two men and a woman, posing alongside an automobile, an embodiment of youthful companionship. It's labeled "April 1918".

Inside the album there's also an old newspaper cutting — Kingsport Chronicle, June 22nd, 1918. There's a photograph of what appears to be a man in a metal suit made out of old welding equipment and diving gear, surrounded by smiling sunbathers.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE: FRITZ THE ROBOT AMAZES BEACHGOERS



KINGSPORT BEACH - The summer solstice celebration at Kingsport Beach took a remarkable turn as beachgoers encountered the incredible "Fritz the Robot". Scientists from Miskatonic University showcased this marvel of technology, the world's first radio-wave-controlled humanoid automaton, capturing the imagination of all.

Fritz interacted with beachgoers, playing volleyball and posing for photographs, offering a glimpse into a promising future. Children and adults alike marveled at the possibilities that such an invention could bring to the world.

"The future is here," remarked Miss Sarah Collins, a local teacher who brought her class to witness the spectacle. "This opens up a world of possibilities. I can't wait to see where technology takes us next."

Kingsport Chronicle 22nd June, 1918.

On the other side of the newspaper clipping someone has written: "Gregory's debut as Fritz!" There's also another clipping from the *Chronicle* – a correction, bitterly written.

Correction: "Fritz the Robot" Hoax Unveiled

The so-called "Fritz the Robot" that captured the crowd's attention yesterday was nothing more than a deceptive prank pulled off by a group of Miskatonic University engineering students.

Kingsport Chronicle apologizes to those who were misled, as it appears the only groundbreaking aspect of our story was the students' gall.

Kingsport Chronicle 23rd June, 1918.

Your rummage through professor Pabodie's memories is interrupted when you hear a feeble "Who's there?" coming from upstairs. Not wishing to have to explain your presence to the professor, you make a prompt exit.

ELS DISTRICT

13 ELS

You've made your way to the old Pabodie House, deep in the wooded New England river valley northwest of Arkham. It's dark here under the pines and oak trees, but not the kind of dark that's merely an absence of light but a thing in and of itself. You check your pocket watches. Too early for it to be like this yet. Thick white mist, like a funeral veil, clings to the trees and the rocks. The moon above is sickly pale and shines no light. There's an unnatural chill in the air. The earth here is cold and wet and black, and beyond the trees and the fog, you can feel the dark mass of the Miskatonic River snaking slowly through the wooded valley like the great python Apep of Ancient Egypt or the world serpent of Norse legend.

Instinctively, you approach the old Pabodie house carefully and slightly crouched like the ancient man once approached the lair of a sleeping cave bear.

From the outside the house looks dilapidated. It has clearly been empty for many decades. White paint chipping away. Moving closer you notice the scent of gasoline fuel in the air and spy what looks like a generator by the wall, with electrical wires going into the house. No movement anywhere.

You close in and climb up onto the front porch. The boards are old and rotting. Only now do you realize that there has been not a sound heard since you turned off the engines and stepped out of your Ford Model T automobiles. No nocturnal animal sounds, not even the sound of wind in the trees. Even now, the lead-painted wood bends under your weight, but does not creak.

One of the junior detectives reaches and peers through a window. Whatever he catches a glimpse of inside the house makes his eyes widen with fear and he gasps audibly, momentarily breaking the death-like silence of the scene. Quickly, he crouches back down, dropping his torch and covering his face with both hands. He shakes in terror. You unholster your snub nose .38 revolver, and gritting your teeth, make a move towards the front door. A notice has fallen off it: "*PROPERTY of ARKHAM COUNTY ELECTRIC Co. – DO NOT ENTER.*" You step over it. There's no need for a key – the door is not locked.

You swing open the door. Whatever the junior detective thought he saw is no longer there.

Before you is an empty atrium. No furniture. Faded wallpaper. Black mold at places. An old fireplace. Bits of broken glass. Dust everywhere. One flight of stairs leads up. And then there's the stairs that lead down into a basement. You investigate the upper floor first, but come up empty-handed. There's nothing but dust and mold. Dust and mold. No one's been here for ages.

You descend the stairs down into the basement, feeling uneasy. It doesn't really help, but one of you mutters out loud: "I've got a bad feeling about this."

The earthen floor of the basement feels soft under your shoes. You shine the room with your torches. Through a hole in the wall, electrical wires snake into the basement from the outside, where you saw the gasoline generator, but they are not plugged into anything. The dirt floor right underneath the wires is flattened in a large rectangular area suggesting something heavy used to be there. What draws your attention the most, however, is at the dead center of the room. The ground looks different there. Uneven. Disturbed. You approach the small mound and see that there's a single wildflower on top of it. You realize you're going to need to go get your shovels.

Before you do, you squat down and take a closer look at the flower. It's a blue daisy – common in these parts. The stem is blackened, but the petals still carry a hint of life. This was placed here recently. You notice something else on the ground as well, half-covered by dirt. It's a piece of an empty box of matches. Though it's damaged, it, too, seems recent.



CONTINUE

As you stand up, the electric scent of ozone fills your nostrils. A chill runs down your spine and by some primal instinct, by some atavistic third eye, you know that you're no longer alone in the basement. There's something behind you. You turn around and freeze in terror. Something is standing at the top of the stairs. A dark humanoid silhouette. The thing twitches, and in your hearts you know that if it moves, it'll move faster than any of you can aim and shoot.

You blink. It's gone.

You look at each other and are about to say something when you hear commotion coming from the outside. Screams. A gunshot. A crashing sound. More shots. You rush up the stairs and out of the house onto the porch. The junior detective is down. Blood coming out of his ears. Someone checks for the pulse. Dead. His gun hand crushed into a pulpy mass of metal and flesh. You see the doors of your Ford Model T ripped open. Inside the car, another junior detective lies twisted and broken on the backseat. The roof of the porch gives way under the weight of something tremendously heavy. You look up. God no. The creature is on the roof above you.

You make a mad scramble into the woods.

Once you've made it back to civilization, you contact the bureau headquarters in Boston reporting the deaths and request a vehicle replacement. You also receive **5 more days** for the investigation.



16 ELS

What is this place? You don't quite know. It's a liminal dimension, a threshold between worlds, that no man was ever meant to find. Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum. And on and on it goes.

You realize that this is all just a trick, yet again, here to trick your eyes. Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum.

And so it goes.

19 ELS

Oddly familiar, this entry. It's a liminal dimension, a threshold between worlds, that no man was ever meant to find. This might be yet another trick, but who knows. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Tweet-tweet.

21 ELS

You navigate the Miskatonic Dam Construction site, your eyes sweeping over the labyrinth of concrete and interwoven steel rods, forming the skeletal structure of the impending dam. You climb atop the massive dam. Skepticism creeps in as you question whether this colossal undertaking could truly reach completion in just a matter of weeks. You see portions of the dam, which look utterly unfinished. However, since you lack the expertise of an engineer or builder, your musings remain speculative.

Suddenly, a sharp voice slices through the ambient sounds of construction. "Oi! What the hell are you guys doin' up there? That place is off-limits." The abrupt interjection startles you, and you pivot to face an irate figure, presumably one of the overseers of this ambitious project. You make a hasty exit.

97 ELS

The drive northwest to the Route 97 car crash site takes you the better part of the day. The valley road gets more and more densely forested as you leave Arkham behind and the condition of the road worsens with each passing mile. On your way to the site you pass an intersection where a sign pointing east towards the Miskatonic River reads “A.C.E. Co. Dam Construction Site (21 ELS)”. You make note how all the houses in this area look to be long since abandoned by their inhabitants.

You arrive at the site of the car crash, a sharp bend on the road bordered by trees, pull over your Ford Model T and step out of the car.

The road continues north, to 13 ELS, where you know the old Pabodie family home and the electric company’s groundskeeper are.

There is a steep drop from the roadside into a ditch overgrown with vegetation. Even though it has been 11 years since the crash, you can still find some debris under the foliage. Rusted metal. Bits and pieces of the car engine. A metal chain of some sort. Remnants of a broken sloe gin bottle. Shreds of rubber from the tires.

Crunch. Crack.

You feel something breaking under your foot. You pick the object up. A small round glass lens.

621 ELS

You slip into the archives of the Arkham Sanatorium, moving with the practiced stealth of seasoned investigators. Inside, rows upon rows of filing cabinets bear witness to the tales of countless souls, their hidden stories and unraveling sanity neatly documented and ordered alphabetically.

You find the file for *Pabodie, Gregory*. There’s a medical progress chart, observations written by Dr. Eric Hardstrom. The first entry is from August 12th of 1918, when Pabodie first came to the sanatorium.

August 12th (Monday), 1918:

“Gregory Pabodie, aged 23, presents with acute neurosis, caused by the traumatic event of an automobile accident that occurred less than 48 hours ago. His psychological state exhibits diminished capacity, rendering him vulnerable to erratic and potentially harmful behaviors. Given the severity of his condition, it is imperative that Mr. Pabodie remains under constant supervision. Treatment and close monitoring shall commence immediately to address his psychological distress.”

August 29th (Thursday), 1918:

“Nineteen days have passed since Mr. Pabodie’s admission, during which he has undergone electrotherapy and analytic sessions conducted by Dr. Hardstrom. The acute neurosis has subsided, albeit not without cost. New symptoms have manifested.

These symptoms include a lack of appetite, severe insomnia, and self-directed misanthropy. Of particular note is Mr. Pabodie’s monomaniacal handwashing, emblematic of profound guilt over the injuries sustained by his friends in the automobile accident.

Mr. Pabodie is no longer confined to his room and has interacted with some of the other patients. However, he has chosen to introduce himself to them as Mr. Fritz. He refuses to explain his reason behind this.”

September 10th (Tuesday), 1918:

“Mr. Pabodie’s elder brother and a friend from college paid him a visit, resulting in a noticeable improvement in his overall mood and demeanor. (The brother has explained the origin of “Mr. Fritz” as an in-joke of their group of friends. Nevertheless, this sort of fracturing of the ego should be discouraged.)

Another notable thing is that Mr. Pabodie has expressed a specific request: he seeks access to a set of tools and certain crafting materials, a welcome coping mechanism. His request is approved.”

November 3rd (Sunday), 1918:

“Mr. Pabodie has finished his unusual and intricate crafting project—the creation of a prosthetic arm. This endeavor is an extraordinary testament to his mechanical aptitude and innovative spirit, and it has absorbed his time and attention.

Moreover, Mr. Pabodie has expressed a desire for the completed artificial limb to be delivered to Miss M. Hanson, who is currently a patient at St. Mary’s Hospital. The delivery will be arranged tomorrow Monday, with due discretion.”

December 14th (Sunday), 1918:

“Mr. Pabodie attended a Sunday service at King’s Chapel. This marked his first excursion outside the institution since his admittance.

It is notable, however, that Mr. Pabodie returned from this external excursion in a state of profound silence, a departure from his recent attempts at communication.

Electrotherapy to be administered.”

January 6th (Monday), 1919:

“In a significant turn of events, Mr. Pabodie has elected to check out of the Sanatorium. The neurosis is subsided, a testament to the resilience of the human spirit.

It is worth noting, however, that while the most debilitating symptoms have abated, subtler remnants of his condition persist. The self-directed misanthropy, once a formidable force, has receded to a milder and less harmful form.

Mr. Pabodie has shared his intentions of traveling to Europe to pursue studies in the field of engineering and electronics, a promising step toward reclaiming his future and reestablishing a sense of purpose.”

The record ends here. You leave the archive room before anyone sees you.

2 NE A.P.P. WAREHOUSE

Warehouse on 2 Innsmouth Street, Arkham:

"The future is ours! No surrender!" a voice cries from inside of the warehouse on 2 Innsmouth Street when you call out to the supporters of the American Phalanx Party letting them know that they are surrounded. However, when you turn on the searchlights and they see that the Bureau of Investigation has brought with them a fully automatic 600-rounds-per-minute Browning heavy machine gun mounted on top of a truck, their fighting spirit quickly melts away.

Roland Wells is not with his flock of blackshirts, but his lieutenant, a large man in a flat cap is. He and four dozen others are soon disarmed and in handcuffs. As the members of the fascist sect are being manhandled into police wagons you hear an Arkham PD sergeant respond to their protests in a thick Irish accent: "What's the matter, lads? I thought ya were supposed to be great admirers of authoritarian brutality. This right here ought to be like Christmas for ya, right?"

These seditionists should be going to prison for a long time. But, looking at the faces of the arrested, you recognise many of them from the papers. They are faces associated with money, power and political standing. Isn't that one man a representative in the city council? And that's the manager of the Miskatonic Saving Bank, and that's the professor of economics at Miskatonic University! Oh no—, surely not the deputy police commissioner of the Arkham PD?

You're left with an uneasy feeling. Perhaps all you've accomplished here is having made some very powerful enemies.

2 points

13 NE ROLAND WELLS

Roland Wells' Workshop, Arkham:

In the dead of night, you break through the doors of Roland Wells' workshop. The eerie shadows of his sculptures dance like eldritch spirits, and a heavy, ominous silence hangs in the air. You find the sculptor upstairs, in his living quarters, armed with an automatic pistol. His once-fiery eyes are now dull and lifeless, and the weight of despair seems to hang on his shoulders.

Wells is slumped in a chair, his hands trembling, and the acrid scent of alcohol hangs heavily in the room. An empty bottle of gin rests on the sleek coffee table. His voice quivers as he utters, "He didn't come."

You exchange glances before cautiously approaching the broken man and taking the pistol from him. You ask him who he's referring to, and Wells, tears streaming down his face, begins to speak.

"Gregory," he says, his words barely audible. "We had an agreement. He was here... We spoke. He had transcended the limitations of the human form. It was beautiful. I thought we shared a vision. He told me he had the means to make another one like him. It was supposed to be tonight. But he didn't come, detectives. Why didn't he choose me?"

The workshop, once filled with the echoes of his grandiose vision, now bears witness to the shattered dreams of a man who had lost himself to a sinister and perilous obsession. Roland Wells is escorted out in handcuffs.

1 point

4 SE MILDRED HANSON

Mildred Hanson's House, Arkham:

Yet another electrical blackout darkens the city of Arkham, indicating trouble ahead, as you enclose on the home of Mildred Hanson. You arrive at the nick of time. You spot Millie just outside her front door, bathed in the dim light of the moon. Wounds mar her figure, and her eyes gleam with a feral glint of desperation. In her right hand, she tightly grips an Ottoman yataghan, a weapon of necessity, the ornamental sword's blade tainted by a thick dark liquid. "Inside..." she gasps. "Quick, he's right behind me."

You rush over the threshold, knowing that Gregory Pabodie lurks somewhere in the dark, hot on the heels of his target. The metallic scent of ozone permeates every corner of the house.

For the fraction of a second you have the time to think what fools you've been for thinking that your service revolvers and shotguns would do you any good before all hell breaks loose. Gregory Pabodie, an amalgamation of necrotic flesh and machine, moves towards you with inhuman speed and grace. The only source of light is the erratic muzzle flashes from your gunshots. He crawls along the ceiling like a nightmarish spider, defying gravity itself. His form drops from above with a shocking, bone-chilling force, landing on one of your comrades with a sickening thud. Again you're surrounded by darkness, until he seizes the barrel of a shotgun and blue electric sparks shoot out in a malevolent dance, the barrel becoming instantly white-hot, and with a deafening explosion, it shatters into molten shrapnel that tears through your trenchcoats. You scramble every which way for safety, firing and reloading, firing and reloading.

CONTINUE 

You find yourself outside again and take a look behind you. A powerful searchlight mounted on a truck you've brought with you pierces the night, bathing the house in light. In this artificial daylight, you see Gregory Pabodie, clearly in all his abhorrence, standing on the roof of the house, casting a gargantuan skeletal shadow against the clouded night sky. In his right hand he holds the broken remains of a junior detective. His left hand you do not see. His body contorts in ways that defy nature, and what should be a face is a grotesque, formless void, his eyes like burning white holes in the very fabric of reality. You realize that he's wounded, but cannot say how. Perhaps one of your shots grazed him.

For the first time, he makes a sound, a screeching metallic howl that rends the air and chills your soul. It's a noise that no living creature should ever make. The powerful searchlight explodes and shatters into a blaze of glass shards, casting the surroundings into darkness once more and the figure of Gregory Pabodie vanishes.

Amid the following chaos, you manage to extract the wounded Millie Hanson from the scene, and as you speed away with her in the backseat of your automobile, you realize that she has dropped her oriental sword and is now holding something else entirely. In her hand, she clutches a severed mechanical arm, torn from Pabodie's monstrous form. The severed limb continues to twist and move, its artificial sinews writhing like snakes.

Millie's voice, though shaken, holds a note of grim satisfaction: "Now we're even." The mechanical arm is bleeding a thick petroleum-colored liquid. An all-too-familiar metallic scent slowly fills the air inside the automobile.

3 points

21 WC MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY

Miskatonic University, Arkham:

In the veil of night, you tread cautiously through the shadowed corridors of Miskatonic University, your service revolvers gripped firmly. Suddenly, a figure emerges from the darkness, and you instinctively raise your weapons. You are face-to-face with Gerald Graves, the campus security chief. He, too, is armed, brandishing an old Navy pistol.

"What the devil are you doing here, gentlemen?" he grumbles. "I almost put a bullet through your heads! No, we don't need any help here. The situation is under control." With an air of finality, Graves ushers you to move along, and you silently retreat into the night, the intervention concluding uneventfully.

0 points

24 WC HOTEL TOURAINE

You must choose one of the rooms at Hotel Touraine (240-249 WC).

240 WC ROOM #240

You have chosen poorly.

0 points

241 WC ROOM #241

You have chosen poorly.

0 points

242 WC ROOM #242

You have chosen poorly.

0 points

243 WC ROOM #243

Room 243 of Hotel Touraine, Arkham:

After evacuating Hotel Touraine of all its guests, you break down the door to "Mr. Fritz" with force. There's no sign of anyone there.

You disconnect the electrical wires from the steel coffin with fireman's axes, hacking them maniacally. The bathtub is drained of the dark oil-like substance and the immobile mechanical creature inside is lifted up, wrapped in a tarp and carried out by a team of agents.

As you step outside, you're intercepted by soldiers of the National Guard.

"Thank you, gentlemen, we'll take it from here," a colonel hands you a letter from the Attorney General, "We have the authorization to take this... thing, whatever it is, off your hands." The mechanical marvel is loaded onto a truck, disappearing from your purview, its fate sealed behind layers of classified information.

3 points

244 WC ROOM #244

You have chosen poorly.

0 points

245 WC ROOM #245

You have chosen poorly.

0 points

246 WC ROOM #246

You have chosen poorly.

0 points

247 WC ROOM #247

You have chosen poorly.

0 points

248 WC ROOM #248

You have chosen poorly.

0 points

249 WC ROOM #249

You have chosen poorly.

0 points

32 SW FRANK PABODIE

Professor Frank H. Pabodie's House, Arkham:

As you breach the threshold of Professor Frank Pabodie's home, a palpable sense of anticipation hangs in the air, laden with the expectation of dread and peril. Instead, you find only the professor, who looks even more disheveled than the day when you first spoke with him.

"What... what are you doing here, detectives?" he asks, "No, Gregory is not here... I fear he's going to do something terrible. But not here.."

0 points

13 ELS OLD PABODIE HOUSE

Old Pabodie Family House, Miskatonic River Valley:
Dynamite. That's got it done.

After the grave in the basement of the old Pabodie house has been dug open, it's the best way to make sure that Gregory Pabodie, wherever he might lurk, can never return to this place. The horrid underground tomb is no more. The gasoline generator and the electrical wires are no more. The house goes up in flames. In a few weeks, its charred remains are buried under the waters of the Miskatonic dam reservoir.

Even with the body found, the state prosecutors never press charges against anyone. Perhaps they believe they could never get a murder conviction. Or perhaps it has been deemed that the upcoming Antarctic Expedition must not be jeopardized. This whole business leaves a bad taste in your mouths.

The remains recovered from the basement, identified as those of Merryweather Whistler, are interred at King's Chapel. At last, she's back in Arkham.

2 points

21 ELS MISKATONIC DAM

A.C.E Dam Construction Site, Miskatonic River Valley:
Work at the dam continues as usual. There's nothing to be gained from intervening here.

0 points

97 ELS CRASH SITE

Crash Site, State Route 97, Miskatonic River Valley:

You stand vigilant at the old automobile crash site on Route 97. A lone deer crosses the road. It stops to stare at you, and panickedly sprints away into the woods. Somewhere, an owl hoots. There's no one here.

0 points

SOLUTION

The key to the case of Miskatonic University break-in was to quickly realize that the incident had nothing to do with the Antarctic Expedition or the drilling apparatus, but that the reasons behind it were personal in nature.

It could be said that it all began over a decade ago with the death of Merryweather Whistler.

In the late summer of 1918, Gregory Pabodie, Frank Pabodie, Millie Hanson and Roland Wells accidentally hit and killed young Merryweather Whistler, who was bicycling from Arkham to Bolton and back on State Route 97. Whether it was indeed Gregory, who had the wheel remains a mystery that only they know. Quickly, in a panic, the four hatched a plan to get away with the killing. The old Pabodie house was nearby, abandoned; its basement with a soft dirt floor, easy to dig. Gregory Pabodie carried the dead girl's body to the house and buried her there, while the other three staged an automobile accident. They put Merryweather's bicycle in the trunk of the car, made the Chevrolet crash against the tree, and falsified their own injuries. Millie Hanson, in horrific dedication to the act, maimed her own arm, which would later need to be removed in the hospital. Her injury would then account for all of Merryweather's blood at the scene. After Gregory Pabodie returned, they came up with a story about swerving off the road to avoid a deer--a story which they struggled to remember a decade later.

The accident profoundly affected the four, each in their own way. Frank Pabodie submerged himself into his studies, becoming a professor at a young age, always working to keep his mind busy. Roland Wells found his taste for violence and death that night, and became obsessed with fascist ideas about a future where the weak could be swept aside just as easily as they had driven over the young girl on her bicycle. Millie Hanson wanted to balance the cosmic scales by flying air-sea rescue and helping people in faraway places--to make amends without facing the true consequences of her actions. Gregory Pabodie's reaction to the accident and the cover-up that followed was the most extreme one. In his mind the only way to *make things right* was to cut ties with humanity itself, to disavow human nature that can so easily err, and to try to transcend into something pure, undying and, most importantly, unfeeling--a machine with no regret, no guilt, no memories, no nothing.

Over the years, Gregory was able to transform himself into a half-man, half-machine.

Roland Wells, the sculptor, caught wind of this project while meeting Gregory in Milan in the early 1920s and was mesmerized by it.

After the Miskatonic Dam construction started, Gregory ended his time in exile--no doubt triggered by the news of poor Merryweather's tomb soon being underwater--and came back to New England. He stayed at the old Pabodie house first, stealing material from the dam construction site, crafting a new mechanical body. He visited Roland Wells, who arranged a room for him at Hotel Touraine, closer to him. Wells, who did not understand Gregory's motives, believed the new body would be his--his chance to become a super-man of the future. This move to Arkham caused significant power outages in the city, as Gregory would need to feed himself off of the city's electricity.

In truth, Gregory's intended target was Millie Hanson all along. He wished to "make things right", like he said he would. Gregory broke in to the university to confront his brother, to ask him to help him with the project, but after a conversation during which Frank Pabodie tried to find safety behind the doors of the engineering laboratory, all he got was Millie's address from the professor's pocket book.

SOLUTION

CROSS-WORD SOLUTION

B	E	C	L	O	U	D						
A	V	E		U	N	I	A	X	I	A	L	
S	A	P		B	L	A	B		S	M	U	T
A	D			L	I	N	E			E	R	A
L	E	G		I	T	A	L	Y		R	E	X
	S	L	O	E				A	C	I	D	
		A	N	T	A	R	C	T	I	C		
	S	U	I	T				A	D	A	M	
R	O	C		E	X	I	N	G		N	A	B
U	N	O			A	M	A	H			G	O
M	I	M	E		V	A	S	A		E	G	O
	C	A	R	D	I	G	A	N		R	O	T
					E	L	S	B	E	T	H	

BREAK-IN AT MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY

Burglars Narrowly Avoid Capture

ARKHAM—Late Sunday evening, the campus security of Miskatonic University responded to a burglary at the university's engineering department. By the time the campus guards arrived at the scene, the burglars had already fled the scene leaving devastation in their wake.

Fortunately, no injuries were reported, and there is no mention of violence associated with the break-in. However, it was rumored that at least one faculty member may have been present during the incident.

Gerald Graves, Miskatonic University's campus security chief, refused to identify the rumored individual. "We have very dedicated people at the university who sometimes work very late into the evening," said Graves, who was himself one of the responders at the crime scene, "Let's leave it at that and leave them be." As to what the burglars were after or what they might've managed to steal, Graves said that the matter is unclear as they are still taking stock of the items in the department.

Nevertheless, there's immediate speculation regarding the motives behind the break-in. In particular, the advanced new drilling apparatus developed in the engineering laboratory is suggested



Police officers outside the Miskatonic campus last night.

to have been the burglars' intended target. The drilling apparatus, a well-publicized technological marvel, is being built under the guidance of Professor Frank H. Pabodie, head of the engineering department. Once finished the drill will be used in the Dyer-Lake Expedition to Antarctica, scheduled for next year.

Whatever the motive may be—theft or sabotage—the incident raises concerns about the vulnerability of vital research initiatives, and it prompts a reevaluation of security measures within Miskatonic University to safeguard against potential threats to scientific progress. Security chief Graves vowed to take stringent measures to bolster the institution's defenses to prevent any further breaches.

Sources say that agents from the Bureau of Investigation have been called to aid in the hunt for the unknown perpetrators responsible for the burglary.

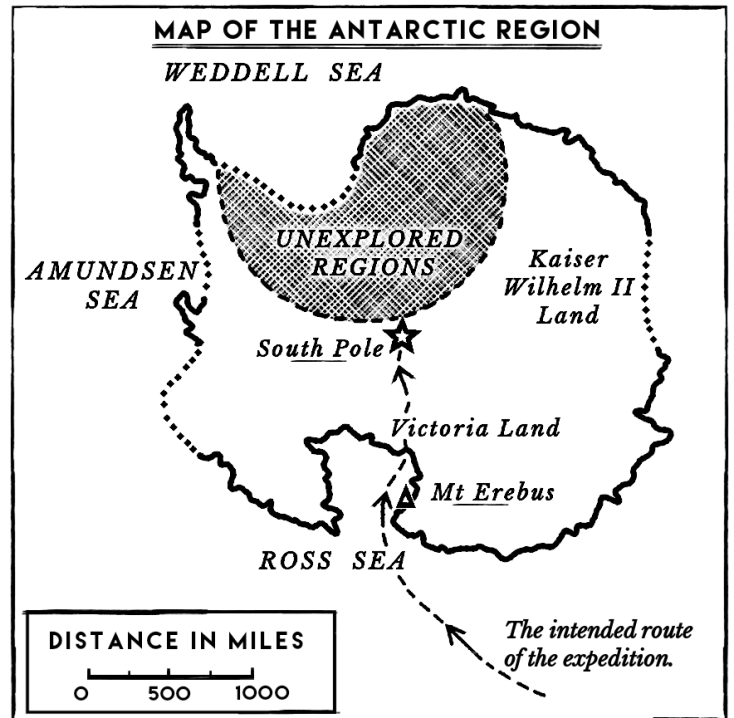
What Is The Dyer-Lake Expedition?

In the wake of recent events, the *Arkham Advertiser* wants to remind readers about the upcoming Miskatonic Antarctic Expedition, set to embark in the fall of 1930 during the Antarctic spring season.

Led by Professors William Dyer and Howard Lake, this daring mission seeks to collect geological and biological specimens from the unforgiving Antarctic wilderness.

Indeed, to label the Earth's southernmost extremity as a mere "wilderness" seems inadequate. It is a frozen deathland, reminiscent of the lowest reaches of Dante's of Hell, where no living thing can endure for long. We only need to remind ourselves of the tragic end of Captain Robert Scott's expedition of 1903 to realize how dangerous exploring such a region can be. Yet, the Dyer-Lake team assures meticulous preparation for the challenging journey.

The intended route of the expedition will take them to the mountain ranges south of Ross Sea. With them there will also be dog sledges and aeroplanes for travel, and, naturally, the new drilling apparatus designed by Professor Frank H. Pabodie for the gathering of the deep-level specimens. A wireless transmitter will keep the public informed of the expedition's progress, offering updates as the mission unfolds.



A.C.E. MISKATONIC DAM NEARS COMPLETION

KINGSPORT—Construction work of the Miskatonic River Dam is finally approaching completion, say the representatives of Arkham County Electric Company. The monumental project, initiated in 1926, is poised to address the ever-growing need for electricity in Arkham County, and especially the city of Arkham, which has been burdened by power shortages and blackouts as of late.

"We're happy announce that the dam and the hydroelectric generators will be fully operational within one month," said company director Randolph Everett, who spoke to the members of the press at the A.C.E. Co. headquarters in Kingsport. Everett also commented on the protracted construction period, citing labor union disputes and a series of unfortunate material shortages as significant culprits. However, he assured that these hurdles have been overcome for good. "Nothing will stand in the way of progress," Everett said, "Especially hydroelectric progress."

In response to concerns regarding the dam's adverse effects to the city of Arkham, some 50 miles downstream, Everett reassured the public that the A.C.E. Co. is committed to adhering to all federal regulations. The new dam's water reservoir will, indeed, leave a portion of the Miskatonic River Valley underwater—including a number of old farmhouses, abandoned since the company acquired the land—but for most people the primary difference they'll notice are the improved scenic vistas while driving along Route 97, thanks to the newly created lake.

League of Nations President

GENEVA (AP)—Dr. J. Gustavo Guerrero, ex-foreign minister of Salvador and now Salvador Minister to France, was recently elected president of the tenth assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva.

JUROR GOES INSANE, HALTS MURDER TRIAL

Gastonia Strikers' Case Spirals into Mistrial

CHARLOTTE, N.C. (AP)—In North Carolina, violent insanity of one of the jury members caused the end of the trial of sixteen Gastonia textile workers for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt, just as the trial opened its third week.

Judge M. V. Barnhill declared mistrial after J. G. Campbell, the juror, suffered a nervous collapse on his way to the day's session. In a fit of religious rage, Campbell fought and screamed as four deputies tried to calm him and struck savagely at them as they took him to a cell. According to Dr. John Myers, alienist, Campbell suffers from "acute emotional insanity" and would not be fit for jury service.

Police Chief Aderholt was fatally wounded in a gun battle in Gastonia on the night of June 7. Killing of Aderholt led to the murder charges against 16 textile workers who were striking outside Loray cotton mill the night of the shooting. No retrial date has been set as of yet.

NEW SENATOR SWORN IN

WASHINGTON (UP)—William E. Brock of Chattanooga, successor of the late Lawrence D. Tyson, as senator from Tennessee, was sworn into office by Vice-President Curtis.

Fossils of Whale Millions of Years Old Found

BALTIMORE, Md. (AP)—Bones of a full-grown whale, believed by scientists to be between 3,000,000 and 8,000,000 years old, have been uncovered after five days' digging near Prince Frederick in Maryland by William Jones, who only recently observed his seventeenth birthday. The bones have been given to the Smithsonian Institution. The skull of the fossil was 7 feet long and indications were that the whale had been about 36 feet in length. It is understood to be the only skeleton of its kind ever found in this part of the world.

STOCK MARKET RISES WITH RENEWED OPTIMISM

NEW YORK (I.N.S.)—After a significant dip last Thursday, the stock market made a triumphant resurgence. Thousands of traders breathed a sigh of relief when the stock quotation ticker began to tap out its song of higher prices at the opening of the market.

Investment trusts and millionaire "bargain hunters" took advantage of the break in prices to buy vigorously over the weekend. The result was that prices bounced upward from three to eight points and sunshine of bullish enthusiasm once again drove the bears to cover.

Anaconda Copper, U.S. Steel, Arkham County Electric Company, Loose Wiles Biscuit, International Telephone and Telegraph, and Industrial Alcohol were among the stocks that rose upon opening transactions.

Roger Babson, economist, whose sensational prediction that the stock market would collapse was called out by William J. Wollman, head of W.J. Wollman and Company.

"Mr. Babson has been bearish on the market for three years," Wollman said. "Some day he may be right, for stocks cannot go up indefinitely. Today he appears to be wrong." Wollman added that never in the history of Wall Street have margin accounts been in such strong condition and the market in such strong hands as they are today.

Briand Calls for European Unity

GENEVA (UP)—An economic federation of European states—the "United States of Europe"—was proposed by Premier Aristide Briand of France to the assembly of the League of Nations. "After solving disarmament," Briand said, "the next great problem is economic disarmament. If peace is to be assured amongst nations, this work will be long and technical, but if the governments add their political force to a solution, it can be found."

"Such a federation would not infringe in the slightest on the sovereignty of the states concerned," Briand reassured the delegates. The French premier's proposition was not dismissed out of hand, though the exact form of the federation was not discussed. As a gesture toward the pacification of the nationalistic rivalries now rampant in Europe, the plan has some value, it was felt.

"In the future, wars of personal heroism will have no place," said Dr. Gustav Stresemann, the German foreign minister, agreeing with the peaceful ethos of the proposal, "it is in combat with nature that men will find their sphere of usefulness. The real heroes will be those who lead the fight between man and the universe."

Senator Vittorio Scialoja of Italy declared that Italy would give the project serious consideration, holding that a proper economic organization of Europe was most desirable.

UNREST IN PALESTINE Colonial Secretary: "Britain Will Not Abandon Mandate"

JERUSALEM (UP)—The British government, which has administered Palestine since the war, is struggling to maintain peace in the region. Sudden skirmishes continue to develop throughout the country, in spite of army troops, equipped with artillery, planes, tanks and plenty of machine guns.

Last Saturday night in the old city section of Jerusalem fighting took place in the street, with two persons seriously wounded. The catalyst for this outbreak of violence was the ongoing dispute over the Western Wall. On the Jaffa road a British patrol fired indiscriminately into a group of Arab farmers and Jewish colonists who were arguing about the situation. Thankfully, no deaths were reported.

Interviewed in London, Lord Passfield, British colonial secretary vehemently defended the efficiency and impartiality of the British administration. "What has happened in Palestine," he said, "is of course terrible. The calamity is extremely regrettable and deserving, as MacDonald stated before the League assembly, of our greatest sympathy."



Lord Passfield, Sidney Webb, is the colonial secretary in charge of Palestine.

"We have always welcomed the views of those attempting to settle in Palestine according to the provisions of the mandate," he said, "However, we also feel duty bound to protect the rights of the original Arab settlers. Thus we only allowed Jews to settle when they purchased land from the Arab owners."

"Britain does not intend to abandon its duties despite the unthankful character of the job. We will continue to maintain order and upholding the national Jewish home in Palestine in the hope that when peace is restored and the mutual grievances are satisfactorily settled the Jews and Arabs will continue to live together in a friendly spirit and perform their share in the development of the country."

Cannons Roar at Manchurian—Siberian Frontier

SHANGHAI (AP)—The official *Kuomin News* agency of the nationalist government stated that heavy fighting occurred between Russian and Chinese troops along "the entire Manchurian—Siberian frontier."

"Heavy casualties were reported on both sides after three days of fighting. The number of dead and wounded could not be ascertained because of the confusion prevailing along the entire border, especially at Manchuli and Pogradichnaya," the news agency stated.

The report continues that on Saturday, 3,000 Russian cavalymen crossed the Manchurian border under cover of an artillery barrage. They attacked the Chinese defenses, which replied with heavy machine-gun fire. A train on the Chinese Eastern railway was blown, killing some of the passengers. Japanese reports to Shanghai from Manchuria had rumors that Russian airplanes were dropping bombs on the village of Pogradichnaya and the village itself was said to be burning.

From Geneva, where the League of Nations is currently assembled, the Chinese minister to Germany has telegraphed his government conveying the Soviet government's conditions for reopening negotiations for the settlement of Sino-Russian differences.

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Letters From Our Readers

BEWARE THE FALSE PROPHET

After the weekend's soaring stock market, it's evident that fear-mongering economist Roger Babson is a false prophet. The press, eager to publish his every word, should now investigate his true allegiances. Are his talks aiding our international adversaries' dreams of an America on its knees? While Mr. Babson preaches collapse, the true modern heroes are the American investors—our phalanx that pushes ever forward, shielding society from disruption and disorder. Theirs is the future, and the future is bright!

..... —Oswald Saxon

BLESSED DARKNESS

These recent blackouts are not a problem to be solved, but a blessing. Men weren't meant to be nocturnal. Dark nights instill a healthy fear of the unknown.

—Ludd Morrison

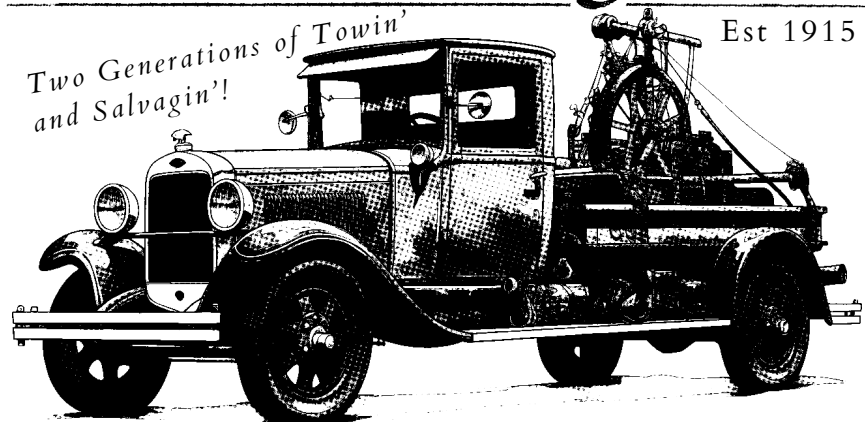
PRINCE WILHELM OFFICIATES

LUNENBURG, Germany (AP)—Prince August Wilhelm, son of the former Kaiser, officiated yesterday at a mass meeting of the Steel Helmets, a nationalist organization of former service men. A counter demonstration by Communists was dispersed by the police.

150 REPORTED DROWNED IN FINLAND

HELSINGFORS, Finland (AP)—One hundred and fifty persons, mostly school boys and girls, were drowned on Saturday when the Finnish steamer *Kuru* capsized and sank in a heavy storm just outside the harbor at Tammerfors. More than 20 passengers were saved. Rescue steamers reaching the scene said they found the *Kuru* floating bottom up with persons clinging to it. The waves swept many off into the water.

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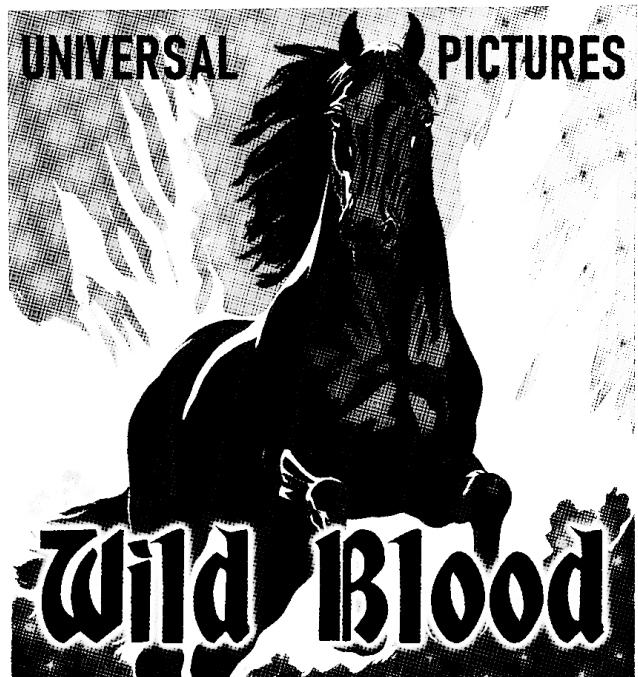
"A Room of One's Own"—an Extended Essay by the English novelist Virginia Woolf; \$1.50

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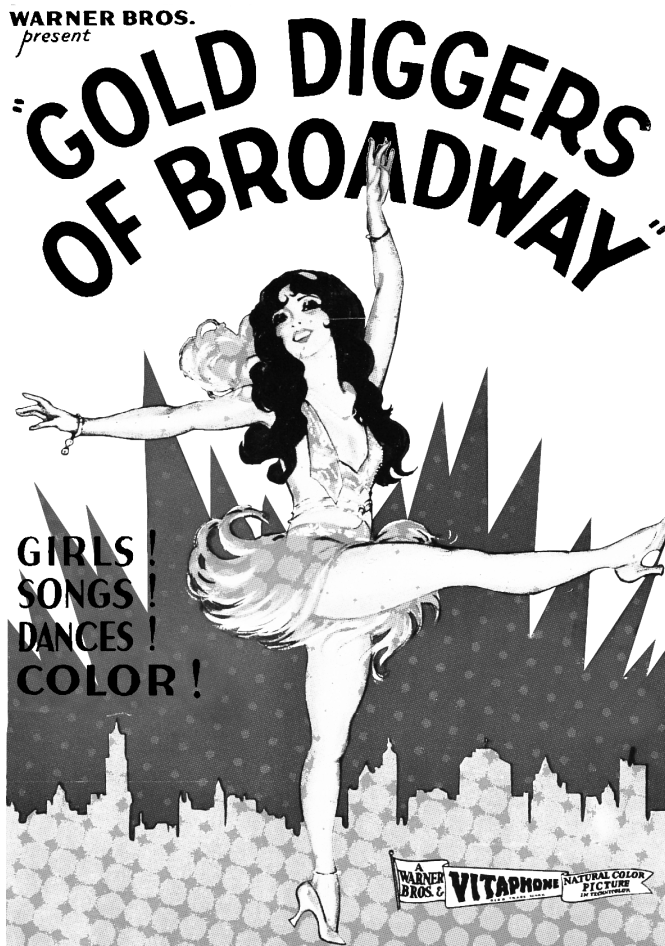
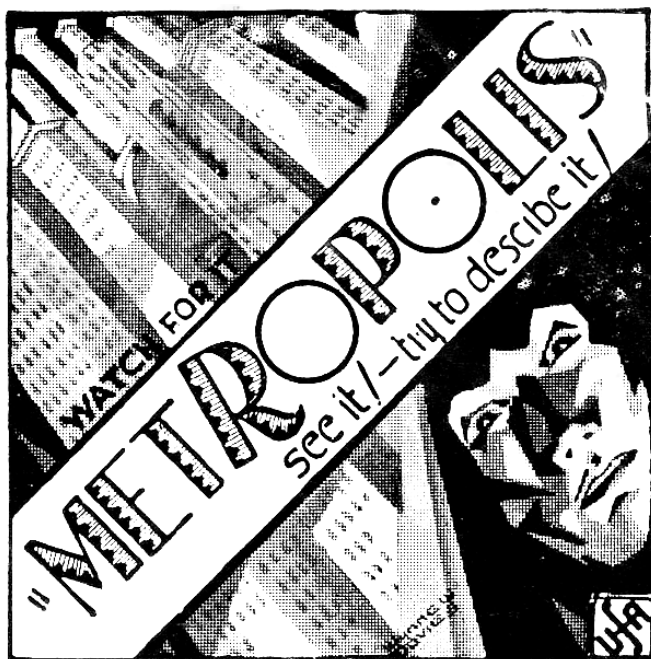
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 and REX the "WONDER HORSE"



ZELDA FITZGERALD "MISSING"—RUMORS GALORE

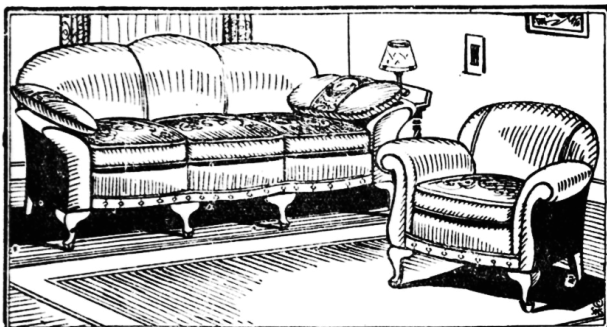
NEW YORK (AP)—Zelda Fitzgerald, the flapper socialite once suspected of being the notorious Bobby Haired Bandit, has been out of the public eye for weeks now. Her "disappearance" has left a whirlwind of rumors and speculations in its wake.

Sources close to the Fitzgeralds suggest that her vanishing act may have roots in a marital dispute with her husband, the equally famed author F. Scott Fitzgerald.

The latest reports indicate that Zelda might have embarked on a writing retreat in an isolated wilderness cottage, while more outlandish rumors claim that she has joined the company of a Russian ballet troupe on tour. According to one report she was even sighted in Arkham.



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Personals, etc.

B.P.—I will be again at the same café. Six-thirty.
 —Mrs. Jones

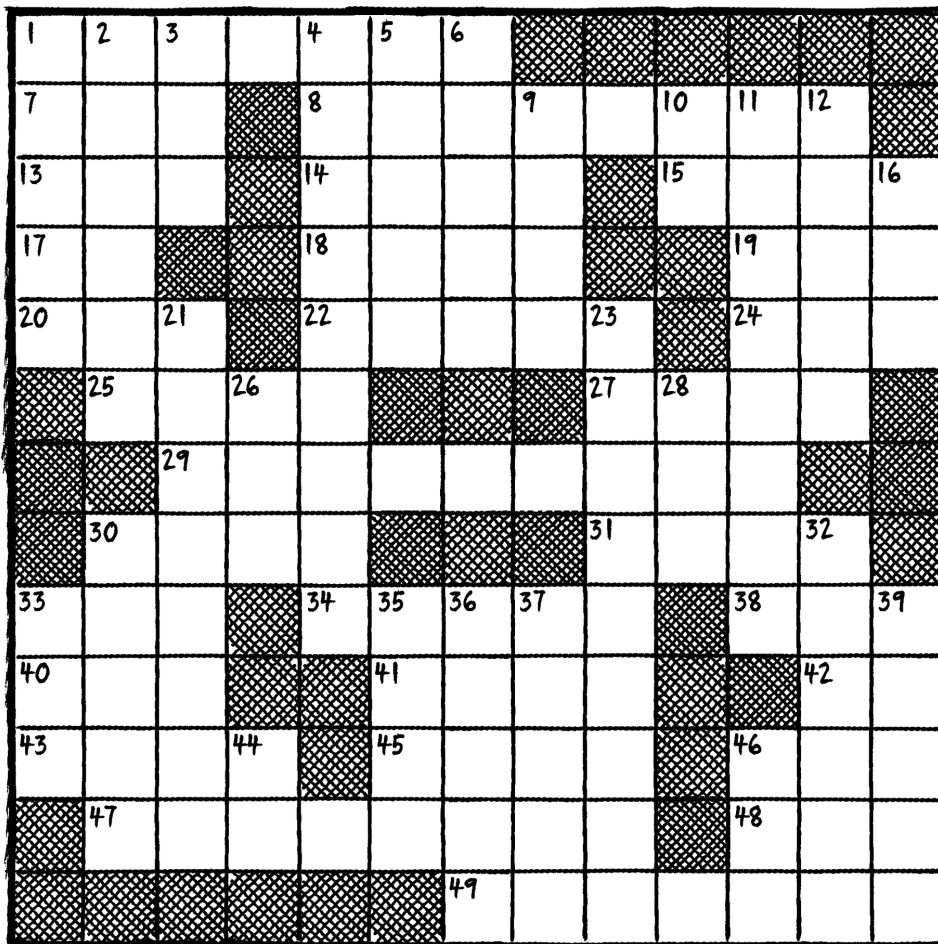
My old friends—I was unable to reach you in time. Even I do not know. Find me at the Athenaeum.
 —Your friend

I hereby declare that I am quite unable to pay my debts, so if anyone is so foolish as to grant me personal loans from here on out, they're as hopeless as I am and deserve no pity.
 —Amaryllideous M. George

LOST!—A wallet with good money in it. I shall provide more details once it is found.
 —Jack F.



Cross-Word Puzzle



- Down.
- At the very bottom
 - Slips away
 - Tasty mushroom
 - Medieval pit
 - Dark
 - Goddess of the Hunt
 - Victim of fratricide
 - am, are, _
 - Denizen of the U.S.
 - Tempted
 - Government's cut
 - Trouble with the eyes
 - Turkish swordsmen wield these
 - Japanese demon
 - "El" who reconquered Spain
 - Audible
 - Eater of corpses
 - Pirate's drink of choice
 - Nickname for "Xavier"
 - Picture
 - Pertaining to the nose
 - Actor who killed a president
 - Sound of hesitation
 - Poetic "before"

- Across.
- To darken the sky
 - Roman salutation
 - Having only one stem
 - Tree's blood
 - To gossip
 - Dirty
 - The year of our Lord
 - Between two points
 - Long period of time
 - Something to stand on
 - Mussolini's land
 - The Wonder Horse
 - Berry used in red gin
 - Bitter to taste
 - Where Dyer and Lake are going
 - Diamond, Spade, Club, or Heart
 - First man
 - Mythological bird
 - Crossing out
 - To snatch
 - Italian cardinal number
 - Biblical unit
 - Oriental board game
 - Mute performer
 - Old Swedish royal house
 - "Et in Arcadia _"
 - Something warm to wear
 - To decompose
 - German variant of "Elizabeth"

When you've completed today's cross-word puzzle, mail your answer to the Advertiser and you may win a prize of **\$10**
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