



# Island of Ignorance

## The Third Cthulhu Companion

### Player Handouts for Scenarios

This PDF collects together all player handouts for *Call of Cthulhu*<sup>™</sup> scenarios appearing in *Island of Ignorance: The Third Cthulhu Companion*. That book, published by Golden Goblin Press, is a highly-reviewed compendium of handy source information and scenarios which is a perfect complement to any *Call of Cthulhu* game. It can be purchased in print or PDF direct from Golden Goblin press at: <http://www.goldengoblinpress.com/store/>

Each handout in this PDF is provided in two versions:— one with minimal textures and formatting (suitable for printing on specialty paper, etc); the other with full textures and formatting.

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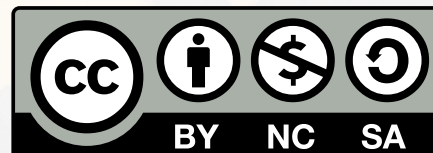
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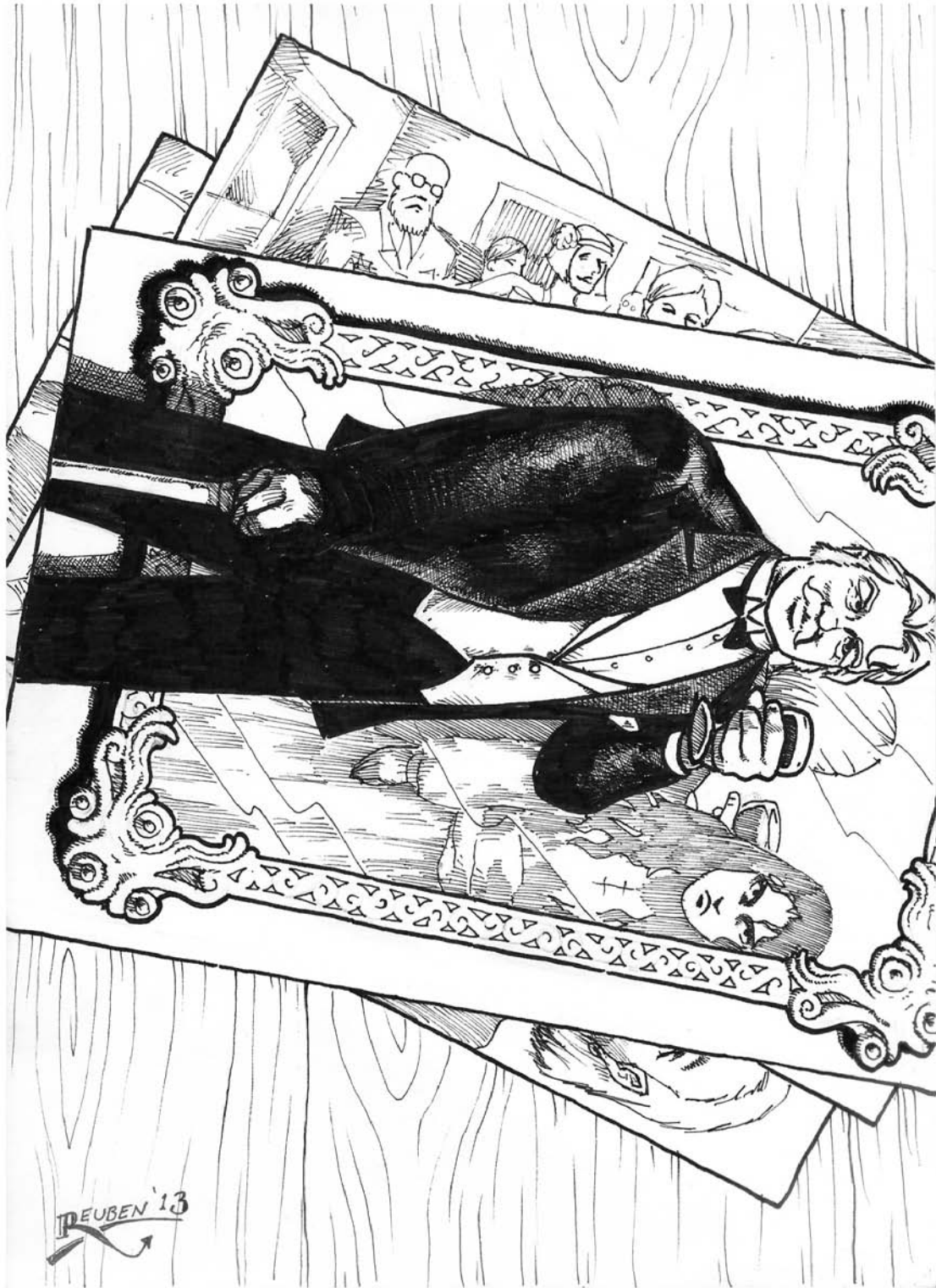
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Blue Uncertain Papers #1 (Plain)



Blue Uncertain Papers #1 (texture)





Blue Uncertain Papers #2 (plain)

The Calusan Legend On the Fracturing of the Soul  
For Those Who Die On Key West

The island's name, Key West, is an Anglicized corruption of the Spanish Cayo Hueso, which translates as "Key (or Isle) of Bones". When "discovered" by Ponce de Leon c. 1521, it was uninhabited, but littered with bones, many arranged in intricate patterns or placed in the trees.

explanations

Later historians report two parallel ~~explanations~~ for all the bones. One is that the island was a communal graveyard, believed by the Calusan people to be a special place where the souls of those whose bodies were left there would persist in a form of afterlife. According to this legend, their souls would fracture into three parts: pupils, reflection, and shadow. The pupils fragment would remain with the bones of the deceased, while the reflection and shadow of the ~~dead~~ deceased would migrate to and inhabit the bodies of lesser creatures close at hand, and their descendants. In this way, the soul of the deceased would survive after a fashion. The reflection of the inhabited creatures would look like that of the deceased, and the shadow of the inhabited creatures would look like the shadow of the deceased as well. Mystics in particular liked to be buried on Cayo Hueso to maintain their connection to our world.

Another story is that the isle was the final battle ~~site~~ site between a group of Key island natives and mainland natives, and that the Key island natives made their final stand here.





Blue Uncertain Papers #2 (texture)

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Summary Of The Chapter Copied From The Saracenic Rituals

The Saracenic Rituals, originally, were several chapters from Ludvig Prinn's De Vermis Mysteriis, focusing on his sojourns in the Middle East. They are a highly charged, practical section of De Vermis Mysteriis, redolent with spells, incantations, and the nuts and bolts of sorcerous practice.

Among Prinn's topics is how true wizards are, even in death, not like the rest of us. Having traveled in and partaken of higher planes of existence, their death on this plane does not fully put an end to them. Rather, some portion of their ~~PK~~ essence (conveniently described as a "soul") continues to exist in other realms of existence, while clinging tenuously to its connection to this one. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Indeed, the corpses of such wizards are dangerous things to have around. The wizards' continued survival ~~in~~ nearby planes of existence intrudes on our own, giving rise to things that folklore struggles to describe, using terms such as ghosts, hauntings, the "undead", and re~~inc~~arnation.

One particularly famous quote from the Saracenic Rituals reads: "Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy is the tomb where no wizard hath ~~XXX~~ lain, and happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumour that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his ~~XXXX~~ charnel clay, but fats and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl." ✓

One of the Saracenic Rituals, on the page that the spine is broken to fall open at, purports to discuss how the soul of such a wizard might be "brought back and refocused in our world." It sets out a chant, in no known language, which must be accompanied by a human sacrifice. The chant reads, "Tâ Narlato! Trika farln oiko! Iâ Iâ Iâ!" The human sacrifice must be killed by asphyxiation, specifically, asphyxiation caused by the forced consumption of the "worms or other beasts" into which the wizard's essence has "migrated." The wizard's soul then takes over the body of the victim. The text refers to this ritual as the Reintegration of the Soul.

The ritual is not a precise one. Several recommendations are made with respect to how to optimize the chance for its success, however. The closer the ritual is performed to the wizard's original grave, the better. The ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ more of the things that the wizard's soul has migrated into that are present for the ritual, the better. The caster of the spell must spill his or her life's blood, ideally. The use of other sympathetic magic methods, such as carving appropriate phrases into the wood of the wizard's coffin, or selecting a victim who is reminiscent of the wizard in life, are also recommended. Finally, attempting the ritual without all of the components of the wizard's soul at hand is warned against, as the result will be "foulness."

In the 19th Century, the Saracenic Rituals were translated into English by one "Clergyman X". Clergyman X annotated several passages of the Saracenic Rituals with lore from later explorations, including explorations of the Americas. Clergyman X notes the marked similarities between this section of the Saracenic Rituals and certain Caribbean legends about the "Isle of Bones", Caya Hueso. According to these legends, people in general, but magicians and shamans in particular, would be buried on Caya Hueso because it "preserved their spirit", which would "easily" take up residence in creatures of lower forms.

Blue Uncertain Papers #3 (plain)

17



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17



ISLAND OF IGNORANCE: PLAYER HANDOUTS



Consumption Papers #1 (plain)



The Commonwealth of Massachusetts  
Massachusetts Highway Commission

15 ASHBURTON PLACE, BOSTON

OPERATOR'S LICENSE No. **61283**

This Certifies that William Simmons, residing at No. 125 S. Peabody Ave. ~~Street~~, Arkham Mass, has this day been licensed to operate Motor Vehicles in accordance with the provisions of chapter 534 of the Acts of 1909.

Description of Person Licensed

Date of birth, Nov. 25, 1884; Color, White; Sex, Male; Height, 5 ft. 9 1/4 in.; Weight, 175 lbs.; Color of hair, Brown; Color of eyes, Hazel.

This license expires Sept. 7, 1923  
Date Sept. 7, 1922.  
NORMAN DIXON  
ROBERT Q. PARKER  
WINTHROP M. ADAMS } Massachusetts Highway Commission

Countersigned: *Frank ...*, Agent

Not valid unless signed by Agent and by Licensee.

*William Simmons*

Signature of Licensee

Consumption Papers #2 (plain)

# Miller's

177 W. MAIN ST., ARKHAM, MA.

|         |   |                     |
|---------|---|---------------------|
| 4/12/09 | 3 piece luggage set<br>to be embroidered by Virginia Crews<br>in the name of Jaspas Edgar Cleazar | \$30 -              |
|         |   | <i>Paid in Full</i> |





Consumption Papers #1 (texture)

Consumption Papers #2 (texture)

ISLAND OF IGNORANCE: PLAYER HANDOUTS



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Countersigned:  
Frank Constantine, Agent

**Not valid unless signed by Agent and by Licensee.**

Signature of Licensee *William Simmons*

**Miller's**  
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|                                     |                     |        |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|--------|
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| <i>Paid in Full</i>                 |                     |        |



in the idea, to  
circumstances then,  
the chicken census  
part of which is just  
sentimental as  
interest.

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1, 1926, as against  
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ril 15, 1910. In as  
many chickens are  
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and April 15 com-  
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was any, probably  
h that in egg pro-  
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A population does  
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er eggs and fried

27, 746, 510, with  
Ohio, and Texas  
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more there are on  
wer on city pave-  
off we will all be.

**Public Eye**

ge, who celebrates  
today, was nun-  
leaders in Ameri-  
finance, until his  
ctive affairs some  
ative of New York

AND MRS ENRIGHT OF ARKHAM, MRS  
Stillman of Wakefield, and quite a few of  
intimate friends. On the departure  
from the chapel the Rev Father gave the couple  
his blessing and said they were the first  
couple he married at the camp with their  
parents present. The bride was presented  
with a bouquet of roses. The couple will  
make their home in Ayer for the present.

Rev. Father Stiney of Camp Devens was  
born in the same village as Mr. Enright,  
Innsmouth to the north of Ipswich.

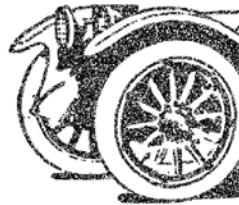
**Obituaries**

**Susan Simmons**

Susan Simmons, age 35, of South  
Peabody Avenue, died suddenly last  
night. Dr. James Bell, her family  
physician, ruled the cause was a sudden  
and unforeseeable brain aneurysm. She  
is survived by her son Robert, age 8  
and daughter Eloise, age 6, who will be  
going to live with her cousin Edgar  
Miles in Bozeman, Montana. Susan's  
husband of 10 years, William, has been  
missing since last April.

**Eustache H. Lessard**

Eustace H. Lessard, 223 S. Powder  
Mill street, a well known and popular  
young man of this city, died at  
midnight Wednesday night, following a  
lingering illness at the age of 29 years.  
He is survived by his widow, his  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lessard.



By being too eco-  
the more it waste  
of coal each day  
wonderful result

original doors  
e, which on  
years, were  
rom decay.

**1  
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D  
O  
S  
E**

**PLUMBING, SHEET METAL WORK**

MOBIS CHARGED IN APPLICATION FOR THE  
injunction that she had "an unreasonable  
and extraordinary infatuation for me." On  
one occasion, he said, she entered his store,  
broke his glasses, "shrieked and yelled" and  
threatened to throw acid in his face.

**DELIVERY MAN MISSING**

Police are looking for information on the  
whereabouts of William Simmons, a local  
delivery man who went missing on Satur-  
day April 9th. William delivered a  
package in nearby Dunwich on or around  
the 7th. Upon completing his business  
there, he set out to return to Arkham,  
and that was the last anyone saw of him.

William's wife, Susan, is understandably  
worried and has no idea where her  
husband may have gone. Detective  
Michael Cooper, of the Arkham Police  
Department, said, "Currently we're not  
ruling anything out or making any  
assumptions. We have found no evidence  
that foul play was involved and while  
unlikely, it is possible that Mr. Simmons  
may have vanished of his own accord. If  
you have any information, police contact  
the Arkham police."

**BUTTER AND EGG  
THIEF IN TOWN**

Police are looking for the big "Butter and Egg

minor nasal op-  
Springfield last

The regular in  
Arkham Board  
held at the Tow

The ladies of t  
church will ser-  
popular supper  
morrow evening

Miss Ruth Hol-  
spent the week  
Mr. and Mrs. I  
street.

Edward Fuger  
played at the W  
working in Mill  
store.

Mr. and Mrs.  
Garrison Street  
farm owned by  
Stoughton, in E

The federal in-  
Massachusetts:  
\$59, 234, 617 in  
1921 or about 44  
eral tax official  
ures accurately  
financial and b-

Miss Fanny Cl-  
California in No  
enthusiastically  
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**Consumption Papers #4 (plain)**

**Consumption Papers #3 (plain)**

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: Increasing  
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y followed by  
nday: slowly  
rate to fresh  
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nd: Fair to  
ont; Sunday  
ably snow in  
ont; moder-  
to east and

re shipments  
ours for tem-  
5 above zero;  
5 to 20; Bos-  
15 to 20.  
night, 24 be-  
ft. Morning  
ashington 24,

...m.: Barom-  
re, 74; high-  
st night, 12;  
orthwest, 12  
tation, trace.

**TODAY**  
's Spa records  
lay as follows:  
1925 1926  
.....9 13  
.....14 27

ean by kiss-  
help myself.  
id.—Virginia

**ILLEGES**  
ses. Roxbury  
Faitham, Call  
vt.

attention of a watchman, who hurried  
towards the girl. His presence upset the  
plans of the two young men, for one yelled:  
"Come on, beat it" and both rushed away  
from the Treasurer's office and, taking  
different exits, made their way out of the  
building. They were seen to go towards the  
Common.

Neither of the alleged holdup men  
displayed any weapon and it is the belief  
of investigators that they were "snatchers"  
rather than stickup men.

**TWO DROWN  
IN SUDDEN  
HARBOR STORM**

**Industrialist Family's Woe**

April 4, 1926—A 32' pleasure yacht,  
DELORS' SMILE, capsized today when a  
strong nor'easter suddenly blew into the  
harbor. Dr. and Mrs. Herrington, and  
their two sons, were aboard. Mrs. Deloris  
Herrington and James Herrington, the  
younger of the two boys, both drowned  
before help could arrive.

The elder son, William Herrington, is in  
critical condition at Boston City Hospital.  
The patriarch, Dr. James Herrington II,  
survived with minimal injuries and is  
holding vigil over his surviving son.

Dr. Herrington is the son of philan-  
thropic industrialist, James Herrington Sr.  
The Herrington family could not be  
reached for comment.

Dr. Sean Matthews of Boston City Hospi-  
tal and a friend of the Herrington family  
commented, "We are doing everything  
possible for both William and his father at  
this time. I fear it's in God's hands now."



**WOMAN  
PREPARI**

**Mrs W. J. M  
in Home in**

While preparing  
at 1 o'clock this af-  
J. Martin, aged 57,  
st, East Boston, ra-  
her heart and fell i-  
Her husband rushe-  
and, on failing to r-  
neighbors. The po-  
Station 7 rushed to  
Boston Relief Stat-  
pronounced dead o-  
Carl A. Peterson. I-  
neous and is believ-  
to heart failure.

en a resident  
During his e-  
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d had always  
of the town's

**Lines  
c "Petting"**

MARY (AP)—  
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"petting"  
structions to  
wn the street  
f young peo-  
ants which is  
makes them  
om 20 to 100  
50). Cafe pro-  
to report of-

**ills  
s to Death**

(AP)—While  
e same room  
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th last night  
ir 15th floor  
drive.  
"awoke when  
ad sent for a  
i to the room  
his wife fell,  
as a suicide,  
ecretary and  
irplane com-  
t saying Mrs  
t to fainting  
as overcome  
window. He  
fortunate ac-

**RIEFES**

MARY, PH-

mine the cause of the explosion which  
occurred in a washroom beneath the  
radio room. One theory is that the  
blast was caused by hydrogen gas  
leaking into the washroom from  
auxiliary batteries in the radio  
quarters, becoming ignited.

**FATHER OF LOCAL  
HERO FOUND DEAD**

MAY 4th, 1920—Morris Fitch,  
father of Congressional Medal of  
Honor winner Gary Fitch, was  
found dead yesterday morning of  
an apparent fall. The body of Mr.  
Fitch, long time keeper at Lonely  
Point, was discovered by Harrison  
Venderhoff while delivering  
supplies to the lighthouse. Mr. Ven-  
derhoff said, "When no one came to  
meet the boat, I got worried. I  
climbed in through a window,  
calling out and looking around. I  
found poor Morris near the bottom  
of the lighthouse stairs. There was  
nothing I could do; he'd been there  
for a while."

No sign of Bessie Fitch could be  
found, and it is thought that she died  
of a lengthy illness and was privately  
buried on Lonely Point by her devoted  
husband. The pair had become re-  
clusive in recent years after the death  
of their son Gary. Morris Fitch was  
sixty-six years old and is survived by  
his daughter Michelle Gannon and  
two grandchildren.

**ALIENS CLAMOR TO  
ENTER THIS COUNTRY**

NEW YORK—With a grand total  
of 11, 482 aliens in port at the end  
of the race of immigration carrying  
liners to reach port first under the

Boyle, wealthy  
death, refusing  
Although, Boy-  
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til an anonymou  
night gave the ir  
Boyle was in an  
Boyle said he  
of policemen wh  
little kidding" b-  
name them. "If  
he said, "If I die  
erence.

**TO CIRI**



**Darkness Illuminated Papers #1 (plain)**

**Lighthouse Papers #1 (plain)**



in the idea, to  
 circumstances then,  
 the chicken census  
 part of which is just  
 the sentimental as  
 interest.  
 were 359, 637, 385  
 farms in the United  
 States in 1920, as against  
 1910, an increase of  
 25 per cent. In  
 April 15, 1910. In  
 as many chickens are  
 marketed each year  
 and April 15 con-  
 sistent. The actual  
 was any, probably  
 that in egg pro-  
 cent. In actuality  
 the population does  
 not differ from that  
 of human beings.  
 The eggs and fried  
 chickens are worth  
 \$27, 746, 510, with  
 \$10,000,000 in Ohio,  
 and Texas. It isn't  
 nearly as much as  
 there are on the  
 answer on city pave-  
 off we will all be.

**Public Eye**

He, who celebrates  
 today, was num-  
 bered in Ameri-  
 can finance, until his  
 active affairs some-  
 what of New York

and Mrs. Enright of Arkham, Mrs. Stillman of Wakefield, and quite a few of intimate friends. On the departure from the chapel the Rev. Father gave the couple his blessing and said they were the first couple he married at the camp with their parents present. The bride was presented with a bouquet of roses. The couple will make their home in Ayer for the present.

Rev. Father Stiney of Camp Devens was born in the same village as Mr. Enright, in Innsmouth to the north of Ipswich.

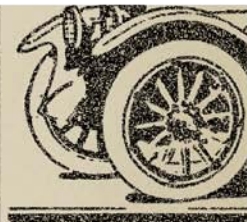
**Obituaries**

**Susan Simmons**

Susan Simmons, age 35, of South Peabody Avenue, died suddenly last night. Dr. James Bell, her family physician, ruled the cause was a sudden and unforeseeable brain aneurysm. She is survived by her son Robert, age 8 and daughter Eloise, age 6, who will be going to live with her cousin Edgar Miles in Bozeman, Montana. Susan's husband of 10 years, William, has been missing since last April.

**Eustache H. Lessard**

Eustace H. Lessard, 223 S. Powder Mill street, a well known and popular young man of this city, died at midnight Wednesday night, following a lingering illness at the age of 29 years. He is survived by his widow, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lessard,



**1 A DOSE**

**PLUMBING, SHEET METAL WORK**

**G**

By being too economical the more it wastes of coal each day wonderful results

original doors  
 e, which on  
 years, were  
 from decay.

Mobius charged in application for the injunction that she had "an unreasonable and extraordinary infatuation for me." On one occasion, he said, she entered his store, broke his glasses, "shrieked and yelled" and threatened to throw acid in his face.

**DELIVERY MAN MISSING**

Police are looking for information on the whereabouts of William Simmons, a local delivery man who went missing on Saturday April 9<sup>th</sup>. William delivered a package in nearby Dunwich on or around the 7<sup>th</sup>. Upon completing his business there, he set out to return to Arkham, and that was the last anyone saw of him.

William's wife, Susan, is understandably worried and has no idea where her husband may have gone. Detective Michael Cooper, of the Arkham Police Department, said, "Currently we're not ruling anything out or making any assumptions. We have found no evidence that foul play was involved and while unlikely, it is possible that Mr. Simmons may have vanished of his own accord. If you have any information, police contact the Arkham police."

**BUTTER AND EGG THIEF IN TOWN**

Police are looking for the big "Butter and Egg

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**Consumption Papers #4 (texture)**

**Consumption Papers #3 (texture)**

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**ILLEGES**

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attention of a watchman, who hurried towards the girl. His presence upset the plans of the two young men, for one yelled: "Come on, beat it" and both rushed away from the Treasurer's office and, taking different exits, made their way out of the building. They were seen to go towards the Common.

Neither of the alleged holdup men displayed any weapon and it is the belief of investigators that they were "snatchers" rather than stickup men.

**TWO DROWN IN SUDDEN HARBOR STORM**

**Industrialist Family's Woe**

April 4, 1926—A 32' pleasure yacht, DELORIS' SMILE, capsized today when a strong nor'easter suddenly blew into the harbor. Dr. and Mrs. Herrington, and their two sons, were aboard. Mrs. Deloris Herrington and James Herrington, the younger of the two boys, both drowned before help could arrive.

The elder son, William Herrington, is in critical condition at Boston City Hospital. The patriarch, Dr. James Herrington II, survived with minimal injuries and is holding vigil over his surviving son.

Dr. Herrington is the son of philanthropic industrialist, James Herrington Sr. The Herrington family could not be reached for comment.

Dr. Sean Matthews of Boston City Hospital and a friend of the Herrington family commented, "We are doing everything possible for both William and his father at this time. I fear it's in God's hands now."



**WOMAN PREPARED**

**Mrs W. J. M in Home in**

While preparing at 1 o'clock this afternoon at J. Martin, aged 57, of East Boston, she had a heart attack. Her husband rushed to her aid, but she died before help could arrive. The police station 7 rushed to the scene and pronounced her dead. Carl A. Peterson, coroner, pronounced the death a heart failure.

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**Lines "Petting"**

GARY (AP)—inaugurated a "petting" school for young peo-ants which is making them popular. Cafe pro- to report of-

**Lines to Death**

(AP)—While in the same room, a woman, either at last night or last night, died in a room on 15th floor. She was found by a neighbor. She was a suicide. Her secretary and a friend, both saying Mrs. Martin was overcome by a fainting spell, were found by a neighbor. He was fortunate ac-

mine the cause of the explosion which occurred in a washroom beneath the radio room. One theory is that the blast was caused by hydrogen gas leaking into the washroom from auxiliary batteries in the radio quarters, becoming ignited.

**FATHER OF LOCAL HERO FOUND DEAD**

MAY 4<sup>th</sup>, 1920—Morris Fitch, father of Congressional Medal of Honor winner Gary Fitch, was found dead yesterday morning of an apparent fall. The body of Mr. Fitch, long time keeper at Lonely Point, was discovered by Harrison Venderhoff while delivering supplies to the lighthouse. Mr. Venderhoff said, "When no one came to meet the boat, I got worried. I climbed in through a window, calling out and looking around. I found poor Morris near the bottom of the lighthouse stairs. There was nothing I could do; he'd been there for a while."

No sign of Bessie Fitch could be found, and it is thought that she died of a lengthy illness and was privately buried on Lonely Point by her devoted husband. The pair had become reclusive in recent years after the death of their son Gary. Morris Fitch was sixty-six years old and is survived by his daughter Michelle Gannon and two grandchildren.

**ALIENS CLAMOR TO ENTER THIS COUNTRY**

NEW YORK—With a grand total of 11, 482 aliens in port at the end of the race of immigration carrying liners to reach port first under the

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**Darkness Illuminated Papers #1 (texture)**

**Lighthouse Papers #1 (texture)**



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id Circulation of Any Other New London Paper.

Circulation Books C

ERNOON, JANUARY 3, 1919 — TWELVE PAGES CLOUDY TONIGHT; COLDER TOMORROW. PRICE

Lighthouse Papers #2 (plain)

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## LOCAL MAN AWARDED MEDAL OF HONOR

Sergeant Gary Fitch, a native of New London, was posthumously awarded the nation's highest military honor on Monday during a ceremony at the White House. Sergeant Fitch was one of four men so honored for their heroic service to this country during the final months of The Great War. In addition to the Medal of Honor, Gary Fitch was also promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

On August 12<sup>th</sup> of 1918, Sergeant Fitch led a group of men across no-man's land in an effort to take out a forward German mortar position raining havoc down on allied trenches. The men were quickly pinned down by German machinegun fire, taking heavy

casualties. As a smoke screen was deployed so that his men could withdraw, Sergeant Fitch charged forward. With a shotgun and hand grenades, he took out the German machine gun and moved on to eliminate the mortar position it protected. While he could have withdrawn, Sergeant Fitch remained at the enemy advance position, directed allied artillery strikes by marking targets with colored smoke grenades, until killed by German snipers. His heroic actions are credited with saving the lives of hundreds of allied troops. A statue of Lieutenant Fitch is being planned for the entrance of Bulkeley High School, the school he attended.

## ADRIFT REACH

PROVIDENCE: Blair of New York landed here today which took the Reef lightship, refuge, after the scene, was written near the Point. The two in a small boat reached the light. Mr. Blair and his wife from New Vineyard when fog, lost their boat ashore. The ship almost immediately was abandoned and was abandoned Blair and his son from their dory so because of the early Monday morning ship was sighted

## DEATH RATE IN 1918 INCREASED 32 P. C.

NEW YORK (United Press)—The rate of mortality which American life insurance companies had to

## SOLDIER OF FRANCE WHO KEPT HIS WORD

MOULINS, France (A.P.)—Raoul Doriot, a soldier of the great war, who committed suicide the other day

## COMMUNIST JINX

surprise, after Miss Kinkead considered writing him letters on threat of such of promise.

### "RING ON FINGER OF NURSE



Frank Smith yesterday, who began crying when she took the witness stand and asked that the minister offer prayer. Mrs. Smith confessed

## OHIO MURDERS

### MOTHER SLAYS HER THREE CHILDREN THEN KILLS SELF

August 29th, 1922—Police found the bodies of three children, dressed in their pajamas and placed in their beds. Their mother, Michelle Gannon, was found in the kitchen, dead from an apparent self poisoning. Detective Fitzroy issued the statement, "It seems the mother drowned each of the children, one by one, in the bathtub, then dried them off, dressed them, and laid their bodies in their bedrooms as if putting them to bed for the night. Afterwards, she ate stew laden with rat poison and died at the kitchen table. We've taken the father, James Gannon, to the hospital for shock.

mation and asked to be permitted to go home and get their stills. Judge Johnson granted the requests.

Mr. Gannon was working late when this terrible event took place and is not considered to be involved in any wrongdoing."

James Gannon, Junior was about to turn 10, and sisters Mary and Roberta were just 7 and 2 years old. Their father could not be reached for comment. Shocked neighbors said the family seemed happy, although Michelle often had a temper with the children. Michelle Gannon had recently taken ill and was suffering from sleeplessness, but everyone agrees that there were no signs of any dangerous behavior from her.

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## TEACHER THAN

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The class included who have each places in the ward selected Clark Howell Constitution. long forgotten; never presentful in the year their graduation

## MANCHESTER HAS EXCITING FIRE

Man in Night Clothes Makes His Escape by Spectacular Stunt. Blaze

## TELEPHONE GIRL BLOCKS SUICIDE

Plugs In on Call and Man Who Had Taken Poison is Rushed to Hospital



Lighthouse Papers #4 (plain)



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# The Aylesbury

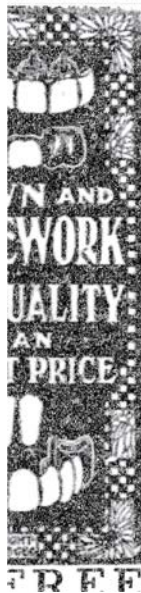
ALGERNON V. WHIPPLE CO.  
Publishers and Proprietors.

AYLESBURY

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ment Today.



among the many that are too light to hold the great new locomotives that are to come to the New Haven some time during the early winter.

## LOCAL LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER HOOKS A BIG ONE

July 22nd, 1917—Morris Fitch, long time lighthouse keeper at Lonely Point, just might be starting a new career as a professional fisherman. Along with local fisherman Jessie Holland, he landed a 10-foot bull shark. While Mr. Fitch wouldn't comment on his catch, Jessie later said, "Morris was specifically looking for that particular shark. We let four other bull sharks go, as well as anything else he hooked."

When asked who landed the shark, Holland replied, "Morris did. As soon as we got it close to the boat, he blasted it a bunch of times with his shotgun, cursing up a storm at the damn thing. It was the oddest charter I ever took out, but, so long as the client's happy, that's that." We hope to get a comment from Mr. Fitch, on just what the nature of his dispute with the shark was. No word on if or when Mr. Fitch, who's been lighthouse keeper at Lonely point for thirty-six years now, plans to retire.

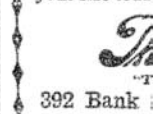
## Men Drawn From And Eleventh Div

The following names were drawn for United States army service late Friday afternoon:

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392 Bank

## to Rent.

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ANTED—\$40 weekly  
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## OPPORTUNITY!

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rose-colored sweet-

## R! RANGE

Guaranteed to  
Roast Meats of  
all kinds with-  
out basting or  
turning in the  
oven.

## Another Mysterious Disap- pearance Baffles Police

Yet another child has disappeared, 10th in a series of children that have gone missing over the last 8 months. Preston Travers, 11 years, son of Elijah and Martha Travers of Reverence Street, failed to return home last evening after his shift at the Hollingsworth Textiles Mill. What baffles investigators is that—except for Gracie Portman, the first child who disappeared—all of the children have reappeared as mysteriously and suddenly as they disappeared. Three to five days after their initial disappearance, the children wandered out of the forest, none the worse for wear. Physical examinations show them to be in perfect health—and in some cases, better health than when they disappeared.

Similarly confusing is the fact that every returned child denies that anything strange occurred, insisting that they were gone for only a few moments.

All are child workers at the Hollingsworth Mill. Police investigations at the mill and its immediate environs have turned up no leads, and the adult workers at the mill have been cleared of suspicion.

When 13-year-old Gracie Portman disappeared, it was assumed she ran away, so it was not until 12-year-old Jessica Morris disappeared that the public began to take notice. Unlike Gracie, however, Jessica reappeared after 4 days, allaying fears for her safety.

Subsequent disappearances, in order, involved James Hollings—11 years, Yancy Beatty—13 years, Sylvia Drake—10 years, Jake Torrance—9 years, Chastity Willis—11 years, Polly Murray—10 years, Lydia Belknap—12 years, and now Preston Travers. The only common factors between all subjects seem to be their employ at the Hollingsworth Mill and that each disappeared in close proximity to same. Investigations are ongoing.

According to the Aylesbury Historical Society archives, Indian legends dating back hundreds of years claim that the forest in the area of the mill is cursed.

## Hearing on Telephone Situation

An informal, but animated and interesting meeting was held at the Misquat club rooms, Friday evening, on changes in the telephone service of Aylesbury especially in the matter of toll charges within the town.

## Aylesbu

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## Lighthouse Papers #3 (plain)



Bethany Willowton



Elsa Nussbaum



Janet Whittles-Rose



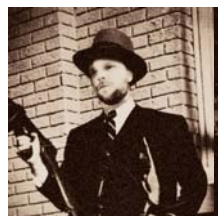
Marcia Parada



Roxanne Bennett



Sister Helena



Bruno DeLuca



Edwin Hurst



Felix Bancroft

## Children Papers #1 (plain)



# The Aylesbury

ALGERNON V. WHIPPLE CO.  
Publishers and Proprietors.

AYLESBURY

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392 Bank

WORK  
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The following names were drawn for United States army service late Friday afternoon:

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1727—G.Kiozsjko, M  
2047—Joe Agreo, S

### Lighthouse Papers #3 (texture)



Gareth Parkes

Hank Duncan

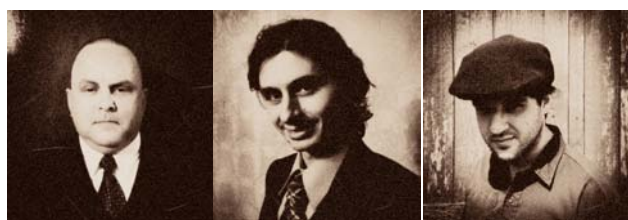
Herbert Hillier



Lionel Price

Phillip Hyatt

Scott Baker



Simon Harper

Stanley Dupont

Walt "Hashed Potatoes" Johnson

### to Rent.

to hear from owner  
Fall delivery. Give  
Box 551, Olney, Ill.

ANTED—\$40 weekly  
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ED MILLS, Norris-  
60-100

### OPPORTUNITY!

wide-awake men and  
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Write today for free  
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### Poor Auto.

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## RANGE

Guaranteed to  
Roast Meats of  
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out basting or  
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more, and Miss  
Aylesbury. Fun

### Children Papers #1 (texture)



## Children Papers #2 (plain) section (a)

16th day of October in the year 1693:

As I am not an unreasonable owner, I have been allowing Hyabo some small time in which she may do as she pleases, as she has proven herself quite useful and has shown no signs of a rebellious nature. She often slips off into the woods during these periods of free time, returning with a lightness of step and a smile on her face. I wonder if my little maid has found herself a lover ~ and if so, who it might be. I shall follow her sometime to see what she's getting up to...

21st day of October, 1693:

A fascinating day indeed! I followed Hyabo into the woods, hoping to discover who she is trysting with. Little did I guess that my little slave was worshipping a pagan goddess at an altar deep in the forest! There is a statue upon the altar, a statue of a pregnant woman with fulsome, pendulous breasts, but with the legs of a goat and the head and curling horns of a ram. The eyes of the statue are what truly beguile me ~ not a mere two as one might expect, but seven glowing orbs staring out at me, hinting at the secrets lurking behind them. I spent the afternoon watching Hyabo worship at the altar, performing strange, ~~we~~ profane rituals. She even called forth a demon. It resembled a monstrously twisted tree, replete with stamping hooves and tentacles for branches, and it did her bidding! Think what I could do with such power!

30th day of October 1693:

I finally confronted Hyabo about her witchery in the depths of the woods. She was quite fearful, afraid that I might expose her practices and turn her over to the Magistrate, or worse, to the fire and brimstone of Minister Cromwell. She was taken aback when I commanded her to instruct me in the ways of her dark goddess. We spent the rest of the afternoon in the sacred glade, and I was introduced to the ways of The Great Mother.

10th day of Febr'y, 1694:

Tonight we set my plan into motion. In one act, we plant the seed to bring the Great Mother to our earthly realm. A glamour cast upon my fool husband and the young Foster child will lead them to the Mother's altar, where they shall rut like animals. My magics will ensure that his seed takes root in her belly. The child she bears will be the perfect vessel for the Mother, and the fool townsfolk will think my husband either an adulterer or a witch, either of which gets him out of my way!

## section (b)



16th day of October in the year 1693:

As I am not an unreasonable owner, I have been allowing Hyabo some small time in which she may do as she pleases, as she has proven herself quite useful and has shown no signs of a rebellious nature. She often slips off into the woods during these periods of free time, returning with a lightness of step and a smile on her face. I wonder if my little maid has found herself a lover ~ and if so, who it might be. I shall follow her sometime to see what she's getting up to...

21st day of October, 1693:

A fascinating day indeed! I followed Hyabo into the woods, hoping to discover who she is trysting with. Little did I guess that my little slave was worshipping a pagan goddess at an altar deep in the forest! There is a statue upon the altar, a statue of a pregnant woman with fulsome, pendulous breasts, but with the legs of a goat and the head and curling horns of a ram. The eyes of the statue are what truly beguile me ~ not a mere two as one might expect, but seven glowing orbs staring out at me, hinting at the secrets lurking behind them. I spent the afternoon watching Hyabo worship at the altar, performing strange, ~~per~~ profane rituals. She even called forth a demon. It resembled a monstrously twisted tree, replete with stamping hooves and tentacles for branches, and it did her bidding! Think what I could do with such power!

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(Several entries follow, detailing Parker's indoctrination into the worship of the Great Mother, including the spells listed above).

10th day of Febr'y, 1694:

Tonight we set my plan into motion. In one act we plant the seed to bring the Great Mother to our earthly realm. A glamour cast upon my fool husband and the young Foster child will lead them to the Mother's altar, where they shall rut like animals. My magics will ensure that his seed takes root in her belly. The child she bears will be the perfect vessel for the Mother, and the fool townsfolk will think my husband either an adulterer or a witch, either of which gets him out of my way!



April 3rd, 1904

I had the oddest dream last night. I was swimming and dove down under the surface. I'd lost something, something important, and was looking for it. I kept swimming down and down, for a long time, but I wasn't scared. I was breathing, under the water, and I could see better in the dark depths. The deeper I went, the better I could see and breath. I knew I should be drowning, but I wasn't. In my dream, I felt physically totally comfortable. It scared me.

June 28th, 1905

I had that dream again, gotta be the the third time this month. I was swimming into the depths of the ocean without drowning, looking for something. But this time, I could hear singing, chanting, sort of like church. I knew it was for me, welcoming me, calling me ... I was so afraid I told my dad about the dream. He looked so sad and said I should go talk to my mom about it. I don't want to; she has such a temper lately.

March 18th, 1906

Mom asked about Sam today. She wanted to know if we were serious. I lied and said no. She pulled my hair and called me a ~~tr~~idiot. I think Dad must have seen us coming out of the woods and told her about it. She then asked if I had anything I wanted to talk about, and asked me about my dreams. I said no, and pretended I didn't know what she meant. I know she means the old dreams about the sea. I told her she was crazy and she beat me, calling me a lying little slut. I hate her! I don't know why daddy would ever marry such a monster! He tells me that mom and I fight because we are so alike but I'm NOTHING like her ...  
**NOTHING!!!**



June 9th, 1907

Mother's getting sick more and more. She's walking slower now, and her back is hunched over. Her hair is so thin and greasy looking. She smells too. Good. I hope she dies! Father tells me she to be a good girl and not to upset her. He says she's the only mother I have, but I don't care. I hate her. Life will be better when she's gone.

January 21st, 1908

Mother tried to get me to talk again, even made us tea and cakes. She wanted to talk about the dreams of the sea and about what they meant. She said it part of who I was, who she was, and what our family was. Not daddy's side, but hers, the Elliot's. I'd never met them, and she never talked about them. I told her I didn't have any bad dreams about the sea, but she said she knew I did. The blood of Dagon and Hyakka breeds true, she said. Dagon and Hyakka ... I knew the names from the chants in my dreams. She said the reason we didn't get along was that I took after her, and her family, so much. I told her she was crazy and that I was nothing like her. She makes me so angry. This time when she hit me I hit her back. Daddy had to pull us apart. She called me an ungrateful little whale. I told her she was a bitch who stank like low tide. Then daddy smacked me and said I couldn't talk to her like that. How could he side with her! He's such a fat slave to her! I hate them both!

May 23rd, 1910

I need to get away from here, just like my br Gary did. I'm going away from the sea, away from my mother and from these dreams. When I graduate next year I'm moving inland. I wrote to Aunt Janis in Dayton and asked if I could visit next summer. If she says I can, I won't ever come back.



April 3rd, 1904

I had the oddest dream last night. I was swimming and dove down under the surface. I'd lost something, something important, and was looking for it. I kept swimming down and down, for a long time, but I wasn't scared. I was breathing, under the water, and I could see better in the dark depths. The deeper I went, the better I could see and breath. I knew I should be drowning, but I wasn't. In my dream, I felt physically totally comfortable. It scared me.

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May 23rd, 1910

I need to get away from here, just like ~~the~~ Gary did. I'm going away from the sea, away from my mother and from these dreams. When I graduate next year I'm moving inland. I wrote to Aunt Janis in Dayton and asked if I could visit next summer. If she says I can, I won't ever come back.



Dearest Mickey,

It has been a long time since we've spoken and I know you must hate me, but I want you to know I forgive you. I am so sorry for everything that's happened; your mother and I never ~~we~~ meant to hurt you or Gary. I wish things could have been different.

Your mother is gone now, been gone for a few years. She always said she'd stay with me until my end. She visits from time to time, but not often and never for long. With you gone and Gary in the army, I'm all alone here. I miss you, all of you, and I wish I could just ~~quit~~ quit the lighthouse but someone needs to tend it. When your mother visits, I need to be the one she finds. I can't hate her like you do. Sometimes I wish I could, but I'm starting to understand. She's started a new life, without me in it, just like you and Gary. But children are supposed to do that, which brings me to the ~~best~~ wonderful news that's reached me.

My sister tells me you have another baby on the way. I'm really happy for you. I wish I ~~could~~ could have been at your wedding, and I really want to see my grandson, but I understand your reasons for not letting me be a part of your life. I'm told your ~~husband~~ husband is a good man, and a good father.

Does he know about you, about your mother, the Innamouth Edliots, all of ~~it~~ it? Have you come to accept it yourself? I know you think you're different, and that you can ~~fight~~ fight it, but you can't. Your mother and I tried, with love, with prayer, with every tonic and medicine out there, but she still changed.

Maybe it was selfish for us to have children, but we were all so happy together once. You and your ~~brother~~ brother are both so wonderful, making you both couldn't be wrong. I love you Michelle. Please, have mercy on a lonely old man and write back. Even if it's to tell me you ~~hate~~ hate me, I'd just like to hear from you. We were so close Mickey; I don't know how it all fell apart with us. Don't ~~shut~~ shut me out; I have no ~~one~~ one left in my life.

With love,

Daddy. 



Lighthouse Papers #6 (texture)

Dearest Mickey,

It has been a long time since we've spoken and I know you must hate me, but I want you to know I forgive you. I am so sorry for everything that's happened; your mother and I never ~~meant~~ meant to hurt you or Gary. I wish things could have been different.

Your mother is gone now, been gone for a few years. She always said she'd stay with me until my end. She visits from time to time, but not often and never for long. With you gone and Gary in the army, I'm all alone here. I miss you, all of you, and I wish I could just ~~quit~~ quit the lighthouse but someone needs to tend it. When your mother visits, I need to be the one she finds. I can't hate her like you do. Sometimes I wish I could, but I'm starting to understand. She's started a new life, without me in it, just like you and Gary. But children are supposed to do that, which brings me to the ~~best~~ wonderful news that's reached me.

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With love,

Daddy. /



Lighthouse Papers #7 (plain)

Dear Gary,

If you are reading this, then I am dead, and there are some things you should know. Your mother was unfaithful to me, ~~un~~unashamedly so. She even brought her new child to me and asked me to help teach him English. Yes, you and your sister have a younger half-brother now. Your mother has drifted further and further away from me since her change, but this was more than I could bear.

I killed her lover, but couldn't bring myself to harm the child. He is your ~~my~~ brother, after all, and innocent of doing me any wrong. Your mother and her lover are not. My rival is dead, and your mother has been punished. I've forced her to keep her promise to me, and she's remained with me until my end. But now I am gone, and there ~~is~~ are things which need to be taken care of.

Come home and bring your sister if she'll come. You'll both need to bring someone you can trust with you, to help. The island ~~is~~ should be closed to you, and you'll need some help reaching the house. I can't explain, but you'll figure it out easy enough. Do what you ~~will~~ will with your mother and brother. I'm ~~to~~ beyond caring. I may burn in hell for what I've done, but the last few years of living alone here and being played for a fool by that devil woman... Well, hell won't seem unfamiliar.

I wish I could



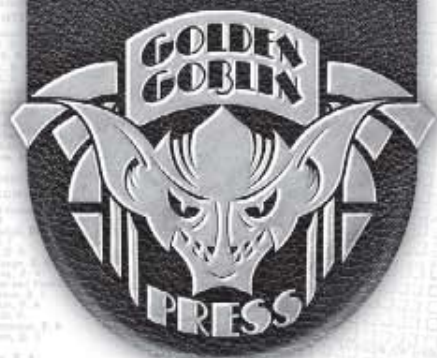
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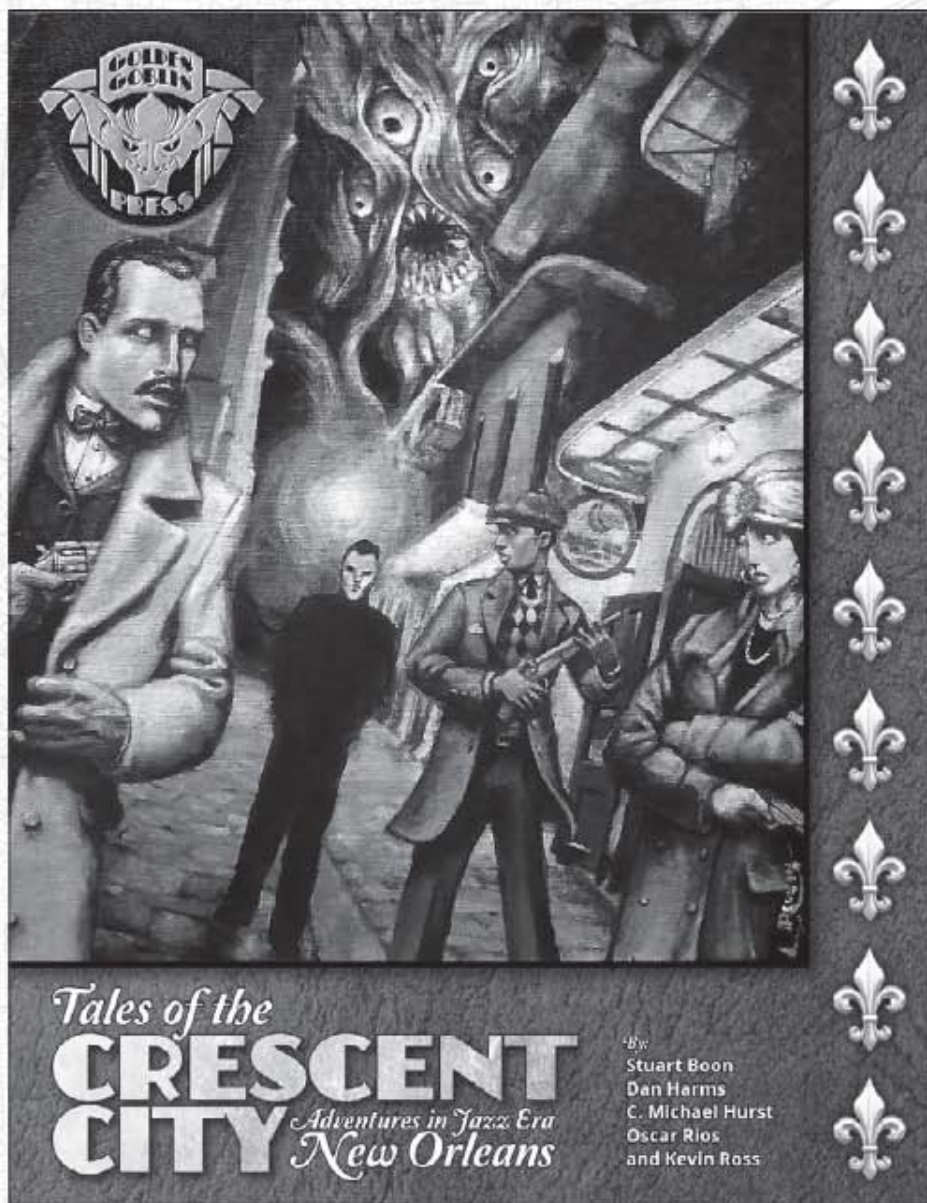
I wish I could



*Along the banks of a  
crescent bend in the lower  
Mississippi River lies a  
city like no other...*

It is an old city with a colorful, often tragic history, a place where different races, cultures, and religions meet, sometimes blending and other times clashing. It's a city rich in the arts, where music and food are celebrations of life.

But beneath it all, there is another city, a haunted place where mysterious cults worship in the surrounding swamps, sagging plantations hide terrifying secrets, and the sins of the past do not stay silent or unanswered. The dark and dangerous powers of the Mythos are woven thickly into the tapestry of the Crescent City; they have always been and always will be.



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