Appendix: Handouts

March 12

Handout

Approached with curious request from Love-Loewton, wishes me to drop a packet into uncharted ocean. Says very urgent that I'd act before him if heExplained... but begs my indulgence.

March 14

Handout

Lewton sends by with package. Forgotten about his request in all the hubbub of preparations. It is a leather case containing an ancient book, bound in some metal. Am curious about it, but we agree not to touch. I look this up but the old boy is serious, will look in his eyes. Call the thing The Demon's Tome. Says it is unholy and that mankind must be protected from it. Demand for you to be destroying any such thing. I say it must be bound in the sea, he demands. Very queer but he is so insisted, so I yield and agree, and accept the package.

March 15

Handout

Bad dreams. Must be pre-flight butterflies. Also l've never been ridden like this before.

March 16

Handout

Another call from Lewton. Reminds me to take book, says he made sure to keep far from any food... I ask him why he went just tear up pages or burn it. 'Qu'stions seem to bother him.' He says he knows too much about something called 'the Cthulhu cult', if he touched the book again he would be targeted for it. Reports that I must let it take hold of me, and should leave it in its case. Then then falls me away, so rest of conversation unanswerable.

July 1

Dreams even stranger. Frightful, fool book of Lewton's... wish I had more forgotten about. Resolve to throw it somewhere on next leg. Taking off tomorrow.
Dear Myrna,

I send you this case file in the event I should fall against my worst enemy yet. Should I fail, there may be time to rally, and prevent the destruction of this world.

Case File # 132-5-E.

If I succeed you shall not hear from me again. The difference between success and failure may not be apparent at first; yet if the sun continues to rise and the city is not consumed in black smoke and the angry wailing eunuchs do not tear the earth, then you will know their approach.

There is really only one requiem I repeat that I cannot explain more fully, but its presence in a new file upon me: I have received my bearings, yet.

Preparations are completed. I know the enemy as I know my own skin and have determined to peace to be a useful ally, as you clean up any loose ends. It may still have earthly ministrations abroad in the city.

Old friend,

I scarcely know what to begin. My thoughts spin, and I feel as if I will be at any moment devoured by shame. My faith in a beneficent god and orderly universe, already nearly shaken by the things I have witnessed, lies in tatters. There may now I will not shirk to directly. For you know, they are not. Yet since the incident at Wilsana last year, I have learned a certain caution in regard to the security of personal consonance.

I found something at that cave in the Yellow Mountain. Many things, actually, of an obscure sort that at me to destroy them, but they fall into hands intent on prolonging the madness, disorder you may think is thin air. With my experience, perhaps even a blow to your shoulders. Perhaps, even.

Though, if you could write the part-takers, turned figures on the move near the same mouth, you perhaps would have no such objection, for so much as you may wish to believe it, these machine-guns at work, at least in Shanghai, ignorant of crafty power, who would quickly upset the reasoning of the ancient ones of their own momentary advantage—ignorantly, I know, that the cost to be paid for them, the rest, by them and all mankind.

Pardon my rambling. A thousand thoughts at once near me. I have the end of the road, the first items, which I have called the outer mixture which, having noticed all my efforts to destroy. The journey I broke with my climbing brick. The ceramic body without easily shatterable. The unhappy banish, and could not humanly, as well to the salmon, but their mixture. I never tried to make it, to quandish it with heat, all to no avail.

I would send it to you, but don’t have means, clever to make automobile, when I would neither its place in a mixture. You must come home, to the St. Vincent Mission Hospital, Rue thermique, in the French Concession, Shanghai. Together you can find a means to extract from this degenerated people.

I realize it is no small matter to come by old acquaintance, so unfruitful, so open with open minds. I do not want other words, and all on the basis of a general, hardly minute. But by all the saints, old friend, please get here with all due speed.

In hope and prayer.

Emil
These handouts available for download from the Trail of Cthulhu website http://www.pelgranepress.com/trail/

By building on the fine work of doctors Sykes, Binder and Steber, I have measured the radiation output of the human brain, which I have called the Y-Ray. Moreover, I have discovered that the Y-Rays we emit persist around us, forming an energy field—a Y-Field, if you will. Like the ripples that result when a pebble is dropped into a pond, our thoughts, our dreams, our hopes and memories, live on within the heretofore invisible substance of the Y-Field. Together these things comprise, after the three spatial dimensions, and time, the fourth dimension, a fifth dimension: Dimension Y.

I call Dimension Y a half-reality, because, although it concretely exists, and, with the aid of this device, be measured and observed, it is a mere reflection of what occurs in this, our world, and in our minds. It is the ripples we are the stone and the water.

This device, the Y-Scope, holds incalculable promise. With it, historians can behold the memories of the long-dead, peering into a reflection of the world as seen by Napoleon, Joan of Arc, or the disciples of Christ himself.

Of course, these practical applications will all require considerable refinement of the Y-Scope’s mechanisms, a task requiring many years of effort, with the concomitant funding implied thereby.

[Look meaningfully at Mrs. Finch]

Until then, we cannot predict what we will see when we peer into this half-reality tonight. Only that we behold Dimension Y!