

MANSIONS OF MADNESS

VOLUME I: BEHIND CLOSED DOORS HANDOUTS

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OBITUARIES

CORBITT, Lynn Anne Meyers, aged 22. Died in childbirth, in her home. A graduate of the Pierpoint school, Mrs. Corbitt was married to local businessman, Bernard Corbitt, two years ago. Funeral services for both mother and child will be held Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Corbitt is survived by her parents, Edward and Shirley Meyers, and her husband, Bernard Corbitt, president of Corbitt Importers of America.

Nurse Hospitalized After Accident In Patient's Home

Professional nurse, Miss Mona Dunlap, was admitted to Central Sanitarium yesterday following an accident that took place in a patient's home. Her condition was diagnosed as serious.

Miss Dunlap, hired by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Corbitt to help with Mrs. Corbitt's confinement, apparently suffered a stroke while attempting to deliver the Corbitts' baby unassisted. Mr. Corbitt returned from his office Wednesday afternoon to find Nurse Dunlap unconscious and his wife and infant son dead due to complications arising from the birth. Doctors at the sanitarium say the woman has yet to regain consciousness and it may be some time before the full extent of her injuries are known.

(Both articles dated 12 years ago)

LOCAL MAN ARRESTED IN ANIMAL SLAYINGS

Police today announced that a suspect has been arrested in connection with the recent rash of pet kidnappings in the southwest part of town.

Although released later for lack of evidence, Randolph Tomaszewski is considered the prime suspect in the recent disappearances of nearly a dozen dogs and cats from the homes and yards of the neighborhood surrounding Central Hospital.

Tomaszewski is employed at the hospital as an orderly.

It will be remembered that many of the missing pets have been discovered later in parks, usually mutilated or partially eaten. Public outcry over the atrocities has been strong and police hope that they have uncovered a lead that will eventually allow them to close this case.

(3 months ago)

LOCAL BUSINESSMAN KILLED IN ACCIDENT

It was learned today that Theodore Corbitt, owner of Corbitt Importers of America, is dead, victim of a tragic accident while vacationing in India. Corbitt, while in the company of his son, Bernard, died in a fall while the two were traveling through the high mountains of the Punjab.

According to authorities, the two men were on a hiking trip when they were set upon by a group of bandits known to frequent the area. While being pursued down the mountainside, the elder Corbitt apparently lost his footing and fell to his death. His son managed to escape, eventually making it to safety. The elder Corbitt's body has not yet been located and authorities fear that it may be lost, possibly consumed by the wild dogs that roam the mountain.

Theodore Corbitt is survived by his wife, Elaine, and one son, Bernard. At this time, it is not known if Bernard Corbitt will take over management of the family business.

(Dated 14 years ago)

JOURNAL #1

September 10

Another embarrassing memory lapse today. This journal should help me deal with the problem.

September 13

I have had Mother sign the last of the legal papers that transfer ownership of Corbitt Importers of America from her to myself. She seems to be doing well in the new nursing home and I hope they can give her the treatment and attention she needs. I'm afraid her condition continues to decline rapidly. The death of Father seems to have unhinged her mind. If she knew my role in his death, although I don't in the least feel responsible, I'm sure it would kill her. She would never understand the power of my new lord, Ramasekva. Could she have but experienced those moments on the mountain when HE appeared in all his terrible magnificence! He spoke with me and left his mark upon my breast. Then he took hold of my father and the two became one with each other. Before devouring him, Ramasekva tore my father's head from his shoulders...

October 29

Have met a charming young woman at a social gathering, her name is Lynn Meyers. I have arranged to take her to the pictures next week. My lord, I think, would approve of her.

December 12

Spent thirty hours in ceremony, have located Ramasekua. He wants a bridge to the world and needs my help. I have agreed. My studies have shown that Ramasekua is an obscure Asura, an East Indian demon. The Asura are said to be older gods, the ones who ruled before the coming of Shiva. Certain things spoken of in Wenn's book lead me to believe there may be a link to a being called Yog-Sothoth.

JOURNAL #2

January 10

I found myself wanting to make Lynn my wife and have sealed the thought by proposing to her. She accepted, and we have set the date of marriage for March 9 of this year. Ramasekua assures me the time is right.

March 13

Have returned from our honeymoon. Lynn and I have decided to keep the family place as it is excellent for raising children. In May, all being well, Lynn will accompany me on my trip to Ceylon for a new herbal tea supply. This may be my last trip out of the country for a while. A man who plans a family must be willing to settle down a bit.

April 1

Had to send Lynn to visit her mother while I cast the ceremony. I don't believe she is ready to understand yet. Ramasekua has told me he wants a union of flesh. He demands the union be made with my wife. I am to await thirteen days, cast another, easier ceremony, and then wait. Ramasekua is to inhabit my body!

April 14

Cast the ceremony in the morning and Ramasekua came. I/he visited Lynn for several hours. She seems to suspect nothing.

July 19

Have told my wife to remain in bed throughout the day, as she has taken ill from her pregnancy. I took the day to contact Ramasekua. I am to deliver the child myself, at home. My master has directed me to raise this child as if it were my own.

November 21

Horror of horrors! My life is ashes. Poor Lynn went into labor today and in the course of giving birth to the child she expired, despite all I did to save her. Nurse Dunlap blundered into the room at the wrong moment, and when she saw the child, took leave of her senses. In trying to take care of her I may have neglected Lynn at a critical moment. At any rate, she is gone, and I blame only myself. A second child, a boy, was born dead, and I have turned both bodies over to the funeral home. The child of Ramasekua I have hidden in the basement. The thing is limbless and appears to have trouble breathing. I don't think it can live for long.

November 25

The funeral of Lynn and the child was held. Her parents were heartbroken and felt pity for me. I later consoled them and promised to stay in touch.

November 26

The ceremony of Ramasekua brought him forth to explain the child. He said the thing would live and that I am to spend the next ten years preparing for a time when it would need me. When the time comes, I am to equip it for life on Earth. It will be given limbs and lungs. I am not to contact Ramasekua until ten years and a day have elapsed.

December 14

I have found someone to help me, a man named Randolph Tomaszewski. He works at the local hospital and assures me that he can supply me with the parts necessary to the experiments I need to conduct over the next few years. He is an unsavory type, but I need his help. I have agreed to supply him with a small amount of the drugs he desires and he, in return, will try to fill my needs. Perhaps through association with myself, he will find a way to better himself. He seems a particularly irreligious and bitter man. Next week I will make my first trip to the dump and see what my confederate has been able to find for me. The experiments should prove a challenge, but I have every confidence that I can learn, especially with my lord Ramasekua's guidance.

JOURNAL #13

November 25

The child grows large, and the time has come. Entered the ceremony with Ramasekua. He told me that when Spring has arrived that I am to search out fresh limbs and organs to be added to the creature—the time of experimenting is over. As the thing is still a child, I will use only the limbs and organs of children. My experiments show that the more youthful parts adapt much better than older ones. Any parts that are unusable I am directed to feed to the child. Ramasekua wants it to develop a taste for such things and says that it is now the time for growing.

JOURNAL #14

March 19

Tomaszewski says I am asking too much of him and claims that he is having difficulty supplying me with parts. The needs of the child increase all the time and I have boosted again the strength of the drug I give the man, hoping that it will entice him to be more cooperative. I fear however that the drug simply exacerbates his derangement.

I must admit to feeling guilt—aiding and abetting his false beliefs somehow seems wrong. However, to try and tell him the truth would, I'm afraid, serve only to further unhinge his mind. I will continue the pretense of believing in his "Master." I value the services Tomaszewski renders too much to risk further damage to his grasp on reality.

Most of the child's organs are now in place and a few limbs have been attached. The grafts heal nicely. My years of experimenting are paying off.

March 28

I swear the child is growing ever more quickly. Unfortunately, this means I must have further dealings with Tomaszewski. However, the child's progress is a wonderful thing to behold, although it definitely needs more limbs as its size increases.

April 8

Back to the rubbish dump again. The child's rate of development is, if anything, even more prodigious than before. I wonder how much longer we will need to sustain its growing hunger and need for further augmentation?

April 11

Another growth spurt, requiring yet more surgery and sustenance for the child. Its attempts to walk afterwards truly put one in mind of a determined, if somewhat clumsy, toddler.

April 19

It cannot be long now. At least, I hope it won't be. I love the child as if it were my own, and I have no doubt our Lord Ramasekua will be pleased with his "son," but I fear how much longer I can continue to convince our supplier to cooperate. There is only so much I can do to increase the narcotic properties of his favored method of mind-expansion before it becomes toxic, and I still have need of his services, however odious they, and he, may be.

May 14

Another day, another visit to our friend for more supplies. I am, I believe, justifiably proud of my work on the child, and I don't doubt his father will be, too, when the time comes.

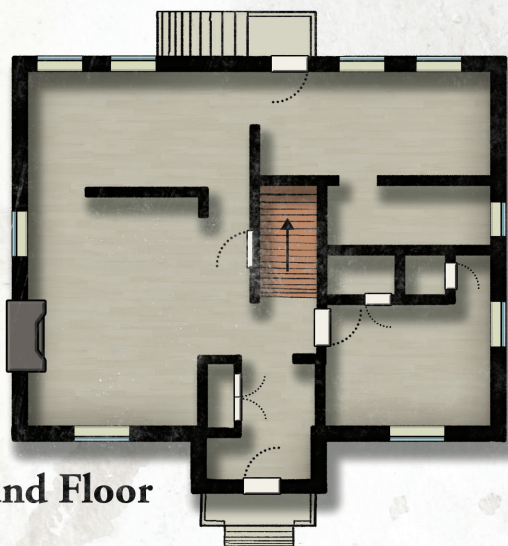
May 25

Tomaszewski is growing fractious again and demands ever more compensation for his efforts. I look forward to the day I no longer have to pander to his misbeliefs, though, to be fair, he has never failed to provide for us when asked. I also fear that my trips to the dump may draw attention before too long. Still, the child is positively thriving, and is a magnificent thing to behold.

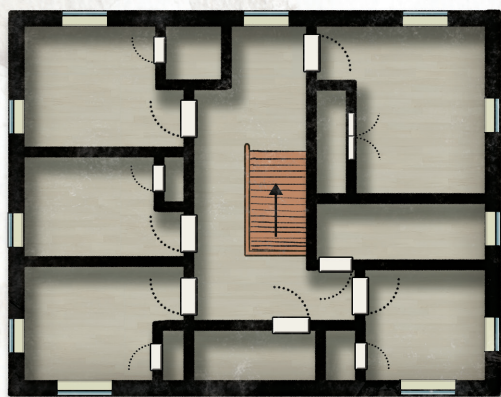


MR. CORBITT'S HOUSE

A plan of Mr. Corbitt's house.



Ground Floor



Second Floor



Basement

Player Notes

0 2 4 6 8 10

SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS

DODGE BROTHERS

Attorneys-at-Law
14 Main Street, Gamwell
January 30th, 1936

Dear —,

I have been referred to you by a mutual friend. As his attorney, I am very interested in locating the missing Mr. Arthur Cornthwaite and our associate mentioned your name as being one skilled in locating missing people, particularly those of Mr. Cornthwaite's persuasion. Thus, I have taken the liberty of contacting you.

I am a partner of an established legal firm in Gamwell. Mr. Arthur Cornthwaite is one of our clients, and as his attorneys we hold certain documents in trust for him. It would appear that Mr. Cornthwaite has departed without notifying us of his movements.

This leaves us in a quandary as to how to manage his estate in his absence without his authority on such matters. We would like you to locate Mr. Cornthwaite and obtain from him his wishes in respect of this matter, or better still request that he contact us. If it should, heaven forbid, transpire that Mr. Cornthwaite is no longer with us, then we will need some evidence of same to proceed with his wishes as outlined in his Last Will and Testament. Hopefully this in an unnecessary contingency, but one which we must nevertheless consider in the light of Mr. Cornthwaite's mysterious departure.

I hope that you are free to give this matter your immediate attention, and would like to extend an invitation to you to attend an interview at our offices as soon as is convenient, to discuss both the details of the situation and your professional fees.

Anticipating a prompt reply,

Yours faithfully,

Walter Dodge

Encl: article from Gamwell Gazette

*Gamwell Gazette***GAMWELL MILLIONAIRE ABSENT***January 17th, 1925*

Gamwell's most prosperous son, Arthur Cornthwaite, will not be seen at church over the next few weeks. Mr. Cornthwaite has apparently left the area for a time, possibly for a vacation, or in relation to his studies.

Some mystery surrounds Mr. Cornthwaite's departure, as it came without notice. However, an inspection of his mansion and grounds by Sheriff Whitford has revealed no cause for alarm. The last person to speak to Mr. Cornthwaite was his attorney, Mr. Walter Dodge, on the 7th of this month. At that time, he gave no indication of his imminent departure, but according to Mr. Dodge, he did seem quite preoccupied, no doubt with his travel plans.

We all know well that besides being a Gamwell landowner, Mr. Cornthwaite is also a millionaire, a scholar, a philanthropist, and an explorer. He may well be off laying the groundwork for some future exciting expedition, or perhaps just relaxing for a time in New York. Gamwell citizens will no doubt remember fondly Mr. Cornthwaite's numerous generous donations to local charities and to the town library and join with us in wishing him a safe and happy journey.

*Gamwell Gazette***GAMWELL FAMILY SLAIN IN TERRIBLE ATTACK**

Mother and Three Children Killed
Police Seek Missing Father

May 17th, 1895

A tragedy of awful proportions unfolded today in Gamwell when Mrs. Gloria Curwen and her three children (Harold 5, Sarah 3, and Susan 2) were found brutally murdered on their estate north of Gamwell, the well-known Fitzgerald Manse.

Deputy Whitford of the Gamwell County Sheriff's Office made the grisly discovery while making a routine inspection. "I've never seen anything like it," the brave but shaken deputy told this reporter, "They were all dead." The family had indeed been brutally and cowardly slain, struck down by repeated blows from an axe. Not even little Susan was spared from this hideous fate.

No murder weapon has been discovered, and Mr. Arthur Curwen, the children's father, is presently missing. He is wanted by the police for questioning, although fears are also held for his safety.

TRAGEDY BEFALLS FITZGERALD HOME*August 15th, 1865*

Horrific news has driven anguish through Gamwell this week with the tragic slaying of Mr. Albert Fitzgerald and his entire family. While convalescing from an injury sustained at the Battle of Appomattox, Virginia, John Fitzgerald is believed to have shot his father, his mother, Elma, and his younger siblings, Simon and Grace, in a fit of mania before turning his weapon upon himself. Readers may remember, William, the Fitzgerald's eldest son, having played a role in the second battle of Bull Run in 1862, suffering a wound and subsequently dying of his injuries. Notice of funeral arrangements to be announced.

*Gamwell Gazette***THE MISSING PEOPLE: THE TRIBE THAT THE JUNGLE SWALLOWED**

*English, by Thomas Pratt, 1913,
Oxford, England*

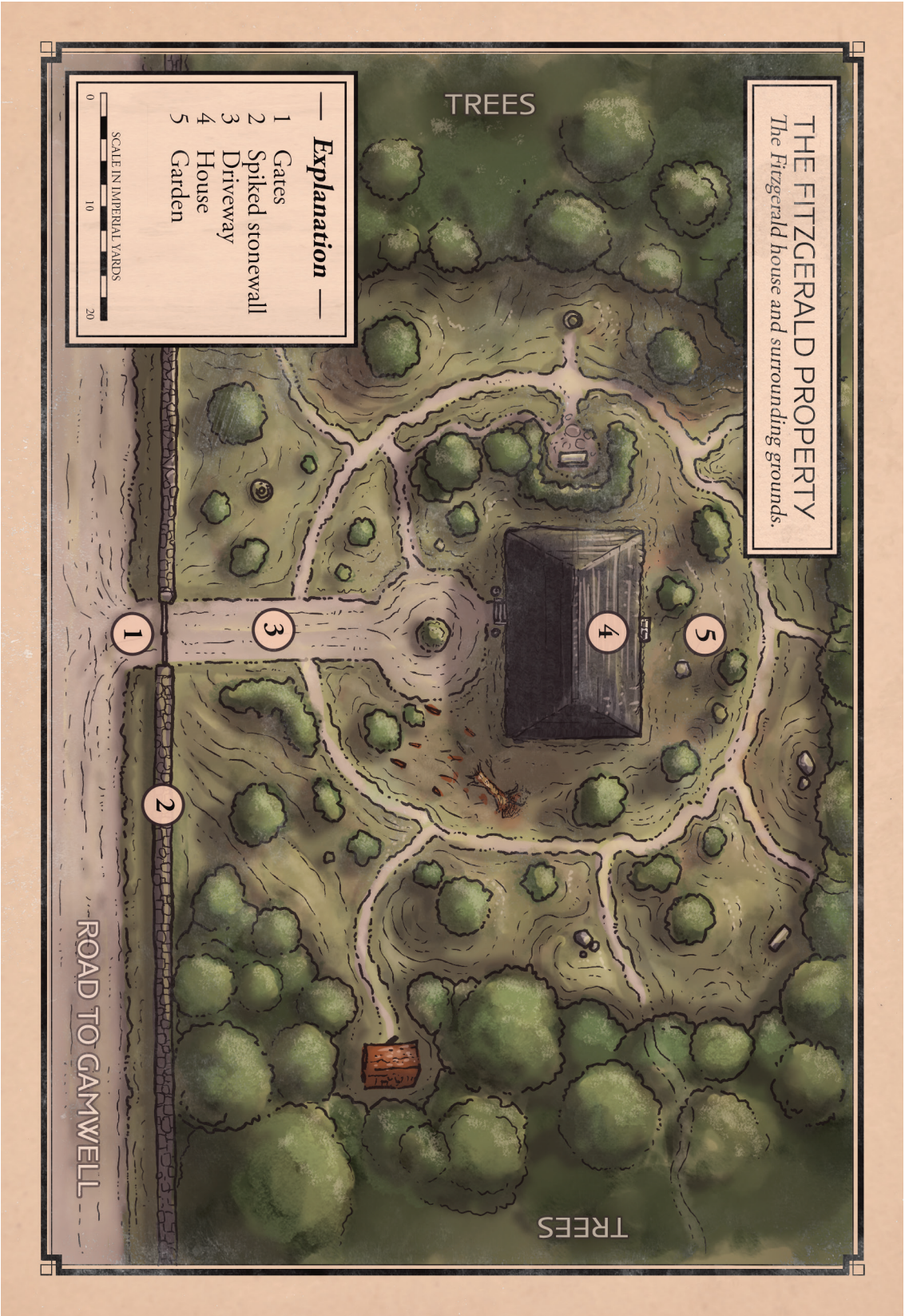
S u m m a r y : This book concerns a South American tribe in ancient times, whose existence is testified to by various ruins, but of whose demise nothing is known. The book is based on legends of the tribe and archaeological discoveries. Pratt makes note of the tribe's religious fervor, and conjectures that they may have been wiped out in civil holy war. He mentions, in particular, a "great dome," depicted in carvings and art. He believes that this was an actual stone structure, that it probably still stands, and may well house the last secrets of the missing people.

To whom it may concern,
I am writing this statement in the event
of my joining my staff and my expe-
dition members in death. I, Arthur
Cornthwaite, being of sound mind and
body.

No time for formality or legalisms. It is
the thing I must tell you of. What is
sanity, when faced with this?

I thought I had fled from it in that
foul green place, that accursed temple,
yet somehow it has followed me here. I
know the signs, there can be no
mistake. It is with me. It is a thing so
clever, so terrible that

MELODRAMA! What's the point! Notes
to myself in an empty house! Whoever
reads this knows, or will know, of it,
but what you must also know is that it
has a weakness so simple, so



Right: Fitzgerald Property - Player map
Opposite: Fitzgerald Mansion - Player map

THE FITZGERALD MANSION

A plan of the Fitzgerald mansion.



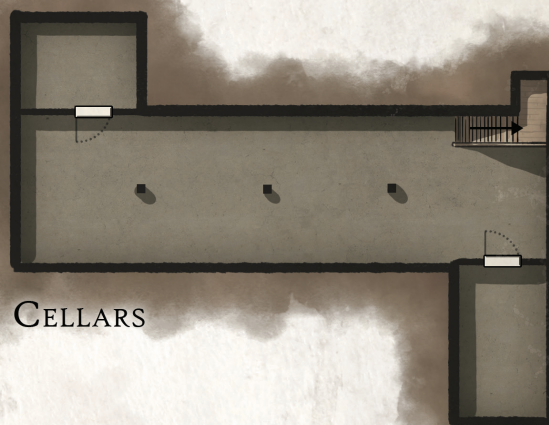
FIRST FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR



ATTIC



CELLARS

Player Notes



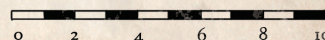
Fireplace



Stairs

All arrows point upstairs

SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS



Handout: The Code 1

Form No. 6B.	TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH SERVICE —WORLD-WIDE TELEGRAM SERVICE COMPANY—	 D.W. CARLYLE, President	CLASS OF SERVICE This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.
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This company TRANSMITS and RECEIVES messages subject to the terms and conditions on the back of this blank.

MARCH 30, 1925

I HAVE DONE IT STOP I HAVE MADE THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY OF
ALL TIME STOP I NEED YOUR HELP PLEASE COME FRIDAY APRIL 3 5PM TO
WELLINGTON MANOR HAMPTON NY 12852 STOP IT IS OF THE UTMOST
IMPORTANCE STOP

KENNETH CONNOLLY

Handout: The Code 2

March 14, 1925

My dear friend,

I hope this letter finds you well. I know we haven't spoken in quite some time, but my research has led me to some strange discoveries. I'm sending you this letter as a safety precaution. I'm not sure when, or even if, this letter will reach you, but I must ask a very bizarre favor of you. I need you to memorize this code:
F194-7L-507L

Once you have memorized it, burn this letter. I cannot have this falling into the wrong hands. Mention to no one that you know it. I'm sorry for not explaining more, but the less you know the better. Please do not forget this code—it could be a matter of life and death. Hopefully, you'll never have to use it.

Yours,
Dr. Kenneth Connolly

P.S. Don't trust Elizabeth or her brother.

May 5, 1924

Just moved into the old house with Elizabeth. Still have some unpacking to do, but it's great to be back. I had some wonderful summers here. I'm excited to start construction of the device with Elizabeth. She's truly brilliant. I love her so much.

May 15

Elizabeth has had some amazing insights into our work. She said that she gets them through a special ritual, a "meditation" she calls it, and she persuaded me to do it with her. And now, something has happened. I've seen something. No, I've seen many things. Elizabeth's occult studies—they've given me a new way of thinking. I don't know how to describe it. The beginning. I touched something. A mind? A being? A concept? I don't understand it. She called it Gog Sothoth, though that is only one way of looking at it. I need time to think.

May 16

After a good night's sleep, it's clicked. I understand. We were going about this all wrong. I can't work fast enough.

May 30

I love Lizzie so. We were laughing so hard this afternoon. I'm so lucky to have her.

June 9

Our initial experiments have been an amazing success. I can't express my joy. I think we can do this.

June 19

Lizzie wants me to do the meditation again—she says it would help our work move quicker, but I can't. It just doesn't feel right. Frankly, I'm scared. We're working through snags. We're coming up with solutions. I just don't feel like I need to do it again. I wonder, how often she has done these meditations?

July 29

Major breakthrough. We've discovered the best way to temporally travel is through thought. Today I was able to "peer" into the past. It was when the house was being built, must have been 1830 or so. I saw workmen—it was so real. I should be able to move through space as well, but it's hard to get my mind around that. Lizzie suggested the meditation again, but I just can't bear the idea. We're making progress, we don't need it.

Oct 5

Things are moving slowly, but steadily.

Nov 12

We've had an unexpected visitor. Lizzie's brother, David, has come to stay. She's never mentioned him before. He's very charming, but a little strange. I guess Lizzie is too, in her own way.

Nov 15

David is going to be with us for a while. I don't like it. Our work can be quite dangerous and I don't want him getting hurt. But David seems to have no interest in what we're doing, and Lizzie says he prefers to keep his head in books. He doesn't strike me as the bookworm type, as big and fit as he is, but who am I to judge? I'm sure it will be fine.

Jan 3, 1925

Overheard a hushed argument between Lizzie and David. I don't know what it was about, but they seemed to be trying to keep it from me.

Jan 23

Fighting again. Still not sure what's going on. I feel like Elizabeth is hiding something from me. I'm starting to not trust her. I thought it a good idea to put security on the device, so I've installed a code input system. Alpha-numeric. Only I will know the true code. Something like this cannot fall into the wrong hands.

March 3

I want to trust Elizabeth wouldn't jeopardize our plans, but she trusts her brother. I don't. I'm starting to think she's siding with him. I don't know.

March 14

Caught David snooping around the library. He says he was looking for a book, but I don't—no, can't—trust him. There's just something I can't put my finger on. Wrote a letter to an old friend with the code—a safety measure. If this doesn't work out, if something goes wrong... I want someone to take what I've done and make something of it.

March 29

Today is the day I test the machine.

I'm going to do something minor,
moving 10 minutes into the future.

I've noticed a few strange things,
but it might just be lack of sleep.

Mostly strong episodes of déjà vu,
but more disturbingly, shapes of
people. I'm not sure if it's me or
possible temporal feedback. Will
investigate further.

July 22

I've had the most disturbing experience of my life. Some friends of mine appeared at the house. They are from the future and something is wrong. I should be worried, but mostly I'm excited. The device works! I told them where I'm going to keep this journal under the floorboards of the southeast corner of the blue guest room. I will hide this from Lizzie, but I'm sure they are wrong about her.

July 23

I've asked Lizzie if she has any siblings, and she said she's an only child. I wonder if my friends were mistaken.

July 25

Major breakthrough. We've discovered the best way to temporally travel is through thought. Today I was able to "peer" into the past. It was when the house was being built, must have been 1830 or so. I saw workmen—it was so real. I should be able to move through space as well, but it's hard to

get my mind around that. Lizzie suggested the meditation again, but I just can't bear the idea. We're making progress, we don't need it.

Oct 5

Things are moving slowly, but steadily.

Nov 12

We've had an unexpected visitor. Lizzie's cousin, David, has come to stay. She's never mentioned him before. He's very charming, but a little strange. I guess Lizzie is too, in her own way. My friends said to expect a brother, but a cousin? Is she lying to me?

Nov 15

David is going to be with us for a while. I don't like it. Our work can be quite dangerous and I don't want him getting hurt. This all seems a little too convenient. I'm starting to wonder if Lizzie is deceiving me for some reason.

Jan 3, 1925

Overheard a hushed argument between Lizzie and David. I don't know what it was about, but they seemed to be trying to keep it from me.

Jan 23

Fighting again. Still not sure what's going on. I feel like Elizabeth is hiding something from me. I'm starting to not trust her. I've thought it a good idea to put security on the device, so I've installed a code input system. Alpha-numeric. Only I will know the true code.

Something like this cannot fall into the wrong hands.

Feb 20

I purchased a handgun in town. I do not trust David. I know just having this gun might lead to drastic measures but, for now, it's solely for insurance.

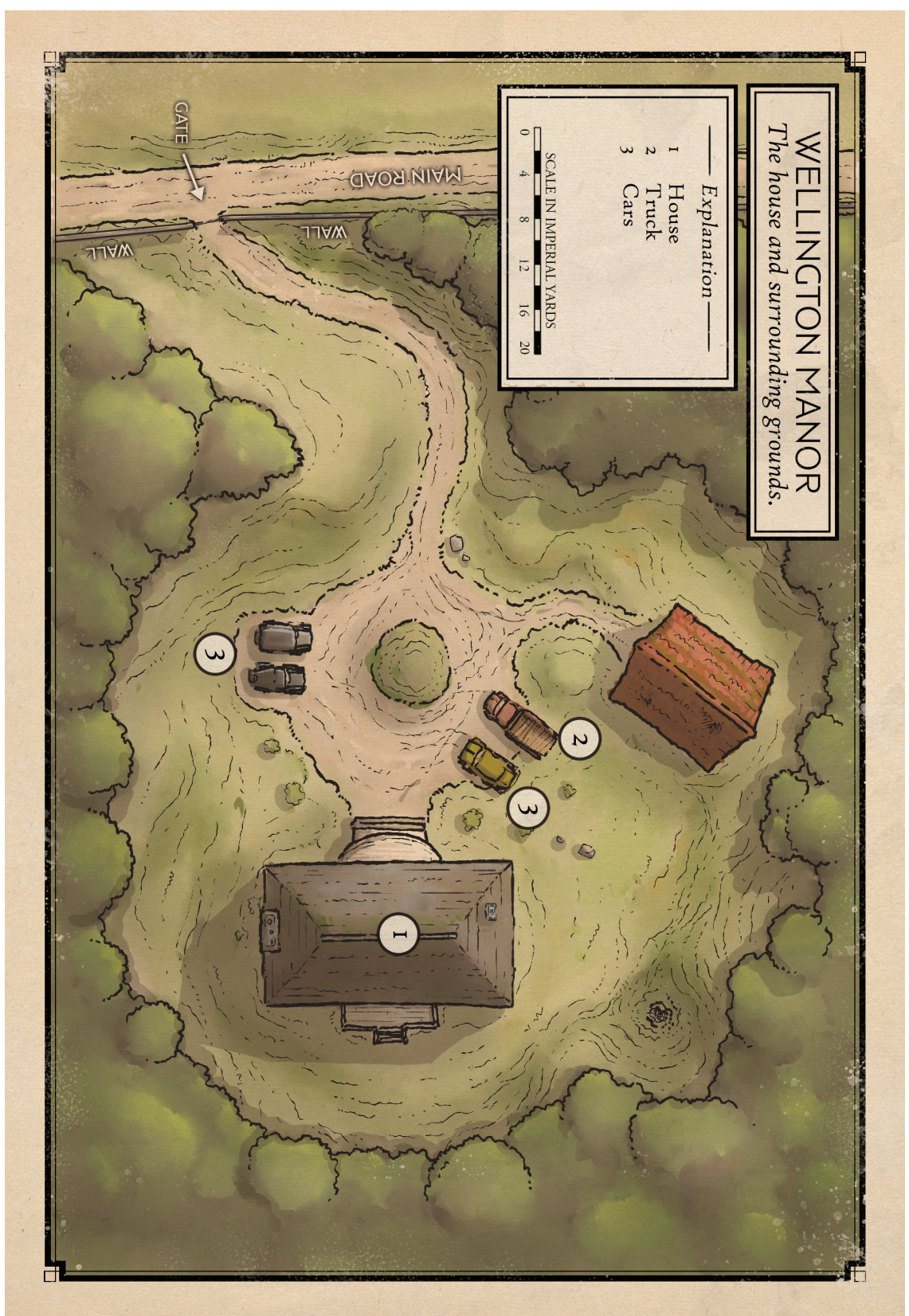
March 14

Caught David snooping around the library. He says he was looking for a book, but I don't—no, can't—trust him. I don't think he's her cousin. He might have something on her—black-mail? I don't know. Wrote a letter to one of the old friends I saw in July. It contains the code—a safety measure. If I'm in danger or something goes wrong, I want someone to be able to fix things.

March 29

Today is the day I test the machine. It's a small step, moving 10 minutes into the future. I've noticed a few strange things, but it might just be lack of sleep. Mostly strong episodes of déjà vu, but more disturbingly, shapes of people. I'm not sure if it's me or possible temporal feedback. Will investigate further.

Right: Wellington Manor Property – Player map



WELLINGTON MANOR

A plan of the Wellington manor.

SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS



FIRST FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR



THIRD FLOOR



ATTIC



————— *Player Notes* —————

Boston Globe

MEMPHIS THE GREAT MISSING

May 12th 1919

Boston magician Memphis the Great, famous for his elaborate stage illusions, has disappeared for real this time. Visiting the kingdom of Bhutan, he reportedly embarked on an expedition into the Himalayan Mountains, but has not returned. His party is five days overdue and he has missed his scheduled performance for King Ugyen Wangchuk. Bhutan is located on the border between India and China. King Wangchuk united the country following several civil wars and rebellions in 1882-1885 and was an instrumental figure in obtaining the Anglo-Tibetan convention of 1904.

MEMPHIS ALIVE

May 15th 1919

Memphis the Great, reported lost in Bhutan, has been located alive and well. The renowned Boston conjurer, and his assistant Miss Josephine Lynch, were found by the King's men as they returned from the foothills of the Himalayas. Memphis and Miss Lynch had been menaced by brigands and were forced to flee into parts unknown. They were exhausted and hungry but otherwise unharmed. The King vowed that the bandits would be hunted down and brought to justice.

Memphis the Great promised to deliver his delayed performance for King Wangchuk as soon as he could obtain "a good meal, a full night's sleep and a clean shirt".

Boston Globe

Boston Daily Advertiser

A MAGICAL MATCH

October 28th 1915

Young conjurer Harold Hawkings pulled something special out of his hat yesterday: an apprenticeship to Memphis the Great. The two will work together to develop a new show for Hawkings, who hopes to follow in his mentor's world-spanning footsteps.

"It's a dream come true for me," said Hawkings. "I always believed that those long nights spent practicing in front of the mirror in my room would pay off. I'm going to need a bigger room to practice in now!"

"Dark times are when people need magic more than ever," said Memphis the Great. "It's time I encouraged the next generation of performers, and I intend to start with Harold here. He's fooled me once or twice!"

Hawkings has already gained a reputation for his skill in cigarette and coin manipulation. He will turn 20 next month.

April 22nd, 1919

Finally, quiet. The monks seemed obsessed with their music rituals, if I can credit that discordant assembly of flutes, horns, bells, and drums with the term. Here on this track we hear only the wind and the cries of strange birds.

April 23rd, 1919

A herdsman tried to interest me in the legend of the migo, and claimed to possess the skull of such a beast that he would be happy to show me. He had the eyes of a monte man I studied in New York last year. We declined his kind offer and wished him good health. He spat on the ground and muttered a curse as we left.

April 25th, 1919

Still cannot find a trace of this supposed mystic. The forest thinned out as we climbed, and I am certain we are in the right place, judging by the alignment of the mountains. There is no obvious animal life here, and the silence is eerie. If we find nothing tomorrow, we must turn back in order to fulfill our royal appointment.

April 26th, 1919

Darkness is coming on. We should have turned back today. But in the twilight, Josephine spotted what appears to be a man-made stone tower on an outcrop. If we investigate at first light and are disappointed, we can still make it back in time to perform for the king.

April 27th, 1919

This man is as rich a mystery as I have discovered in years. I cannot quite translate his name—it yields something like "Maker of Gates." It seems ironic since his cave dwelling has no protection except blankets. He seems to have no fear of wild beasts.

April 29th, 1919

He levitated my shoe today, completely impromptu. I saw it too. He let me pass my hand completely around it and pluck it from the air. The only possible explanation is that he has been feeding us hallucinogens.

May 4th, 1919

I think I see. But he is holding something back.

May 9th, 1919

Seems totally uninterested in J, despite her dedication to her studies.

May 10th, 1919

He will carry out the call tonight. We must all stand in the tower at the appointed time. His eyes have changed.

May 11th, 1919

The spheres! I see. I see. I see. I see. I see. I see. I see. I see. I see. I see.

May 12th, 1919

I looked for remains. There were none. I copied the symbols. We must have a story to explain our absence.

Nov 16th, 1925

Philips states γ - δ is "coterminous with all time and space." If I can reliably open the way, no frontier would be forbidden. I could travel the very structures of the cosmos, as a spider might traverse the joists and eaves of a house.

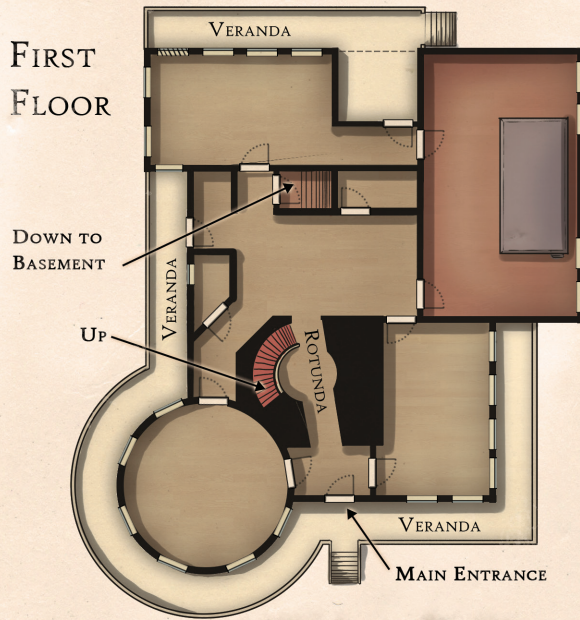
THE MEMPHIS HOUSE

A plan of the Schwartz residence.

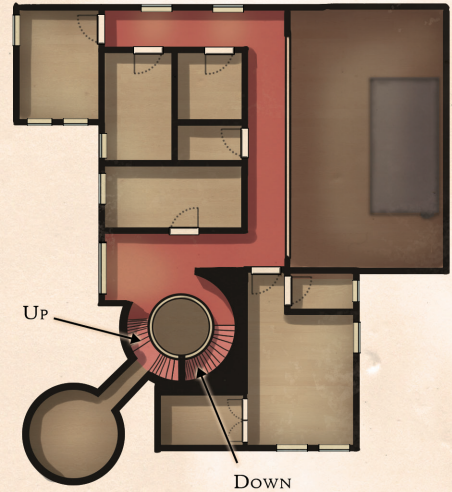
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS

0 2 4 6 8 10

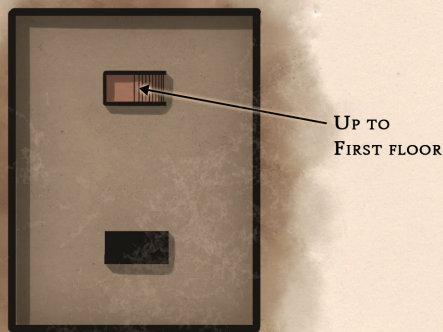
FIRST
FLOOR



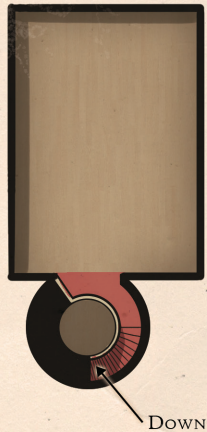
SECOND
FLOOR



BASEMENT



ATTIC



Player Notes

AMERICAN PUBLISHER VANISHES FROM RENOVATED CLUB

DISAPPEARANCE CONFOUNDS POLICE

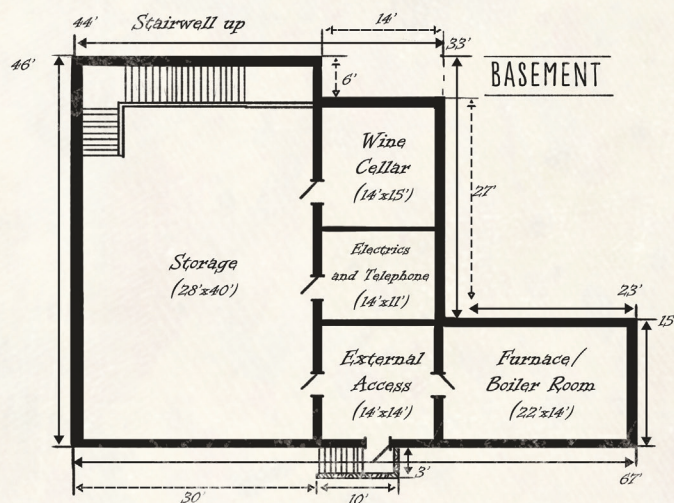
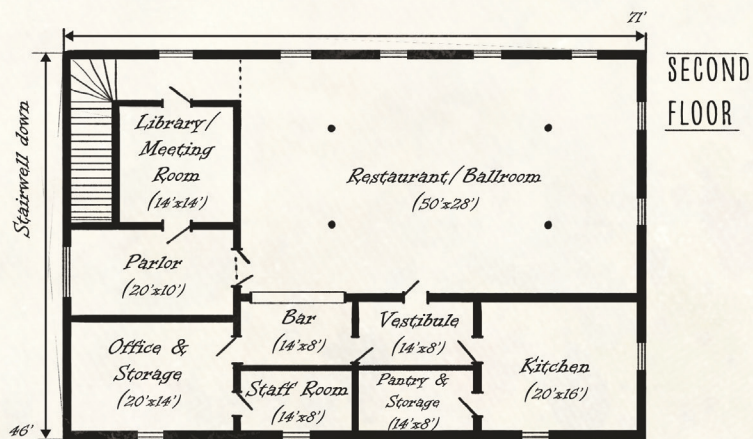
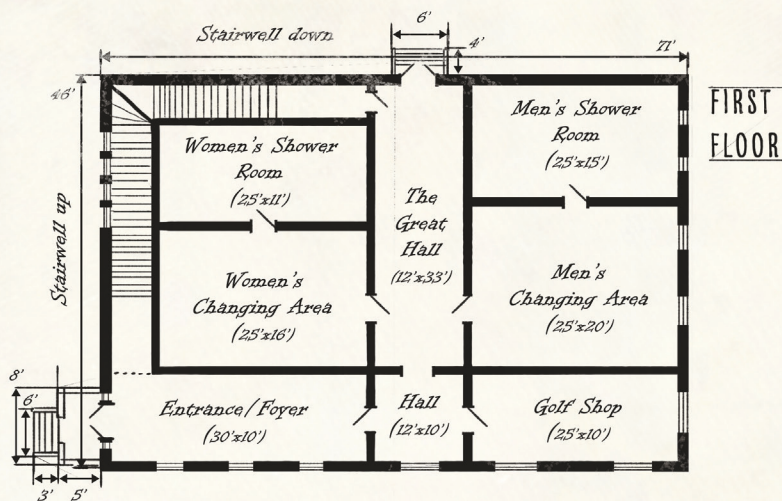
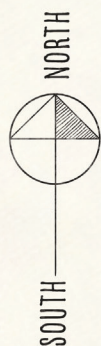
D u n d e e —Police are calling for the help of farmers and tenants northeast of the city after the disappearance of Mr. Arthur Macmillan, recently of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Mr. Macmillan, aged 64, moved into Crow Wood Hall north of Abernyte with his wife Crystal Macmillan in May of this year. Shortly after their arrival, Mr. Macmillan bought the derelict Thistledown Golf Club and began renovations with plans of reopening the club the following year.

On September 14, Mr. Macmillan left Crow Wood Hall at noon to visit the renovation site. Throughout the course of the day numerous workmen and the site foreman, Mr. Cameron Nairn, met with or saw Mr. Macmillan, but at the end of the day Mr. Macmillan's car remained parked outside the club, with Mr. Macmillan himself nowhere to be seen.

After a search of the premises, Mr. Nairn telephoned the Dundee Police and Mrs. Macmillan directly. After 48 hours and a detailed investigation at the Thistledown Club, police have officially declared Mr. Macmillan missing.

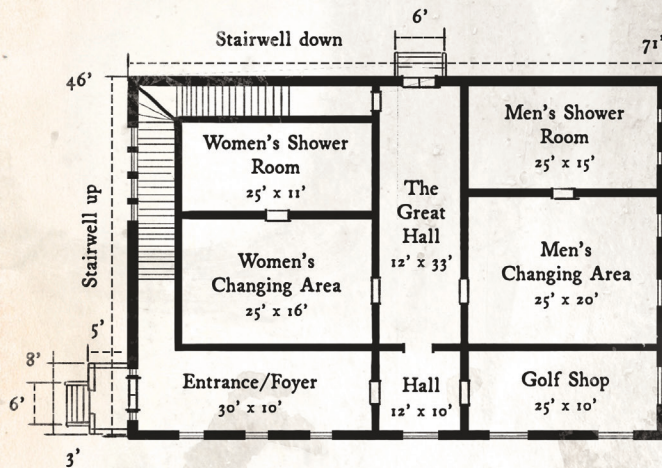
Detective Inspectors William Black and Michael McAndrew are now requesting farmers, tenants, and townsfolk in Abernyte, Fowlis, and nearby townships to report any sighting of an American man in his early sixties, of average height and build, with thinning white hair, wearing a navy tweed suit, and using a cane topped with a silver ram's head. Mrs. Macmillan is offering a substantial reward for information leading to Mr. Macmillan's safe return.

THISTLEDOWN GOLF CLUB—RESTORATION

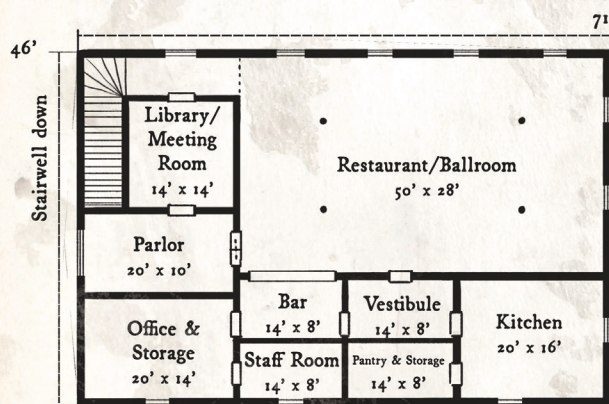


Harold Clemens
 Harold Clemens, Edinburgh
 12th June, 1928

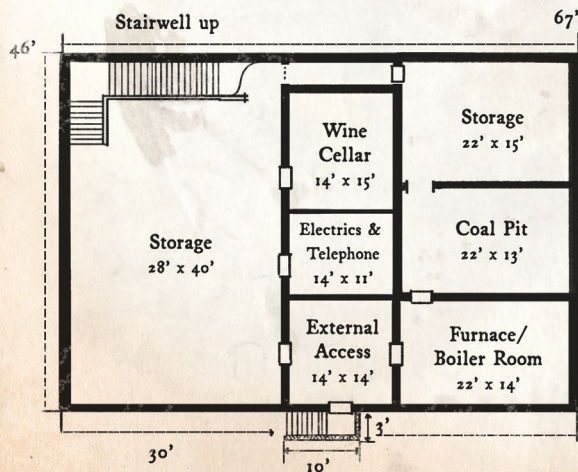
THISTLEDOWN GOLF CLUB—PLAN, 1903



FIRST FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR



BASEMENT

Allister MacKenzie
Alister MacKenzie



THE THISTLEDOWN GOLF CLUB BASEMENT

Full plan of the golf club basement.



— Player Notes —

SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS
0 1 2 3 4 5