

The following notes are found in [From the Journal of Randolph Warren Carter](#) as journal entries that can be discovered by the player. All were written by Aaron Albert

Expedition Note #1

November 7, 1904

Today I leave for one of the most groundbreaking archaeological expeditions in history. My journey will take me to the lush jungles of the Amazon rainforest. There, a deal has finally been brokered with the local inhabitants. Though, it is our excavation team that will come ahead on this exchange. For we will be given the right to research, explore, and, in a manner of speaking, plunder one of their ancient temples. Never before has a historian, archaeologist, or other man of science been allowed access to these temples. However, there is a hint of sadness within me, for I must leave my beloved Lilian at home. This year long campaign will surely be lonely without her embrace. Though perhaps, as a token of my love and thoughts for her, and if it is not too much of a bother, I can send back some minor knick-knack or other curiosity that I find unattended within the temple walls. My sadness regarding Lilian aside, I do feel positively giddy thinking of the archaic wonders which we might find in this mysterious monolith.

Expedition Note #2

January 18, 1905

After two months of digging the fruits of our labor have finally surfaced. Aside from some strange hieroglyphs that our resident linguist was enamored with, the temple itself was rather void of interest to the academics on our team. However, after some minor excavation around the outside, and a few sticks of dynamite to remove an antiquated stone wall, we opened a doorway into an underground crypt. Gathered around the opened portal, we stared deeply into the black void before us. I found myself shaking, fearing the seemingly never ending darkness that laid before me. And yet, thoughts of the knowledge we might gain, amongst the many other treasures, had entered my mind and calmed my spirits. With newly found resolve, and torch in hand, I led the party inside the dungeon; illuminating the cracked stone walls which had been untouched by light for some hundreds of years.

Expedition Note #3

January 22, 1905

That cavernous crypt was much larger than any of us would have expected. The various hallways and corridors seemed to stretch endlessly through the darkness, leaving us with countless rooms to explore. It was quickly discovered that we would need to leave markers as we delved into the tomb, less we find ourselves lost in the maze-like architecture. For three days we examined room after room, hallway after hallway. Discovering nothing but mummified remains, primal forms of pottery, miscellaneous jewelry made from beads and bone, and more mundane hieroglyphs. Such findings as these were not of much interest to me, yet today I made a magnificent discovery. I decided to wander an unexplored portion of the crypt, alone. A large

risk, but one I was eager to take, as I itched to discover some great treasure hidden inside these stone walls. One particular corridor, enveloped in shadow, called out to me. I quietly crept away from the party, and rarely marked my path. After what felt like hours, I chanced upon a chamber. Its entrance hidden behind the door of a lonely sarcophagus. The room was filled with marvelous treasures: golden trinkets, shelves of ancient scrolls, and in the center, on a pedestal, was a statue unlike anything I had ever seen.

Expedition Note #4

January 22, 1905

I cradled the statue in my arms, sliding my hands across its figure. The aberrant image of it still lingers in my mind. No doubt this statue was simply a representation of one of the culture's deities. A monstrous manifestation of a god is not unheard of. Yet the most peculiar thing to me, was that as I felt along its base, the geometry of the statue seemed to contrast with the appearance. Sharp corners poking my hand from what appeared to be a circular base. At first it felt triangular, and then hexagonal, and then all sorts of polygonal shapes. The poking corners were indeed painful, but did not draw blood. Nonetheless, I was enamored with this strange object, despite its horrid appearance and feel. I moved to place it in my bag, and hide it from the rest of the expedition, but unbeknownst to me a shadowy figure had formed behind me. Suddenly a cold hand was placed on my shoulder, and with a surprised shriek I swung about to identify my molester.

Expedition Note #5

January 30, 1905

That bastard Winston Dudley Sanderson, proprietor of the Miskatonic Historical Museum, had stealthily crept behind me as I traversed the crypts dark corridors. As I was about to whisk away my prize from its pedestal, he grabbed me from behind. I shouted in terror, yet the snob simply congratulated me on the excellent find. All the treasures in that room were quickly excavated by the remaining members of the party, and collected together in a tent at the center of camp. Winston himself always seemed to keep guard, that is until his recent bedridden state, for a bout of sickness has suddenly caught him.

Expedition Note #6

February, 6 1905

Oh what horrors have happened. Old Winston seems to have contracted some sickness of the brain. A maddening disease causing terrifying fits of violence. Late last night, he caused quite the commotion. Whilst in a state of madness he began wondering the camp, muttering incoherencies about his dreams of a Cthulhu, or Thulu, just mindless drivel. We paid little heed to him at first, thinking he had simply gone looney from his fever and thus posed no threat. Oh, but this poor young graduate student in his mid twenties, who came all the way here to simply learn more about the architecture of ancient temples, attempted to calm Winston during his ranting.

The boy only put his hand on Winston's shoulder, yet with a scream of "I'll never let you take me to them", Winston clamped his teeth on the boy's neck! The locals called this event a "curse of the gods". Yet any man as educated as I would guess that Winston, in his frail old body, was far too easily susceptible to the diseases of the surrounding jungle. In the panic he caused, I was able to swiftly sneak into the tent of treasures and snatch away my beloved statue. Soon to be packaged and sent home to my lovely Lillian. Shame about Winston, and the boy, they couldn't stop the bleeding.

Home Note #1

December 13, 1906

I finally get back home. After a month and a year, I finally get back home. What do I find? My beloved Lillian, pregnant. Disgusting, I tell you, disgusting. She's already in her ninth month. The harlot couldn't remain faithful for four months, let alone a measly year! The worst part is her delusory excuses. She refuses to tell me who she laid with. "Oh Randy, I swear to you", she says. "I have always been faithful to you, and only you." Hah, such blasphemy. So what am I supposed to believe? That she was chosen by God? That her child is the second coming of Christ? Well then, all hail the new messiah! What a load of horseshit.

Home Note #2

December 26, 1906

It was on Christmas Day, that she first felt her contractions. Of course the day was just a coincidence. I called for a doctor, and swiftly he came. Such great pain she was in, my Lillian. The doctor, and his nurses... they did the best they could, but it wasn't enough. My poor Lillian, she did not survive. They couldn't stop the hemorrhaging. She bled and she bled, and her screams still echo in my mind. There was something wrong with the baby. Abnormal presentation or an umbilical cord issue perhaps. They had major difficulties in expelling the child. By the time they removed the body it was far too late for Lillian. Even after all she suffered, she was never able to even see the child. Yet it wouldn't have mattered. The baby was stillborn. It arrived strangely mutated. They could hardly tell the difference between the fetus and the afterbirth. Extra eyes, the arms and legs elongated, and the skin... it was scaled, like a lizard, almost. Whatever heinous disease had done this, I do not know. But despite Lillian's betrayal, I never wished for an outcome such as this. And the child, what did it do to deserve such a fate? It would have been a boy.

Home Note #3

January 15, 1906

It was the statue, it was that damned statue. I know it, it has to be, I know it. The visions, the dreams, the shadows sneaking around every vile corner. That bastard Winston, he was right. His dreams, my dreams, our dreams, about that scaly monstrosity. Cthulhu, its name is Cthulhu! I don't dare speak it aloud, for even as I write it on this page it feels as though my mind is

sinking deeper into a neverending void. And Lillian, my beloved Lillian. Why did I disregard her pleas? She did not lie to me, all along she was faithful. What am I left with, now that Lillian is gone from this world? That child, that bastard child. That's what I am left with. Someone must take care of him, it must be done. Though the statue, yes that accursed statue, it however has been taken care of. With my hammer, heavy in my hand, I smashed that monstrous thing to bits. Whatever pieces remained, I threw straight into the fire. But why, why does my brain still ache?

