

Call Of Cthulu, The Post-Script

Since it's something I had never before tried, I've been dabbling in role playing games for a few months. We've met with a small group twice to play "Call of Cthulu", and it was a fun experience. [Here is a link to my blog post](#) about the game – it reads like a novel, but keep in mind that all the action took place during two afternoons. You begin a game by deciding characteristics you will attribute to your character, and rolling the dice to determine others. There was a host, and he guided us through the game; telling us when to roll what dice and what events were occurring as a result of our decisions. We are going to meet another time this Saturday for another scenario in this same game – hopefully we'll get to keep our same characters since I got a lot of lucky rolls – so my character had lots of strong areas. Here is the post-game wrap-up for the two sessions we already played. My character is named Grace O'Conner, and she is a zookeeper at The Franklin Park Zoo in Boston. The year is 1925.

(Wrap up from the original Call of C'thulhu scenario "Haunter in the Hills.")

Within days of returning to Boston, Jason Carthage and Grace O'Conner had contacted each other and Ms. Dorothy Morgan and borrowed the diary they'd found in the Adams place. Each of the two had read it and both later wished they hadn't.

The very meticulous diary had very little written in it towards the beginning and the earliest dates were from 1910. Most were about mundane things such as Dr. Adams' move to the home in the Vermont Mountains and dealing with the folk in the area, including Dr. Haylett. There were some entries about Dr. Adams' research but little until 1919, when he noted that he had suddenly found more and more proof that there are things

in the hills that simply SHOULD NOT BE.

He made some notes about the research he was doing, including mentioning a certain book in the Moretown Memorial Library called "Legends of New England" by Eli Davenport and noting "some of the answers are there." The journal alleged that he kept the main bulk of his research elsewhere.

Entries continued to get more disturbing and weird until May of 1922 when they took a change for the macabre. Without going into detail, Adams noted that he purchased several large dogs and hastily had a kennel constructed for them. He wrote "The dogs seem to hate the things. I hope they can warn me of their approach. I fear that they will not be able to protect me."

He wrote more and more that the "things" were watching all the time and he feared he may have unintentionally gotten their notice with his investigations. He noted that they could easily conquer the earth but had not tried so far because he felt they had not needed to. They didn't want to bother and could get what they wanted without it.

He also wrote that the town of Moretown was within the things' grip and noted that he learned that some of the people in the town, and even elsewhere in Washington County, worked with these things, these "fungi," either willfully or against their will.

By June, he noted that the house was now constantly watched and that things were growing more bold, though they seemed to prefer the darkest of nights: those that were overcast or without a large moon. By the end of that month, he wrote that he saw the things' prints around the house nightly and that he must often replace the dogs that were killed fighting them.

In July, he wrote that an attempt to stop him on his way to Moretown almost worked. A sign on Moretown Mountain Road detoured him to a dead end and the barking of the large dogs he had with him alerted him to the presence of the things. He

noted on the 10th of July that the dogs again alerted him to something near the road as he drove.

In August, others seemed to have joined the mix. Adams noted continually getting new dogs and wrote that on Aug. 3, a bullet crashed through a window of his house, narrowly missing him.

The following week, there were more shots outside of the house on darkened nights and he found several of the dogs dead the following morning. He noted that he found more of the claw prints in the road as well as the footprints of men. He wrote that the phone lines had been cut and were dead.

The following day, he reported going to Montpelier and purchasing several more large dogs and a large-caliber rifle as well as supplies.

The next several entries noted the numerous cloudy nights and the exchange of gunfire that happened nightly. He wrote that there were at least three men in the group against him along with the numerous claw prints. He feared that he was trapped in the house and wrote that he is loathe to leave his home to the things.

On Aug. 20, he noted that the things called to him the night before in horrible buzzing voices, telling him things he dared not put down and making promises he feared they would keep. He mentions that the things want to take him to Yuggoth and beyond, something he dreaded. He wrote that he recognized one of the men that who was with the things: Erik Bartlett was among them.

The entries continued with the horrors of the night, of buzzing noises that made him feel lethargic, and sparks of light that burst against the house when he looked out the windows and left blackened burned marks.

The last entry, dated Sept. 6, noted:

"I will try to leave this place tomorrow. With the full moon, perhaps I can get as far as Northfield or even Montpelier, where I might take a train east to Boston or even Dover though I wish to leave these haunted hills. I only hope they let me go. I will leave this journal hidden here in the event of my demise. I fear that if the fungi do not get me, their human servants will.

"The things' lair must be on the west face of Chase Mountain. There is a large cave there, covered with a great boulder too heavy for anyone to move. However, erosion has left a place where a man might wiggle though. That must be where they are."

Both of them remembered the Montpelier newspaper article from the next day. Dr. Adams had attacked a man in Montpelier but had been stopped by police and returned home.