



ROOK INVESTIGATIONS

LICENSED PRIVATE INVESTIGATION AGENCY
233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY, 10007, UNITED STATES - NY9984

I tried the mask again last night. I saw the same vision and found it oddly comforting.

The Curious Case of Carlyle, Companions and Cultists

- February 4th 1927 -

Arrived at the RMS Mauretania, long queue but luckily we were near the front. It sounds like the start of a joke but the only people in front of us were a dishevelled Priest and a doddering Professor, at least until some fellow who thought he was the bees knees barged past us and onto the ship, he was accompanied by a whole entourage of goons so no one really complained about him jumping the queue.

Amelia doesn't have her sea legs yet so once we were on-board and had made sure our luggage was secure she locked herself away in her quarters. I met up with Armitage to see if there was anything useful in the books and Ted went for a wander around the ship.

Life as a God

- As previously mentioned this is bound in some sort of white leathery material but Richard is the expert on these things and he's convinced it's not just normal leather.*
- The book itself is the handwritten diary of a British soldier named Montgomery Crompton who grew up in North England in the late 1800s, he went to Egypt and got seriously injured.*
- While spending time in recuperation he seems to have started suffering delusions that he was a God.*
- Not sure how useful this book is going to be, but I guess we need to study them all in more depth for whatever it was that Elias was talking about.*

Richard skimmed the People of the Monolith though I don't remember the specifics of what it was about, again it seemed like it was a book that was going to need a lot more time dedicated to it.

As early evening approached we headed to the lounge to dine at the Captain's table and Ted introduced us to some of the people he'd spoken to.

Professor Felix Fuda was a lecturer in Medieval Metaphysics at Miskatonic University and he had with him two students Hangrove Thorpe and Richard Bloch; he was able to point out that the fellow at the head of the table (the one who'd jumped the queue earlier in the day) was a Count Kurosov from somewhere in Eastern Europe. Interestingly, although the Priest wasn't at dinner, Ted had bumped into him earlier and apparently he sounded like he was from Eastern Europe. Could just be a coincidence I guess.

We met another Professor by the name of Patterson, he was the one just in front of us in the queue, unfortunately he was even greener than Amelia and wasn't feeling to talkative.

- February 5th 1927 -

It's a bad time of the year to be crossing the Atlantic, the usual deck games aren't really running and there's not a great deal to do to pass the time so I started looking over the Scrolls of Pnakotus but by Jove they're slow going, it's been a long time since I read the Canterbury Tales and now I remember why I dropped out of Columbia University.

Needing a break from what is possibly the most boring reading material in existence I spent the evening in the lounge where I enjoyed a few whiskeys and a few rounds of poker. There was perhaps a bit of a side goal to try and get some information out of Richard Bloch but despite getting several rounds of free drinks out of me all he really shared was that their group was headed to Jerusalem to study some newly discovered scrolls.



ROOK INVESTIGATIONS

LICENSED PRIVATE INVESTIGATION AGENCY
233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY, 10007, UNITED STATES - NY9984

- February 6th 1927 -

Today was interesting in a way that is becoming far too common for my liking. I'm writing this by lamp light while I sit on watch. Amelia, Ted and Dick are sleeping nearby but I'll start from the beginning.

Count Korosov had reserved the lounge for the whole day and so my morning was once again mostly taken up by the scrolls, I'm really only skimming them but progress is still painfully slow.

When I was just about pulling my hair out I took a break and went for a wander around deck, there was another ship off in the distance but before I could really think any more about it I spotted Father Valentin, he had been talking to two other passengers who made their excuses and wandered off when they saw me.

In hindsight this was pretty suspicious.

I exchanged some pleasantries but the Father was clearly uncomfortable so after he departed I returned to watching the approaching ship, I also took the opportunity to ask the purser for a telescope which he promptly fetched for me and which enabled me to make out that the name of the ship was written in Cyrillic.

As the ship drew closer to ours Father Valentin suddenly came rushing past with his two former companions and disappeared inside. Following them I met Ted in the corridor and the two of us chased after them into the lounge there was a lot of shouting in Russian and then the Father threw an actual grenade into the room. There was some understandable confusion when we came in, the Count's bodyguards assumed that we were with the attackers but I think I cleared that up when I knocked Valentin out with a telescope to the back of the head.

Anyway, the long and short of it is that one of the bodyguards managed to get the grenade out of the window and off the ship and between us we managed to take out the two remaining would-be assassins before handing them over to the purser to be thrown in the brig. Kurosov thanked us for our help and once we'd tidied ourselves up we enjoy a private dining experience with him.

One would think that an assassination attempt, a grenade and a shoot out in the first class lounge would be the most interesting thing to happen that day. One would be mistaken.

So after dinner Amelia and I thought it'd be a good idea to speak to the purser and see if we could get a chance to interrogate the prisoners. Strangely the purser was nowhere to be found which resulted in a merry chase around the ship where everyone we spoke to said he was somewhere else or didn't know where he was.

Eventually we spoke to the Doctor who had treated the priest and his companions, he didn't know where the purser was but he did indicate that after treatment the prisoners were being taken to be held in the cargo hold. So, being the fearless adventurers that we are, Amelia and I headed down into the bowels of the ship. Eventually we spotted a suspicious looking crew member disappearing through a hatch so we pursued him and soon came upon the sound of rhythmic chanting.

In one of the cargo holds we saw the purser and perhaps a dozen other crew members, they were all garbed in strange clothing and headgear but before we could really take note of what was going on there was some sort of explosion of light and electricity and a horrifying ape-like creature appeared in the room. Despite our stealthy approach it obviously saw us and then simply vanished.

As the two of us fled back the way we came the monster reappeared hot on our trail like some sort of terrifying hunter from beyond our world, God was with us though and we made it through a few more hatches, one of which I managed to seal shut with my leaded cane which held the creature at bay at least long enough for us to get back to the public areas of the ship.

Back in first class we interrupted Ted and Dick who had been speaking to Professor Patterson and took them aside to



ROOK INVESTIGATIONS

LICENSED PRIVATE INVESTIGATION AGENCY
233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY, 10007, UNITED STATES - NY9984

explain what had happened and Ted mentioned that he had read about some kind of dimensional shambler from another world that could disappear and reappear at will, though he didn't know much about them he seemed to think that they could be killed like anything else. We took a quick detour so that Ted could grab his machete, Dick his gun and me my other cane, Amelia already had her sword umbrella which we all know is lethal, and then we headed back into the bowels of the ship.

It was a short lived expedition however as a crew member stopped us and told us we were in a restricted area; Ted was quick on his feet and said we'd heard rumours about a wild animal being loose on the ship but the seaman was unwilling to let us go any further. Our only option then was to report the situation to the captain and hope that he wasn't in on things. He assured us it was being investigated.

The wild animal thing,
not the monster thing.

So, having done all that we really could, it was decided that everyone would share my quarters for the night and we would all take turns to sit watch - which is what I'm doing now. All has been quiet so far but I doubt I'd hear anything over Armitage's snoring anyway.

- February 7th 1927 -

Breakfast was relatively uneventful, Amelia spoke to the purser briefly just to see if there was an update on the wild animal situation, he fobbed the whole thing off as some sort of hoax but didn't seem to be behaving strangely.

Ted and Dick also introduced us properly to Professor Patterson who joined us for breakfast. Apparently he was something of an enthusiast on cults and when he found out that we had been researching them ourselves he seemed eager to chat more. In fact he invited us to his cabin in the evening to try out a supposed ritual that granted one visions of the future. Maybe it was his infectious, jovial nature or maybe we've all just become too jaded with the weird stuff that is going on but we all agreed this would be a good idea.

After breakfast I spent the rest of the day back at work on the Scrolls of Pnakotus and I've finally finished an initial summary.

The Scrolls of Pnakotus

- A Middle English translation of a Greek Translation of an original text.
- Brought west after the fall of Constantinople.
- Claims to be a pre-human history of the world.
- Details various species, civilisation and cultures that existed before the dawn of humanity.

It's an interesting book and I suspect it could be very closely tied to the kind of things that Carlyle was looking into and the Gods that he was worshipping. The problem is, it's going to take months of work to go through the whole thing in detail, realistically the better part of a year.

Following that I was glad for a break from the language and we went to see Professor Patterson. He'd already set up his seeing glass and gathered together all the accoutrements for the ritual. Supposedly the mystic glass would grant visions of anything one asked to see but also it was controlled by dark and sinister forces beyond the understanding of mortal man.

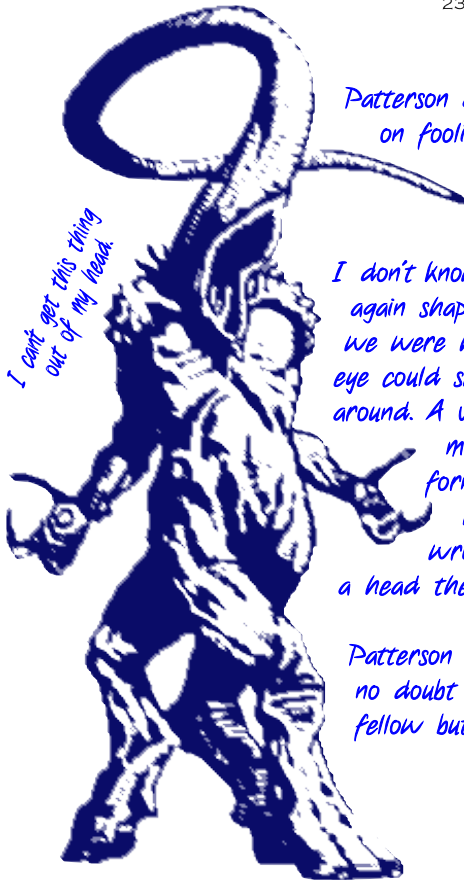
So Ted went first and very wisely asked to be shown the location of Roger Carlyle. Sure enough smoke in the room thickened and shapes started to coalesce and move around the mirror. It wasn't clear but there was water and some mountains and lots of red before the image faded away. Patterson was shocked to have gotten a reaction but also excited and he wanted to try again.

Dick asked what the purser would be doing this evening, under the pretence that it would show us something closer to us that we could verify. Unfortunately despite some shimmering and flickers of light nothing was clearly shown.



ROOK INVESTIGATIONS

LICENSED PRIVATE INVESTIGATION AGENCY
233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY, 10007, UNITED STATES - NY9984



Patterson asked for one last question and I don't know what compelled me. I can blame it on foolishness or the whiskey I had with dinner but perhaps it was simply fated to be? I told the others it was just a curious name I'd come across in a book and then told Patterson to ask the mirror about Azathoth.

I don't know what I expected to see but whatever it was I was not expecting this. Once again shapes coalesced in the glass and we were presented with a view. It felt as though we were high in the sky looking out over a vast desert plain that stretched as far as the eye could see. Endless stars filled the sky and a distant rhythmic chanting could be heard all around. A voice was leading the chant as it grew louder and louder and then we saw a mountain silhouetted against the stars. The chanting reached a crescendo and a huge form appeared above the mountain, bigger than the mountain it filled the sky. Vaguely human in shape, it's skin was dark and it was covered in knobbly spines and short writhing tendrils to call it humanoid is a stretch for where one would expect to see a head there extended a writhing protuberance of dripping reddish flesh.

Patterson was understandably disturbed by this image, as were we all. He asked us to leave, no doubt needing to collect his thoughts and get himself a stiff drink. I feel sorry for the fellow but perhaps it's best that we all sleep on it and speak to him again in the morning.

- February 8th 1927 -

I don't know what to say. Our group is fine, nothing happened with the purser.

Patterson is dead. He hung himself in the night. Is it our fault?

- February 9th 1927 -

Nothing else of note happened on the voyage. We've just reached Southampton safely and will be making our way to London shortly.