

# Historical Data Journal Entries

w/Reflections by Dark Moon Enigma



Volume 2

# MONRIA

Pinthas Schmenke Dorian

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## FOREWORD ... by *Dark Moon Enigma*

Monria is a mysterious Moon, with dark forces that seem to hover in that vacant space between reality and daydreaming. Strange occurrences keep the colony on alert, and discoveries lead to uncovering the truth about Monria.

The discovery of the journal hidden in the ancient file cabinet recovered from the West Crater reveals a time before DSEC discovered Monria as a planetoid, and a period of time where great evil by the Cultists left Earth in turmoil.

The rise of the *Cult of Shut'thend* leaves devastation in its wake, with unexplained occurrences that have investigators and law enforcement alike pursuing answers, but none are satisfying. These *Cthulhu* worshipers will stop at nothing to achieve their goal of awakening this deity in his death-like sleep at *R'yeh*, but just where is this hidden underwater city where *Cthulhu* and primordial beings are entombed?

It is said that the Old Ones have the power to keep the Deep Ones in check, but will they too rise and work with the Cultists to unleash their darkness upon those who are the most susceptible, or is *no one* immune?

The following journal entries (*as written by Pinthas Schmenke Dorian*) document the unfolding of the history of the Cultists, at least during their period of time on Earth before the great exodus. One family in particular has very strong ties to the expanding darkness that prevails in the town of Arkham, Massachusetts in the New England sector of the United States, but also ties to Europe, and particularly England, that are revealed over the course of time.

The Crimson Manor harbors dark and devastating secrets with a link to the local church where nothing is as it seems. Where discoveries bring death, and where those who manage to escape, relive the horrors when they least expect it. The question is, were they allowed to escape with more sinister plans in the making, or a means to an end in the grand awakening of *Cthulhu*.

As I read each journal entry, I am documenting my own reflections, as well as adding information discovered through further investigation that may help to connect the dots between the *Church of Cthulhu*, the *Cultists*, and Monria. Critical thinking is key in bridging the gap between then and now, and how what happened then, and after, defines the current State of the Moon.

What was *not* revealed in *The Kipling Chronicles Vol 1*, is the data chip discovered inside the lining of the back cover of the journal found in the ancient file cabinet. How it ended up in the file cabinet retrieved from the West Crater on Monria is yet to be known, but when it was discovered was not revealed either.

*And so the road to Monria begins ...*

## Introduction

Over time, information was recorded about *Cthulhu* creating a great historical document. Kept throughout the ages and passed through many hands, it had been continuously updated by the Priests who were in charge of maintaining its accuracy. However, over the centuries, there had been many races and cultures who attempted to obtain this manuscript both for good and for evil. It was rumored that some of the information within its pages would enable a person who could interpret its ancient secrets to gain mastery upon the world of man. The recovered accounts revealed by the Priests of the *Church of Cthulhu* and its followers give insight into their experiences, and a glimpse into their calling.

This manuscript was sealed in a box in the wall of a church revealing hundreds of years of information. The manuscript was written in a language unknown to current archivists who predicted that it would take a great deal of time to translate. A storage device was also found with additional content dating back to approximately the 23rd century, but it presented a challenge. Current technology was significantly more advanced and proved much more difficult to enable access than first thought.

Finally, scholars in antiquities and the ancient ways were able to access some of its historical content. Many of the files were damaged and corrupted due to the tremendous time in which the device had been buried. Some of the information that was able to be obtained described a great exodus from planet Earth. There are many damaged excerpts from the archives that are still being pieced together.

We have been able to reclaim different accountings from that memory bank barely enabling glimpses into the complicated aspects of the *Church of Cthulhu*. Accounts leading up to when the Cultists left planet Earth had been recovered as well. Those who believed in the *Cult of Shut'thend*, who wanted to be part of the time and the age of *Cthulhu*, left the planet during this great "Exodus."

What is yet to be discovered is *to where* because specific documentation was not reclaimed from the memory bank that gave that information. Unfortunately, during the time the manuscript and memory bank data were being reviewed, it suddenly disappeared from the archives. It is feared that the Cultists were behind it.

The following 30 journal entries is what I was able to get a copy of before the theft, but there is far more data to be recovered. I just fear that if we don't learn where the Cultists went, the opportunity to reveal more information is lost.



## Reflection of Introduction ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

And so the doors of the church slowly creep open. Not so inviting, but intriguing, and draws upon our sense of wonderment. Perhaps even a sense of twisted curiosity in the face of what surely appears to be dark and ominous. Yes, we walk through a valley of fear where possibilities present themselves that could alter time and space. We have already experienced the depths of evil in our struggles to survive, but I sense that real challenges have yet to be faced.

The very mention of *ancient secrets to gain mastery upon the world of man* brings forth the ever-increasing strange effects occurring on Monria. My own experiences with dream-like transmissions of information lends plausibility to what we know about *Cthulhu* outside of the contents of this discovered journal revealing key historical data. Who discovered the box with the manuscript and databank sealed in the wall of a church? At the time of the great exodus from planet Earth, where did the *Church of Cthulhu* cult followers migrate to?

One would not have to think long and hard to surmise that for whatever reasons, Monria was ripe for the taking, and it's not far-fetched to also think ... that the *city of R'lyeh* is not where it was purported to be ... in the South Pacific.

I have learned through my own research that *Cthulhu* was born on the planet Vhrool in the 23rd Nebula. It was Yog-Sothoth and Shub-Niggurath who gave birth to Nug and Yeb who were twin deities. It was Nug who actually sired *Cthulhu* through parthenogenesis, which is a natural form of asexual reproduction where the development of embryos occur without fertilization.

*Cthulhu* traveled to the green binary star system of Xoth. He eventually mated, and he and his family then traveled to Earth. There they built the green stone city of R'lyeh on the great sunken continent of Mu. The Elder Things had created a race known as the Shoggoths who built cities above and below the water. However, the city of R'lyeh was destroyed by Ythogtha.

So now, fast forward to the great exodus from Earth of the *Church of Cthulhu* cult followers. Consider for one brief moment that Monria is inhabited by Yog-Sothoth, Shub-Niggurath, the Shoggoth and Cultists. In light of what we have experienced as the new colony on Monria, what are the chances that the great exodus by the Cultists from Earth was *to* Monria. I hesitate to even give life to this thought, but ...

*What if, a new city of R'lyeh exists within the deep abyss at the core of Monria?*

## Side-Note

Throughout this book, I have taken liberty to also introduce plausibility of real life connections to our Cthulhu-themed storyline where fantasy is questionable and reality makes more sense than not. Of course, all credit is paid where due.

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## **Ch 1 / Journal Entry - 13 June 2345**

### *The Disappearance of Archibald Crimson, III*

I am Johnston Murphy, Senior Investigative Reporter for the Chromophoric Chronicle, worldwide news source for all world news investigating the unexplained and impossible. I have been following an interesting influx of robed figures into an old abandoned church here in Arkham. I have been able to interview a member of the town who revealed himself to me as Horace Gasper, the town Mayor.

He explained to me that about 50 years ago, the 20 year old son of a very wealthy family known as Archibald Crimson III had disappeared one day unexpectedly, and under very strange circumstances. It was thought that the boy was kidnapped by someone but that was never found to be true as there was never an official ransom note. The only thing that was odd was that Archibald always wore a family crest ring, but on that day, he was not wearing it.

Apparently, he had purposely left the ring with his girlfriend, Danielle Pearson, as a gift promising to marry her. The two had known each other all their lives since childhood and were always hanging out together. It was known by all that one day they would be husband and wife and plans were being made. It was the most natural and perfect arrangement. These were two intelligent, full of life, wonderful kids growing up together, being best friends and really liking and loving one another. The two families got along and enjoyed each other as well.

For years, the family tried to find out what happened to the boy but to no avail. After hundreds of thousands of dollars, along with reward money being offered for information leading to the recovery of Archibald's son, all hope was lost and the search was abandoned. The Crimson's became recluses and would rarely come out of their estate. Danielle ended up heartbroken, and her family left town shortly sometime after to live in New Jersey to be closer to Danielle while she attended college at Princeton.

Danielle was questioned on numerous occasions as to whether she knew the whereabouts of Archibald and as to why he would give her the ring he never took off. She did not know why, and only on that day, he mentioned that he was going to go away for a short time and would be back soon. He never told her where or why, and just handed her the ring and told her to keep it safe.

It was shortly thereafter that strange happenings began at the house where Archibald lived, as well as many strangers showing up in town taking refuge at the local church. Frequent meetings with Archibald's parents occurred both at the church as well as at their estate.

Occasionally at the manor, it was reported that odd green-colored lights radiated from the house and would suddenly vanish as quickly as they came. Many curious people would try to find out what was going on inside the house but could not get close enough.



One day, Danielle came back to town having been away for so long and wanted to see the Crimson's. She made her way back to the estate and it is said she stayed inside the manor for over a week but when she came out, she was never the same. The friendly, happy girl some had remembered had changed completely. She seemed to be having conversations with herself and with her lost Archibald as if he was standing right next to her.

Recounts of the events were scattered and not much was written down, but one thing continued to be whispered over the days and months after she left; she wore that ring around her neck attached to a beautiful silver chain and was always touching it as if it were habit or a need. She would mutter some words when she stroked the ring, and address Archibald as if he were standing right there next to her. Soon after, she too disappeared and was not heard from again. No one knew if she had returned to the manor or if she just left town; one day she was there and the next, gone.

When that final disappearance happened, there was a time when all seemed to return to normal. People stopped visiting the church and the manor, and all was quiet for a long time.

One especially dark and cold wintery day, about 15 years later, a stranger came to town and was asking about the missing boy, saying that he had information regarding the whereabouts of young Archibald. He was informed that the boy's parents still lived in the estate up the road and if he wanted, it could be arranged to have him escorted there, and that someone would take him to visit the family.

The stranger agreed and he was transported by the local sheriff to the estate after arrangements had been made. It was not long after the visit when the strange happenings began again. However, this time they were more bizarre. The stranger was never seen coming out of the house, or ever again seen for that matter.

More outsiders began to arrive to visit the church, as well as the Crimson Manor. There could be seen up on the hill that odd green light coming from the estate as well as occasionally from the church.

It was told that what happened after that was the first disappearance of townsfolk by the name of Thomas and Frieda Bannister. They were older, into their 90's, and had lived in town their entire lives. One day they were coming home from visiting friends and never made it back to their house. They were eventually found in a side ditch outside of town near Arkham. They were not just found dead in that ditch, but they looked as if they had seen something so horrible they died of fear. There were no signs of struggle, and the coroner report stated that there were no identifiable drugs in their body. There was however, a greenish fluid coming out of their pores, and no test they ran could identify what the substance was. It was taken to the Miskatonic University for further study, and that was the last of it. People wanted to bury this horrible event behind them as this was a peaceful town and nothing like this had ever happened before.



It was there that Mayor Gasper stopped telling me his story and paused for a moment. Looking very nervous, he then said he must excuse himself and attend to town business. With that, he turned and went back to his office building. No matter how much I attempted to meet with him, or get him to share more of the story with me, he would not render another interview, saying that he already told me too much. He *did* say that if I wanted more information, I should go to the Crimson's Manor and maybe I could find out more from inside the house.

### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

"Houses as old as this one become, in time, a living thing. They may have timber for bones and windows for eyes, and sitting here all alone, it can go slowly bad. It starts holding onto things. Keeping them alive when they shouldn't be. Some of them good. Some bad. Some of them should never be spoken about again." ... *Guillermo del Toro*

The unexplained and impossible seem to hold our curiosity at great depths. There is an innate longing to have things known, and not secret. When our minds are challenged to understand, we want answers.

I have a soft spot for investigative reporters who, albeit walk the edge at times, uncover truths, or at least near truths to lend perhaps a level of sensibility to the curious and unknown. Johnston Murphy was on a mission. Archibald Crimson III unexpectedly disappeared, and there was no ransom, which led everyone to believe that he was not kidnapped. However, what if he was, and ransom was not the goal?

Learning that there was a family crest ring involved, I decided to do a little digging on my own. The name Crimson is quite curious indeed. I found a [Crimson Peak](#) family crest that initially provoked excitement, but also a rather instant chill at the prospect of what I had uncovered.



*Crimson Peak Family Crest*  
Designed for the American Gothic Romance film  
directed, co-produced and co-written by [Guillermo del Toro](#)

It seems the Crimsons may not have been ignorant to the art of darkness, and may have ties to a place called Crimson Peak in London, England that dates back to the 1800s, if for no other reason than hereditary factors, but further investigation is warranted. This is all highly suspect, but it raises questions of weak mental acuity that might have been passed down through the ages, which would somewhat explain the least amount of resistance exhibited in the face of persuasion, tangible or otherwise. You see, if indeed they are decedents of the purveyors of darkness at Crimson Peak, it gives legitimacy to plausibility of inherited inclinations, because ... *"of sound mind"* was highly questionable.

So, was the enormous amount of money expended in the search for Archibald Crimson's son an attempt at credible reality, or just the beginning of overwhelming grief that led to total despair, and ultimately, the Crimson Manor a haven for the uninvited. For me, it goes without reason that Archibald gave his family crest ring to Danielle knowing full well (in whatever form it took), that she would return to the Crimson Manor and would join him. It must have been with immense love and dedication that he was able to do this, but also in the knowledge of something more sinister that he could not share at the time, nor control.

No, it was not a kidnapping. Danielle made it clear that Archibald said that he would be back for her, and to keep the ring safe. Whether under his own will or not, he knew things he couldn't tell, but of mind to also know that he had to return for her. The more the ring is mentioned, the more the hair on the back of my neck stands up. What is the connection between the ring and the unknown?

The Crimson Manor and the abandoned church with unusual occurrences seemed to draw even strangers who were taking refuge at the church. I am most interested in knowing what the green-colored lights were that radiated from the house. I am certain it had something to do with Danielle sinking into delusions that she was actually talking to Archibald Crimson III after spending over a week there, only to disappear herself.

Johnston Murphy was not the only one who had inquired about Archibald Crimson III's rather curious exit, and seemingly, experienced their own disappearance into the unknown. Murphy is persistent if anything, and perhaps he will be the one to bring more light to the darkness of this mystery as I read further ... *or will he.*

*He is about to enter the Crimson Manor ...*

## **Ch 2 / Journal Entry - 20 June 2345**

### *Journalist Johnston Murphy Visits Crimson Manor*

I was fortunate enough to find someone who would take me up to the old estate. It had been around for hundreds of years, and due to recent events, had not been kept up in a manner that it was used to. No one seemed to be truly certain whether the Crimsons still lived there, or whether they were even alive. However, no one seemed to want to find out either. I was dropped off at the front door and told that if I can find my way into the house to do so. No one would question my entering and leaving the manor.

I was somewhat apprehensive at first but being the investigative reporter that I am, I chose to find a way into the house. First in a friendly way by just knocking on the door, and second, if I had to, I would find my way in through another entry.

Interestingly enough, when I knocked there was what seemed to be the sound of footsteps in the distance coming to the door. Instead of leaving, I stayed there. Moments later the door slowly started to open, and there in front of me was an older gentleman. He looked well over 100 years old and I can only imagine that this was actually Archibald Crimson II, the father of the young Archibald who had disappeared so many years ago.

The man was dressed in robes with worn and tattered edges but not unkempt in any way. He was not completely clean shaven but he did have a one or two day old beard which appeared cleanly outlined telling me that he was still taking care of himself.

I introduced myself and he *did* confirm that he was indeed Archibald Crimson II. He invited me in and stated he did not often get many visitors these days. He escorted me into another room towards the right which reminded me more of a library and appeared to have been kept up. However, most of the furniture was covered with sheets for no apparent reason other than the fact that it was just not being used.

I explained to him who I was, and the interest I had with regard to investigating some of the events that happened over the years, as well as more importantly, the activity within the church. I attempted to be as considerate as possible being that some of these events would perhaps remind him of the loss of his son. However, and more importantly, I assured him that I was investigating the recent activity at the church rather than anything from his past. If, however, he was interested in sharing any of that information, I would be most appreciative.

He was kind in his response and said that he didn't mind sharing what he knew, and asked me if I would care for a glass of wine. I responded in kind and said yes, that would be very nice. Then the two of us sat down in a comfortable sitting area where he began to share a story.



He slowly reached into his pocket and pulled out a ring with the family crest on it. He began to explain that this was the ring he gave to his son Archibald when he was just a boy many years ago and that eventually it had come back to him after Archibald had given it to his betrothed Danielle.

It was 15 years later that a man appeared stating that he had found the ring that was given to Danielle by his son and that he wanted to return it to where it belonged. Archibald said he thanked the man and asked if he would be interested in staying for a short period of time at the estate as a thank you for returning the family heirloom to him, and essentially, the final piece of his son. The stranger thankfully agreed and stayed for the week.

There was a slight pause in the conversation as Mr. Crimson seemed to reminisce about the events that happened during that time. After all, it was 35 years ago, and now Mr. Crimson was an older man. He then regained his thoughts and continued his conversation. He stated that the stranger had some encounters with Danielle while she was at Princeton, and he was able to get to know her much better, although she still seemed heartbroken and never really recovered from the loss of Archibald. She had explained to him about the ring and even showed it to him on more than one occasion.

He had met Danielle a few more times after she had come back to the manor. That was when Danielle seemed to have changed. Danielle believed that she somehow had seen Archibald in the manor one night when she was staying there and he led her to a place that no one knew existed. He explained to her why he had left that night, giving her the ring to hold onto, telling her that she needed to keep it safe, and that he would once again ask for her to bring it to him in the future. It was after that encounter when she changed and started to believe that he was there with her, by her side, and that she would appear to speak to him, as well as mumble some odd words that no one seemed to be able to make out or understand.

We talked for hours he said, Danielle and myself, and tried to understand what she was going through, whether or not she was having a nervous breakdown, and even to show us this secret location that she was brought to by Archibald. She refused to show us and continued to deny that she was going through any kind of mental or nervous breakdown. If we would just open our eyes, she would say, we would be able to see Archibald and know that he was right there with us.

She left quietly one night, never saying goodbye or leaving any information behind as to where she was going. We just never saw her again. All of her things were gone and we assumed that she just left one night and went back to Princeton. We never tried to contact her again and just hoped for the best.

It was then 15 years later the stranger arrived bringing us the crest ring stating that Danielle insisted that he make sure we received it and to make sure that we give it back to Archibald as he would be waiting for us.

We still have the ring, however, we have never seen Archibald, nor did we expect to. After so many years of hope and wonder, not even knowing what happened to him that day, it is still a mystery and still brings tears to my eyes. It would be much easier if we had closure and knew what really did happen to him, and where he had gone. Even if the horrible thought of being kidnapped and murdered was true, at least we would know that and have closure.

What if he was taken, and what if he is enslaved somewhere and still lives to this day. I just would like to be able to know his whereabouts.

Danielle seemed to know where he was in her odd state of mind but would never share that with us. The only consolation we had at the time was to think that our dear Archibald was not in any harm and seemed to be at peace where he was if he truly was communicating with Danielle.

So here we are, 35 years later and we still have the ring but we have no sign of Archibald.

He continued to tell me that no matter what it was I was investigating, the church had nothing to do with him and that I was free to investigate all I wanted. He asked not to involve him in my investigation but he may be able to help. He had been tormented enough through the years having lost his only child, as well as having seen Danielle appear to go mad at her loss, and it was very hard to bear.

The stranger was kind bringing back the family crest ring, and then he himself left after that week never to be seen again.

As I listened to the final words in the story and finished my glass of wine, I could tell that there was a deep sadness in this man's soul. I didn't dare ask if Mrs. Crimson was available, and I was not even sure she was still alive. I dared not ask either. I was grateful for the time that he spent sharing his story with me and bid him farewell wondering if he minded in the future if I came back to visit some time. He reassured me that I was welcome to return at any time and even stay the night if I chose.

He then asked me to do him one last favor. I assured him that I would do anything I could. It was then he reached out and handed me the family crest ring. He said I know you're curious about what is happening in the church but I don't think you'll be able to get in without a good reason. Take this ring and hand it to the Priest. He will know it's from me and he will let you in, whereby, you can ask your questions and hopefully find the answers that you seek. Perhaps, you will be able to share those answers with me, so I too can find the peace of mind I am searching for. After which, you can return the ring to me and then be on your way. However, you are welcome to stay if you choose to for a night or two.

Amazed at this fateful turn of events I thanked him, left, and returned back to town.

Moments later I was called and asked to meet one of my colleagues in Boston late that night, stating that they had some information that I might find useful for my story. I was glad to get out of town for a bit.

Before leaving, I discovered that oddly, there were many people entering the church. I made my way to the entrance and searched for the Priest. There was a figure in a brown hooded robe shaking hands with many of the members that were coming into the church.

I could barely make out his face behind the hood but I did notice his hands coming out from the robe and they appeared to be very old and very fragile. They were thin and bone-like in their current state. I was a bit startled when he reached out to shake my hand as I was still unable to see his face behind the hooded robe. When he touched me, his cold hands sent shivers down my spine, and I'm sure my fear was showing.

Then the Priest held out his open palm as if knowing exactly what was going to happen. I reached into my pants pocket and grabbed onto the ring gently placing it into the decaying, bony hand. It was then that I got a glimpse of his face. Not really a face but a skull. It was a skull that was unfathomably old and appeared to be partially decaying. His eyes were more recessed in his orbital sockets and I could not even see the skin that was holding them in place. Nonetheless, those deeply socketed eyes pierced my very soul. Before I had a chance to say anything to this living, decaying creature, I was quickly ushered to the front of the church and given a seat in the very first pew.

Moments later the service began. The lights were slowly dimmed until they were completely replaced with candlelight from all over the church. The lights gave out a flickering and somewhat appealing ambience to the whole event. In the distance I could hear some chanting that started as a low whisper and began to increase in intensity at what seemed a predetermined resonance. As I took in the feeling of the chanting, mixed with the flickering lights given off by the candles, I started to fade into a trance-like state. I was barely aware of my surroundings as the humming in my head began to subside. Shortly thereafter, I was completely engulfed in a mesmerized state, joining the congregation as a unit of one.

At that moment I found myself joined by all the people, but for only a second, as they seemed to pass me by one at a time, looking into my face as if waiting for me to react. It was then that I found myself alone, horribly alone, not knowing what to expect next.

The depth of the universe seemed to surround me, and I found myself in the deepest darkest place I had ever known. I was no longer on the planet, let alone at the church. I was not even sure I was in the known universe. I was in a place that seemed even deeper and darker than the universe itself. It was in that space and time that I sensed terror.

In the distance was a shadow of an object, a barely perceivable entity, yet I could feel and experience the most terror-ridden state I had ever known in my life. It was a type of feeling I could not put into words. It was as if I was completely penetrated with a sense of evil, horror and terror all at once.



I could not even fathom or understand emotionally the horror I was experiencing, but it felt as if the universe was screaming at me. I barely got a glimpse of this creature in the distance, and all I was able to see was a small amount of outline of what appeared to be a tentacle-type area where his face would have been. In my mind I could not understand or grasp the intensity of where I was, where I had been, what I was facing, and where I was facing it. Along with the sounds of horror and emotions of fear came the shakes and sweat that poured from my body as if life itself was being sucked from me in that moment.

It felt like some life energy-destroying force had engulfed me, and while I was fearing the worst, the entity disappeared completely. A horrific snap of a door shut near where I was and an immediate intense pounding of fists throbbing within my head began. The whole of the universe disappeared and I was back in the church. For a moment I was not sure where I was, but soon realized that I was no longer in the first pew. I was now somewhere else, in another room sitting inside a circle surrounded by robed figures all chanting over me.

Surrounding me was a greenish hue that seemed to be emanating from all of these figures. I had to have awakened at either the wrong time or the right time and sensed that if I had stayed in a trance-like state, I think I would have died right then and there. I think to some degree it was a surprise to the others who surrounded me because it appears that along the way, I had been made their sacrifice for some type of ritual. Instead of ending my life in that moment, they all stopped doing what they were doing. The energy intensity in the room faded and the greenish hue disappeared.

Rather abruptly, a group of the ritualists were grabbing me by the arms on either side and stood me up from a sitting position. I was moved to another location and was sat down. Another group of two different robed figures washed my face to cool me down, and tried to revive me from the experience, while acting as if they cared. Deep down I think that my experience was somehow a disappointment, and that in some way had disrupted their ritual.

The only other thought I was trying to accomplish was how to get out of there as fast as possible, and yet, I still could not move. I was so shaken and so weakened by the experience of having seen something that I could not understand or even comprehend, to the point of even questioning my sanity. I realized that I was no longer myself, that I was different, that I was not the same human being that I once was, and in that moment in time, I wondered if I was going mad.

After a time, I seemed to come back to the reality that I was finally feeling myself in this chamber and that I needed to leave. I started to get myself up, shakily at first, but was able to walk away. No one seemed to resist me, and no one seemed to stop me, they all just watched as I wobbled my way out the door.

With great effort, I was able to make it back to my room in town. Exhausted and drenched in sweat, I took a shower and remembered that I was to meet my friend in Boston. Desperate to get out of the town, I packed and left.

## Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

Our means of receiving impressions are absurdly few, and our notions of surrounding objects infinitely narrow. We see things only as we are constructed to see them, and can gain no idea of their absolute nature. With five feeble senses, we pretend to comprehend the boundlessly complex cosmos ... *H. P. Lovecraft*

I must say at the outset that Johnston Murphy was quite brave. If I were dropped off at the door of an estate that had a history of unusual occurrences and people coming up missing, not to mention being told that "*if I can find my way into the home to do so,*" alarms would be going off. However, some are more driven to uncover a mystery than others. Murphy wanted answers, and obviously, he was willing to go the distance.

One thing that makes me highly suspicious is the somewhat cavalier behavior of the father with Danielle when she came back to the manor and shared her experience with seeing his son. The first mention of a secret place would have me thinking that a more aggressive undertaking would have been put in place to initiate a full search of the estate. However, it is unknown whether the secret place is actually at the estate, or somewhere else. Also, I would think that concern would have been intense enough to warrant communication with Danielle's family as a means to get to the bottom of everything.

Therefore, this gives me pause to also think that this sense of neutrality in the level of importance of this situation lends itself to being suspect of nefarious goings on. Murphy's perceived investigative muscle found him in the end to be weak and susceptible. I'm more inclined to believe that there is a devolving of the idea of truth, and behaviors designed to deceive.

There seems an obvious level of concern in being discovered, and those who step too far into the dark become victims. However, if there's one thing I've learned in my research of the effects of *Cthulhu*, it's that there are those more amenable to persuasion than others.

Some are drawn in by words that may be inspiring as it relates to a certain way of thinking, pliable to a level of subjective attention that tends to be held in suspension because of logic, perhaps even aesthetics, and more certainly because the words have some relevance to a person's experiences that are more personal and motivating. However, as it relates to *Cthulhu* and those empowered by him, it seems we are more inclined to have our dreams invaded, or experience a dream-like state such as I have recently.

Since dreams, or inducing a dream-like state in some manner seems to be the medium of choice to affect some kind of control, I wanted to know more about brain function during sleep. I already knew that it was at the REM (Rapid Eye Movement) level of sleep where we have our most vivid dreams, but what brain chemistry leaves us open to such an invasion? I found some interesting data.

During REM sleep muscle tone throughout the body is weak, and our critical faculties are less active. The limbic system is involved in processing emotions and motivation, and during REM sleep are very *active*. However, some areas of the prefrontal cortex involved in working memory, attention, logical reasoning and self-control are quite *inactive*. This is a precursor to some of the dreams that we have that are perhaps bizarre in nature, and are illogical with disorganized imagery.

What all this means is, that while we are in a deep REM state of dreaming, lack of self-control gives way to a less rational way of thinking. The question is, are we in any way being seduced in our dreams to being susceptible to a wake-state control by other dark forces at work on Monria?

I'm going out on a limb here in saying that I think Archibald's father was the beginning lure of Murphy's behavioral compliance. He knew that Murphy wanted to unravel the mystery of his missing son, as well as the disappearance of Danielle, so I think he played to Murphy's desperate curiosity by first offering the ring. Then asking him to return it, while also inviting him to enjoy a stay at the Crimson Manor. I'm sure Murphy wanted to find that secret place.

The fact that Murphy survived the church experience suggests perhaps that he may have been strong enough not to totally submit to the moment of horror. The Cultists being unsuccessful in their attempts to draw Murphy totally into the dark, withdrew from their efforts and let him leave. However, he had his moment when he felt disconnected, and where he felt that his sanity was giving way to madness.

As I continue to read journal entries, I hope to learn, if in fact, Murphy completely escaped, and if so, what information did his colleague in Boston have that might have shed some light on this investigation.

This path is widening, and becoming increasingly more frightening. How are these activities related to what is happening on Monria right now, especially activities that we may not even be aware of yet?

This journal is thick with historical data, and I am beginning to believe that in order to understand the whole, we must understand the parts first. My fervent hope is that whatever is uncovered, it will provide answers that we can work with.



### **Ch 3 / Journal Entry - 22 June 2345**

#### *Boston Tribune Article: Investigative News Journalist Found Dead*

In the early morning hours of June 22, authorities found the body of investigative news journalist Johnston Murphy. He was in his vehicle on the side of the road in a ditch near the Adamski Memorial Highway. Authorities would not confirm nor deny any foul play in the journalist's death. Sources for the Boston Tribune state that Mr. Murphy was recently investigating odd happenings in the town of Broodham, Massachusetts near Arkham surrounding one of the local churches.

Apparently, after a brief encounter with the local Priest of the church, Mr. Murphy was on his way to Boston to visit a source who had obtained highly classified information regarding his investigation. Mr. Murphy's Journal was discovered in his automobile documenting some of the most recent events that he had encountered. None of this information has been released to the public as of yet.

Eyewitness accounts at the scene related that Mr. Murphy appeared to be in somewhat of a distraught state with a significant distortion to his facial features. He was described as having the apparent look of someone who had been exposed to intense fear. In addition, his hands were completely covered in blood and there were letters written on the inside windshield spelling out "CHU." There appeared to be no damage to the vehicle and the motor was still running. A reward has been issued for any information regarding the events that led to Mr. Murphy's demise.

#### **Reflections** ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

I didn't see that one coming, and perhaps was more anticipatory in learning what the highly classified information was that Murphy's source in Boston had.

Let's play crime scene investigator for a minute because the news article from the Boston Tribune that announced Murphy's death certainly raises more questions than gives answers. I think the one thing that caught my attention immediately was the blood on his hands. Where did the blood come from? In spite of the report that his facial features were distorted, nothing was said about any blood on his face that might have come perhaps from a fear-related reaction to scratch or dig the images out of his head from the experiences at the church.

He was apparently lucid enough to write the letters *CHU* on the inside of the windshield. There was no reporting of such when the Bannister couple was found in a ditch on the side of a road many years earlier. No blood, no journal, just distorted faces that again would seem to have come from fear. I wonder if the Coroner found the same greenish fluid seeping from Murphy's pores as was found with the Bannisters. What did forensics reveal?

There is still no explanation about the greenish hue that surrounded the ritualists at the church, nor a definitive finding of what the greenish fluid was seeping out of the pores of the Bannisters.

There's no doubt in my mind that the experiences at the church had something to do with Murphy's death. I can only assume that once a person is introduced to what is seemingly a Cultist ritual, there must be embedded properties that grow from whatever enhanced trance-like task is employed that eventually consumes one's mind to the point of no return, and then complete submission, or death.

Murphy resisted. Murphy is dead.

I now want to know what the authorities did with Murphy's journal. Mystery feeds curiosity, and curiosity motivates action. What did this ongoing investigation reveal. I'm also not sure that someone would have stepped forward with any level of information that led to Murphy's death in order to collect the reward.

What does CHU mean?

This is going to be a very involved and time-consuming process, but reading this journal opens up possibilities for understanding the current state of Monria. There is one thing that I am grateful for right now, that as far as I know, no one has discovered that the journal is missing from the ancient file cabinet.

I hope it stays that way.

## **Ch 4 / Journal Entry - 24 June 2345**

### *Investigation into the death of Johnston Murphy*

#### **Police Report by Sgt Trevor Wingard**

We have questioned many of the townspeople regarding the increased activity at the local church. However, no one seems to think that there are any strange activities going on. Interestingly enough, the Priest of the church is nowhere to be found and has left one of his disciples in charge by the name of Curtis Havenshire. Mr. Havenshire gave a full recount of the night that Johnston Murphy had attended the service. He related that Mr. Murphy sat in the front pew and seemed to be enjoying the music and the sermon. After it was over, he thanked everyone and left, assumingly to go back to his room. They hadn't seen him again and then found out about his untimely death.

#### **Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma**

I think it's a plausible assumption that the townspeople were going to be pretty tight-lipped when it came to any strange activities. The obvious premise of the Cult is to promote fear and establish control whether a person has been drawn into an actual experience at the church, or just witnessed strangeness from afar.

I have no doubt that church disciple Curtis Havenshire was coached, or perhaps it's an inherent expectation that secrecy is of the utmost priority when it comes to protection of the church and its activities. Therein too, direction may be cloaked in fear, and perhaps a threat of dire consequences should a cult member break rank, or a member of the community speak out giving any details regardless of reward.

Fast forward again, and I'm considering the possibility that there are members of our own community harboring secrets based on strange occurrences that we know have been happening on Monria. We have discovered that subtle nuances invading thoughts are finding some members disoriented and behaving out of the ordinary. Thus far, no one has acted out in an egregious manner, and the effects seem to wear off in a relatively short period of time. However, we must not become complacent about these occurrences, as they may be a precursor to even more dangerous attempts at dividing our community and gaining control.

Murphy's death was unfortunate. He seemed dedicated and relentless as an investigative journalist. Were there others who followed in his footsteps who might have been able to provide more answers to what was *really* going on here?

I'm inclined to think that we may want to consider monitoring our community more closely, and pinpoint any out of the ordinary behavior.

We can't be too relaxed about potential dangers, no matter how subtle.



## **Ch 5 / Journal Entry - 27 June 2345**

### *Sgt Trevor Wingard Pays a Visit to the Broodham Church*

I was able to make my way to the church unseen. I wanted to investigate more thoroughly. The inside looked very basic and commonplace. However, I noticed that there was a door to the far right near the front of the church. Upon entering there was a staircase leading down to another chamber. This was separated into three different rooms. The first room appeared to be nothing more than the Priest's quarters for study and for preparing his sermons, and seemed to serve as a library as well.

There was a room to the left and a door to the South. Further investigation revealed sleeping quarters in the room to the left. A cursory inspection revealed a closet with robes inside for what appeared to be the dress that the Priest wore on a daily basis. There was some regular street clothing as well, which appeared to be almost new and hardly ever worn. I assumed it was for when the Priest went out and about town.

I entered the room to the South. It was somewhat dark and smelled of old incense and sweat. I took out my light and slowly started to investigate. On the floor I noticed what appeared to be markings equidistant from each other where it seemed that something was placed on each of the markings but had since been removed. I counted 9 indentations on the floor in total completing a circle.

As I inspected further within the circle itself there appeared to be some kind of different markings on the floor, as well as some residue that to me looked like dried blood. In addition, there was some other residue, which appeared to have a greenish hue, but I was unable to identify what it could be. I scraped some samples of each off the floor and put them into separate containers which I carried with me in my pocket for further investigation back at the lab.

I quickly left the church unseen to give my report back at the station to my commanding officer Capt. David Klein. The samples were taken to the forensic lab for further investigation.

My preliminary investigation reveals that there certainly appears to be something happening at the church and I will have to re-question Mr. Havenshire.

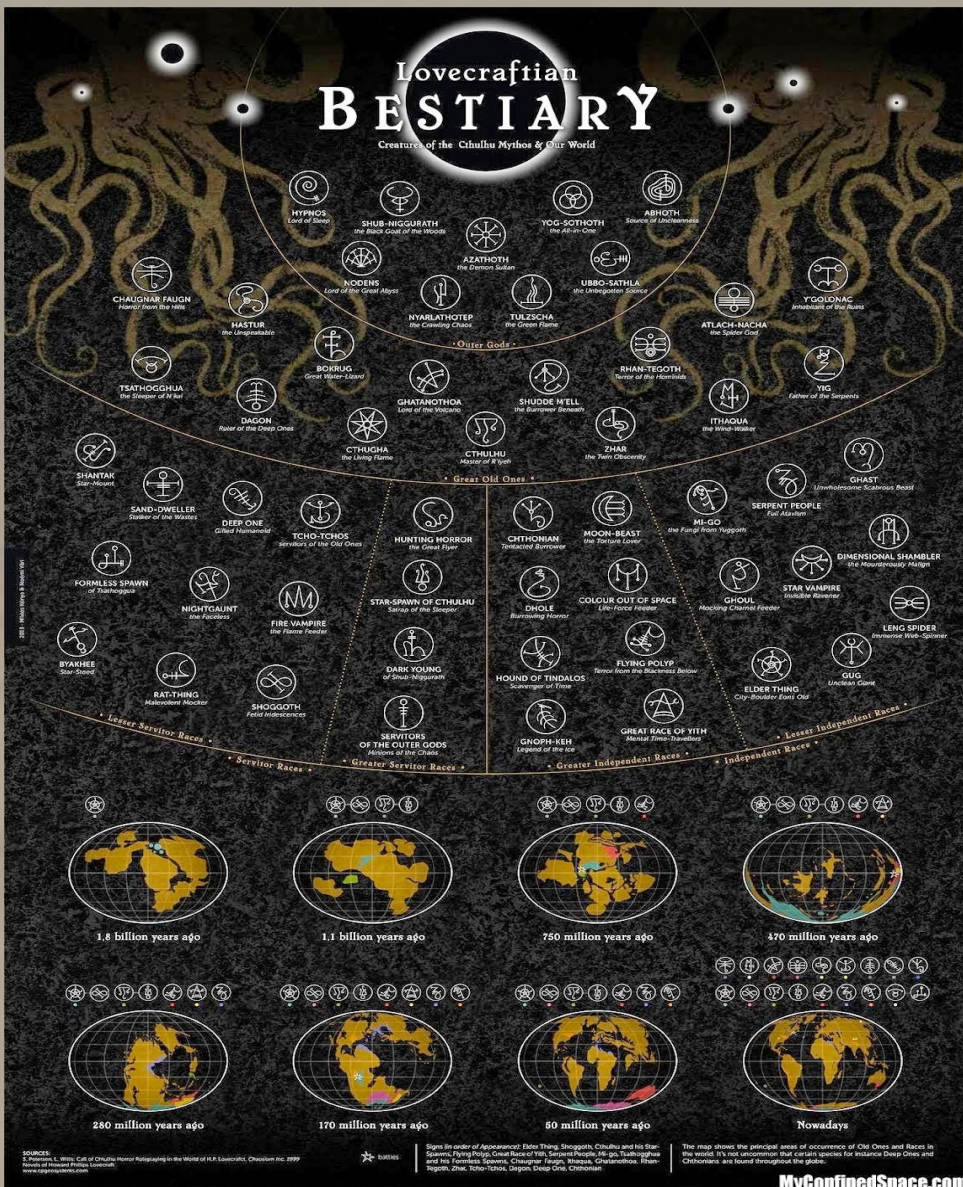
### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

We know we are dealing with a darkness that defies a semblance of normalcy. Even today as we struggle at times with our own survival, delving into the past to learn its origin is of utmost importance. *Do you believe that Wingard wasn't seen?*

One of the elements I find rather drawing of my attention in all of this reporting is the green hues that seem to appear at both the church and the Crimson Manor, as well as the green fluid that seeps from the pores of those who have been found dead. I wanted to know the source of this oddity so I did a little investigating.

I didn't need to look any further than the *Cthulhu Family Tree* to discover that there is an Outer God in the Circle of Nine that goes by the name of *Tulzscha*; the same circle where others we are familiar with exist, such as Yog-Sothoth and his mate Shub-Niggurath who operate from a depth of darkness in the court of Azathoth.

The following chart should give you pause to reflect on just how long humans have been affected by this dark and dangerous outreach of entities who have no regard for humanity.





When Tulzscha is summoned by the Cultists, he spawns akin to a volcanic eruption from the deep abyss as a flaming pillar of green light, but there is no warmth, and he casts no shadows. It is said that he spews a "*coating of venomous verdigris*" that ends in death and corruption.

I had to look that one up because it was a term I was not familiar with:

*Verdigris* is the common name for a green pigment obtained through the application of acetic acid to copper plates or the natural patina formed when copper, brass or bronze is weathered and exposed to air or seawater over a period of time.

I can only imagine that this *spewing of verdigris* may be the cause of the green hue that appears during the cult rituals, as well as what ends up seeping from the pores of unsuspecting victims found dead. After all, it's poisonous, and I can only assume that there is a fluid application that penetrates the skin of the victims. Perhaps at times death is instant, but for those who have a stronger will to resist, it manifests itself over time.



It will certainly be interesting to see what forensics revealed. I wonder just how far Sgt Wingard got after he returned to re-question Mr. Havenshire. I don't have a good feeling about this.

In the meantime, I would caution the Monria community to stay clear of any greenish hues that may appear, and also to report them to me if they do. We just don't know whether something like this is happening to any of our community members, and we need to remain vigilant.

We are about to head into February of our second year governing the Moon, and experience has taught us much. The colony continues to grow, and our community members are dedicated to looking after each other and defending Monria.

Come to think of it, I haven't seen Core in a very long time.



## **Ch 6 / Journal Entry - 3 July 2345**

### *Search Warrant Obtained for Full Evaluation of the Church*

**Unidentified matter revealed to be human blood.**

**Other substance is still coming up unknown.**

We went to the church today to serve our search warrant and investigate further all areas in order to identify more of what had been happening, as well as find out if there were any connections to the death of Mr. Murphy. I brought only four of my colleagues with me to help with the investigation as we didn't expect to meet much resistance in performing our search. *That was my first mistake.*

As we entered the church we were met with somewhat friendly smiles from seven disciples, as well as the Priest who welcomed us to come into the church and inspect at our leisure. Quite frankly, it appeared as though they were expecting us, even though they didn't know we were coming. I was pleased at their willingness to cooperate, yet couldn't relinquish the feeling in the pit of my stomach that this was all too easy.

The church was not very large inside as this was a smalltown community church. There were two rows of pews about 15 deep on each side with the standard basic ornamentation on the far walls. In the front was the altar where the sermon was delivered. Flanking that on either side there were two other areas for lighting candles and performing specific rituals.

The inspection of the upper part of the church proceeded easily as expected. We then asked for an escort down to the lower levels. Although he agreed, I felt some hesitation in the Priest's voice as he led the way through the side door into his library. We inspected different areas within the library, trying to be respectful of the old texts that the Priest had on the shelves. It was rare that I ever got to see actual books these days as everything was both digital and holographic. In some way it mesmerized me to hold the leather-bound edition of an actual book that was literally 200 or 300 years old. The Priest looked on and seemed to have an internal concern that I might damage his precious artifacts. I assured him that I would be very careful, and a little bit of the tension in the air seemed to ease. I read the title, "*The Necronomicon*," carefully returned the book to the shelf, and as my men finished their inspection of the room, we decided to go to the Southern door and inspect that room more carefully.

As we entered the room, I could see more clearly now the areas that I had seen in the darkness with my flashlight as the room was lit with hundreds of candles placed all around the room in holders. There were different areas on the far walls for people to sit or stand and it appeared that they were there for either observing whatever rituals were performed, or perhaps even participating from the sidewalls. I was drawn once again to the center of the room where I had noticed that there were indentations in a circular formation that while empty during my prior inspection, now held icons already placed within those indentations. I should have grown suspicious at that moment.

However, I was somewhat mesmerized and wanted to see more, as well as find out as much as I could while I was there.

I had not noticed that the disciples that had met us at the door of the church were slowly entering the room and circulating around into specific places near those chairs on each of the four walls. The Priest appeared to be urging us to enter the room to inspect more the center circle thoroughly. It was when he held out his hand and pointed down towards those icons that I noticed his bony index finger. It had a tightly gnarled look with just a slight bend at the tip. His fingernail was slightly long and yellowed with age. The skin appeared to be pale and possessed that heavily-lined and wrinkled appearance, yet looking as if it was actually decaying on his hand to the point that you could almost see his bones through his transparent skin.

There was an odd, slightly greenish hue to his skin, combined with the yellow discoloration of his fingernails. I could smell the incense in the room, this time not old from the other night but fresh as if this was a starting point of another ritual. I looked for some of the markings on the floor that had revealed traces of what I now know to be blood, and some other greenish fluid, but they appeared to have been cleaned. The floor was now a glowing specimen of ornately carved wood and highly polished with almost a baroque-appearing architecture. My men had already started to inspect the icons on the floor as they were crouching within the circle. I, however, either by accident or by divine intervention, was the only one remaining outside the circle as I was looking around at all the different areas. Finally, I noticed that we were now circled by numerous disciples and the Priest was starting what appeared to be a chant or incantation.

Unfamiliar words that seemed to be in a foreign language, made up different sounds. Clicks and hums were coming from the Priest's mouth. As I heard this chanting, a greenish glow started to emanate from the Priest. Seconds later, all of the disciples started emanating this same greenish hue. I was able to get a glimpse of the Priest as he had removed the hood from his aged head. To my horror I saw an anorexic face with barely any skin clinging to it in a most decaying manner. His eyes were deeply sunken pits reflecting the flickering flames into his sockets creating a mixture of a red-green glow. These eyes now glared at me with what appeared to be an overwhelming hatred. It was at that moment, more than any in my life, that I believed I was about to die.

As fast as my brain could react I called out to my men, who appeared to be intensely mesmerized by the strange icons in the floor. Fortunately, the sound of my voice seemed to break through, and as quickly as they could, they broke out of their trance at the sound of my call. I told them to get out of here as quickly as they could and make their way to the door, which now was being blocked by the Priest. The greenish hue had turned into a highly intense glow and now it appeared that pure energy was sparking from not only the Priest, but most of the disciples. It was then that I heard the screams of my men. They were being attacked by the disciples with an energy blast that was emanating from their hands.

This deceitful foul beast who called himself a Priest was now smiling intently, showing me his decaying yellow-tinged teeth in his almost transparent bony jaw and mouth. The smile that he gave me appeared to have a sense of pure pleasure, and I could almost hear a hideous laugh in my head. At the same time, I heard the screams of my men, who were for all purposes now dying within the center of that circle. It was only a fleeting moment, but I knew that if I did not escape that room I too would be destroyed, engulfed by whatever this greenish energy was that was tormenting and torturing my men.

I was running and pulling out my laser pistol hoping to get off at least one shot at this horrible creature. However, he was faster than I expected for a man of his apparent age and appearance. A man who looked almost dead, and worse for his decaying physical state. I was pushed through the door as if permitted to leave this desecrated place. I had the impression that he was letting me live and telling me not to come back or I too would meet the same fate as my men.

As I passed by, I smelled the foul stench of decay coming from his breath. It was so pungent and putrid, that if I was not experiencing an intense adrenaline rush pushing me to escape from that place, I would have vomited right there on the spot. It was all I could do to keep on going and make my way to the upper level, out the door and back to the station.

### **Reflections** ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

Somewhat friendly smiles, seven disciples, specific rituals, lower levels, library, old texts dating back 200-300 years, the *Necronomicon*, Southern door, circle of indentations with icons, blood and greenish fluid gone from the floor, fresh incense in the air, more disciples, incantations, a green glow coming from the Priest, an emanating green hue from the disciples, divine intervention.

The one thing that stands out for me in a multitude of alarming behaviors and discoveries is something I was exposed to while researching *Cthulhu*, and it would stop me dead in my tracks, the *Necronomicon*. It is known as a book of dark magic, and the book of the dead, or book of dead names when you consider the literal translation. However, I understand that Sgt Trevor Wingard was completely unaware. After all, he was just now being introduced to the darkness.

Perhaps it's a good thing that he didn't open the book.

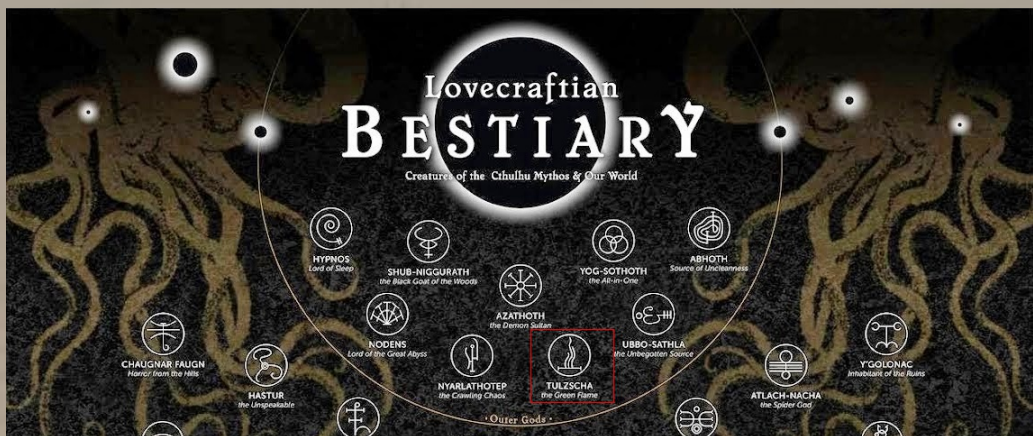




Small towns seem to have their mysteries, and the more rural they are, the more the townsfolk are seemingly unaware. It leaves them open to believing a well-spun tale, or vulnerable to any number of activities that appear harmless on the surface. Churches are a place of worship, a place to extol praise to a higher power, a place of faith and fellowship, a place to feel safe and enveloped in all that is good.

*Not so fast* ... cults prey on the innocent, especially those with pliable minds, and when you add the element of darkness, mind control is not far behind. Critical thinking begins to be challenged, members of the church are progressively isolated and drawn into seemingly innocent rituals, but let's get real here. This is no ordinary church, but a church run by ancient aliens who worship Outer and Greater alien Gods, not to mention having a loyalty to *Cthulhu*.

The icons on the floor in the circle are most likely the symbols of the 9 Outer Gods, which includes the *Outer God Tuzscha*, the volcanic erupting green flame spawned from incantations. This is obviously their *Circle of Evocation*, and while inside the circle, you are susceptible to its overpowering control of mind and body.



Sgt Wingard claimed *divine intervention* as he escaped the church and the grip of the Priest. Seems an appropriate place for such a claim, but once again, had he really escaped? He felt pushed out the door, imagining it was a message to leave and not come back, or he would meet his destiny as the others.

It leaves me with questions:

- what did his report reveal of the disappearance of his colleagues
- did he tell the truth, or suppress it based on fear that others would think he had gone mad
- did he circle the wagons and rally the troops to take on the Cultists
- or did fear of the unspoken message in his quick departure from the church paralyze him

I know there is more, and I know the good guys don't always win. It is ages later and we are not Earth-bound, but rather light years away from that church in Broodham, Massachusetts and facing our own darkness that tries our strength and stability, not to mention our sense of sanity. How did that evil get from there to here, and why? I fear that we have much yet to discover.

As I continue to read this journal, perhaps we should be more attentive to the Cultists in our own back yard, because they are known to gather in numbers when something big is about to happen.

If we are not vigilant, we can get caught off guard.

We don't always see our enemy ... but then again, are they all enemies?

"Nor is it to be thought...that man is either the oldest or the last of Earth's masters, or that the common bulk of life and substance walks alone. The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be. Not in the spaces we know, but between them, they walk serene and primal, undimensioned and to us unseen." ... *Necronomicon*

“THE OLDEST AND  
STRONGEST EMOTION OF  
MANKIND IS FEAR,  
AND THE OLDEST AND  
STRONGEST KIND OF  
FEAR IS FEAR OF  
THE UNKNOWN”

- H. P. LOVECRAFT

## **Ch 7 / Journal Entry - 10 July 2345**

### *Boston Tribune Article: Cultists Attack Police During Search*

On 3 July 2345, Police investigating activities in the town of Broodham were allegedly attacked by a group of church members. Four officers were brutally murdered and another had narrowly escaped. Search for the assailants is ongoing, but to date have eluded capture. All members are believed to be armed and dangerous. Information from an anonymous source has revealed that these people belong to an organization known as the "*Cult of Shut'thend*." Information leading to the arrest of these Cultists should be reported to the local authorities. Locals are advised to avoid confrontation and to stay clear of any of the members.

### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

I think I have an answer to a previous question. Sgt Wingard must have decided in his best interest not to elaborate on the details of the incident at the church where four of his colleagues were killed, nor reveal his harrowing experiences, perhaps in fear that he would not have been believed. The article was quite subdued, only reporting that the assailants were considered armed and dangerous. Of course, a case could be made for not instilling panic I suppose, but if the Cultists went into hiding, I fear that this is not the end of the story by any means.

I was also interested in learning more about the *Cult of Shut'thend* because for some reason, that name rings a bell. I searched all of the data that I had available, and even went to the DSEC Forensics Lab to review more documentation in the recovered file cabinet from the West Crater. However, I was interrupted shortly after arriving by Jennifer who said that they were going to be shutting down the lab for a day for cleaning because some chemicals had been spilled.

Did I buy this? No, and Jennifer's facial expressions were quite contrary to what they had always been, friendly and very welcoming. However, I'm wondering in this moment if she or anyone else had become aware of the secret compartment in the file cabinet where I found the journal revealing this historical data. I decided to leave well enough alone and come back another time to see if there's anything further to discover.

However, as I was leaving the lab, I stopped dead in my tracks, because I suddenly realized something that shook me at my very core. In the West Crater, there are Cultists named *Proselyte of Shut'thend* and *Sectator of Shut'thend*. I looked into this further and discovered that a *Proselyte* is one who has changed opinions or religions, and a *Sectator* is one who could be described as a follower, or disciple. Something else is beginning to make sense to me.

Recently, I was called to the Monria Hub because they had found a body lying on the center stage. It seemed quite strange that this would be the case, because we know that death and revival are common given our technology. I was shocked to learn that the body was that of Core's. I had taken a photo and alerted Colonel Wang at DSEC Military TopOps before leaving the facility.



However, it wasn't long after I had returned to the research center that I received a package. If there was ever a time that my senses were rocked, it was then. The package contained an entirely different photo of Core lying on the Monria Hub floor. There was no note, nothing, and I still have no clue as to who sent the photo. I would like to think that anyone within the community would have revealed themselves, but then, what if the photo was given to me as a warning. At the time, I got in touch with someone I was hoping I could still trust at the DSEC Forensics Lab because I wanted them to see if they could lift any residue, or evidence that could be taken back to the lab for analysis. I have yet to receive a report.



I had assumed that after Core's initial struggle and ultimate death, that things were cleaned up and he was re-positioned so as not to bring undue inquiry into something that would certainly seem bizarre to the local community. This truly raises a lot of questions, especially after my encounter at the DSEC Forensics Lab the night I discovered the secret compartment in the file cabinet and witnessed Core in an adjoining lab giving Jennifer documentation that she locked in her desk. I'm thinking now that there's no telling what would have happened that night had they discovered I was there.

I think I can understand now why Sgt Wingard may have held back on reporting all of the details of his experiences at the church, especially witnessing what happened to his colleagues.

There is no doubt in my mind that the *Cult of Shut'thend* exists on Monria, and the Cultists must be nervous, even though they seem quite assured at times based on periodic aggression against the community. I also think that the Cultists are a driving dark force of evil that will continue to present challenges.

There's a sudden tightness in the pit of my stomach because I'm not sure what comes next, other than I need to know the results of the forensics analysis and if there was anything that could have been lifted from the center stage at the Monria Hub. I also need to further investigate Jennifer's involvement and see what else she might be hiding in her locked desk.

Like Sgt Wingard, I shall keep this information on a need-to-know basis. Alarming the community without more conclusive data would not serve a beneficial purpose.

I can now see why the Cultists were protecting the file cabinet in the West Crater. The journal is revealing the missing link from the past to the present, and connecting the rest of the Moon dots is crucial to our survival.

With each page of this journal that I turn, excitement of what I will discover is giving way to intense trepidation. I feel such a weight of responsibility, but none of this can be revealed until I have more answers.

However, *some* things are becoming more clear to me.

## **Ch 8 / Journal Entry - 22 July 2345**

### *Sgt Trevor Wingard Revisits Crimson Manor*

Having narrowly survived the attack at the church in Broodham, I decided to return to the estate of Archibald Crimson. I wanted to let him know what happened and see if he had any further information about the incident, or where the Cultists have gone. He sent me there for a reason, perhaps to enable me to see first-hand what was happening at the church. It was odd however, that he gave me the crested ring knowing that there was a chance that I would be unable to retrieve it and return it to him. Under normal circumstances, I would expect to have a conversation with the Priest who would then answer my questions, and be given the ring back to return to Mr. Crimson, or be reassured that the Priest himself would return the ring to him.

I was again greeted by Mr. Crimson at the Manor and led into the library where we engaged in another conversation. I explained to him the events at the church and he listened intently, waiting for me to finish before he made any comments. It was then that I noticed the crest ring on his finger. I apologized for not being able to return the ring to him and he assured me that it was quite alright, that he was already able to reclaim it once again. I asked how that could be. He smiled waving his hand at me ignoring the question.

He shared that the *Cult of Shut'thend* had been at the church for many years but only recently had they been more open in their desire to accomplish their goals. It seemed that young Archibald had somehow gotten involved with the cult and then shortly thereafter disappeared. He tried to get a message out to Danielle by giving her the ring but was never able to finish what he started, whatever that was. He stated that the cult was planning some giant event, but was not sure what it was or even when it would happen, he only knew it was big. It appeared that he was trying to stop this event from happening when he vanished.

I was then asked to find out all I could, and that activities were already starting. Although police had not been able to find the recent Cultists, there are accounts from different sources revealing more Cultist activity in different places around the globe. Instead of living quiet lives and not causing any harm to anyone, some odd behavior and activities seemed to surround small towns in many locations. Reference was made to hooded Cultists in small local churches performing odd rituals at all hours of the night where strange greenish lights and unfamiliar sounds were seen and heard. In addition, it seems wherever these Cultists commune, people start to disappear and are never seen again. No one seemed able to pin anything on them, and most of the townsfolk seemed to be oblivious to any underhanded activity going on as well. When we finished, I thanked him and went back to the station to log my report and cross reference a search for common themes in small towns around the globe.



## Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

The crested ring seems to be the key to entrance into the darkness, and somewhat of a precursor to those possessing it to experience unspeakable horrors. Perhaps Sgt Wingard's men by association while he carried the ring as entrance into the church were befallen by something that has only been described by witnessed visuals, and not a definitive explanation of exactly what it was that they had experienced.

If I had been Sgt Wingard, I would have been awfully curious as to why possessing the ring had not had a dire affect on Archibald Crimson, the father. I also would have questioned exactly what his association was with the church, especially after he evaded Wingard's question of how he had gotten the ring back.

Archibald Crimson admitted to knowing of the existence of the *Cult of Shut'thend* within the church for quite some time, but is his association with this cult more than just his son's involvement before his untimely death? He claims that he learned from his son that the cult was planning a giant event, but didn't know what it was. I find this rather curious because here it is 35 years or so after the fact that he is speaking of this giant event, and mentions that *activities were already starting*.

A rise in Cultist activities is certainly a cause to be alarmed, especially when reports indicated that people within small towns around the globe engaging with their local churches were disappearing. At this point in time, it didn't seem that anything could be pinned on the Cultists, and they avoided contact with anyone.

I don't think I would have underestimated the Cultists, and I certainly would *not* have underestimated Archibald Crimson.

We learned over a year ago to take reports of Cultists gathering in larger numbers in the West Crater seriously, because we ultimately ended up in an epic battle against them. It was a dangerous encounter, but we were victorious. We were also able to recover the ancient file cabinet with contents that have been very beneficial to our ongoing efforts in preserving our control and governance over Monria, not to mention becoming more knowledgeable about attempted mind control.

The file cabinet also produced this journal, and as I read through the carefully-written pages, I'm beginning to realize that what we are experiencing today, is not so different than what was experienced yesterday.

I just think there's a lot of foreplay going on right now through trial and error, and there will come a day when all hell breaks loose, and the dark will rise even higher.

## **Ch 9 / Journal Entry - 7 August 2345** *St Edwards Church - Teaksbury, England*

### **Jasper Casebriar Reporting**

Members of the *Cult of Shut'thend* have recently made their sanctuary here at the church, preventing the local patrons from being able to enter. In an interview with the local Priest, Thomas Schilling, he relates a story whereby numerous Cultists came into the church over the past few days and essentially took over completely. They claim that this church belongs to them and that no one is allowed to enter without their permission.

Historically, what we know is, that the church was built in the 1500s and can trace its ancestry back to the original founding members. The original colonist, Frederick Waverly, started this church at that time. The Cultists claim that Frederick Waverly was one of the oldest and original members of the *Cult of Shut'thend*, and that this church was built for the cult and not for any other religious organization.

One of the leaders by the name of Decca claims to have proof in the form of documents relating to the direct sale of the church from Frederick Waverley to the Decca family. The local authorities have been called in to calm down the townsfolk and attempt to create an open line of communication between Decca and Thomas Schilling. If indeed legal and historical documents can be produced and authenticated, it will open up a brand new and very interesting chapter in the small town of Teaksbury.

### **Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma**

Looks like I may have stumbled upon the England connection. However, according to what I discovered in my research, I think there might be some deception going on here. It's quite possible that the England town's name was changed, perhaps in an effort to draw less attention to it, not sure, I'll need to research it further.

It appears that the town of *Teaksbury* might have been known as *Tewkesbury*, but what I find most interesting, is that I discovered there to be a town called *Tewksbury* in Massachusetts, United States, with a slightly different spelling. It's located about 24 miles North of Boston where Johnston Murphy's contact supposedly had valuable information relating to Murphy's case, and hopefully, that information will eventually surface.

Tewksbury, Massachusetts was settled in 1637, and if the church at Teaksbury (*Tewkesbury*), England was built in the 1500s and started by Frederick Waverly who was one of the original members of the *Cult of Shut'thend*, I don't think it's a far stretch to think that the members of this cult may have made their way to Massachusetts, organizing their first settlement in Tewksbury to further expand their pervasive attempts at global control.

I'm going to do some research on the Decca family who claim that Waverly sold them the church and that they can produce proof in the form of documents. We already know how resistant the Cultists are and what they have already done in the town of Broodham, Massachusetts. It's going to be an interesting state of affairs to see how this one is worked out, but I think we already know that with the uprising of this cult, it won't be good.

And by the way, Teaksbury (Tewkesbury), England is only a little over 2 hour's drive to London where in the English Hills sits the Crimson Peak Mansion that is suspect to being connected to the Crimson family crest ring that belongs to Archibald Crimson. The Crimson Peak Mansion dates back to the 1800s.

There is much to uncover in this journey from there to here.

This journal found in the ancient file cabinet is jam-packed, and I am finding it hard to set it down because with every page turn I end up wanting to know more. It has a way of inspiring further research to help connect the dots, but I also to find answers that will help put the pieces of the puzzle together toward understanding what happened in the past, and how it evolved to affect us today.

Perhaps the past just lives on, and we are the next cycle of who knows what.



## **Ch 10 / Journal Entry - 3 September 2345**

### *Jasper Casebriar: St Edwards Church - Authentication of Ownership*

I have been given exclusive permission by Decca, the leader of the cult, to report accurate news on the events that are happening here. Historical documents have been presented by the Decca family claiming the rightful ownership of St Edwards Church. For the past three weeks, these documents have been scrutinized and evaluated for their authenticity using various means of dating techniques. A special area within the church has been set up for the examination and authentication of these documents. In an effort to prevent any possible interference, 24-hour armed guards have been stationed inside as well as outside the church.

Decca, throughout this time, has continued to claim rightful ownership of the church. We are being told that within the next 24 hours a decision will be made as to the authenticity of the documents, and whether or not this church will be transferred officially to the Decca family. Significant unrest has been mounting over the past few days and hundreds of people have gathered picketing to prevent this transfer of ownership if the documents should prove to be accurate. On numerous occasions authorities have had to use police lines to prevent the crowds from becoming unruly.

### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

I can only come up with questions in the midst of this church ownership dispute:

- if Frederick Waverly in the 1500s sold the church to the Decca family, why had they not been active
- at this point it's 2345, so what is the history of the church since the transfer
- when and how did another religious community outside the cult gain access to and use the church
- why is the Decca family coming forward at this point to take over the church and claim ownership

After hundreds of years without Cultist activities in Teaksbury (that I know of), why now was it so important to force the issue of ownership? The only thing that keeps popping up is a comment Archibald Crimson made about his son saying that something big was going to happen, but we never found out what that was.

By all indications and reports, there seemed to be a global increase in aggressive Cultist activities the likes of something never experienced before. I can only imagine that this had something to do with that big event that Archibald Crimson's son mentioned. When reflecting on what has happened thus far with unusual activities that have resulted in bizarre and curious deaths, not to mention people who have disappeared, the only plausible conclusion one can make is that the Cultists were reacting at the direction of a greater source of power.

## **Ch 11 / Journal Entry - 5 September 2345**

*Reason behind increased Cultist activities revealed.*

### **10:00 AM ... Jasper Casebriar Reporting**

Authorities have stated that they have finished their official authentication and verification of the historic documents and will officially make a statement at noon today in front of St Edwards Church. Although it comes as a great relief that we will finally have an end to the uncertainty behind the ownership of the church, it is still concerning as to what will happen when the masses hear the results. Over the past few days, hundreds more people have come out to witness this historic moment. Multiple barricades have been placed around the church, and hundreds more police officers have been called in from outlying cities in order to control the masses and prevent riots in the street.

Upon interviewing many of the townsfolk, it is clear that the consensus is that the church belongs to the town and not to the Cultists. That being said, it is unsure whether an all-out riot would occur if the documents prove to be authentic and the city rules on turning the church over to the *Cult of Shut'thend*. In addition, it has not been stated as to what the cult will do if they are not provided the transfer of ownership back to them.

My personal conversations with Decca reveal a very calm and peaceful person. However, not someone without a somewhat calculating persona. It is Decca's contention that these documents have been in the family for many generations and now it's time for this church to relinquish its ownership to the proper family regardless of how much time has passed. Decca believes that the church has been essentially "on loan" to members of religious organizations and they have graciously been given the permission to hold sermon and sanctuary in the church for all this time.

When asked why they would come forward now after so many hundreds of years, Decca related to me that the time has come to prepare for the awakening of their beloved Cthulhu.

### **11:30 AM ... Jasper Casebriar Reporting**

Shots have been fired! I repeat, shots have been fired! A group of police officers are currently running to the back of the church to identify the gunman or gunmen who fired shots into the church from the outside. Screams have been heard within the church and there appears to be panic in the streets. Many people are starting to run and take cover. However, other people are standing their ground and starting to chant "*Leave our church now. Leave our church now.*" The police are strengthening their riot line around the church.

Three Cultists have exited the church. They are currently holding one of their associates, and all appear to be covered in blood. Paramedics are rushing the area in order to help the apparent gunshot victims. Although I'm having a difficult time getting an angle, there appears to be two other Cultists behind the church. They seem to be searching for the shooter.

There is a strange greenish aura emanating from these two Cultists and it appears to be radiating out from their bodies. Both Cultists are distancing themselves from one another and heading farther behind the church where it is believed the shooter had run. The paramedics are currently leaving the scene with the three Cultist victims and presumably heading to the hospital. It is uncertain as to additional victims at this point.

I've been able to position myself farther behind the church to get a better view in order to see what the Cultists are doing. However, the police are attempting to obscure our view with their blockade.

I can't believe what I'm seeing here. The green aura emanating from the two Cultists seems to be moving outward from their direction into the woods behind the church. I can barely make out an outline of a human figure encased in this green hue. The police are rushing towards the Cultists, and another group is rushing towards the woods. I can hear screams of what appears to be two people. The Cultists are continuing to walk in the direction of the screams where the green aura seems to have enveloped not one, but two people. The screams are unbearable, I have to cover my ears so as not to hear their excruciating agony from what this energy beam is apparently causing them to experience.

The two separate groups of police have reached both the Cultists and the two other people that are in the woods. The green energy has all but stopped, and so have the screams. The police have apprehended the Cultists and taken them into custody for questioning. Paramedics that were on sight have run into the woods to retrieve the two people. From what I can see in my current position, they do not look as if they are moving, and they have a somewhat contorted and twisted look to their faces as if they had experienced excruciating pain and torture. I'm not sure if they are currently alive or not.

As I observe the remaining crowd surrounding the church, they appear to be in a high state of unrest with the chanting getting louder and louder. The police have continued to enhance their barrier and appear to be somewhat apprehensive as well. It is now well after 12:30 in the afternoon, and due to recent events, the disclosure of the true ownership of the church has still not been revealed.



## Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

Setting aside all the chaos taking place at the church, the one thing that jumps out at me like a red flag over R'Iyeh, is Decca's comment ... "*The time has come to prepare for the awakening of their beloved Cthulhu.*"

*Let's connect a few dots here* ... I mentioned in previous writings that *Cthulhu* was most likely born on the planet Vhrool in the 23rd nebula. He was born of Nug and Yeb who were the twin deities of Yog-Sothoth and Shub-Niggurath. It was at some point later that *Cthulhu* traveled to the green binary star Xoth. He mated, had children and eventually he and his family moved to Earth where they built the green stone city of R'Iyeh on the sunken continent of Mu that was eventually destroyed by Ythogtha. I'm going somewhere with this.

*What if*, the rise in global activities at churches by the Cultists was in preparation for some great exodus to where a new sunken city of R'Iyeh exists? *What if* ...

The more I read of this journal, the more I fear that my speculative thinking might be on the right track. Experiences on Monria of late give me pause to think about a lot of things. Like, what if a new *Church of Cthulhu* exists somewhere on Monria, and what if *that's* where their meetings take place?

The first time I met Goth was at the Cave 2 teleporter, and after we concluded our discussion, he turned and walked off toward the Cave 3 teleporter. Just beyond there is a growing coven of Cultists. I saw no church, but it could be hidden.

I already think the *Cult of Shut'thend* exists on Monria, why not the *Church of Cthulhu*, and why not a new *city of R'Iyeh* where *Cthulhu* lies in a death-like sleep dreaming? The evidence is mounting that I may be on the right track.

I have a feeling that over time, we are going to have our hands full with regard to keeping our colony safe. It may be time to talk with Anhithe about increasing our security forces and picking General Anderson's brain about additional military personnel for expanded coverage.

I just remembered something ... the lettering on the back of the ancient file cabinet found in the West Crater translates to ... *The Moon Shall Rise.*

I don't like where this is going.

## **Ch 12 / Journal Entry - 6 September 2345**

### *Interrogation of Cassius: Cult of Shut'thend Member*

Interrogation of one of the Cultists revealed odd mannerisms. The Cultist gave his name as only Cassius. He seemed a little strange and had an odd tic, even made odd sounds at inappropriate intervals during the interrogation. A repetitive *Tekeli-Li* word blast from this Cultist seemed as though he was experiencing some odd form of dementia which made the conversation confusing with no helpful information that was truly attainable. The Cultist appeared to not remember events that generated this green electrical power surge either.

He was able to recall the gunshot and seeing one of his friends fall. He was then instructed along with one other member to search for the alleged shooter and did as he was told. There was an intense look in his eye and his focus changed for just a moment. It was as if a certain clarity came to his mind which did not exist just moments earlier. He then started to make what amounted to a statement.

*"I am a member of the Cult of Shut'thend. We dedicate ourselves to the awakening of our deity Cthulhu. It is the time of the awakening. St Edwards Church is ours. Leave us alone and keep the townsfolk away from interfering with events that are none of their concern. Finish your ruling and officially return the church back to its rightful owners - US."*

With that, his gaze changed back to his more recent look of confusion and slight madness. I believe that there was nothing more to gain from this man and released him back to his fellow Cultists, believing they would take care of him, as he wasn't going anywhere in any event. I believed that his perception and processing of normal information was lost, and his ability to modulate this interview was over.

### **Reflections** ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

Obviously, there was one resounding message in all of that ... *give us back our church and leave us the hell alone*. I can see an intensity growing at this point with each incident, and it didn't seem that the local authorities were having any success in sorting out facts based on bizarre behaviors and lack of cooperation.

One thing is certain though, the rise in Cultist behavior at that time became a global phenomenon, and incidents were transforming otherwise normal townsfolk into unrecognizable impressions of themselves. They seemed to have had no control when it came to cognitive functions, and this was certainly witnessed in the attempted interrogation of Cassius.

There was definitely something brewing, and with statements the likes of *"We dedicate ourselves to the awakening of our deity Cthulhu. It is the time of the awakening,"* it gives me pause (again) to rethink the plausibility that the deep dark abyss that I always refer to on Monria might actually be the new *City of R'lyeh*.

We have experienced a continuation of incidents that keep us fully engaged in a fight to maintain control of Monria against a sleeping yet telepathically-effective *Cthulhu* that I have reconciled with as real, no matter where the city of R'lyeh exists. Monria creatures try us, and we have been victorious, but what concerns me more intensely is the rise in Cultist activities on the Moon.

I fear that the Cultists have associates who may be recruiting through a means of unsuspecting initiatives. Meaning, a stealth mind control function that catches someone off guard and draws them in so quickly that there's no defense. For all we know, there could be a tertiary cult being groomed to aid the Cultists in future battles. This would not be good, and if this were the case, and we continue to lose members of our community to this undermining activity, then I also fear that we will find ourselves fighting more than physical battles.

I am going to propose that we sort out the following:

- continue revealing the history of the Cultists
- what current beliefs and goals do they have
- how do they express their beliefs and gain what they want
- what are their current activities
- what is the true reason for expanding membership, if in fact this is what they're attempting to do
- what Gods do they worship that have influence over them
- what resources do they have available to them
- *and most importantly ...* how can we keep them from becoming an escalated threat

It appears as though the Cultists have also picked up on a curious behavior that was reminiscent of the Shoggoths during their time of enslavement under the [Elder Things](#) when they uttered a repetitive cry of "*Tekeli-li !! Tekeli-li !!!*" at the Shoggoths on their given tasks.

While I have a level of fear in unraveling the mysteries and secrets of this journal, I know that if I don't, we may never fully understand what needs to be understood in order to protect Monria's colony and its future.



## **Ch 13 / Journal Entry - 17 September 2345**

### *Official Church Ownership Results / Total Chaos Breaks Out*

#### **Jasper Casebriar Reporting**

Ever since official results proving authenticity of historical documents were presented by Decca, there have been riots, picketing and total chaos in the streets. Police have engaged the crowd on numerous occasions and there seems to be no end in sight to putting this to closure. We have seen odd glowing green lights within the church. Authorities continue to work on getting the crowd to dissolve. However, it appears to be growing daily. Decca will be making a formal statement in moments with the hopes of putting all of this to rest.

After explaining the historical background dating back to the original creation of the *Church of Cthulhu* in the 1500s, Decca also explained to the people enough to help them understand many events that transpired throughout the centuries. Decca seemed to calm the crowd, almost in a mesmerizing way. When finished, the quiet among thousands of people was almost transforming.

For that moment, time seemed to freeze, and all appeared to be moving toward a peaceful resolution. That, however, was not to be. Somewhere in the crowd, whether it was from hired crowd activists or just unruly members of the community, different types of debris was being thrown at the podium where Decca was standing. Soon after, a riot broke out. Members from the crowd started to rush the church in an attempt to take over. Police continued to work on crowd control and they were losing the battle. It appeared that the fire line was about to be breached when from the podium a flash of green burst forth. The flash was small, but large enough to create a momentary startle effect and the crowd stopped for a second. Not seeing any other disturbance, the crowd continued to press the fire line of protection. It was at this point Decca decided that this whole event was over.

Taking the podium one final time, there was a loud buzz in the air. The voice of Decca resounded to the crowd. *"Enough! This is my church and has always been. You will all go home now and end this charade."*

The greenish hue started to emanate from all around the podium and started to expand out into the crowd.

*"I have been tolerant up to this point, but now my patience has grown thin."*

The greenish hue now extended out encompassing all members of the crowd.

*"Anyone who does not leave and go home will experience the wrath of Cthulhu, and he will have no mercy on your mind or body let alone your pitiful souls."*

The greenish hue was completely engulfing Decca who was now levitating above the podium. Sparks exploded forth from Decca. Then the screams started, slow at first then a small snapping sound started.

Members in the crowd started to experience pain associated with the snapping. Within seconds, the snapping increased to an electrical buzz and then a buzz-like sparking became nonstop. As intensity manifested, there were more screams emanating from the crowd. Moments later people were running for their lives while the intensity continued.

Screams of madness, pain and torture were now coming from most all of the rioters. Decca was nothing more than a glowing green ball of energy commanding sparks and beams of green into the crowd. Soon people were dropping to the ground as others were running away with their hands holding their head trying to get away from the intense pain and agony. At the end of it all when the energy dissipated, the fallout was evaluated. Hundreds of people lay dead on the ground and hundreds of others were rolling around with their hands on their head trying to relieve the intense pain they were experiencing. With that, Decca, having returned to the ground, turned around and walked back into the church without making a sound or uttering another word.

### **Reflections** ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

Good that Jasper Casebriar was strategically positioned to observe all of this chaos without being affected by it like the rest of the crowd. There's something to be said for dedication above and beyond the call of duty, but I'm not sure I wouldn't have hightailed it out of there the minute the glowin' of the green started.

Let me bring something back into focus here for a minute ... the Cultists don't come by this greenish hue of flaming sparks naturally. I reported earlier that one of the Outer Gods named *Tulzscha* appears as a pillar of green flame during incantations by the Cultists in their circle of evocation. However, the flame is cold with no warmth and no shadow, and it is attributed perhaps to the amount of energy taken to summon him. *Tulzscha* gives power to the Cultists, and at this point, I am assuming that this power needs to be periodically renewed.

This obscure entity who dances in the court of *Azathoth* only has a small number of worshipers which are mostly the Cultists that I have been able to ascertain. However, one other thing that I was able to discover about *Tulzscha* is that there is a link to another creature out of the unimaginable darkness that given the right information and spells, the Cultists are able to summon.

It's referred to as a *Byakhee*, whose appearance can't be described in terms of one image, but rather a combination of bat, bird, insect, vaguely humanoid with an insectoid-segmented body, membranous bat-like wings and taloned bird-like legs. It is also known to be an inter-dimensional creature that the Cultists summoned for the purpose of inter-dimensional or interstellar travel.

This opens up a whole new chapter ... and something to think about ...

## **Ch 14 / Journal Entry - 21 November 2345**

### *Trevor Wingard Continues Cult of Shut'thend Investigation*

Suspicion has been growing in my evaluation of what Archibald Crimson II knows regarding the Cultist events. I have kept in contact by becoming a visitor and a friend, while also making strides to gain his confidence. I've been curious as to why he meets with the Priest, as well as what the odd green lights are that emanate from the Crimson Manor on occasion. Having nearly died in my last encounter with the Priest and Cultists, I wanted to be present when Archibald met with the Priest. I organized my plans to accidentally visit the Manor once I knew the Priest was in his house.

### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

*News Flash* ... dedication does not mean entertaining a death wish. I guess it wasn't enough to remember that he nearly died when last he and the Priest had face time. However, I can definitely understand, and even appreciate, the drive of a journalist wanting to know answers, especially answers to such looming questions.

I don't know. I'm not sure how brave I'd be at making this attempt given the potential dangers, even in the face of pure journalism, or uncovering the mysteries and laying bare the secrets. I've been known to push the envelope and cross the line, but this just smacks in the face of ... *how much do I love living.*

I'm thinking out loud here because my thoughts are in a bit of a spin at the moment and I need to separate the coherency from the fearful intensity that is growing. I suppose taking some kind of reinforcement as backup might be an option, but then how well did *that* work at the Church encounter. This looks like it might end up as a *backed in the corner* experience, and that can't be good.

My final not-so-out-loud thought is ... I hope he survived long enough to report the outcome and give us more to work with.



## **Ch 15 / Journal Entry - 24 December 2345**

### *Trevor Wingard - Christmas Eve at the Crimson Manor*

I was welcomed into the Crimson Manor for Christmas Eve dinner with Archibald. To date, I had only met his wife Mrs. Crimson on four or five other occasions, but at least I know she is well. Tonight, we are having a holiday dinner together, and throughout the course of the night, I'm hopeful I will have some answers.

Having indulged in good food and fine wine we all retired to the study to relax. Archibald told me he had a Christmas surprise for me. I was excited to learn what surprise, but I also noticed just how much I had been indulging at the constant offering of wine. I started to feel slightly intoxicated and very relaxed. Moments later a dark hooded figure entered the room. Immediately I knew who it was by the permeating stench that overtook the room, and quickly regained my sober senses. I wanted to reach out and kill him right there on the spot but stayed in control and was vigilant to make sure I was not in any danger. Archibald seemed to be in an exceptionally good mood, which I thought was the wine. However, I soon realized it was being near this Priest that seemed to put him in this incredibly pleasant state.

The two of them started to walk out of the room and Archibald instructed me to follow them. As we entered another area, I saw the Priest standing just inside a large circle doorway revealing quite an unusual environment. There were a variety of plants and small trees. Rock formations were surrounded by an odd green hue emanating from them. There were waterfalls cascading over the rock formations into small pools that seemed to be recycling a continuous flow of greenish fluid. It was one of the most beautiful and serene terrariums I had ever experienced.



*Photo design by ... Oberon NightSeer*

I was motioned over closer and brought face-to-face with the Priest who was now standing next Archibald. He reached into the small pool with a glass in each of his decaying hands and filled them. He handed me one of them, and as Archibald had already been holding his glass, the Priest raised his in a toast. Mrs. Crimson was nowhere to be seen and I assumed she had retreated to another part of the Manor. It was odd that she did not say her goodbyes.

Hesitant at first, I watched the two of them drink down this greenish fluid, and then decided that I too would join them. The only description I could muster as to the experience from the moment the solution touched my lips was "*nectar of life.*" I have never tasted anything so intoxicating and pleasurable in my entire life. I felt as if I could not get enough, or drink it fast enough. I wanted more.

In seconds, my entire perception started to change. The room began to fade and alter from what it was to something of another worldly dimension. With that, I started to see Archibald and the Priest change as well. Their forms continued to modify to a type of transparent image and then re-solidify once again. They continued to fade in and out during the whole experience. In the distance, I noticed one other figure in a different robe. I couldn't make out a face and saw no part of its body, only an outline under a robe. As the figure approached, it too was fading in and out. It hugged Archibald and the Priest, and then turned to me and said hello while extending a hand which I cordially shook. I never got a name, and after a few quiet moments of the figure fading in and out, it finally disappeared.

Minutes later all effects seemed to have worn off and we were back in the terrarium. They turned and walked back to the study. I followed. I was only 2 to 3 steps behind watching both Archibald and the Priest enter the study, but when I walked through the study doorway, only Archibald was present. He greeted me and seemed pleased that I had shared this experience with him.

In the depths of my mind I relived my first encounter with the unnamed Priest who tortured and killed four of my men. I realize now that he kept me alive for this reason. That somehow I was part of his overall plan to have this experience. There was now a part of my mind that felt changed. I was feeling the torment that the Priest and Archibald were experiencing. They both appeared to be connected in some way. Deep down I wanted to return to that dimension once again. I was feeling drawn to it. I was already aching for it. I knew that at some level this was all wrong but I didn't seem to care, I just wanted more of that green liquid to drink, and to revisit that dimension once again.

### **Reflections** ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

I had to give myself pause to actually consider what was going on here, and after Trevor's description of the feeling as being one of "*the nector of life,*" I began to also consider not only what level of advanced technology was being applied, but also what if, just what if, the Cultists were able to tap into some other dimension with this happy sauce that gave us peace. *You know I don't believe that.*

I snapped out of that thought right quick because no matter the level of technology, given all of the incidents thus far with a greenish hue, greenish lights, and now free flowing green fluid from waterfalls tucked away in the Crimson Manor somewhere, people had experienced tortuous encounters and died. I liken *that* to an intense rise in collective danger as the global Cultist church phenomenon increased.

Ok, here's the headline for me ... *one other figure in a different robe* ... this is the first occurrence of this type, but Trevor was unable to make out any defining features, or experience anything other than shaking an extended hand, but then, no description of that either. I'm pulling my hair out right now because there's such a suspension of time and space that really says nothing.

It all just leaves me with questions:

- who was that hooded figure
- what was the connection between the Priest and Archibald that warranted the hug
- was the greenish fluid experience in another dimension purely one of fading in and out in a cerebral state with no solid encounters
- what was the purpose of Trevor feeling the torment and pain of the Priest and Archibald
- why was Trevor chosen to live and have this experience ... what was the Priest's overall plan
- if Trevor's mind was changed in some way, what were those changes and how did it effect his decisions
- *and most importantly* ... were there more green fluid encounters

The more I'm learning from this ancient journal, the more concerned and fearful I become that the increase in Cultist occurrences on Monria will escalate to the degree that we will be facing an alternate kind of challenge in maintaining control of the Moon.

Sometimes it pays to be paranoid about our current technology being weak ...



## **Ch 16 / Journal Entry - 16 February 2346**

### *Forensics Investigates Green Solution*

#### **Arkham, Massachusetts: Non-Church Members Quarantined**

Multiple areas around the globe have shown similar conflicts between Cultists and non-church members. Some church goers seem to have been exposed to a strange green solution causing them to run out into the streets screaming in terror. Local authorities have not seen any other identifying cause for this behavior. Members affected by the substance are being quarantined, and investigations are ongoing at the Arkham Institute in an attempt to identify this green solution and its properties.

#### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

The rise in global activity surrounding the Cultists associated with the *Cult of Shut'thend* and non-church members, or townsfolk, seemed to have escalated into clashes with devastating results. The Cultists and their converted followers were attempting to coordinate global efforts to awaken their deity *Cthulhu*.

I can only assume that non-church members and townsfolk were a bit naive with regard to what all of this meant. However, even in light of the bizarre activities, and some escaping contact with the green solution, they should have at a minimum been alarmed and realized that this was nothing to challenge.

At least investigation of this green solution was underway at the Arkham Institute, and hopefully, they were able to identify its properties to the degree that perhaps developed a defense. I'm not too hopeful though.

## **Ch 17 / Journal Entry - 16 March 2346**

### *Decca and Cult of Shut'thend Attempting to Claim More Churches*

Clashes between Cultists and other religious organizations have continued to escalate as the members of the *Cult of Shut'thend* are claiming rights to certain churches in cities throughout the globe. It seemed that once the St Edwards Church in Teaksbury, England presented authenticated documents to prove that the church belonged to Decca and the *Cult of Shut'thend*, there was a movement initiated to also claim all related church expansions from that one church dating back to the 1500s. They are said to also be owned by Decca.

Police are having a difficult time controlling the crowds, and clashes over differing viewpoints have escalated the rioting. Hundreds of churches around the globe are being challenged to their rightful ownership at this point.

### **Reflections** ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

Decca apparently owning the expansion of churches that spawned from the St Edwards Church, and the fact that these churches were globally located, raises one big red flag for me, especially in light of my current experiences relating to Core, Jennifer and Kipling.

I don't recall in any writing thus far where a Cultist experiences death, but rather exists in a realm that is supportive of some type of renewable life force, and they seem to take people with them, but in very strange ways. Perhaps this realm is another level of the walking dead. Just sayin' ... it makes sense given descriptions that have been put forth already, and I'm not ruling *anything* out.

My first thought is, I am sure that the green solution plays an important role in this process, and longevity escapes being defined, it just is.

My second thought is ... I am beginning to learn that there was a grand exodus from Earth by the Cultists, and based on emerging discoveries, I can't conclude anything other than the destination had to be Monria. The more I learn of this exodus, and the more truth applied to same, the more I have to also wonder ...

Could Decca be on Monria and one of the driving forces behind the increased challenges we have experienced?

## **Ch 18 / Journal Entry - 4 April 2346**

### *Memo from Decca to the Priests of the Cult of Shut'thend*

To Priests at all of my churches across the globe, now is the time to prepare for the awakening. Collect your belongings and come to Broodham, Massachusetts by the end of June. We start the rituals in July. I believe we have enough members who are now connected to the Maladrite Elixir to generate the energy needed to open the portal to *Cthulhu*.

Members exhibiting strong enough levels to participate in the awakening ritual, come to Broodham by the end of June.

### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

What I am feeling in this moment is far greater than fear, but an immediate sense of urgency to escalate investigations into the Cultists on Monria to a greater degree than what we currently employ. My thinking is that we have only experienced a fraction of what the Cultists are capable of, and *do* fear that whatever this ritual of awakening entails, we are in need of far more information in order to be able to defend ourselves.

At least one thing is clear, the Cultists are calling the green solution Maladrite Elixir, which I'm assuming is most likely the main component, because on its own, it is an ore mined on Monria and used to craft items. I'm wondering if there is another substance added that masks the presence of Maladrite because forensics has still not been able to identify the green solution. I'm also wondering what component is used to give the solution its green color because Maladrite is not green, it's white. Zoldenite Dust is green, but nowhere is this mentioned.

I might need to consult an expert outside of the DSEC Forensics Lab because at this point, I'm not quite sure who I can trust anymore given recent experiences.

The more evidence that surfaces, the more I am convinced that there is far more to Monria than we think, and perhaps the Cultists believing that we are ignorant of information, the challenges haven't been as expansive as they could have been. This is our opportunity to shore up our defenses and rethink strategies.

I feel a major to-do-list coming on ...



## **Ch 19 / Journal Entry - 19 May 2346**

### *Overindulgence of Maladrite Elixir Causes Madness*

Some Cultists wanting to participate in the awakening ritual had been drinking, bathing and overly exposing themselves to the Maladrite Elixir. Consumption was too quick, and madness appears to be on the rise. There are increased encounters of vandalism, with shootings and terror-like episodes happening more openly.

Huge outcries have escalated in retaliation against the significant course of events. Police have been overtasked the last few months attempting to break up conflicts, and the continuation of numerous arrests of Cultists and civilians don't seem to be slowing down.

#### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

This must really be a potent elixir to generate these types of effects. Nothing like this is happening on Monria right now, that I know of, so my first thought is, I wonder if the Cultists have refined the process to the degree that the elixir today doesn't have such devastating effects. In addition, there also may have been an advancement in what seems to be complex properties, that for the most part, aren't detectable with our current technology. I know just the person to engage for some mental mining of information.

The one perplexing thing that stands out to me regarding the escalated conflicts that resulted in arrests of Cultists and civilians, is how were the Police able to manage the Cultists with their apparent power to be able to control others? Something seems to be missing here. Were they that far gone that they were more manageable in their apparent demented state, or was something else at play?

The other question I have is, if Maladrite was being used as a component in the elixir, and to the degree that they even call it Maladrite Elixir, were there Cultists who made it to Monria prior to the grand exodus to mine the Maladrite? Did they then transport it back to Earth in their effort to further advance their cause? Did they use the *Byakhee* to traverse the universe to accomplish this?

*Oh yes, and one last thing ...* I have always talked about *Cthulhu* being in the deep, dark abyss controlling his minions even while in a death-like sleep, but ... *Cthulhu's* green stone *city of R'lyeh* on Earth was destroyed, and my speculation is that perhaps the new *city of R'lyeh* now exists at the core of Monria beneath the deep, dark abyss where the Old Ones are who keep the Deep Ones in check. It's beginning not to feel like speculation anymore.

I keep repeating myself about the deep, dark abyss. I wonder when I'm going to take myself seriously and *stop* wondering whether *R'lyeh* exists on Monria or not and make an effort to prove or disprove it. I am also reminded of the ever-present draw of the Moon's energy and how my experiences are directing my activities.

## **Ch 20 / Journal Entry - 15 June 2346**

### *Report on Escalating Cultist Activities*

#### **Trevor Wingard Reporting**

Escalating outbreaks have resulted in over 50,000 deaths around the globe. Attacks seem to be increasing as opposed to decreasing despite all of our efforts. Continued arrival of literally hundreds of Cultists to the Broodham, Massachusetts area has townsfolk and the Police Force concerned. All attempts to reach Decca, or speak to the lead Priest of the local church have been unsuccessful.

#### **Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma**

Apparently, engaging in collective protests against the Cultists is not only futile, it's potentially life extinguishing. There also doesn't seem to be a means to effectively get everything under control with an ever-increasing arrival of more Cultists from multiple global locations. The convergence of Cultists upon Broodham raises one key question for me ... *why this location to initiate a ritual awakening?*

Perhaps Decca and the lead Priest were intentionally unavailable so that they didn't have to engage in any sort of plea or negotiation with the Police to gain more control over the activities. It seemed they *wanted* there to be chaos and massive disruption to unbalance any equilibrium that might be in place to keep the townsfolk and Police Force busy. Perhaps there was a bit of recruiting still going on with the locals as well, so keeping them at bay was not effective.

However, another thought crosses my mind ... *what if* the ritual awakening was *not* taking place at Broodham at all, but was only being used as a gathering point? *What if*, the grand exodus took place from Broodham, and the ritual awakening of *Cthulhu* was going to take place elsewhere?

*What if*, Decca and the lead Priest were already at the other location preparing for the ritual awakening?

*What if*, that other place was Monria?

## **Ch 21 / Journal Entry - 7 July 2346**

### *Trevor Wingard Speaks to Decca and the Local Priest*

I was finally able to speak to Decca and the local Priest who shared with me their ongoing preparations for the awakening ritual. I was given the privilege to experience one of the rituals at the local church. I found the event to be highly emotional and felt a sense of connection to the congregation. I saw no signs of foul play and was rather impressed with the amount of kindness and caring that these Cultists gave to each other, as well as outsiders. I find it hard to believe that there's been so much violence throughout the globe between these Cultists and others.

### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

The first thing that comes to mind is why Trevor Wingard didn't expand on what the preparation details were for the awakening ritual. However, his visit to the Crimson Manor last Christmas Eve would more than likely explain why, based on his experience in the secret place with Archibald Crimson and the Priest.

Wingard was introduced to the Maladrite Elixir, and even though he knew at some level that what he was thinking was wrong, he didn't care, he wanted more. He knew his mind had changed, and it seemed that so had his decision making. He appeared more cavalier about the goings on, and didn't seem too alarmed that there were so many deaths and escalated chaos between the Cultists and authorities. He also seemed to make an attempt to reconcile what was happening, but gave the impression that focus was elsewhere.

I haven't come across anyone to date who exhibits this type of behavior on Monria, but then, I haven't talked with anyone about the Cultists and strange goings on with anyone but Goth, General Anderson and Anhithe. However, so far, I also haven't divulged too much information with regard to my strange experiences either, and not sure I will anytime soon until I learn more about *why me*.

The level of energy I felt in the beginning when we first arrived on the Moon was an interesting prospect, but I didn't give too much thought to it. Over time, there is no mistake that being drawn to the energy of Monria has grown. It's not a fearful feeling, but one of immense curiosity with a desire to explore beyond what I have felt to be limitations in my thinking. I have always been a critical thinker, but these experiences seem to guide my thinking in directions that feel multi-dimensional.

Somewhere in these journal entries there has to be more answers to so many of the questions being asked. I think the main question for me is, was Broodham the site of the awakening, or the great exodus to ...



## **Ch 22 / Journal Entry - 31 July 2346**

### *Chromophoric Chronicle Report*

#### **Brenda Chambers Reporting**

Cultist activity has escalated up to this point. Thousands of people are here at Broodham, Massachusetts to participate and experience the final ritual to awaken *Cthulhu*. There are thousands more protesters here and police have been called in from all over to manage and control the crowd. If this awakening is actually successful, it is unclear what this *Cthulhu* will actually do. The National Guard is here as well, working with authorities to keep the crowd under control.

Decca has already started meditation and Priest Associates are encircling Decca and performing the ritual as well. The beginning of green blasts and beams of energy are emanating from these members. The expansion of the green hue is awe-inspiring. They have been going at this for a few hours now, and there seems to be something happening in the air around us. We can now see a vortex portal forming above us.

The green beams have opened what appears to be a gateway of some kind. It is literally over 100 feet in diameter over the church. The sound of chanting has risen to a level far louder than what appears to be humanly possible. I can barely hear myself speak. I can see Decca rising into the air surrounded by a glow of green light and heading towards the portal.

She is now at the portal and appears to be halfway in and out. She seems to be fading in and out of view. There is movement at the portal level on the opposite side of Decca. We can also see a shadow fading in and out. It is as large as the portal itself. Decca appears to be dwarfed by the shadow.

There is now an odd form developing from the portal and has completely engulfed Decca. The energy in the air is causing a vibration on the skin, and I can feel an intense mood shift in the crowd. I can only describe my personal feelings as an increasing internal fear, and I am starting to become connected with this expanding shadow coming out of the portal. I can barely maintain my exposure and may need to go off-line for a moment to try to control myself and regroup.

The crowd seems to be at unrest and is starting to panic. People are trying to run and some are being trampled by the crowd. I can barely contain myself. This shadow creature has moved a short distance out of the portal towards us and the whole crowd has started to run in fear. There is shouting. I can see laser fire being dispersed into the crowd, as well as at the portal and shadowy creature.

I am running for cover while experiencing this internal feeling of terror. This has gotten out of control. Cultists are chanting and shots are being fired in all directions. The National Guard and Law Enforcement are now shooting at the Cultists and the portal in an attempt to stop all of this from continuing.

There was what appeared to be a loud sonic boom. I was unconscious for 20 to 30 minutes as far as I can tell. The feeling of terror was gone. People were moving around looking confused. Emergency services are coordinating ground activities. I can see what appears to be literally hundreds of dead bodies on the ground. It looks like a war zone. The National Guard has regained control of the area. I see both Cultists and civilians lying on the ground being moved and organized prior to being put onto the emergency vehicles. This is the most horrendous site I have ever experienced in my 20 years as an investigative reporter.

### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

And there's the abracadabra moment at Broodham that I believe answers at least one of my questions. It appears that this was the great exodus that has often been referred to, and not the actual awakening of *Cthulhu*. The shadowy figure in the rising green-hued portal could not be described, so there is uncertainty as to who or what it was. In an instant after the loud burst of sound, those caught up in the vortex were whisked away to who knows where.

This took place July 2346, and if this great exodus was in fact to Monria, that's an enormous amount of time passed from then to now. When DSEC discovered the Moon as a planetoid in 3010, did they experience some of what occurred on Earth during their exploration and inhabitation of Monria? There are very few documents available to give us a true story of what they encountered, and why there was such a decrease in population prior to our arrival in November 3012.

This whole portal vortex also brings to mind our discovery of a gateway that was used by Yog-Sothoth during our St Patrick's Day event to access the main crater. I don't know why I continue to resist what is perhaps the obvious because there is so much evidence pointing to Monria being the desired destination of the Cultists and other followers of *Cthulhu*. Do Cultists exist at other places of the universe?

During my continued research, I discovered an order in Innsmouth, Massachusetts that also had ties to the Cultists. It was said to have been destroyed, but it was close enough to the town of Broodham during the great exodus, that I'm wondering if any members of this order made it to Monria as well. *Yes, I said Monria.*

The *Esoteric Order of Dagon* was the primary religion in Innsmouth around 1838. The members of this secret cult worshipped *Dagon* and *Cthulhu*. *Dagon* was a deity who presided over the *Deep Ones*, an amphibious humanoid race indigenous to Earth's oceans. *Dagon* and *Cthulhu* are both considered Great Old Ones. *Dagon* is also known as *Father Dagon* and the consort of *Mother Hydra*.

There is still much to learn about this order, but if it is found that the new *city of R'lyeh* actually exists within the core of Monria in a deep, dark abyss under water, then it is also safe to say that the *Deep Ones* are in residence as well because they are never far from *Cthulhu* to do his bidding. It would just make sense then that *Dagon* as the ruler of the *Deep Ones* would also be nearby.

I wonder if this is the *tertiary cult* connected to the Cultist's growing membership.

## **Ch 23 / Journal Entry - 25 August 2346**

### *Broodham, Massachusetts Aftermath*

#### **Chromophoric Chronicle: Brenda Chambers Reporting**

Cleanup has almost finished here in Broodham, Massachusetts. Since July 31st when the awakening event occurred, there has been no sign of Decca. Many of the Priests were killed in the wreckage. It has taken over three weeks to clear all of the debris from the blast area. Amazingly, although the explosion took out many buildings in the town, the church seems to have taken absolutely no damage whatsoever, as if it was protected by a force field. The town seems to have an unsettling calm currently and the National Guard is getting ready to leave the area as their job is almost finished. It is hard to believe that all of this has transpired over the last few weeks and I cannot help to wonder what will happen now that the cult has failed to raise this deity known as *Cthulhu*.

#### **Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma**

I'm not so sure that the Cultists failed based on what appears to be a goal other than that of the *Cthulhu* awakening. I have always felt in reading these journal entries that the goal was to gather at Broodham and be transported to another location where the actual awakening would take place.

After meeting Goth and being so resistant to this whole idea of Cultists with their advanced technology, and *Cthulhu*, he suggested that I had better reconcile myself to the fact that it all exists and is real. Even after reading these journal entries thus far, I still find myself wanting to dismiss the horror of it, but the more I learn, the more I can actually draw a few comparisons to experiences on Monria.

My other concern is, that Decca and the Priest were still missing, even after three weeks of cleanup, and find it curious that during the vortex explosion above the church, that it had not taken on any damage whatsoever. I'm also wondering if the calm that was experienced was that of being affected by the green hue that spread out over the crowd. It was reported that it was unsettling. I don't understand why so many of the Priests were killed if they were to be there for this supposed awakening, or transportation elsewhere for the attempt. Far too many unanswered questions for my liking.

Here's my fear up to this point ... that the Cultists from the great exodus and other *Cthulhu* followers are those that we have encountered on Monria, at least to the degree that we have already experienced them. That Decca and the Priest will surface at one point or another, and that the *Esoteric Order of Dagon* still exists and will become a driving force in the rise of the Deep Ones. Except for the Cultists which we know are real and already menacing, the rest is speculation, but I would say with plenty of plausible justification.

The unusual symbol lettering on the back of the ancient file cabinet revealed that *The Moon Shall Rise*. It is uncertain what this specifically means. *We can guess*.



## Ch 24 / Journal Entry - 17 October 2347

*Preparing for another awakening attempt.*

### Chromophoric Chronicle: Brenda Chambers Reporting

For the past year I have been following Cultist activity trying to determine what new events are being planned since the failed attempt to raise their deity *Cthulhu*. There are different factions attempting to fight authority and they have started to arrest Cultists who refused to leave the various churches that they claim are owned by the *Cult of Shut'thend*. The authorities contend that only one church in England, St. Edwards, has been turned over to Decca, and without Decca showing proof, as well as going through the correct legal channels, the cult has no official claim to other churches around the globe. There is definitely a discontent within the Cultists and it seems that the outward violence has been escalating at times.

I have been slightly successful interviewing some of the new leaders of the cult and I am told that the rituals using the Maladrite Elixir have been modified and accelerated, and transformations are taking place. Surely they believe Decca will be returning and another attempt to awaken *Cthulhu* will occur. With these new modifications they believe this time it will be different and they will be successful.

### Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma

I'm going to assume that the Cultists and other *Cthulhu* followers left behind were not at whatever level required in order to participate in the awakening, or what they thought was to be the awakening. I'm also going to assume that the year that had passed was to be used to strengthen themselves for the next group to exit. I can only wonder how many times this took place, or if it's something still ongoing.

Interviews with new leaders of the *Cult of Shut'thend* revealed that the Maladrite Elixir was modified and accelerated, and that transformations were taking place. I don't understand why this wasn't questioned further, and why this behavior is so accepted. You would think that alarms would be sounding after everything that was experienced the year before. To me, there seemed to be a bizarre level of looking away, and a sense of taboo to even broach the subject. But then ...

Before and during the ritual at the church, that green hue extended far out into the enormous crowd that was present. I wonder over the course of time if this action permeated the town in such a way that it had lingering effects. There is still much to learn about the Maladrite Elixir, but since Maladrite Stone is mined on Monria, it wouldn't surprise me if the Cultists were still refining and modifying it to produce the elixir used as part of their control methods.

For anyone who consumed the elixir, they seemed to be calmed and pliable, and perhaps even dazed. It reminds me of what we found when we first came to the Moon. The colony had a very low population, and many of them wandered around the craters and caves in somewhat of a stupor. *Time to be more observant.*

## **Ch 25 / Journal Entry - 1 December 2347** *Escalated activity between Cultists and authorities.*

### **Chromophoric Chronicle: Brenda Chambers Reporting**

Escalating activity between Cultists and authorities has progressed to an almost daily and global event. Most countries now have Cultist activity with multiple and openly aggressive attacks being experienced. The Cultists seemed to be in an altered state of mind, and we believe it is due to the exposure of the Maladrite Elixir. Some members have been taken into custody and examined. Some have a type of chemical-induced Schizophrenia; others seem completely normal but have some odd psychic or telepathic ability. Many Cultists use an energy weapon in the form of a beam to attack authorities. Overall, there appears to be a constant acceleration in global activity fighting back at the establishment at having been thrown out of their churches.

### **Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma**

This is how the last catastrophic event began; Cultists exhibiting an increased level of aggression spreading globally to many churches. Decca was unable to provide the documented proof that the global expansion of churches was actually a part of the St Edwards Church inhabited by the *Cult of Shut'thend* before leaving at the time of the great exodus the year before.

There is still no evidence of a church on the Moon, but that doesn't mean that one doesn't exist. Perhaps at one point in time, if it existed, it was visible until DSEC discovered Monria and found it suitable to establish a colony. It just baffles me that there isn't more documentation available with regard to their experiences. The fact that there is a DSEC Military HQs and a DSEC Forensics Lab, it tells me that there had to be a decent level of activity as the colony grew. Perhaps there *is* evidence of the period of time before we arrived and it just hasn't been found yet.

After our first couple of months as the new governing body, aggression began by the Cultists. However, this didn't start until after that parchment was found in the West Crater by Core, and it periodically continued, especially after we recovered the ancient file cabinet that they were protecting. There is no doubt that their main fear was discovery of the hidden journal that I am now reading. Learning of the history of the Cultists gives insight perhaps into what we might expect.

I don't think my own experiences with telepathically-transmitted information in a dream-like state can be compared to what was experienced prior to the great exodus from Earth. I have not come in contact with any Cultist, or otherwise, who has offered me the Maladrite Elixir. However, I *am* rendered immobile during the course of these encounters, and can only think thoughts, but not speak them. The information I am given is what is deemed to be what I need to know in that moment, and some of my questions are not answered. It seems to be that way with Goth as well. He leaves me with more questions than I have before we meet.

## **Ch 26 / Journal Entry - 12 January 2348** *Crazed Cultists are exploding for unknown reasons.*

### **Chromophoric Chronicle: Brenda Chambers Reporting**

Global activity by the *Cult of Shut'thend* has escalated to its highest level within the past few days. Civilians have been instructed to stay inside their homes, and a curfew has been instituted in many cities while this insurgency is being dealt with. It appears that all over the globe there are occurrence's where Cultists are running into the streets and confronting authorities. They are using a form of energy blast, and some crazed Cultists are spontaneously exploding for unknown reasons.

### **Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma**

I've noticed that ever since the great exodus from Broodham, Brenda Chambers reduced the amount of information shared in her reporting. Details are missing, and her tone seems to be rather subdued with no hint of alarm or even concern. While reporters are not to interject their opinions, or write in overly emotional terms (essays excluded), I would think that some of the Cultists spontaneously exploding in the streets would warrant a greater level of investigative reporting.

At this moment, my thoughts are of the Crimsons and Trevor Wingard. What happened to them? There was no mention of them being at the church during the great exodus, nor has there been any mention of them since the Christmas Eve dinner in 2345. Had they been converted to the degree that they would have been able to join those who successfully left Earth in the great exodus? If so, does that mean that they too may exist on Monria?

There is unfinished business here, and untold stories that only leave a mountain of questions. I am also fearful now that over time, Monria will experience not only a continuing escalation of creature aggression manipulated by the Cultists, but also an unexpected level of strange occurrences that will put the Moon and its colony members at risk. At this point, we don't know what happened to Decca, the Priest, the Crimsons, and Trevor Wingard who was so easily taken in by his experience at the Crimson Manor with the Maladrite Elixir. Perhaps that's how it's done.

I just know that the Moon is beginning to feel crowded because there is potential for introduction to so many unimaginable things based on pure speculation at this point, but I believe there is plausible justification. However, it was mentioned early on that the databank that was recovered had corrupted files, and there was continued work being done on it to see if they could be recovered. So far, there is no further mention of them, and I wonder if these would have been the files that answered the other questions of who, what, where and when.



## **Ch 27 / Journal Entry - 14 February 2348**

### *Chromophoric Chronicle: Decca Resurfaces*

#### **Brenda Chambers Reporting**

Decca has officially resurfaced. There are sightings all over the globe. We are not sure how these appearances are occurring as it seems almost impossible for Decca to be in these different locations logistically at the same time. We are certain Decca has returned, but we are not sure if there are doubles posing as Decca or if Decca is truly able to transport to the different locations as quickly as they seem to be occurring.

#### **Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma**

Well there's *one* of my speculations put to rest. Decca is not on Monria, at least not during this period of time. Unless she was on the Moon with the rest after the great exodus and then returned to Earth to finish up some business. Never before, more than now, have I caught myself writing pure thoughts in print before sorting them out a bit. However, nothing is ordinary about what I am reading, and my thoughts are all over the map at times. I get worked up over connecting the dots.

We know that personal teleporting is a great convenience, at least today it is, but I am now wondering if it was available back in the 23rd century. Surely Decca had to use some sort of transport to get from wherever she was (assuming Monria again) back to Earth. Perhaps the *Byakhee* was still in use at this time for interstellar space travel. So many thoughts, so many questions.

It's incredibly frustrating that part of the databank was corrupted because I'm just about certain that we would have more answers. Now that I think about it, I wonder what happened to that databank, and if it were available, whether we would be able to extract any more information. This goes on the to-do-list as well.

Here I am speculating again, but my guess is that Decca went back to Earth to secure ownership of the expanded churches after St Edwards was claimed with official documentation. She was unable to accomplish this prior to the great exodus but perhaps it's still important and required according to what the long-term plans are for the *Cult of Shut'thend*. I think it's safe to say that the new leaders of the churches around the globe had an anticipation, or maybe even a belief, that Decca would return. I'm beginning to think that my speculation about additional gatherings would occur in order to continue with the exodus process is in the ball park.

There are only a few more journal entries left, so I hope that we will learn more that will be of benefit to us in figuring out what is happening on Monria.

## **Ch 28 / Journal Entry - 4 March 2348**

### *Chromophoric Chronicle: Numerous Governments Evacuating Earth*

#### **Brenda Chambers Reporting**

After many months of global fighting, we are starting to see a reduction in Cultist activity. Worldwide damage has been estimated into the trillions of dollars. Body counts worldwide have been into the millions between Cultists, military personnel and civilians. Governments have been calling for a global cease-fire, and it appears Decca is willing to meet with leaders to facilitate a two-sided discussion. The world has never seen this kind of destruction and chaos ever in the recorded history of mankind. Numerous governments have started to evacuate from Earth and have set up off-world colonies to escape this chaos and start over.

#### **Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma**

This is obviously serious business. Death and destruction seems to be the order of the day. With this much devastation, and companies leaving Earth to establish off-world colonies, I dare to think what the final outcome was during this time. I'm also curious where some of those off-world companies are located, and just what type of companies they were. I'm thinking aloud again, but what if these companies have survived not only this travesty, but have flourished over the centuries on other planets and provide a healthy commerce beyond their own location. Could some of these companies still actually exist on our neighboring planets we travel too?

Right now, my thinking is that Decca will lead yet another great exodus from the church in Broodham that took on no damage whatsoever during the last exodus. Since she is bouncing all over the globe during this time, what else could she be doing other than securing ownership of the other churches, as I alluded to before, and initiate another gathering for a trip to ... yes, I'll say it, Monria.

I've come to the conclusion that the *Cult of Shut'thend* is nothing to mess with, and for those who do, narrowly escaping death is the exception. I'm convinced that they exist on Monria, and that we have yet to experience their full measure of dark evil forces. If we eventually have to face what has been described in these journal entries, then we better damn well be prepared. Not really sure how to do that with the type of advanced technology and (ok, I'll go there) magic the Cultists possess.

## **Ch 29 / Journal Entry - 7 March 2348**

*Global Leaders Meet and a Cease Fire has been Coordinated*

### **Chromophoric Chronicle: Brenda Chambers Reporting**

Global leaders have met with Decca and have coordinated a cease-fire by agreeing to return all related churches to the Decca family. Decca has insisted that official documents be created and archived in order to keep the historical line of descendency intact, and if the churches are leased to other religious organizations, that this argument of ownership will never have to be relived again. Official documents have been created and agreements have been signed.

### **Reflections ... as written by Dark Moon Enigma**

Well there it is, ownership of all expanded churches from St Edwards around the globe are back with the Decca family. I'm getting good at this speculation stuff, but to be fair, I think the assumptions were easily made given what I had to work with.

I'm going to go out on a limb again and say that this calm is only temporary. I will also say that I believe that Decca had extended plans beyond gaining ownership of the expanded churches. There had to be based on historical data thus far. I can see another exodus, but not without more turmoil and devastation as before.

Speaking of turmoil, I have my hands full with Jennifer and Core and the Kipling data because I'm beginning to think that this situation isn't resolved yet either.

There's a lot going on with the Moon, and reviewing this historical data only leaves me with more questions. However, at least I have a starting place and know what needs to be looked into. I'm going to get with the research team and develop a plan for more exploratory operations.

My to-do-list is growing ...



## **Ch 30 / Journal Entry - 1 April 2348** *Green Light Given to Terminate Decca*

### **Chromophoric Chronicle: Brenda Chambers Reporting**

For weeks, Decca was tracked and followed by military secret forces. After the formal signing of documents, a secret meeting of global leaders convened. The contention was that Decca had no right to be in any position to challenge world government. The global leaders set up a covert attack on the location believed to be Decca's house.

A team of nearly 50 highly trained special forces were given the green light to terminate Decca, and put an end to Cultist activities once and for all.

Although Decca was caught by surprise, witnesses who survived the attack related that multiple blasts of gunfire as well as green blasts of energy lit up the area for over 17 hours.

Decca had been attacked in an underground area which was designed as a type of living quarters. After the blasts stopped, there was a huge crater where the underground facility was located. In the end, nearly half of the special forces team was destroyed by the energy bursts given off by Decca, and the other half of the force narrowly escaped. No sign of Decca's body was found.

Having believed Decca was killed in the attack, a massive outreach globally began in order to round up as many Cultists as possible. All members involved in any attacks were tried as war criminals. Cultists started to disappear and many went into hiding.

With Decca gone, an exodus was seen by many Cultists leaving Earth in order to escape the authorities who basically created a global massive assault on all Cultist activity.

### **Reflections** ... as written by *Dark Moon Enigma*

There's one thing wrong with this picture ... does anyone really win against the Cultists? Their technology was so advanced, even during that time in history, that all accounts seem to *not* report a definitive death of a Cultist.

It is my fear that, without making a big splash, we need to develop a means to combat this voodoo magic the Cultists possess, and do it quickly. That means more intense forensics, and an understanding of the green energy properties in order to somehow repel it. We need to get Colonel Wang involved too.

OMG ... it just dawned on me that we currently have a Corrosive Mind Force chip that shoots green energy and does damage.

*What if ...*



*Pinthas Schmenke Dorian*

The human behind Pinthas is an 8 year veteran of Entropia Universe, an MMORPG online virtual universe with a Real Cash Economy. He was a member of the original Monria Management Team for the first two years of Monria's existence. He developed Monria storyline that was never published in its entirety, but is now a member of the Media and Writing teams of the current Monria Management Team where his work is being honored. He is a highly skilled crafter, miner and hunter who continues to develop his skills. His writing contributions will help to bring Monria to life.

**Monria is a Horror 3D MMORPG within the Entropia Universe expanding upon the Cthulhu Mythos and set in the distant future where an evil exists so stealth that one is unaware of how subtle and pervasive the Cthulhu effects can be on one's mind until it is too late. The Cultists are driving the dark forces that leave this Moon community on constant alert, and facing dangers that could cause them to lose control of Monria.**