Jolted out of the blessed darkness, my eyes opened just as one
Agony.

Unconsciousness.

Agony.

Jolted out of the blessed darkness, my eyes opened just as one
of them was ripped from its socket by a bony splintering claw.
A claw? Yeah, that’s what I think I saw, although it could’ve just
as easily been a coat hanger or an ice pick or a broken pencil.
Given the circumstances, it was difficult to focus. Then the claw
returned to digging, digging through my clenched eyelid, tearing
my other eye from my skull.

At which point I must have blacked out – if such a thing is even
possible for someone who’s already blind. *

The pain returned first, searing and relentless, reminding me
that I was, despite my body’s best interest, still alive.

Then came the sounds. Fierce, helpless cries of some unearthly
beast caused the room and the table upon which I was restrained
to vibrate. It was close, whatever it was, and loud. I imagined it to
be huge. What caused such pain?

At times I wondered: were the cries only in my mind? Could
they have been a hallucination? Occasional flashes and brief
moments of sight began to intrude upon my consciousness. At
first just a hazy, sickly green light, then a hint of move-
ment flashing across the field behind the light. Over time,
these moments grew lon-
ger and more frequent. The
fearsome, grotesque shapes
moving just beyond the veil
of green haze and the new
reality of my sight took on
greater and greater detail.
I longed to shut my eyes
against these visions, but to
my abject horror I could not.
The visions would not cease.

Once, for just a second,
as if my mind were playing
yet another insidious trick, I
thought I saw the girl, the vic-
tim I’d kidnapped to fill the
contract, huddled in the corner of a cage. The hallucination faded
quickly, and darkness prevailed. What they might be doing to her
I could not consider, for I knew that I was to blame.

To be continued in the second The Yuggoth Contract cycle Asy-
lum Pack: Murmurs of Evil.

WWW.FANTASYFLIGHTGAMES.COM
WWW.CTHULHULCG.COM

New Terminology

The Yuggoth Contract series of Asylum
Packs introduces some new terminology to
Call of Cthulhu: The Card Game. Listed be-
low are the new terms and their definitions.

“Drive insane” means the character must
go insane as a cost in order for the card effect
to resolve. A player can only “Drive insane”
characters that he controls.

For example, Crazed Arsonist (F5) has the
ability, “Action: Drive Crazed Arsonist insane
to choose and destroy a Location support
 card.” In order for the effect to resolve, the
character must go insane as a cost.

“Change” involves changing icons on a
character from their original type into another.
In order to “Change” one type of icon into
another, the character must have the original
icons that the ability requires. A player cannot
change an icon that the character does not
currently have. After an icon is changed, the
character is no longer considered to have the
original icon for duration of the effect.

For example, Brood of Yig (F4) has the
ability “Action: Pay 1 to change one of Brood
of Yig’s @ icons into # until the end of
the phase.” In order to change a @ icon into a
# icon, the Brood of Yig has to have at least
one @ icon available.
I was a serious student. I kept to myself, stayed out of everyone’s way, and never hurt a thing that was more sentient than an insect. I was content to interact with the world through the lens of my microscope. I watched from afar as coupled pairs of my peers would walk beneath the cracked window of my lab in the Pagan Hall biology department. I saw them, but always turned away, back to my research.

His name was Tyler. I saw him first as I came out of the lab at my typical three in the morning on a brisk, snowy night. He was standing by the black stone fountain in the center of the courtyard, his long, curly dark hair blowing behind him in the cold night air. He wore a long, stylish trench coat and a black top hat. As I drew near, I noted his strong, sharp features. A couple days’ worth of rugged shadow lined his face. He had the look of a fighter, as if he could burst into action at any moment. But he moved slowly, with what seemed a precise, calculated, calming grace. He looked up at me. He smiled. He strolled off into the night.

He was back the following night, and I watched him near the black stone fountain from the window in the lab. He seemed to be waiting for something. It never crossed my mind he could be waiting for me. And so our ritual went, night after night, for almost an entire week. In hindsight, I should have asked myself what he was waiting for me.

To catch up as he walked towards the lot. Did I have with men? Suggested all was not quite right. But honestly? What experience did I have with men? “OK…” my voice trailed off. He started away, and I hurried to catch up as he walked towards the lot. Not sure how to respond, unable to meet his gaze, my eyes dropped to the ground. One of his hands was deep in the pocket of his coat, and I thought for a second he was about to pull a gun. But he merely turned away, and looked up at the sky.

“Mind if I walk with you?”

“I could give you a lift, if you’d like. I have the van tonight.” I said. “It’s a little cold.” He smiled. “I like it.”

“Early night?” He asked as I walked across the courtyard.

“There’s a storm coming.”

To be continued in the third The Yuggoth Contract cycle Asylum Pack: The Spoken Covenant.

www.FantasyFlightGames.com
www.CthulhuLCG.com

New Terminology

The Yuggoth Contract series of Asylum Packs introduces some new terminology to Call of Cthulhu: The Card Game. Listed below are the new terms and their definitions.

“Drive insane” means the character must go insane as a cost in order for the card effect to resolve. A player can only “Drive insane” characters that he controls.

For example, Crazed Arsonist (F5) has the ability, “Action: Drive Crazed Arsonist insane to choose and destroy a Location support card.” In order for the effect to resolve, the character must go insane as a cost.

“Change” involves changing icons on a character from their original type into another. In order to “Change” one type of icon into another, the character must have the original icons that the ability requires. A player cannot change an icon that the character does not currently have. After an icon is changed, the character is no longer considered to have the original icon for duration of the effect.

For example, Brood of Yig (F4) has the ability “Action: Pay 1 to change one of Brood of Yig’s [2] icons into [2] until the end of the phase.” In order to change a [2] icon into a [2] icon, the Brood of Yig has to have at least one [2] icon available.
Her name was Erin Moirai.

A student at the Miskatonic University, she spent her days in silence and her nights alone, a harmless ghost in an empty hall.

I first caught up to her as I scouted the university grounds, and at once I noticed her lack of any real bond with the other students. This isolation made her an easy target. Shy, timid, and afraid of rejection, she did everything she could to blend in and avoid notice, which was perfect: no one would notice if she were to disappear.

From what I gathered, it was her research that had raised the hackles of O'Bannion’s contact, and they wanted me to bring her in for interrogation. I didn’t really follow up on the whys – when working for the O'Bannions, there is wisdom in not asking too many questions.

I spent the next couple weeks observing her: obtaining a general feel for the target, recording her habits, her tendencies, and her patterns, and evaluating the most favorable capture scenarios.

Some girls, given the right haircut and a little style, might be OK. Not Erin Moirai. Even at her best, she’d still be lost. Tall and awkward, with angular arms and legs that were too long for her body, she had straight and unimpressive light brown hair and small, mousy features that hid behind the large pair of spectacles of her face. It’s little wonder that she was the zealot of the biology annex. She was driven, precise, and never satisfied.

I noticed her hand in my own. Funny how these things happen. And then we were going into the cave.

At once, the menacing things emerged from the shadows around us. Erin screamed and tried to turn and hide behind me. Instinctively, I’d have protected her, but I’m a professional and I knew what I had to do. I pinned her arms to her sides and flipped the restraints onto her wrists as the inhuman nightmares came at us. I didn’t know what they were, but I wasn’t about to find out. They pulled her away, a look of shock and rage and betrayal on her face.

To be continued in the fourth The Yuggoth Contract cycle Asylum Pack: The Waiter Below.

www.FantasyFlightGames.com

www.CthulhuLCG.com
They were in my mind. It was a malicious intrusion, the cold, probing curiosity of a scientist with a new specimen. They were intrigued by my research, by my own approach to vivisection. They wanted to appropriate my techniques and add them to their own.

I was imprisoned in a large alien menagerie. My cage, as far as cages went, was not that bad. Better accommodations than the “worm-hound” (as I came to think of it) across the chamber in a steep pit, or the bird things chained with barbed collars to a central, tree-like structure. I, at least, had bedding.

Feeding time was the worst. From the shadows, one of the bent alien figures would occasionally emerge to slide a bowl of bubbling brown “stew” through a hatch in my cage. And then I would eat, and they would be back in my mind, monitoring my revulsion as I choked down the foul substance.

Periodically, they would come and lead me through the underground complex to a new chamber, a new specimen, and a new set of tools. A scaled, spiked rodent with eyes along its spine. An immense, oily, bristle-haired slug with the forelegs and head of something that was almost a wolf. A leathery bat-like creature with a four foot wingspan and a tail that ended in a three-pointed barb. The creatures were fearsome, alien, and diverse: a biologist’s dream. I dissected them all as my captors looked on, fascinated by my technique and my psychology, utterly indifferent to my results.

After each dissection, I was returned to my cage, where I thought of Tyler. I could not shake him from my mind. I raged at his betrayal. I had been shamefully naive. Why would a strong, attractive, and disarmingly charismatic man have any interest in an awkward, lonely scientist like me? And yet…he talked to me, he listened, and he held my hand as we climbed the hill.

They could not cut through my emotion, if they could see it at all. Tyler became a shield for my mind, a new existence entirely. One of the creatures came to the menagerie and unlocked my cage. Their presence was back in my mind. Another day in the lab. Doing my best to stay as far as possible from the stench of my jailor while keeping up with its long lurching lope, I was led by my collar along a winding corridor, past several openings, into what appeared to be a warehouse, and then led through a screened off entryway into one of the numerous small labs.

Across the room, strapped to a strange medical table, and with a pair of gaping sockets where his eyes should have been, lay Tyler Scindere.

To be continued in the fifth The Yuggoth Contract cycle Asylum Pack: Screams from Within.

www.FantasyFlightGames.com
www.CallofCthulhu.com

New Terminology

The Yuggoth Contract series of Asylum Packs introduces some new terminology to Call of Cthulhu: The Card Game. Listed below are the new terms and their definitions.

“Drive insane” means the character must go insane as a cost in order for the card effect to resolve. A player can only “Drive insane” characters that he controls.

For example, Crazed Arsonist (F5) has the ability, “Action: Drive Crazed Arsonist insane to choose and destroy a Location support card.” In order for the effect to resolve, the character must go insane as a cost.

“Change” involves changing icons on a character from their original type into another. In order to “Change” one type of icon into another, the character must have the original icons that the ability requires. A player cannot change an icon that the character does not currently have. After an icon is changed, the ability is no longer considered to have the original icon for duration of the effect.

For example, Brood of Yig (F4) has the ability “Action: Pay 1 to change one of Brood of Yig’s icons into until the end of the phase.” In order to change a icon into a icon, the Brood of Yig has to have at least one icon available.
The worst part of it all was that I couldn’t even close my eyes. You’d think that in my situation, blindness would’ve been a blessing. But you’d be wrong.

My eyes were preserved… in a jar. I haven’t quite wrapped my head around the reality of this situation, and probably never will. Through some inexplicable manipulation of dark technology, those eyes could still see, transmitting the horrifying product of their sight back to my fractured mind.

The jar was filled with a faintly glowing green liquid. The jar sat on a shelf in a long aisle, amidst an endless array of similar jars, each holding its own pair of disembodied eyes. How long had these mad inhuman scientists been collecting and studying our organs? The sheer size of the warehouse suggested that they had been at it for quite a while.

The warehouse was lit only by the eerie liquid glowing in these jars. The liquid itself was soothing. Floating alone and insane, I retained some degree of control over my eyes. I was able to move them from one side of the jar to the other, where I would watch the pair beside me that always stared back. Freak. Other times, it seemed my vision was not my own. When one of the monsters lumbered down the aisle, my eyes were glued to it in the way that eyes will wander helplessly to a bloody accident on the side of the road.

Dreaming distressed me. I slept with both of my eyes open, unable to shut. Dreams merged with consciousness like a mad hallucination. I dreamt once of my own body, a face marred by eyeless, bloody sockets, coming into the warehouse with arms outstretched, groping and stumbling blindly towards my field of vision, coming to retrieve the jar. It was at once a nightmare for the terminally insane and the happiest dream of my life.

At times the things came and moved the jar, a disorienting motion that caused a disembodied sea-sickness as my eyes and vision lurched and bobbed every which way. The liquid around me frothed and bubbled. There seemed to be no reason for the movement, other than scientific observation. Strapped to my cot, poked and prodded, my vision rolled to chaos.

The cruelest experiment, however, was when they plucked one eye from the jar and separated it from its companion. My vision stretched and blurred as the eyeballs were drawn apart, and eventually it all overlapped, as it would if you were to move the words of a book closer and closer to your face without readjusting your focus. Disorientation, headaches, and nausea rapidly followed, and closing my eyes against the onslaught was impossible.

And so went my time, my days, my horror. The experiments continued, one atop another, each more disturbing than the last. And then one day I heard her voice…

To be concluded in the sixth The Yuggoth Contract cycle Asylum Pack: The Cacophony.
“Tyler?”

Empty eye sockets scarred his face. So he, too, had been duped and kidnapped, and they had already started the dissection that I was to finish. The cruel alien scientists stopped in the corridor and observed as I entered the lab.

On a stand near Tyler’s cot, a number of items were arranged: some bloodied, recently removed bandages, a small damp sponge floating in a bowl of the glowing green liquid that was their preservative, and a set of the long thin blades they used as scalpels. I could feel the alien presence in my mind. They wanted to know if I had it in me to dissect one of my own.

“Erin?”

“Shhhhh.” I picked up the sponge in one hand and dabbed at Tyler’s scarred eye-sockets. The whirling emotions returned, and I could sense the creatures struggling against them.

The moment was mine. Seizing the longest scalpel, I jerked the blade against one of his restraints, slicing through the leather-like fabric with a quick, sure cut. Tyler felt the binding slip away, and he lifted his hand to his face in surprise. The pair of aliens in the corridor rushed in as I sliced through the restraints on Tyler’s other arm, and then those holding his legs. “Over here!” I said, and then, reluctantly, extended the jar to me. “You should protectively, the way a man would hold a newborn. “Let’s go,” he said, and then, reluctantly, extended the jar to me. “You should carry it. If we meet any more of them, I’ll need my arms free. Hold it in a way that I can see.”

Thus we left the labs beneath the Cave on the Hill. Slowly, we navigated the twisting passages of the cavern and eventually emerged into the bright light of dawn. How long we had been prisoners, I did not know, but it seemed like an eternity since I had last seen the sun.

Outside the cave, he turned to me, reaching for the jar. Not a word of relief, apology, or even gratitude. I thrust my hand into the liquid, and wrapped my fingers around one of his eyeballs. “Not another step.” I squeezed, just a little. He felt it, and stopped. “That’s good. We need to come to a little understanding…”

And now we are together, bound by a contract that is far stronger than anything the O’Bannions and the strange scientists could devise.

Tyler Scindere has my heart. But I have his eyes.

www.FantasyFlightGames.com
www.CthulhuLCG.com