

CALL of CTHULHU

THE CARD GAME

SEEKERS OF KNOWLEDGE™

EXPANSION

Strange Reunions

by Michael Gallowglas

Maurice Diggs blinked several times when the envelope hit the table. He looked up.

“You!” he cried, louder than he’d expected.

“Me,” Marcus said, his mouth curving in a slight smirk—the same infuriating smirk he’d wear after beating Maurice in debate or answering before him in class. But they were undergrads then. A lot had changed since.

Maurice leaned back, forcing his breath to slow. “What do you want?”

“Just delivering a message,” Marcus said, waving at the envelope. “I still keep tabs on my old friends. It pays to know what you are up to.”

“So you can show up first and get rich while we’re catching up?”

“You don’t understand, Diggs,” Marcus said. “I don’t take. Ever.” Marcus looked to the back of the room, his eyes vacant. His left eye twitched ever so slightly—it never settled in place. “I just wanted to see things, and now I’ve seen them. Things. Most of them I keep to myself, but that”—he waved again at the envelope—“is full of things you might need to know.”

Instead of arguing, Maurice opened the envelope and pulled out a small stack of photographs. The top picture showed a woman shrouded in darkness. She had a flower in her hair, hiding part of her face. Something about her tugged at Maurice’s mind.

“Look at the second one,” Marcus said.

Maurice recognized the lady in the picture: Eryn Cochwyn. Another—and a brilliant—former student now lost to the University. It happened with every class: one or two students vanished, and if they returned, they were changed. He glanced at the first photo, then back to Eryn. His throat closed when he realized they were the

same person. Eryn, but changed—beautiful and terrifying. Maurice thanked a god he didn’t believe in that the picture wasn’t in color.

“Yes,” Marcus said, “now you’re beginning to see.”

Without looking back, Marcus Jamburg walked into the night. For a moment, Maurice thought about following, but what was the point? Marcus Jamburg was his own man.

The next picture was a man—terrifying like Eryn but with no beauty to hide behind. Gaping black pits stared from where his eyes should have been. The thick-rimmed glasses only accentuated the soulless eyes.

Maurice closed his eyes and slowed his breathing. After a few minutes, he’d calmed enough to look at the next picture. His vision swam at the strange writing in the photograph. It looked like hieroglyphics mixed with Sanskrit.

He slammed the photo of the parchment into the envelope along with those of Eryn and the sightless man. Snatching the envelope up, he stood, almost falling over from vertigo. He couldn’t get those symbols to stop spinning and dancing.

He needed to focus on something normal, something mundane.



Maurice turned to his cup of coffee. The stimulants would counteract the fugue. He finished it in one long swallow. Few things were more normal than a cup of joe. The world settled, at least enough for him to make it across campus.



Whitton Greene stared at the books, parchments, and tablet pieces scattered across her table. They were from over a dozen cultures—some, if they were ever known, were so ancient or remote the world outside the inner circles of Miskatonic had forgotten them.

Brette Wullfsen, one of Miskatonic’s youngest and best explorers, spent years gathering these remnants. Each artifact contained details of a prophecy predicting the end of days. In the fragments they’d managed to translate, the civilizations claimed the end would come when they reached the height of their development, when they would become masters of life and death. How close was the modern world to making those claims?

“Hello, Whitton,” said a voice from across the room. “It’s been an age.”

Whitton jumped. She thought she was alone—the building was locked. She turned and nearly jumped again. A woman stood in the doorway in an impeccably tailored dress, a bright flower pinned in her hair.

“Do I know you?” Whitton asked. The dark hall made it difficult to see the woman’s features, especially with the flower hiding part of her face.

“We had some classes together,” the woman said, her voice familiar, “but that was before...before I ran down a man with my car and discovered my true calling.”

“Eryn?” Whitton asked. “Eryn Cochwyn?”

“More or less,” Eryn replied.

Someone moved in the hall behind Eryn, but Whitton couldn’t take her eyes off the flower. Red, blossoming in Eryn’s wavy dark hair—it seemed vibrant and alive.

“Your colleagues gathered some things I need,” Eryn said. “I don’t want to hurt you. I really don’t. But the man with me does. I’ve convinced him not to...if you let me get what I need.”

Whitton considered the gun in her drawer across the room. Might as well be the other side of the world.

“She’s not going to let you,” said a discordant voice from the hallway. “May I hurt her now?”

A man stepped into the room, but still Whitton stared at the flower. The pieces began fitting together—each prophecy spoke of the end times coming as a scarlet bloom from the darkness.

Whitton turned away and thrust into her pocket for her lighter. The tablets she couldn’t destroy, but the parchments she could burn, maybe keep them from learning everything. An explosion of pain erupted behind her right ear. Darkness overcame her, and she heard Eryn’s voice, “I said hurt her, not kill her.”



Whitton’s eyes opened, and Maurice finally breathed again.

“What did they take?” she asked.

“Everything,” Maurice replied. “All our research.”

“We’re lost then,” Whitton said.

“No,” Maurice handed her the envelope.

“What’s this?”

“A gift from Marcus Jamburg. Information we didn’t have before.”

Whitton opened the envelope, took out the pictures. Her breath quickened as she shuffled through them. When she finished, she shoved the pictures back into the envelope.

“We need to pack,” Whitton said, “and call Brette. Marcus may have given us a sliver of hope.”

Cover art by Winona Nelson





New Rules

Prophecy event cards are a new subset of event cards added to the *Call of Cthulhu* Living Card Game. This sheet explains how the **Prophecy** mechanic functions, and should be treated as an addition to the rulebook in the Call of Cthulhu Core Set.

PROPHECIES

When a player plays a **Prophecy** event card from his hand, triggering its **Action** effect, the card is placed face up on top of his deck. Each **Prophecy** event then has a triggering condition, which, when met, allows an effect to be triggered from the top of its owner's deck. If an effect would cause the **Prophecy** event card to move from the top of a player's deck before its Response effect is triggered, the Prophecy card is turned face-down before resolving the effect.

For example, Darrin has a **Prophecy** card face up on his deck. He was unable to trigger its response before his draw phase, and must now draw a card. The **Prophecy** card is turned facedown, and as such, is no longer able to be triggered, as he draws it into his hand.

Deck Lists

Using only the contents of this box and the Core Set, a number of different decks can be built. As an introduction to the art of customizing a deck, two exciting decks have been put together from this card pool.

Decks designed by Roberto Carioli & Graham Hill

THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE

The Power of Knowledge deck seeks to win by flooding the board with inexpensive characters. Some will go insane and others will die, in an attempt to be victorious in the end. During the early game, the speed and number of investigation icons you can commit should allow you to win one or two stories before your opponent has a chance to really get going. Characters that accumulate tokens on story cards without having to

commit put pressure on your opponent in the mid-game allowing the Explorers (frequently with help from Ultima Thule) to grab that third story in a final push for the end game.

Characters

James "Cookie" Fredericks x2
 Lucas Tetlow x3
 Matthew Alexander x2
 Maurice Diggs x3
 Richard Pike x3
 Roald Ellsworth x2
 Alternative Historian x3
 Catacombs Docent x3
 College Prospect x3
 Cub Reporter x3
 Dabbler in the Unknown (Core) x1
 Eschatologist x3

Ghost Hunter x3
 Itinerant Scholar (Core) x1
 Laboratory Assistant (Core) x1
 Mad Genius (Core) x1
 Student Archeologist (Core) x1

Supports

Open for Inspection (Core) x1
 Ultima Thule x3

Events

A Vörös Hal'1 Jön x3
 Daring Buju x3
 Zero Visibility x2

THE EXPLORATION OF THULE

The Exploration of Thule deck has a recursion engine that allows you to recycle dead investigators from your discard pile as well as draw new investigators to swell your ranks which gives it more durability than the standard rush strategy deck. The early game relies on flooding the board with your cheap characters. In the mid-game you want to set up your Ultima Thule draw engine, using it to put the Explorers, James "Cookie" Fredericks or Roald Ellsworth into play to draw additional cards every turn or recycle a spent card. A Voros Halal Jon is used to search out Whitton Greene and Open for Inspection to close out the end game in one massive push.

Characters

Colledge Prospect x3
 Alternative Historian x3
 Laboratory Assistant (Core) x1
 Dabbler in the Unknown (Core) x1
 Mad Genius (Core) x1
 Cub Reporter x3
 Richard Pike x2
 Lucas Tetlow x3
 Maurice Diggs x3
 Catacombs Docent x3
 Ghost Hunter x3
 Whitton Greene x1
 James "Cookie" Fredericks x2

Roald Ellsworth x2
 Matthew Alexander x3
 Brette Wulffsen x1

Supports

Ultima Thule x2
 Atlantis x2
 Apocalyptic Visions 1x
 Open For Inspection (Core) x1

Events

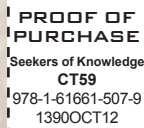
Daring Buju x3
 A Vörös Hal'1 Jön x3
 Zero Visibility x2
 Eldritch Nexus (Core) x1

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ELDER SIGN™



Join the search before all is lost!

Elder Sign is a fast-paced, cooperative dice game for one to eight players by Arkham Horror designers Richard Launius and Kevin Wilson. Players take the roles of investigators racing against time to stave off the imminent return of the Ancient One. Armed with tools, allies, and occult knowledge, investigators must work together to collect powerful eldritch symbols to defeat a mysterious evil!



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