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# PRISONER OF ICE™

The Official Strategy Guide

John K. Waters



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# PRISONER<sup>TM</sup> OF ICE

The Official Strategy Guide



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# **PRISONER<sup>TM</sup> OF ICE**

**The Official Strategy Guide**



**John K. Waters**

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Acknowledgments ..... vii

Introduction ..... iv

## **From the Collected Papers of Colonel Bruce Ryan, U.S. Army, Retired ..... 1**

Colonel Ryan's Journal ..... 3

The HMS Victoria ..... 9

Edwards Base ..... 33

Buenos Aires ..... 65

The Nazi Base at Schloss Adler ..... 85

Schloss Adler Base ..... 107

Illsmouth ..... 119

## **Prisoner of Ice Quick Guide and Directory ..... 135**

The Run-Through ..... 137

Strategies/Tips ..... 156

A Directory of Characters and Objects ..... 159

## **H. P. Lovecraft's Legacy ..... 169**

A New Look at the Great Old Ones ..... 171

Bibliography ..... 177







# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My name is on the cover, but many other creative people worked long and hard to contribute to the final version of the masterpiece you now hold in your hands. Since there's just no room for more names on the front of the book, I'd like to give those other contributors their due right here.

The core team, purely coincidentally, included two fellow transplanted Iowans. Richard Walker, who scarred me for life in eighth grade English class with a #2 pencil, is responsible for the book's outstanding design. (Fortunately, his pencils are now used only for good.) Michael Koch, who came to my alma mater, the University of Iowa, by way of Stuttgart, was project editor *par excellence*. (Though he never laughed at my Colonel Klink jokes.) Thanks to you both for your ideas, your enthusiasm, and your patience—and for never once saying, “How ‘bout them Hawkeyes!”

On the technical side, I•Motion's David Reyes performed feats of pure magic to ensure my safe passage through the dark and treacherous realms of the evil beta version. Dallas Middaugh, Prima's DOS wizard, came to my rescue with electronic legerdemain that still boggles the mind of this mere mortal. Thanks dudes!

I would be remiss if I didn't also thank Olivier Masclef, Hubert Chardot and the rest of the creative team at Infogrames for developing *Prisoner of Ice*. I enjoyed talking with Mr. Masclef about the evolution of the Call of Cthulhu Series, and I look forward to the next installment of the game.

I'd also like to thank Prima's Brett Skogen, Hartley Lesser, Roger Stewart, Robin Lane, Debbie Parisi, Becky Freeman, Andrew Mitchell, and Diane Joens *née* Pasquetti, as well as I•Motion's Tiffany Bauer, for various and sundry kindnesses and rescues. And last but not least, thanks to my old pal, Paula Munier Lee, Prima's managing editor, for the unflagging moral support and that look of utter contempt that I find so motivating.

John K. Waters  
August, 1995





# INTRODUCTION

Assigned to serve aboard a British submarine as an observer, U.S. Army Lieutenant Bruce Ryan is not having a good day. The captain and a crewman are dead, an alien monster is about to break out of the hold, and the only guy on the whole ship who knows how to stop the creature is in a coma. (Oh, did I mention the sub is also taking on water?)

Thus begins I•Motion Interactive's latest edition of its highly successful Cult of Cthulhu series: *Prisoner of Ice*. This game has it all: international espionage, supernatural horror, high-tech weaponry, and bloodthirsty extraterrestrials. There's a mystery within a mystery to solve, and a secret doomsday weapon to destroy. The hero is a clean-cut, all-American boy with a mysterious past; the villain is a psychopathic Nazi who's even giving the Third Reich second thoughts. To use a movie metaphor, it's *The Thing*-meets-*Crimson Tide*, with just a pinch of Indiana Jones thrown in to keep things moving.

For fans of the late H. P. Lovecraft, the fantasy and horror writer who created the so-called Cthulhu Mythos in the 1930s, *Prisoner of Ice* delivers an original tale worthy of the man who inspired it. Fans of the other games in this series will be delighted to see an old friend, the hero of *Shadow of the Comet*, John Parker.

This is an irresistible game, like a novel you can't put down. But it's no cakewalk. When I first began playing, there were times when I would have sold my soul for the power to reach into my monitor and strangle something. Since you're reading these words, I can only assume you've felt the same way. You're stuck. You're frustrated. Your friends are starting to ask whether that vein in your head should be throbbing all the time.

Don't worry. You've come to the right place. If you're stuck, this book will get you unstuck. If you're confused about the plot, it'll answer your questions and help you make sense of what's happening. If you've lost track of who's who, it'll put the names with the faces.

If you're not stuck, this book will enhance your enjoyment of the game. It'll fill in some of the missing pieces of the Cthulhu story, and flesh out some of the game's characters. There's even







## **Prisoner of Ice: The Official Strategy Guide**

an interview with one of the developers, along with a short history of H. P. Lovecraft and his work. And if you want to know how “Cthulhu” is really pronounced, just read on.

### **How to Use This Book**

*Prisoner of Ice: The Official Strategy Guide* provides three tools to help players navigate this very challenging game:

#### **From the Collected Papers of Colonel Bruce Ryan, U.S. Army, Retired**

This section is a narrative version of the events of the game written in a style reminiscent of H. P. Lovecraft. (Lovecraft, remember, wrote the original Cthulhu stories.) It's a good place to go for “soft” hints about the game. Here, Lieutenant Ryan, now an old man, recalls his story in entries from his journal.

The narrative moves Ryan along the most expeditious path through the game—though there are, no doubt, others—while delaying explicit explanations. Whenever possible, the narrative “pauses” and asks, “What should I do next?” This allows you to read along a section that's been giving you trouble, but stop before you get the entire answer. After all, part of the fun is working it out for yourself. Keep in mind that if you read far enough, Colonel Ryan will tell you the whole story.

#### **The Quick Guide**

In this section, you'll find a detailed, step-by-step guide to the successful completion of *Prisoner of Ice*. It's a no-frills, point-A-to-point-B jam through the game—no gentle hints, just straight answers.

This is where you turn when your patience runs out and your imagination fails you. This is where you turn when you've just plain had it and you want somebody to tell you what to do, now! Don't worry, everything you need is right here.

#### **The Directory of Characters and Objects**

This section includes a complete listing of all the characters and objects you will encounter in *Prisoner of Ice*. Each listing is also accompanied by a snapshot description.

This is where you go when you've lose track of who's who. But remember, the descriptions give away secrets you might want to discover on your own.

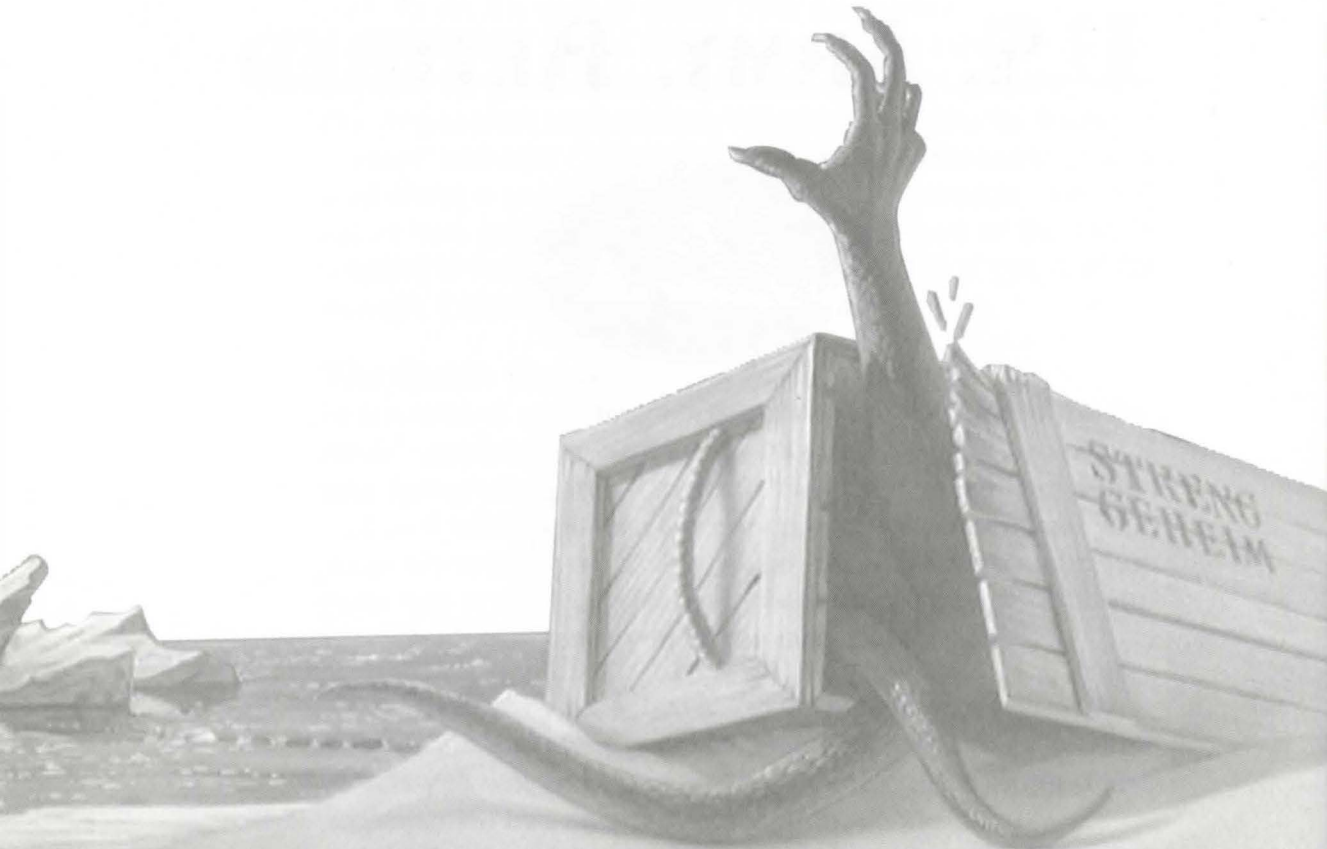


**FROM THE  
COLLECTED PAPERS OF  
COLONEL BRUCE RYAN,  
U.S. ARMY, RETIRED**



*“But although They no longer lived,  
They would never really die. They  
all lay in stone houses in Their  
great city of R’lyeh, preserved by  
the spells of mighty Cthulhu for a  
glorious resurrection when the  
stars and the earth might once  
more be ready for Them . . .”*

— H. P. Lovecraft, “The Call of Cthulhu”



# COLONEL RYAN'S JOURNAL

**T**he following account concerns little known and never reported events, which occurred during a few remarkable days some two years before the onset of World War II. It's a story I scarcely believe myself, even as I write these words, and even though I witnessed all that transpired. I'm a professional soldier, now long retired, and my service during three wars has left me with no patience for faint hearts. Yet, as I recall the events associated with Operation Polaris, I'm filled with dread. For nearly sixty years ago, when I was still a young lieutenant, my duty brought me face-to-face with an ancient horror unlike any mankind had ever known. The affair wrenched me from a comfortable world in which the human race had always been master on the earth. It shattered my simple understanding of ordered time and space. And it quite literally changed who I was. In the years since, I have not passed a single easy night.

There are those who would suppress the facts I intend to set down in these pages. But I believe the truth must be known. The sky has changed again, the stars have shifted, and I fear the worst. Didn't that crazy Arab write in his cursed *Necronomicon* that when the stars were right, they would return? The demons wait for mankind to forget again.

I'm an old man—unreasonably so, given my profession—and I guess by the time anyone reads these words, I'll be long gone. I don't mind,





## Prisoner of Ice: The Official Strategy Guide

really; in six decades, I haven't slept through the night. It'll be good finally to rest. And besides, it's high time you woke suddenly in the night, wondering whether the Prisoners of Ice have escaped again from their arctic tombs.

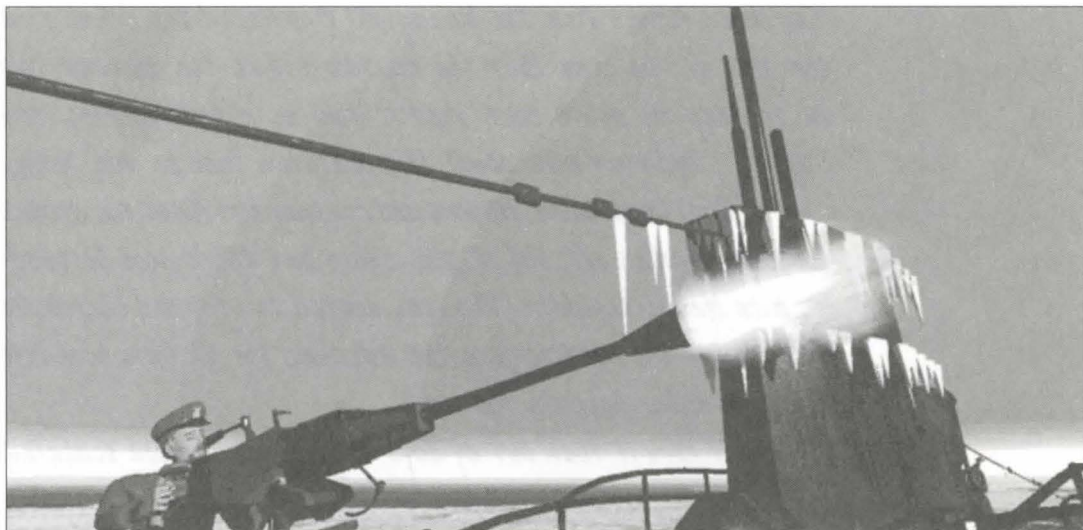
*If you listen carefully in the darkness, you can hear them thawing.*

### *January 12, 1937, Somewhere in the Antarctic*

As we surfaced, we could see the British commandos running hard across the ice, dragging three man-sized crates. How could we miss them? There was no cover out there on the ice floes. To the pilot in the Messerschmidt Me 109 coming in low behind them, those desperate men must have looked like flies on a snow cone.

It was maddening to watch from the sub's conning tower, unable to do anything! When we first picked up the SOS, Captain Lloyd reminded me rather forcefully that I was aboard the HMS Victoria as an observer. In the few weeks since I'd reported for duty, he'd never bothered to hide his resentment at having an American soldier aboard his submarine—a yank, as he put it, “with peculiar superiors.” As far as he was concerned, my job was to sit back while the Royal Navy handled Operation Polaris.

Once we were through the ice, Seaman Jones scrambled out to the sub's anti-aircraft guns to give cover fire. Lieutenant O'Leary, second in command of the Victoria, led a group of crewmen out to help with the crates. The German plane swooped in like a hungry gull, ripping the ice with machine-gun fire and strafing the commandos' all-terrain vehicle, which burst into flames. Jones kept firing and finally found his mark, shattering the aircraft's right wing. The plane twisted into a steep bank and sliced a long gash in the



*ice with its remaining wing before it crashed and burned. But by then, most of the commandos had been gunned down.*

*The crew managed to get two of the crates aboard. Each was labeled in large, red letters: Streng Geheim. My German was a little rusty, but I'd recognize "top secret" in any language. The men also rescued Björn Hamsun, the anthropologist in charge of the first phase of Operation Polaris. But he was in a bad way, semi-conscious and raving. Hamsun's father, Peter, and Lieutenant O'Leary were missing. And so was the third crate.*

*I didn't know what had happened to Hamsun's father, but I saw what had happened to O'Leary—and the third crate. From my vantage point on the bridge, I watched as two commandos were shot down out near the ATV. When they fell, they dropped the crate and it split open. O'Leary spotted them and ran over. As he approached, a hissing sort of howl issued from the splintered crate and stopped him short. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw what happened next. A tentacle reached out and tore O'Leary in half!*

The Nazi pilot was confident, but Jones found his mark.



## Prisoner of Ice: The Official Strategy Guide

*The rising flames from the burning ATV obscured the scene from the rest of the crew. But the captain saw it, too. His look told me to keep my mouth shut. And it told me something else, too: Captain Lloyd knew more about this operation than he was telling.*

*The Nazi base where Hamsun and company had found the crates was several miles off, but it was a sure bet they'd soon be sending more Messerschmidts. The crew wanted to stay and search for O'Leary, but the captain gave the order, and the Victoria sank into the dark water beneath the ice.*

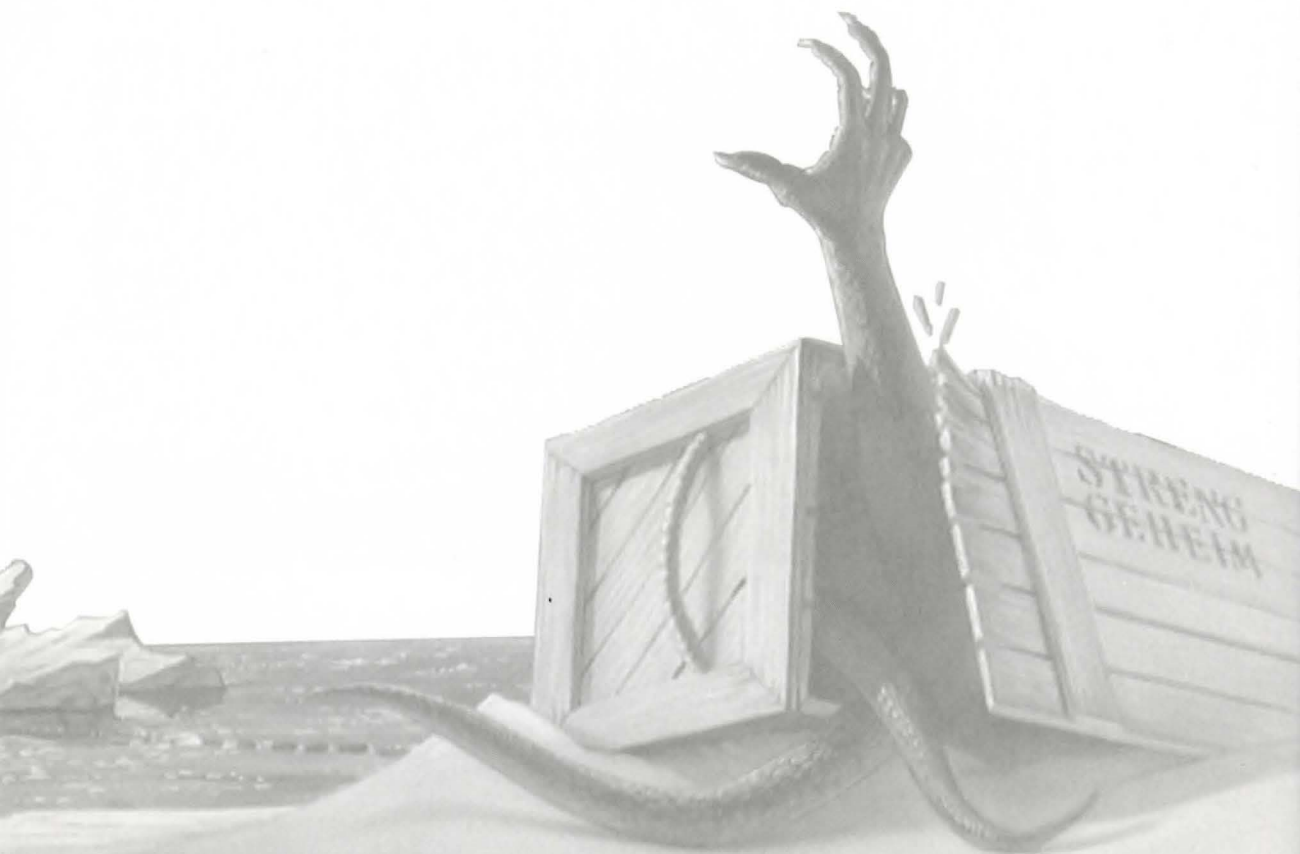
*I didn't know it then, but my days as an observer were numbered.*





*“The Thing of the idols, the green, sticky spawn of the stars, had awakened to claim its own. The stars were right again, and what an age-old cult had failed to do by design, a band of innocent sailors had done by accident. After vigintillions of years great Cthulhu was loose again . . .”*

— H. P. Lovecraft, “The Call of Cthulhu”



# THE HMS VICTORIA

## *The Control Room*

**W**e soon cleared the icy ceiling, and Captain Lloyd radioed in to Command Headquarters. He relayed the particulars of our encounter on the surface, as well as his concerns about Hamsun's condition. I couldn't help but overhear the conversation in the sub's cramped control room. Even over the static of the transmission, the urgency in the voice on the radio was obvious.



*Command: "Are the two crates still covered with ice?"*

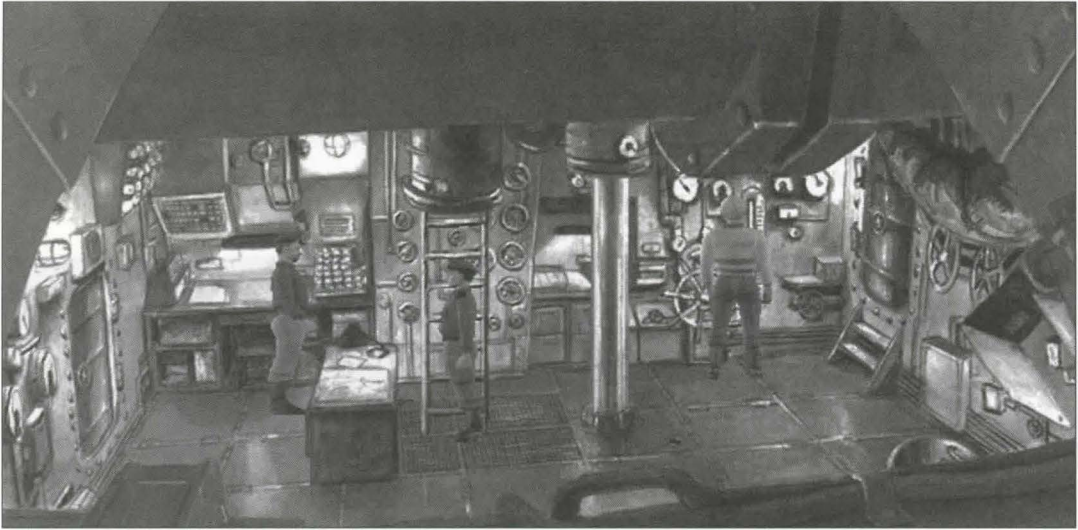
*Captain Lloyd: "Affirmative."*

*Command: "Do not expose them to heat under any circumstances. Keep an eye on Hamsun. He knows more!"*

Captain Lloyd  
knew more than  
he was telling.

*The captain signed off and put something into his private drawer. Then he turned to me. He shifted self-consciously for a moment, then seemed to make up his mind. He spoke with resolution in his voice.*

*"Lieutenant Ryan!" he said. "Given Lieutenant O'Leary's demise, you are now second in command on board the Victoria."*



I suddenly found myself promoted to second in command.

*I was shocked! Lloyd had never even considered me to be a legitimate part of his crew! Emboldened by my "promotion," I decided to ask the captain some questions about our mission, our strange cargo, and our mysterious passenger. He boasted about the Royal Navy's role in Operation Polaris, praised Hamsun as "the scientific community's most brilliant anthropologist," and chided me about my "Secret Service superiors in Washington." He still was chafing at the idea that a member of his crew might have orders he knew nothing about.*

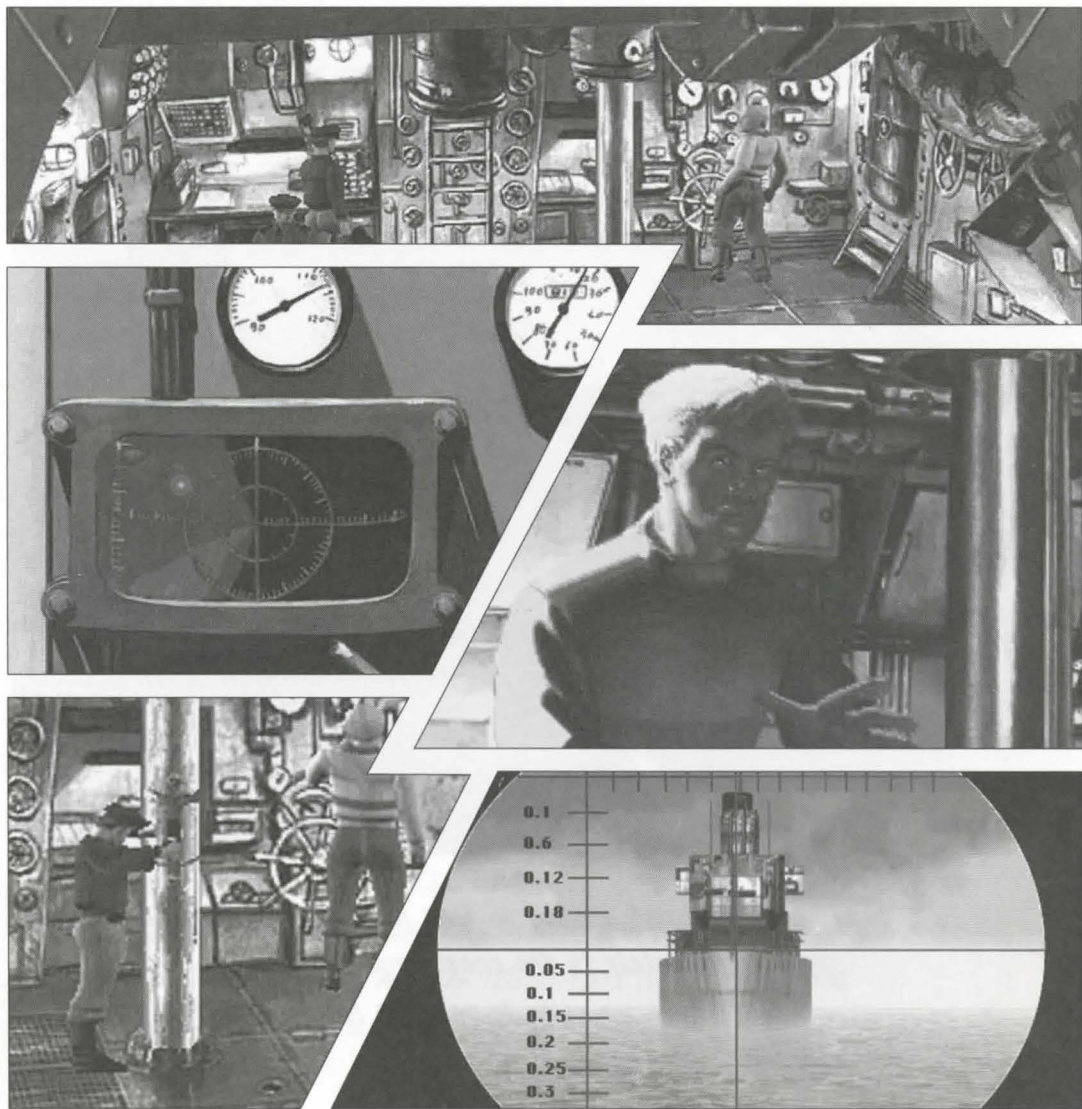
*If he only knew.*



## Dive! Dive!

*Driscoll, the Victoria's pilot, suddenly interrupted our conversation. He'd picked up a vessel on his radar. The captain ordered him to raise the sub to periscope depth, so he could scan the surface. There, in the periscope's crosshairs, was the destroyer dropping depth charges! The captain slammed the periscope down and shouted at Driscoll: "They've tracked us! Dive! Dive!"*

But the Nazis weren't through with us yet!





*Driscoll responded quickly, like the seasoned veteran he was, but the concussion from the destroyer's explosives rocked the sub violently. The captain sounded red alert and called for a damage report.*

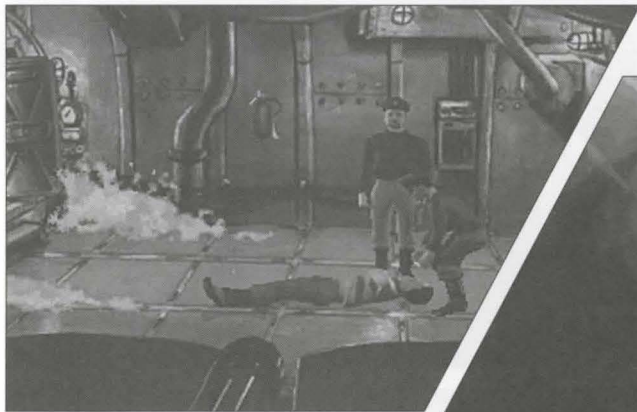
*"They hit the stern, Captain!" Driscoll shouted.*

*The captain turned to me: "To the hold, Lieutenant! Follow me!" And we both clambered into the hold.*

### *Deadly Cargo*

*Inside the hold, Seaman Jones lay on the floor, dying, and fire had broken out near the two cargo bay doors. One of the doors was open. Jones must have gone inside the refrigerated compartment to check on one of the crates. I knelt beside the stricken crewman as he tried to speak.*

*"The crates..." he gasped, "... something inside them... something..." And then he was gone.*



We were too late to help Jones.



*Captain Lloyd wasted no time mourning the dead crewman, and sprang immediately to the open cargo bay door.*

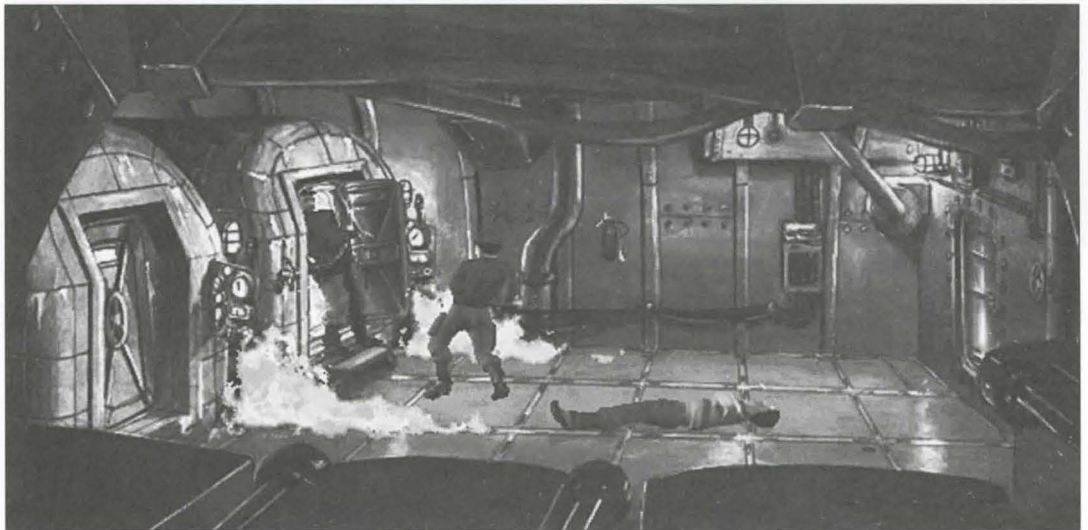
*"The flames are going to melt the ice covering the crates!" he shouted.*

*His voice was alarmed, almost frightened. I looked over his shoulder and saw what had shaken this unshakable old salt: The hard patina of ice covering the crates inside was softening and beginning to run in watery rivulets. Puddles already were forming on the cargo bay floor!*

*Then suddenly, we heard a cracking sound.*

*The captain jumped at the noise and turned to me. But before he could move, or even speak, a tentacle—just like the one that tore into O’Leary on the ice floes—wrapped itself around his waist and dragged him into the cargo bay. I’d never seen anything move so fast! Before I could react, the captain was gone! All I could do was slam the door and spin the locking wheel.*

Something grabbed the captain and pulled him into the cargo bay!

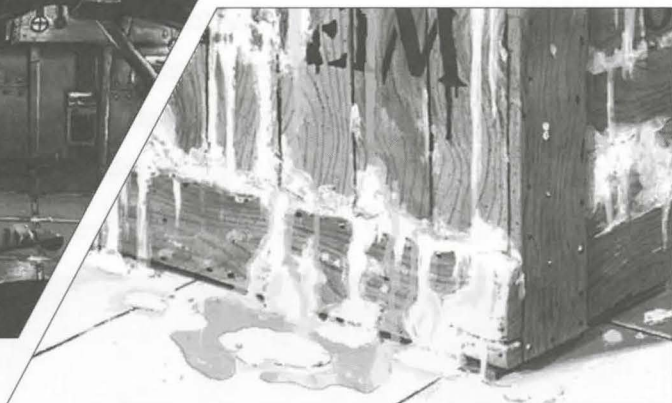


*Unearthly howling in the cargo bay rattled the two doors and shook me to my very bones. The power inside must have been tremendous! Then I heard an unnatural keening howl. I knew if I didn't put out the fires immediately, the thing that had grabbed the captain would soon be loose on the ship.*

*I had to act fast. I cast about the hold for something to smother the growing flames. And then I spotted it on the wall behind me: a fire extinguisher. I grabbed the extinguisher and doused the flames with CO<sub>2</sub>. Within seconds, the howling stopped and the doors grew still.*



I managed to put out the fire, but I didn't know how much damage the heat had done to the crates.



### *A New Captain*

*I returned immediately to the control room and approached Driscoll. I knew what I had to do, but I wasn't sure how he would react. Like the captain, he was an old salt with no love of landlubbing yanks. "Driscoll!" I said, "Lloyd and Jones are dead! There was something alive in the crates! I'm assuming command of the Victoria."*

*He barely turned away from his controls to respond: "Aye aye, Admiral. We'll get out of it. What are your orders?"*

*His tone was sarcastic—and I didn't appreciate the "Admiral"—but beggars can't be choosers, as my old teacher used to say. Just then, Driscoll noticed something on his tracking screen, or rather, the lack of something.*

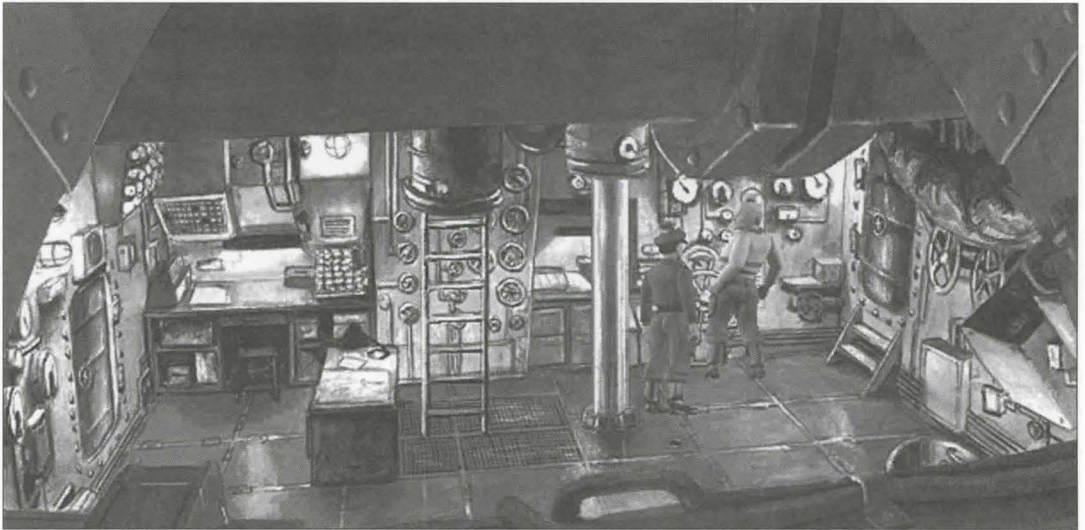
*"The enemy vessel has disappeared from the radar," he said. "That's one less worry anyway! What shall we do about the creature?"*



*Our old pilot, it seemed, was ready to help me tame the beast. I decided to confide in him.*

*"Lloyd knew more than we did," I said. "Did he mention any notes on Operation Polaris?"*

*"I don't think so. He got his orders directly by radio from Edwards Base."*



*I talked to Driscoll for several minutes, asking him about Hamsun and whether there were any useful weapons aboard. He told me that Hamsun was still delirious. Seaman Wayne was watching over him in the sleeping quarters. Unfortunately, there were no weapons on the *Victoria*. Our only hope, it seemed, was to radio for help and get the hell off the sub before one of our "Prisoners" escaped again.*

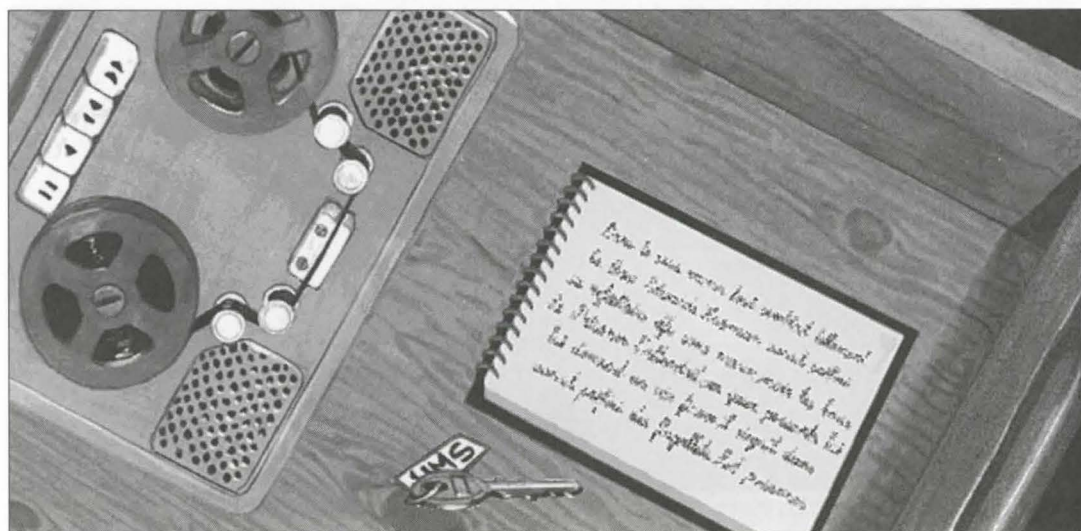
Driscoll didn't object when I took command of the *Victoria*.

### *The Radio*

*I went to the radio and tried to call for help, but I couldn't get the thing to work. Damn! If only Lloyd had trusted me sooner! I*



*began rummaging around the captain's desk and found his drawer unlocked. I opened it, looked inside, and found three items: a tape recorder, a key, and a code book. I knew I could use the code book, but I couldn't see any immediate use for the other two items. Yet, I collected all three anyway. I didn't know how I was going to get us out of this mess, and I resolved to hang on to anything I found that looked even remotely useful.*

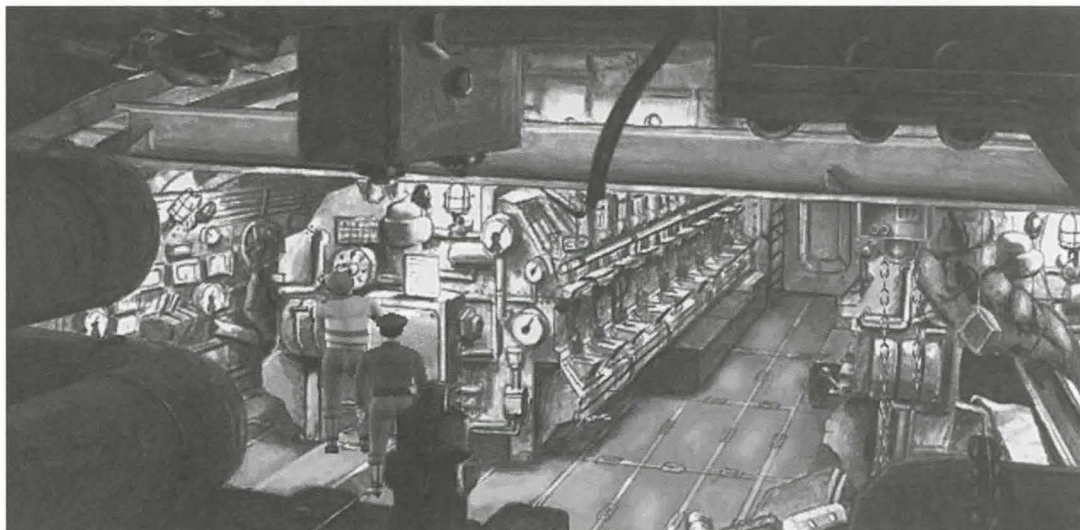


I found the code book in the captain's drawer, along with some other items that might prove useful.

*Using the code book, I got the radio to work, but I still didn't know the frequency the captain had used. How was I going to send out a distress call? I asked Driscoll who else might know the radio frequency. He told me Stanley, down in the engine room, would know.*

*Before I went below, I wanted to make sure that my new friend, Driscoll, and I stayed in constant contact. Luckily, he had a walkie-talkie unit, which I gratefully slipped into my pocket.*

*I had never met Stanley, so I didn't know what to expect. I went below and approached him, but he was in a fever over his precious engines. I left him to his work for now. Maybe he would calm down later and talk to me.*



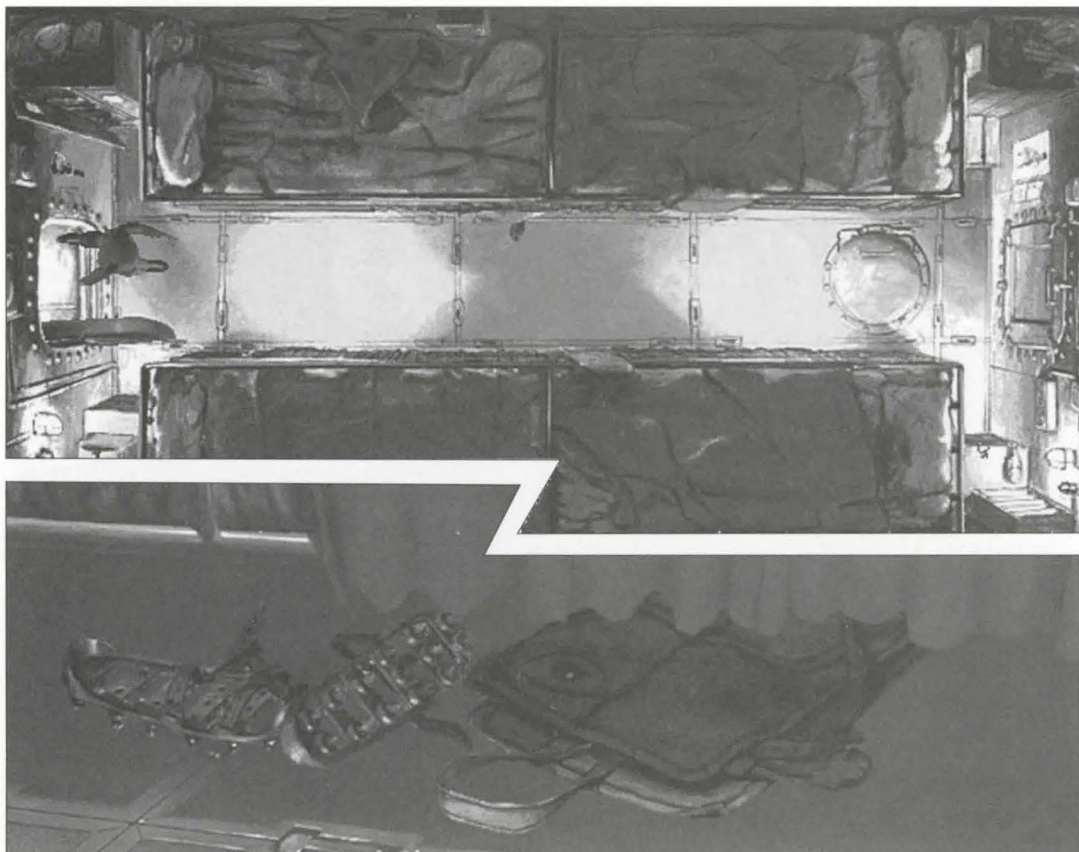
Stanley was too worried about his engines to help me.

### *The Sleeping Quarters*

*I couldn't get anything out of Stanley, so I decided to see if Hamsun was well enough to talk. Maybe he knew something about the creatures. After all, this was his operation.*

*I entered the Victoria's sleeping quarters and spent a few minutes looking around. On the wall inside the door I found a hatchet, and quickly added it to my inventory. (Who said there were no weapons on this tub?) Under one of the bunks, I found a life jacket and a pair of crampons. What could be more useful at sea than a life jacket? But crampons? I added the spiked overshoes to my growing bag of tricks, only because I had resolved to collect everything. On a bedside table, I spotted a St. Christopher Medal and slipped it into my pocket. Chris was the patron saint of travelers, and I figured I could use all the help I could get.*

*Then I turned to Seaman Wayne, who was busily tending Hamsun who lay in one of the bunks. Wayne told me the anthropologist hadn't stopped raving since we picked him up. Wayne asked me about the red alert, so I told him about Lloyd and the creature.*



I found several items in the sleeping quarters that might be useful later.

*Like his shipmate, Driscoll, he was ready to dig in and help.*

*"Hell!" he said, "I'm coming up to the bridge!"*

*I decided that Driscoll could use an extra hand, so I let Wayne go to the bridge.*

### *The Mysterious Dr. Hamsun*

*No sooner had Wayne departed than Hamsun began babbling in what I took to be Norwegian, which, to my ears, made him seem all the more incoherent. Stark terror filled his eyes. How was I going to get any information out of this guy? He was half crazy! Without his knowledge, we might all very well die at the hands of the*





*Prisoners before help ever arrived. Could I use anything in my inventory to get through to him?*

It was time to look in on our comatose passenger.

*Then a thought occurred to me: During my second year in the service, I pulled a tour in the East. I didn't stay there long, but while I was on leave in India, I learned a few tricks from a mystic—an experience, I realized later, that probably led me to be chosen for this mission. One trick the old holy man taught me was hypnotism. I wasn't an expert, and it was a long shot, but what did I have to lose?*

*I took out the St. Christopher Medal and swung it slowly before Hamsun's wide eyes. After a moment, he slipped into a kind of pseudo-trance and shortly began to speak again.*

*"KAA NAAMA FTAHN CTHULHU!"*

*What the samhill...?! This was not Norwegian—nor any language I had ever heard, for that matter. I didn't know it at the time, but no one had heard that language anywhere on the earth for millennia.*

*Hamsun repeated the phrase over and over again, like an incantation. And his voice sounded desperate, as if he actually were trying to communicate something. I had a strong feeling these*



I knew an old trick that might get Hamsun to give me new information.

*words might be important. But I had neither pencil nor paper to record them. How would I remember this arcane phrase?*

*The tape recorder! Of course! I grabbed the machine, held it close to the raving anthropologist, and hit the record switch.*

### *A Prisoner Escapes*

*I finished with Hamsun and returned to the bridge. But I had no time to congratulate myself on my ingenuity. The heavy steel door to the hold suddenly burst open with a terrible crash. It flew across the control room like a kite in an updraft, smashed into Wayne, and knocked him to the floor. I could see he was badly hurt and I wanted to help him, but as I looked to the open doorway, I realized I had a much more pressing worry.*

*There, rising from an oozing mass of greenish slime, was the creature I had only glimpsed earlier. It assumed a reptilian but roughly humanoid form and walked—or rather, lumbered—upright. One “arm” ended in evil, razor talons; the other was the tentacle whose deadly work I had twice observed. The hissing howl that issued from*



*its grotesque head was the sound I had heard out on the ice floes just before O'Leary died, and again behind the cargo bay doors in the hold. I was afraid it was the last sound I would ever hear.*

Disaster on the bridge! Only Hamsun's incantation could save us!



*I had seen firsthand how fast the creature could strike, so I knew I had only moments to act. Unfortunately, the only thing in my possession that even remotely resembled a weapon was the hatchet I'd picked up in the sleeping quarters. Of what earthly good would it be against such an unearthly monster?*

*Then I thought of Hamsun's incantation, for that's surely what it was. I realized Operation Polaris was as much about magic as it was about science. If ever I needed magic words, it was now. I produced the tape recorder, hit the play button, and repeated the words Hamsun had spoken in his trance.*

*"KAA NAAMA FTAHN CTHULHU!"*

*The strange words filled me with power. I raised my arms and arcs of lightning-like energy danced around me and surged into the surprised creature. It howled again, only this time in fear and pain. It struggled with the bolts of energy for a moment, and then shriveled into a writhing lump of wailing slime. All at once it vanished from the bridge.*

*I rushed immediately to Wayne. He looked bad. I tried to reassure him, but he knew better. There was nothing anyone could do. He cracked wise for a moment, and then he was gone. Another good man dead! I was determined that he would be the last. I was going to get help, now.*

Another good  
man down.



### *Sabotage!*

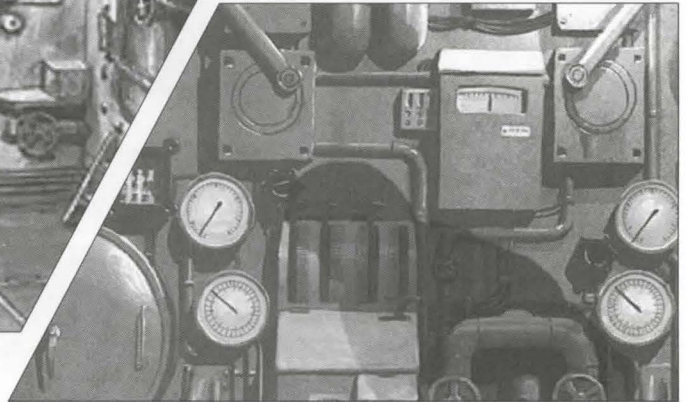
*I barely had time to form these thoughts before another jolt rocked the Victoria.*

*"Bow hit to the Victoria, Admiral!" Driscoll shouted, and I realized he'd never left his post throughout the encounter with the*

monster. As far as I was concerned, the old sea dog could call me anything he liked!

"Has the enemy vessel come back?" I asked. "Is it a reef?"

"I've got nothing on radar, Admiral. It came from within the *Victoria*."



We had more enemies aboard than we knew.

From within the *Victoria*? That could mean only one thing: We had a saboteur aboard. But there weren't that many of us left! I asked Driscoll to assess the damage. He reported leakage in the torpedo room. Now we were taking on water!

We needed to send out that SOS more than ever, and I knew just the man to help me.

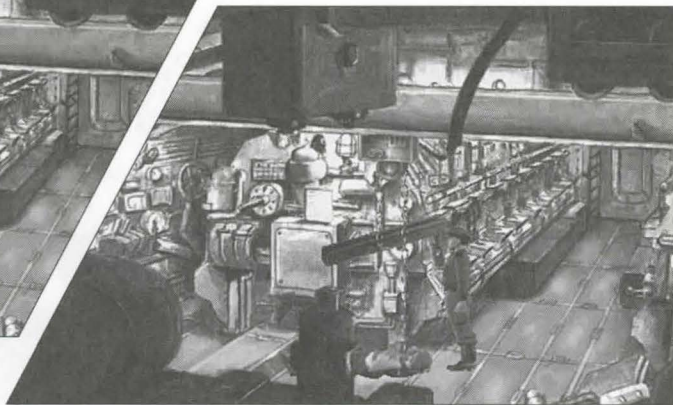
### *Disaster in the Engine Room*

I hurried below decks to the engine room, determined to get Stanley to give me that radio frequency. But as soon as I scrambled down the ladder, I heard the engineer yelling for help. I rushed over and found him pinned under a steel beam. It must have fallen during our last hit. I talked to him and he confirmed my guess. I asked him how I could help and he told me about the winch.





We could only save Stanley if we worked together as a team.

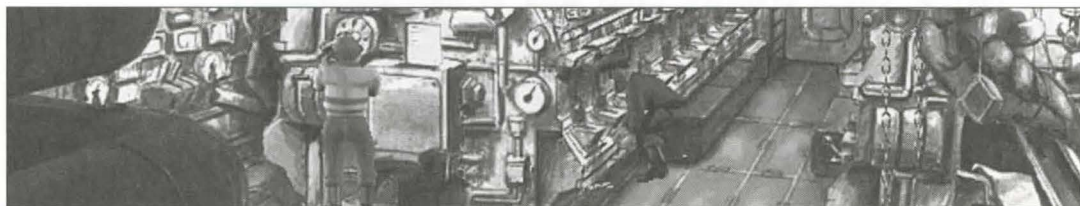


*I went to the winch and flipped the switch to "on," but nothing happened. Maybe the impact had damaged it, too. I tried to talk to Stanley, but he couldn't tell me anything more. There was only one other person on the Victoria I could ask. I grabbed the walkie-talkie and called the bridge. We were in luck. Driscoll told me he could work the winch from the bridge. Together we raised the beam and freed Stanley.*

*The engineer was grateful, but as soon as he thanked me, he went right back to fretting about his engines! I tried to ask him about the radio, but he wouldn't listen to me. Then I realized he might not know what had happened and how serious our situation really was. So I told him about Captain Lloyd, and I wasn't gentle about it. The news hit him hard, but it seemed to snap him out of his obsession, and he gave me the radio frequency I needed.*

*As I started back toward the bridge, I spotted a monkey wrench—what the Brits call an adjustable spanner—lying on the floor. I picked it up and slipped it into my back pocket. (You never know.)*

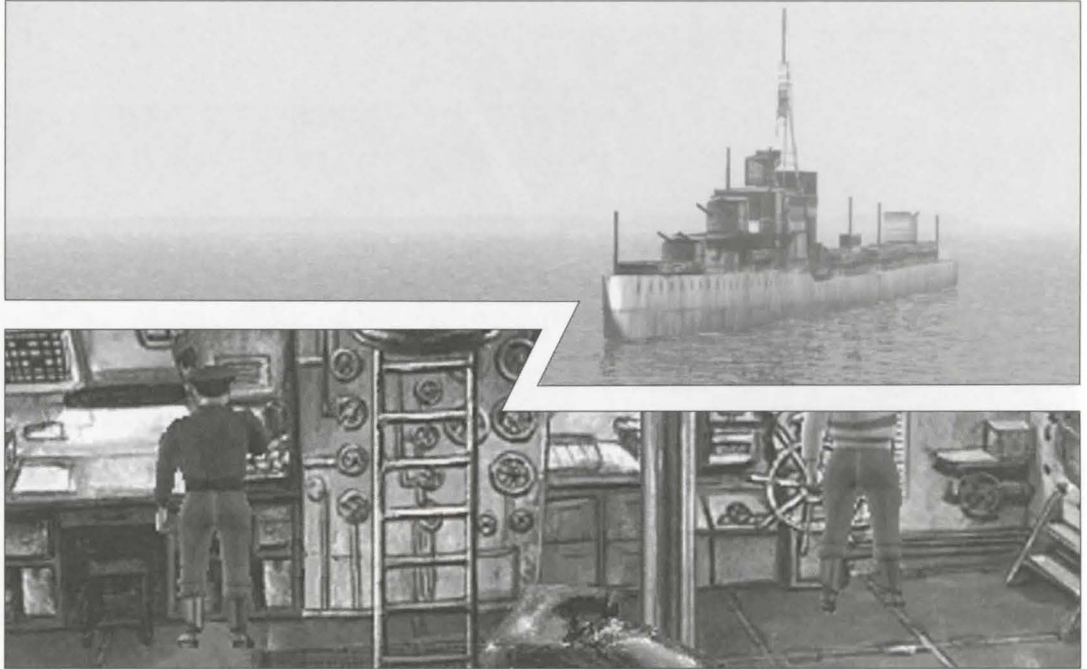
A wrench just might come in handy.





## *The Current Dilemma*

*Back on the bridge, I went straight to the radio. Stanley's frequency worked! A passing British cruiser picked up the distress call I sent. I turned to Driscoll and his grim expression surprised me. I asked him what was wrong.*



"Mayday! Mayday!"

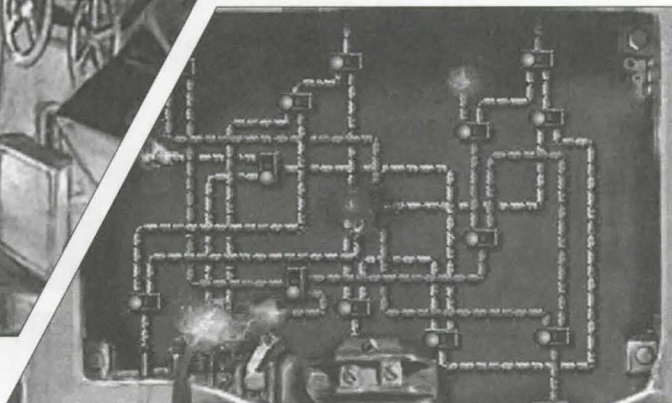
*"At the rate we're taking on water," he explained, "we'll never be able to surface the Victoria, Admiral. No allied vessel will be able to locate us. We need to send something up to the surface. We could maybe fire a torpedo?"*

*But a torpedo wouldn't work. No one would know who sent it. We had to send a man to the surface. We argued about who would take the risk, but in the end, we both knew it had to be me.*

*Access to the torpedo room was through the sleeping quarters. But when I tried the hatch, I found the electrical opening system was activated. It wouldn't budge! Nothing in my inventory*

would help me, so I looked around the room. I found nothing that would open the hatch, but I noticed Hamsun was no longer in his bunk.

Back on the bridge, I found an electrical junction box, but I couldn't open it. What could I use to get the cover off this thing? I didn't have time to fool around, so I took out my hatchet and knocked the cover off.



What a mess! If I couldn't find a way to reroute the current, I'd never get into the torpedo room.

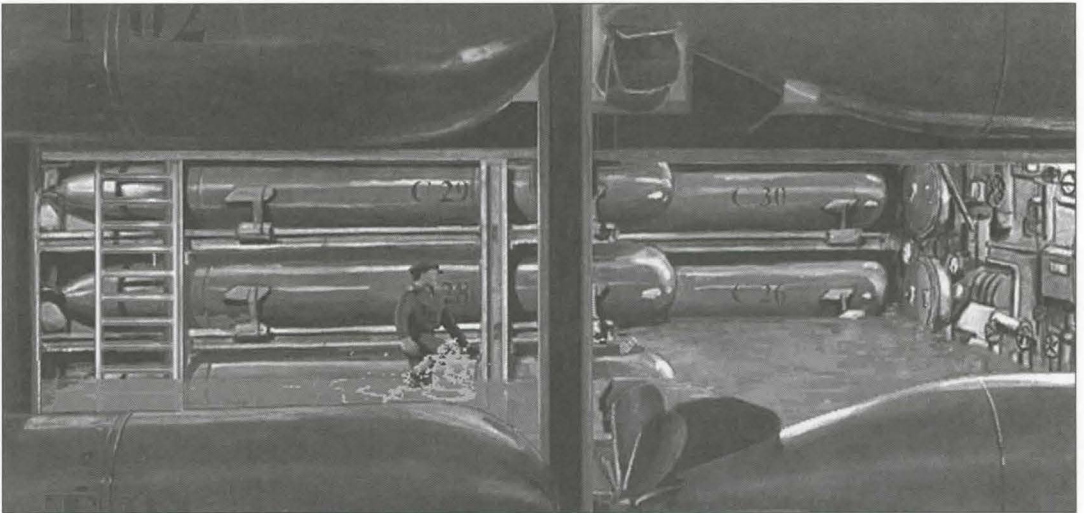
Inside, the box was a mess—broken, exposed wires everywhere! Our last hit or the saboteur must have damaged the box, although I couldn't imagine anyone getting past Driscoll. Either way, I could see I would never get into that torpedo room if I didn't correctly reroute the circuits. Fortunately, each wire had an alternate route. I only had to flip the switches along each colored wire to direct the current up the right path and through the junction box.

I quickly completed the repairs and rushed to the torpedo room.

### The Torpedo Room

Below decks, the torpedo room was filling up fast. I sloshed through the already waist-deep water, looking for something to stop the flooding. All I found was a flare, which I slipped into my pocket, but

*I didn't know how I would fire it. Then, in the far wall, among the gauges and dials, I noticed a hole—a hole that shouldn't have been there. Whatever had been there must have come loose with the last impact. Something should fill that spot, but what?*



The torpedo room was flooded!

*I tried Driscoll on the walkie-talkie, but he was no help. So, I returned to the sleeping quarters to look for something that might work. I found nothing.*

*Next, I tried the bridge. I spotted something I hadn't noticed before: the wheel lock on the door the Prisoner had destroyed. I tried to remove it from the door, but it wouldn't budge. Obviously I couldn't disconnect the thing with my bare hands. What was I thinking? What had I picked up that would work? Of course, the "spanner." I used the wrench from the engine room, and the wheel came away easily.*

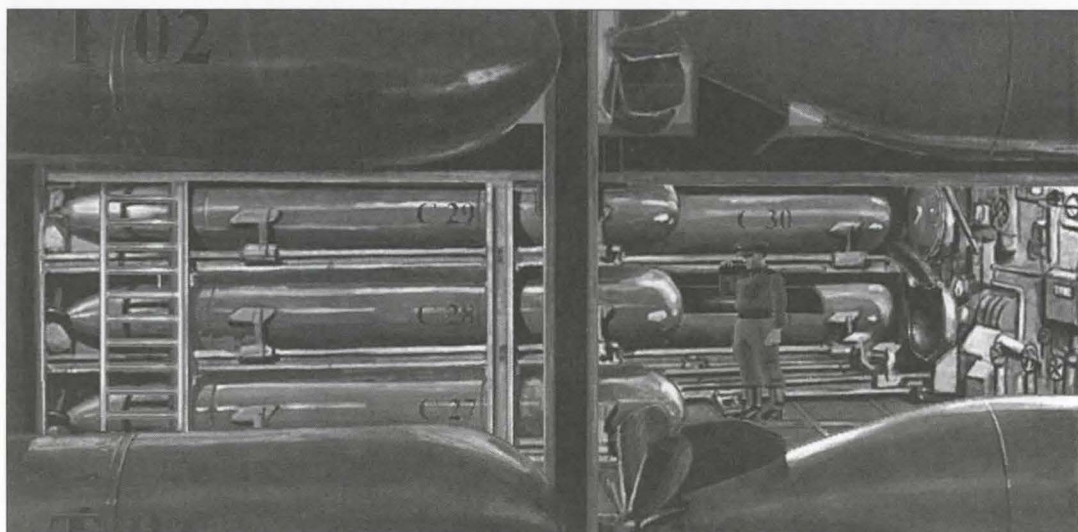
*I returned to the torpedo room and tried the wheel in the hole. It fit perfectly! I then turned it, and the water immediately began to drain from the room.*

*I searched the room and found an empty torpedo. I opened the appropriate torpedo hatch, and called Driscoll on the walkie-talkie to tell him I was prepared to try our experiment.*



*"Do you have everything you need to send a surface signal?" he asked.*

*Damn! I had the flare, but nothing with which to fire it. I searched the room again, just to make certain I hadn't missed anything, then returned to the sleeping quarters. I had already searched there, as well as the bridge and the engine room. I had only one place left to look.*



Damn! I still needed something to fire that flare!

*A cold blast of air struck me as I entered the hold. The cargo bay doors were open, and a sheet of impassable ice covered the floor. (That Prisoner must have been raised in a barn!) I tried to cross the ice but couldn't keep my footing. Then I remembered the crampons. I quickly slipped the spikes over my shoes and found I could easily negotiate the icy floor.*

*I looked around the room and soon found a chest, mounted on the wall between the cargo bay doors. But it was locked. I tried the keys I had found in the captain's drawer, and it opened easily. Inside I found the flare gun. I collected the gun, slipped off my crampons, and hurried back to the torpedo room.*





### *A Desperate Plan*

*I returned to the open torpedo and prepared for a trip that would probably kill me. But I put on the life jacket, just in case I made it to the surface in one piece.*

*I called Driscoll on the walkie-talkie and told him I would go into Tube No. 26 in ten seconds.*

*"There's a vessel on the surface," he said. "With a bit of luck you won't have to swim too long. All right, Admiral, let's go!"*

*I squeezed into the torpedo, secured the hatch, and waited for Driscoll to push the launch key. I didn't have to wait long. The pressure of the launch crushed the breath out of me! I must have passed out, for the next thing I knew, I was swallowing sea water.*

With the flare gun, I would now be able to signal for help.



"My hat's off to you, Lieutenant."



*As I recovered consciousness, I could feel the torpedo had slowed and was beginning to sink, so I squirmed out and pulled desperately for the surface.*



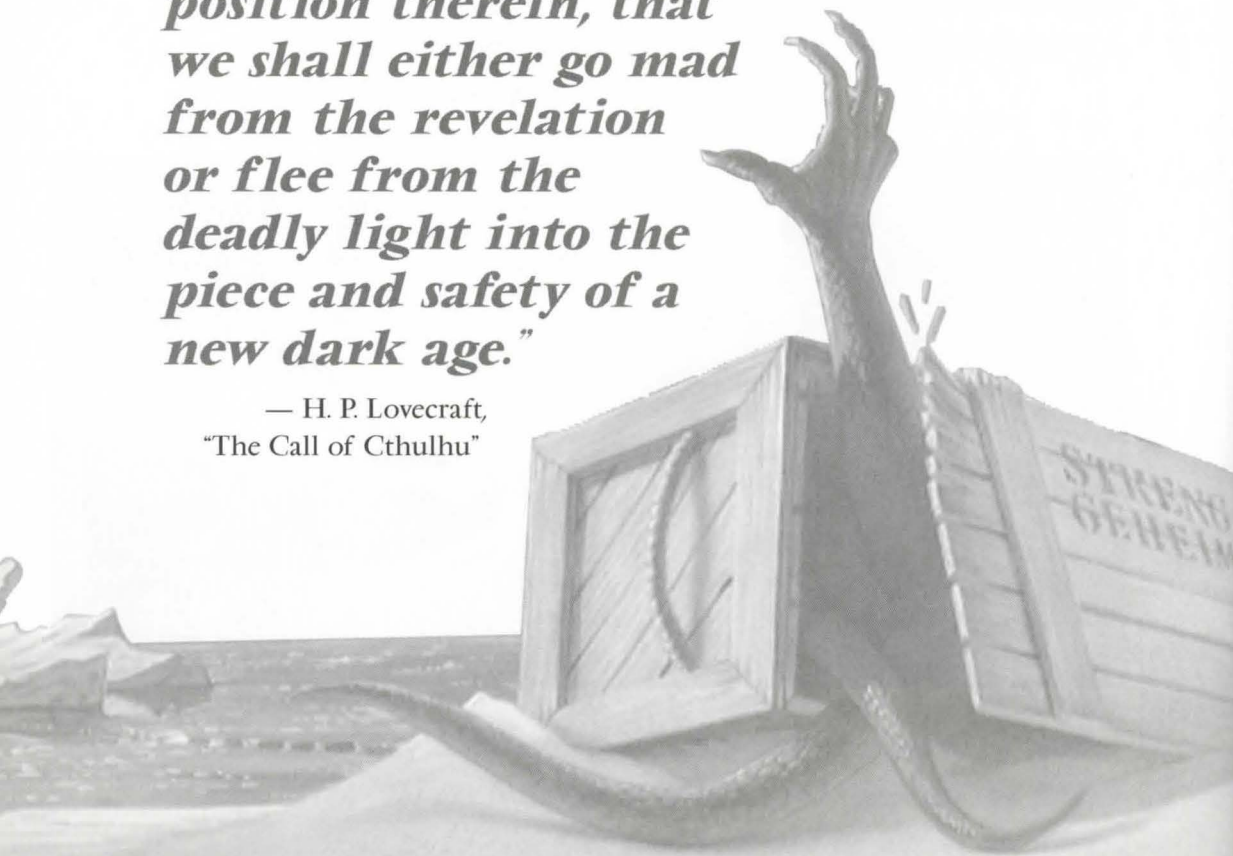
Rescued at last! But my adventure was far from over.

*As my head broke through into sunlight, I gulped air desperately. The life jacket kept me afloat and I could see the British cruiser. But I knew they would never see me without the flare. I fired the flare gun into that beautiful sky, and within minutes, I was hauled out of the sea.*



*“We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little: but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the piece and safety of a new dark age.”*

— H. P. Lovecraft,  
“The Call of Cthulhu”





# EDWARDS BASE

*13th of January, 1937*

**T**he rescue went smoothly, and all hands—those who had not met up with our Prisoner—were delivered to the British cruiser, *Lancelot*. It was bitter relief, with the loss of the captain, Jones, and Wayne weighing heavily on my mind. But I was glad to see the rest of the men would make it safely home. The men jury-rigged repairs on the *Victoria*, and Driscoll, ever the stalwart, guided the wounded girl back to her berth at command headquarters, never once leaving his post.

*Edwards Base* was on the Falkland Islands, one of a rapidly diminishing number of British Colonies still under Crown rule. The commander was a Captain Sears, about whom I knew little. I filed my field report upon our arrival, and then, after a night's rest, reported to his office for debriefing and new orders.

The Falkland Islands and Edwards Base were sights for sore eyes.

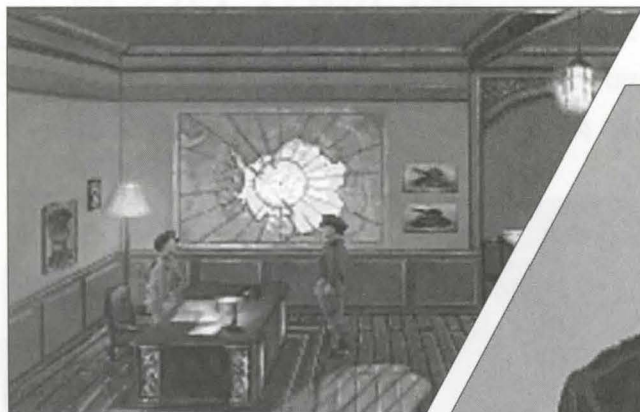


### *Captain Sears's Office*

*Sears was cordial, but officious in that British way. And he seemed very anxious to disengage me from Operation Polaris. "As far as you're concerned, Ryan," he said, "Operation Polaris is over. But while you await your repatriation to Washington, you'll continue to hold the rank of lieutenant in the Royal Navy."*

*But I still had questions about the operation, and in particular, the fate of Björn Hamsun. Sears informed me that Hamsun had been found, exhausted, aboard the Victoria inside a metal locker. He'd been taken immediately to the medical wing. Sears did not elaborate on the anthropologist's physical or mental condition.*

*I was also very concerned about the whereabouts of that second crate. Sears told me it was being kept under close watch. "Nothing can happen to it," he assured me. But I worried just the same.*



I reported to Captain Sears, who seemed like a good officer.



*Just then, there was a knock at the door. A soldier entered and announced that a film sent by a Miss Molly had arrived. It had been left with the guard in the corridor until the captain was ready for it. I was surprised to learn the base had a projection room.*

"Yes," Sears told me, "but the projectionist has been confined to barracks by Quartermaster Quincy."

I couldn't help but ask about the identity of this "Miss Molly." The captain explained that the appellation was really a code name for a British operative working under deep cover in Germany.

With that, Captain Sears departed, leaving me alone in his office to wait for the quarter-master, who would arrive soon.

The moment Sears closed the door, I began searching his office. I knew it would look bad if I were caught, but after my experience aboard the *Victoria*, I was in no mood to trust anyone. After all, we never found our saboteur. I had the feeling I should look out for myself, even here. And I knew it was only prudent to gather all the information and resources I could.

Maps covered the office walls and a painting hung behind the captain's desk. The picture was askew, so I moved it and found a locked safe behind it. I didn't have the combination, and I'm no safe cracker, so I turned to the captain's desk. I found nothing much there, either, just an incomplete form.

On a desk in the far corner, I found a pack of cigarettes and my identity card. I slipped both of these into my pockets. I then checked the drawers in the desk. Inside one, I found a sheet of paper with numbers written on it. It looked like some kind of code, but part of the sheet had been torn away. This, too, I kept.

Just as I closed the drawer, Quincy entered the office. He ignored my friendly greeting and sat down at the corner desk. (I hoped he wouldn't miss the cigarettes.) Then he handed me my duty roster and barked at me to get out.

I found several items on the other desk, and a torn scrap of paper in a drawer.







*"Lieutenant," he said, "you have nothing more to do here! I have already wasted enough time drawing up your duty roster! Some effects belonging to Hamsun have disappeared! I need to find them!"*

*I tried to speak to him, but he just snapped at me again, so I left the office.*

Quincy was one of the rudest officers I had ever met.



If I'd only known the danger we were still in.



## *Miss Molly's Delivery*

*In the corridor outside Sears's office I encountered a guard sitting at a desk. He asked for my duty roster, and I handed it to him.*

*Suddenly, an alarm sounded, calling all guards to the basement. The corridor guard ran down the hallway.*

*Left alone again, I searched the guard's desk. There I found a reel of film in a canister. It was surely Miss Molly's delivery. Whatever Captain Sears's opinion, I knew my mission, and it was far from over. I had to see what was on that film. So, I grabbed the canister and set off to find the projection room.*



I had to see what was on that film!



## *The Projection Room*

*I had to search for a while, but I eventually found the projection room and, much to my surprise, McLaglen, the projectionist, was there. He seemed a decent but sullen fellow, resentful about being confined to barracks. Apparently, Quincy had caught the old bird trafficking cigarettes. Needless to say, McLaglen despised Quincy and was suspicious of me.*

*"I haven't been sent by Quincy," I told him. "I get the impression he isn't too keen on me either."*

*"That's more like it," McLaglen said. "He's added another line in red to my file you know!"*

*Yet when I asked if he would screen the film for me, McLaglen was still suspicious. How could I gain this man's confidence? I needed him if I was going to get a look at this film before that corridor guard returned. What could I use to get him to trust me?*



McLaglen, the projectionist, was cooperative, once I found his weakness.

*Then I hit on it: the cigarettes! I offered him the whole pack, and he accepted it gratefully.*

*"I know now it's not one of Quincy's tricks," he said. "But I'll accept only if I can be of service to you. Give me your film. I'll run it for you."*

*I handed him the canister and waited for the show to start.*

### *Strange Matinee*

*The film was short, just a clip, really. It consisted of only two shots, with no sound recording. The first showed a massive crane hauling a wooden crate out of a wide chasm in the ice far out on*

an arctic ice floe. The shot was taken from a distance, but I still recognized that box: it was nearly identical to the ones we'd loaded onto the Victoria. Perhaps it was the very crate under guard here on the base.

The second shot sent an icy shudder through me: A Nazi soldier stood over the prostrate form of a British seaman. He must have been frozen by terror, for he just stood there as something unrecognizable oozed out of the seaman's body and quickly formed itself into the twin of our Prisoner! The monster attacked, and the soldier's silent scream was the film's final image.

So the cunning creature could hide itself inside human bodies! It could be anywhere—anybody! What kind of hellspawn had these madmen resurrected?

McLaglen returned and tried to make conversation. He asked about the film, but I knew I could tell him nothing.

"So, my friend," he asked, "did you enjoy the film?"

"Very edifying, McLaglen."

"What kind of film was it?"

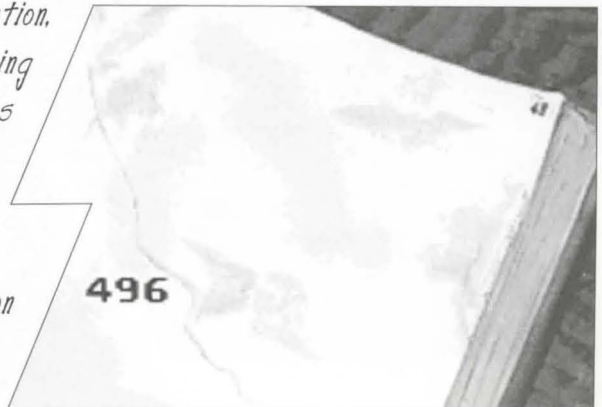
"Very technical, McLaglen, very technical."

McLaglen seemed satisfied with this and sat down. I spent a few moments looking around the projection room. On the bookshelf I discovered a book, an encyclopedia, in fact.

Something about it caught my attention, and I opened it and began thumbing through its pages. One of the pages was torn and had three numbers written on it. Where had I seen numbers like these before?

I took out the paper I found on Quincy's desk and laid it next to the torn page: a perfect match! Now I

Aha! The rest of the code!





*had the rest of the code. I even had an idea how it could be used. I couldn't take the book with McLaglen sitting there, so I committed the code to memory and returned the book to its place on the shelf.*

*I had developed quite a rapport with this old soldier, so I decided to see what else he would tell me. I was particularly interested in looking at the base's personnel files, but he could only direct me to someone named Shaw. I thanked him for his help, and couldn't resist a parting jibe.*

*"McLaglen?"*

*"Yes, lad?"*

*"You shouldn't smoke so much. Bad for your health, you know."*

While I searched for clues, the beast continued its slaughter.





### *Dr. Trevor's Warning*

*In the entrance hallway, I met a highly agitated man in a white coat. He was probably the base physician, but he didn't bother to introduce himself. After asking my name, he plunged ahead with his story.*

*"Hamsun has disappeared!" he said. "I discovered a strange green slime at the foot of his bunk! Have you noticed anything similar on board the Victoria?"*

*Still not certain whom I could trust, I gave him very little information.*

*"No," I said, "not that I can remember."*

*He seemed to accept my answer, though I don't think he believed me. He suddenly hurried into the elevator, and was gone.*

Dr. Trevor was quite alarmed when he stopped me by the elevator.



### *A Message From Washington*

*Back in the main corridor, I located the door to the communications room. The guard had not yet returned to his desk, so I opened the door and slipped inside.*

*The room was noisy with static and the whistling of a tea kettle in the corner. (The Brits and their tea!) I spoke to Shaw and he told me he had just deciphered a radio message for me.*



Shaw, the radio man, had a message, but he was reluctant to tell me about the personnel files.

*"Hey," he said, "your friends in Washington are all paranoid!" But they had good reason, as I learned when I read the communiqué:*

*"Have intercepted coded message originating from Edwards Base and destined for Germany. A traitor is operating from within the base. Make sure you identify him. Lock up the personnel files and keep an eye on Hamsun."*

*Another traitor! Or was it the same saboteur who nearly sank the Victoria? I had to look in on Hamsun, soon, but first I wanted to get a look at those personnel files. I asked Shaw about them, but he tried to dodge my question by sending me back to McLaglen. But I wasn't an easy one to dodge.*

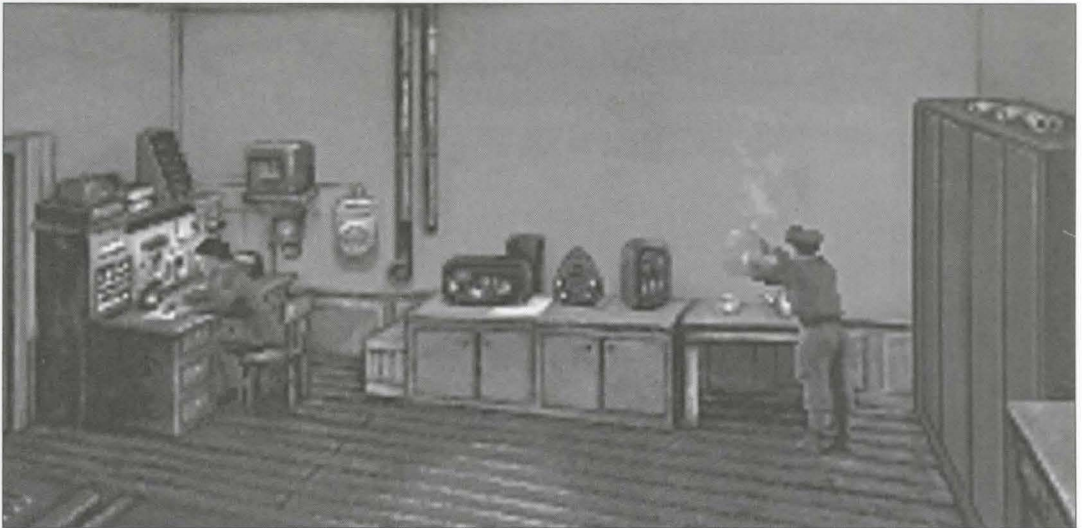
*"I spoke to him," I said. "He said you could help me."*

*"All right, Lieutenant," said the radio man, reluctantly. "The files are next to the armory."*

*The armory? Where was that? And how was I going to get past the guards without a proper pass? None of the things I'd picked up so far could help me—not on their own, anyway. But maybe if I put some things together with something I left behind...*

*The noise from the tea kettle intruded on my reverie and gave me an idea. When Shaw wasn't looking, I held my identification card over the tea kettle. The steam melted the glue holding my photo to the card, and it slipped off easily. I quickly left the radio room and headed for Sears's office.*

An old trick with the tea kettle worked well on my ID.



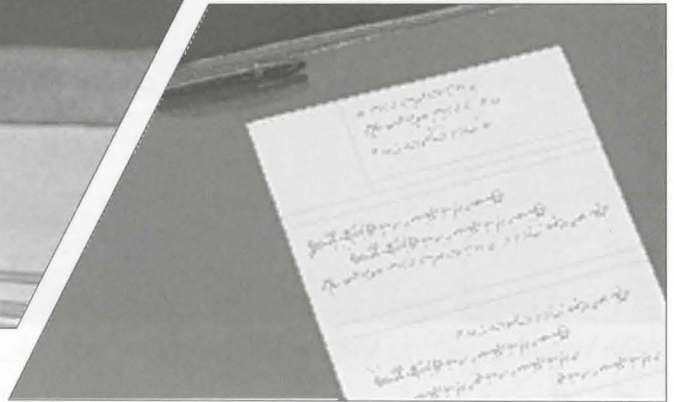
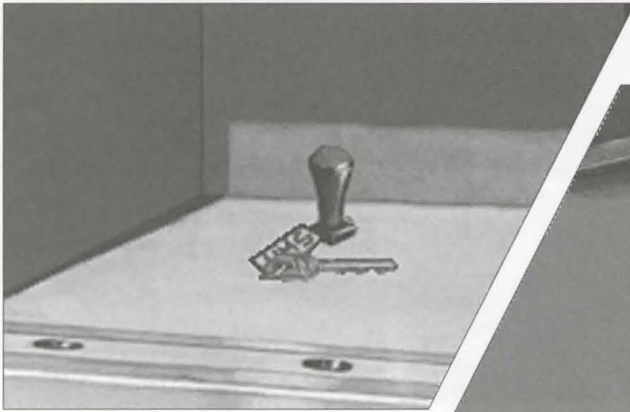
### *Two Combinations*

*I couldn't believe my luck. I found Sears's office empty and went straight to the painting behind his desk. I moved the painting aside and looked closely at the safe. If I was right, I'd soon have that metal door open.*

*Using the combination I'd put together in the projection room, I adjusted the mechanism on the face of the safe, and the door swung open. Inside I found a rubber stamp and keys that must have*



*belonged to Sears. I grabbed them both, closed the safe, and moved the painting back into place.*



The number code was the combination, all right. And now, a little cut-and-paste, and I'd have the run of the base.

*I had no idea when Quincy or Sears might return, so I quickly turned to the incomplete form on Sears's desk. I took out my photo and affixed it to a corner of the document. Then I used the rubber stamp to make the thing official. Now I had a pass that would allow me to move freely about the base. I slipped the signed pass into my pocket and hurried into the corridor.*

*I had no real plan. I knew I wanted to look at the personnel files,*



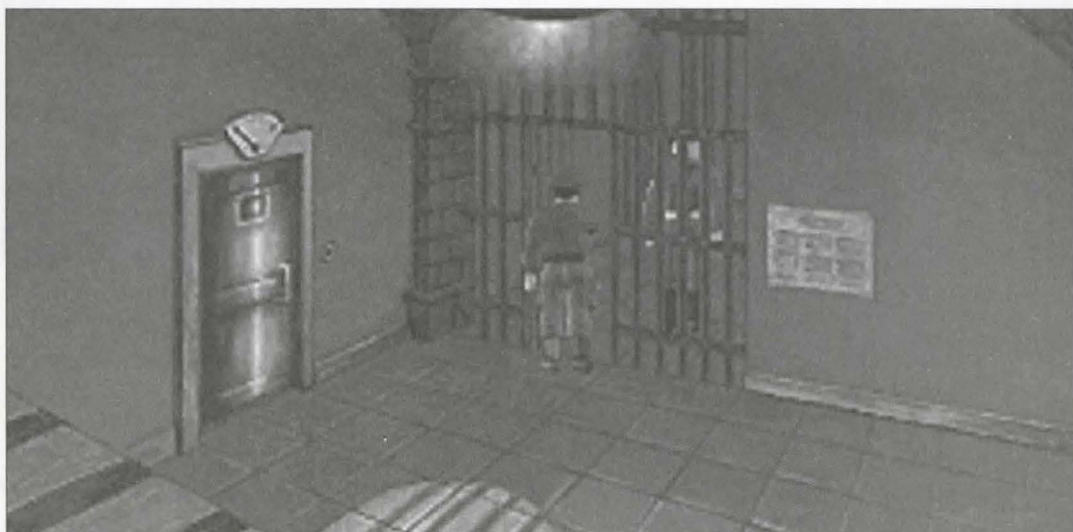
*and I knew they were near the armory. But I didn't know where the armory was or how I would get there. I'd already searched every room on this level of the base. Perhaps I should see where that elevator would take me.*

*I went to the entrance hall, pushed the button on the wall by the elevator, and climbed aboard.*

### *The Basement*

*The elevator doors opened and I emerged into the basement guard room. At the barred gateway, a surly guard demanded my pass. I handed him my forged pass and he backed away from the gate.*

My makeshift pass did the trick.



*Two guards were on duty inside. I overheard them gossiping:  
"The nurse is getting engaged to that little schemer Shaw."*

*"You're joking!"*

*"I never joke!"*

*Three unmarked doors stood behind them. I tried one and a guard reprimanded me. "Lieutenant! You can't go near the armory!"*

*So, there it was. Now, how to get inside...*

*I couldn't do anything else but explore and talk to the guards. I told them Quincy sent me to help search for Hamsun's belongings, and they directed me to a closet door.*

*"Good luck, Lieutenant," they warned. "This closet is a real junk heap."*



The guards told me what I needed to know.

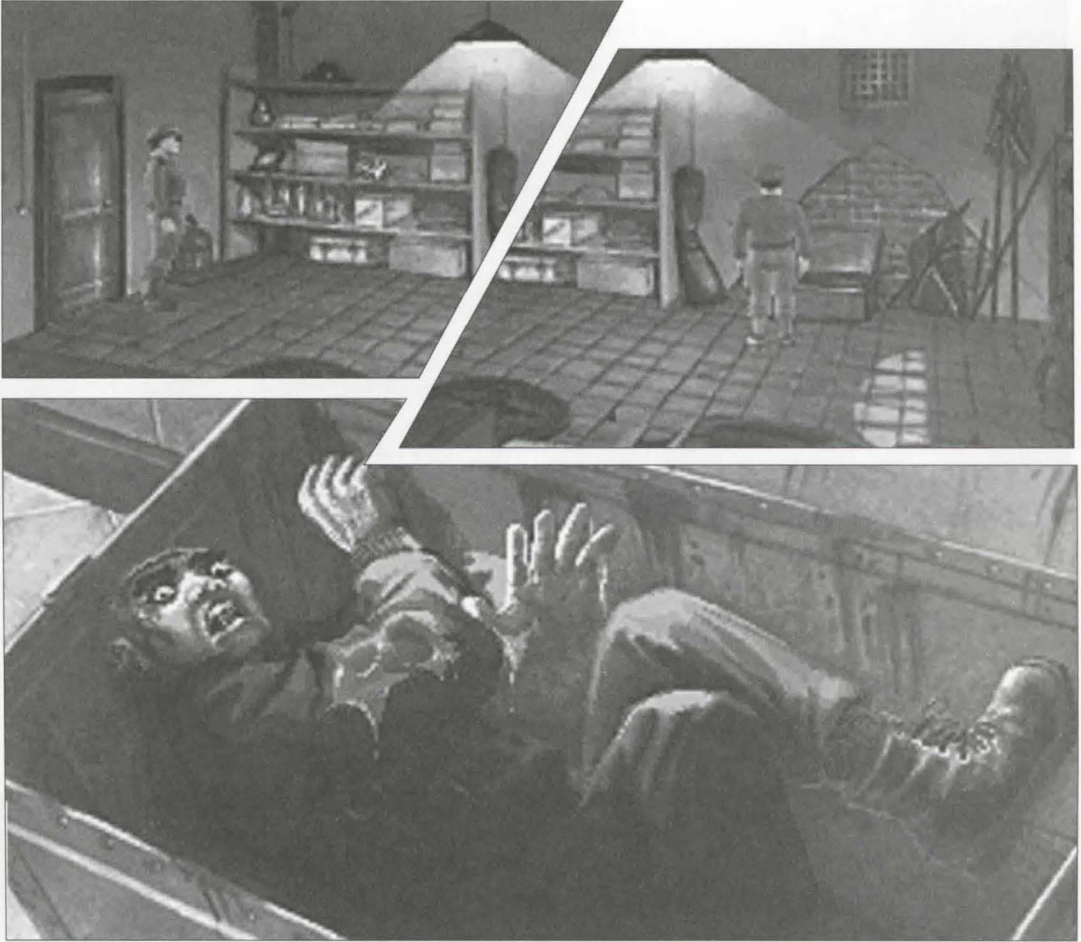
### *A Surprise in the Closet*

*The storage closet was, indeed, a mess. I gave it a quick toss, but found only a tin, as the British say, of spoiled sea rations. But then I spotted a trunk. I opened the lid and was horrified at what I saw. A body lay inside! The man's face was frozen in a rictus of fear.*

*I quickly left the room with only the tin for my trouble.*

### *The Infirmary*

*I talked with the guards a bit more, and they directed me to the next door, the infirmary. I tried to continue the conversation, but enlisted men have very little to say to officers.*



*In the infirmary, I met Miss Trent, the nurse the guards were talking about. (I had to agree that she was wasted on Shaw.) She was friendly and shared a bit of gossip herself. Like everyone else I'd met on this base, she hated the quarter-master.*

*"In five years of career with the army," she said, "I've never come across such an unpleasant character! He's only just arrived here and already he's managed to . . . Oh, he's horrible!"*

*Only just arrived? Maybe Mr. Quincy should get a little more of my attention.*

*I told her I had to see the doctor on a matter of urgency. She left me alone to ask if he was free.*

I searched the storage closet and discovered the monster's handiwork.





Nurse Trent seemed to hate Quincy as much as everybody else at the base.

*I took the opportunity to search the waiting room. I found more maps, a painting, a travel magazine for Argentina, but nothing I could use. I finished before Miss Trent returned to usher me into the doctor's office.*



Dr. Trevor's bedside manner left much to be desired.

*The doctor's bedside manner left much to be desired. In a voice that betrayed his boredom, he said, "So what's your problem? Phlebitis? Diphtheria? A bout of malaria?"*



*Malaria? This wasn't Africa!*

*I was thinking on my feet when I told him I had stomach trouble. He wanted to see what I'd eaten, so I showed him the tin I'd found in the closet.*

*"You really ate that?" he said with sudden real concern. "Don't move, I'll get the medicine you need!" And he ran out, leaving me free to search his office.*

*I found a microscope and the usual medical equipment. But on a desk I found something that looked out of place: an assembly manual. I wasn't sure if it would be important, but I snatched it and slipped it under my tunic, just as the doctor returned with my medicine.*

*"Take this tablet. Don't hesitate to come back if you don't feel better."*

*I thanked him and left.*

## *The Armory*

*I emerged from the infirmary just in time to see the changing of the guard and hear a little gossip about someone named Finnlayson. The new guards barely noticed me as I walked over to the armory door. I knocked and a porthole opened. A voice from inside asked, "What's it all about?"*

Finnlayson wouldn't let me into the armory without the manual.



*What could I offer this guy so he'd let me inside the damned armory? I had to see those personnel files! The only thing I had to offer was the assembly manual I purloined from the good doctor. So I held it up to the porthole.*

*"Hey!" said the man inside. "At last someone who appreciates the finer things in life. Come in Lieutenant! Come in!"*

*To my surprise, the door opened and I walked in.*

*Inside, Finnlayson—I could read the man's name tag now—busied himself sorting ammo. He was friendly enough, but not talkative. And I knew he would never let me see those files. I couldn't even look for them with him standing there. I had to get him out of the armory for just a few minutes.*

A little fire, a little smoke, a little CO<sub>2</sub>.



*I noticed a slowly burning cigarette in an ashtray near a waste bin full of crumpled papers. It seemed like a perfect combination to create a diversion. But first, I removed the fire extinguisher mounted on the wall by the door. As I dropped the cigarette into the bin and smoke began to appear, I quickly hid in a dark corner.*

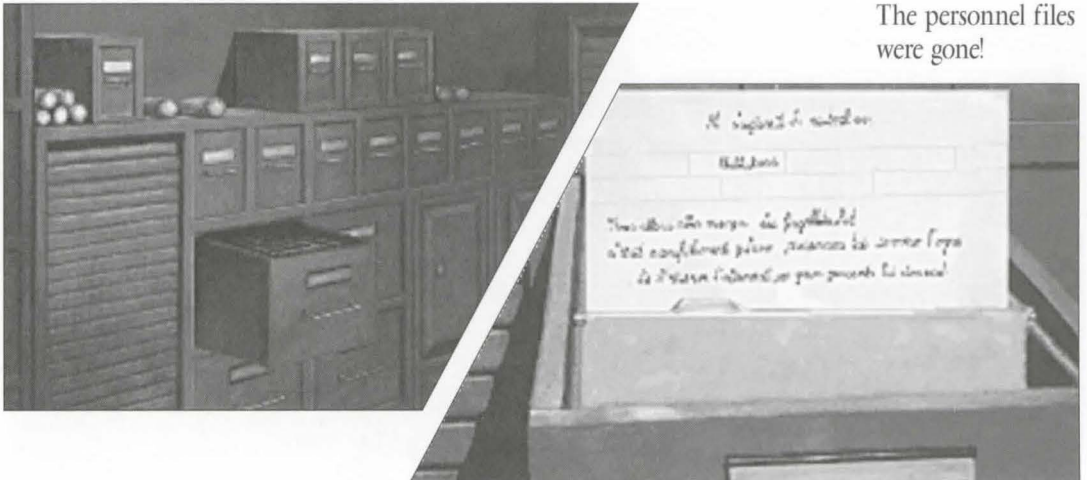
*Finnlayson noticed the fire almost immediately. He was cool as he reached for the fire extinguisher. But when he discovered it was missing, he began screaming.*

*"Where's the fire extinguisher? Marsh! MAAAARSH!"*

*Marsh, the file clerk, rushed out of the file room and the two ran out.*

*I, of course, had the first extinguisher, which I quickly used to put out the fire. With Finnlayson and Marsh out of the way, I was free to search the file room.*

*But once inside, I found the files had been cleaned out. Somebody was hiding something. I almost gave up and left the file room, but just before I closed the drawer, I noticed one file card that had been left behind. It was for someone called Parker. I quickly scanned the card, then left the file room.*



The personnel files were gone!



*As I opened the armory door, Captain Sears greeted me.*

*"Congratulations, Ryan. You're always in the right place at the right time. Come with me to my office. I have something to tell you."*

*He was cordial, but something in his voice made me uneasy.*

### *A Prisoner on the Loose*

*Once we were alone in his office, Sears's manner changed as he gave me some disquieting news.*

*"The last Polaris crate has been found in pieces! And the body of one of my men has been found in the closet! You will not leave this office until I have found out what happened on board the Victoria! I want to know more, Lieutenant! There's a creature roaming about the Base! How did you get rid of the one on the Victoria?"*

*I told him about the incantation Hamsun had screamed; but I couldn't recall it and the tape recorder had been lost in the torpedo. He was skeptical.*

*"The navy does not believe in incantations! Go back on board the Victoria. It's docked at the Base harbor. See if you can lay your hands on some of Hamsun's belongings. I am sure the answer is to be found on board the submarine."*

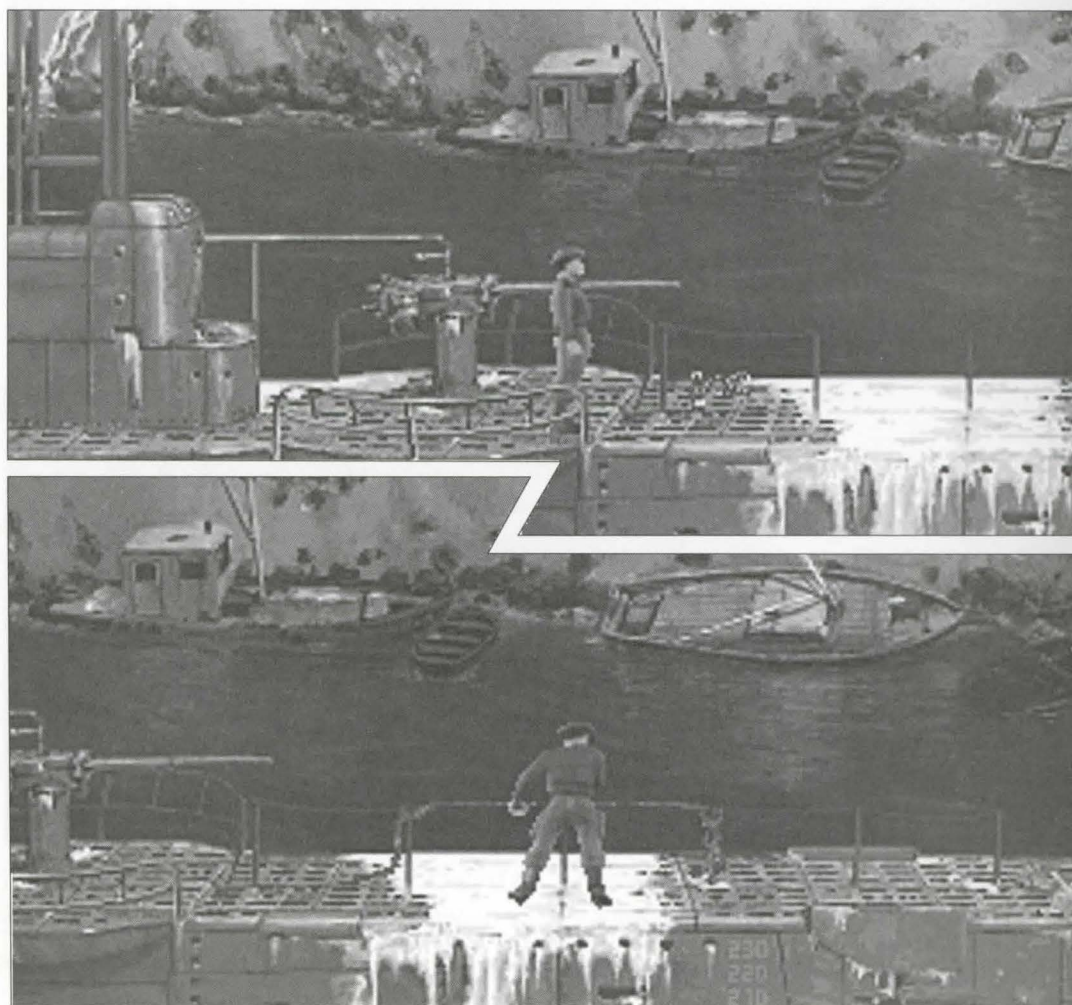
Sears questioned me and then ordered me to search the Victoria.



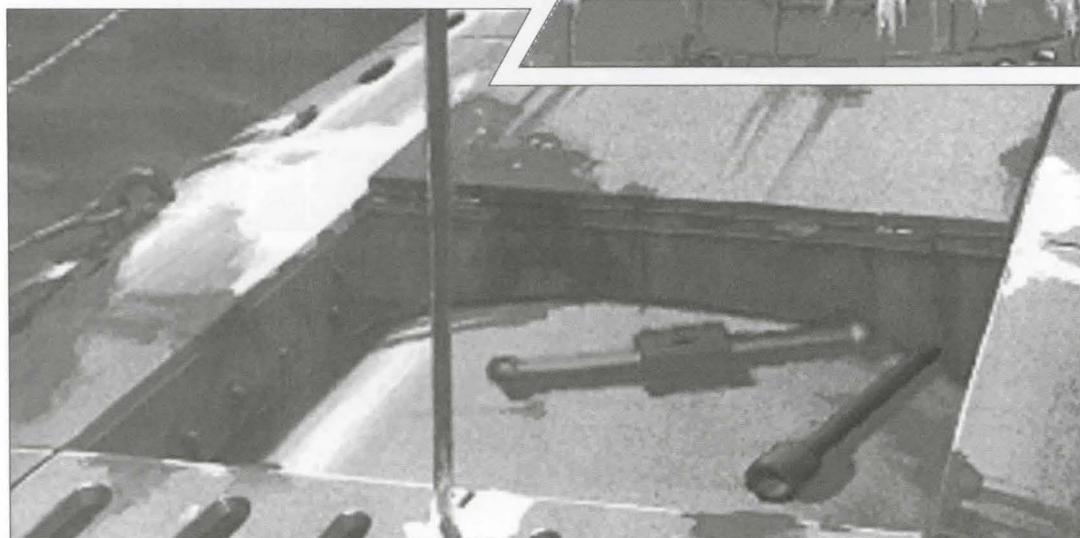
## *Return to the Victoria*

*I found the Victoria where Sears said she would be. But after a day and a night in the harbor, she was covered with impassable sheets of ice. And the hatch to the airlock was cranked down tight! How was I supposed to get inside? I looked around the immediate area and found nothing but some cable. Somehow I had to get across that ice to the tool locker at the front of the sub.*

Ice had formed on the deck, but an old cable made it passable.



*I secured the cable to some iron bars and used it as a hand rail to help me cross the ice. I found the tool chest and opened it. Inside were two pieces of metal that, by themselves, were useless. But when I put them together, they made a fine "marine key."*



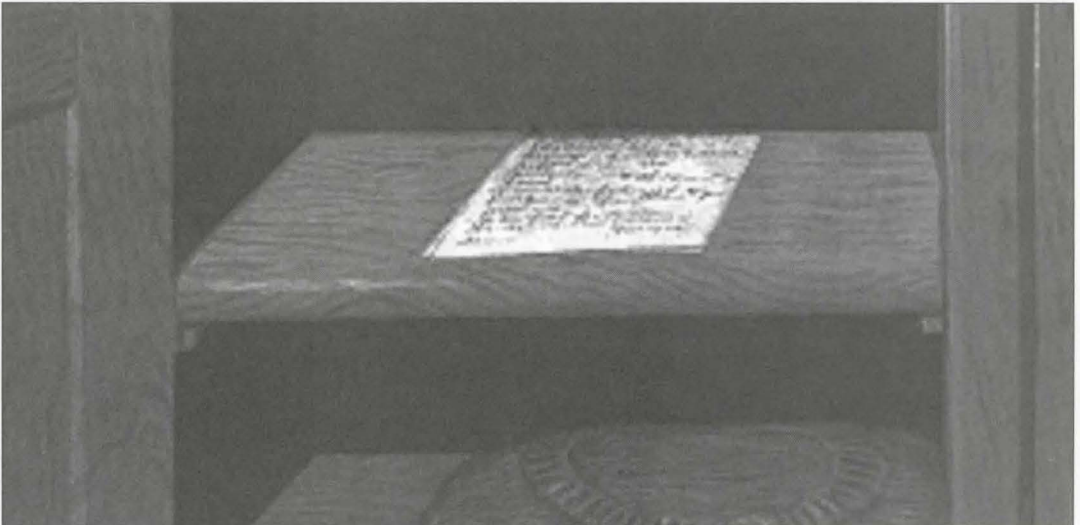
This wasn't exactly what I was looking for, but it would have to do.

*I carefully moved back across the ice to the bridge airlock entrance. My marine key worked perfectly and I entered the Victoria.*



*I admit I felt uneasy as I descended the ladder to the bridge. I suppose the ship seemed haunted to me. Regardless of my feelings, I intended to waste no time on that ship. I went straight to the sleeping quarters.*

*A quick search of the room lead me to the wardrobe near Hamsun's bunk. Inside I found a sheaf of note papers covered with mystical writings and incantations. I snatched them up and headed for the bridge.*

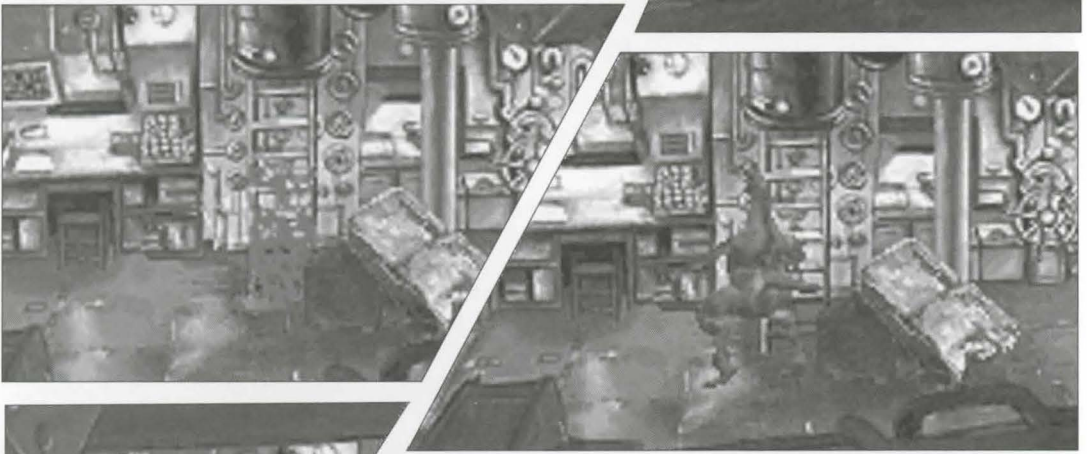
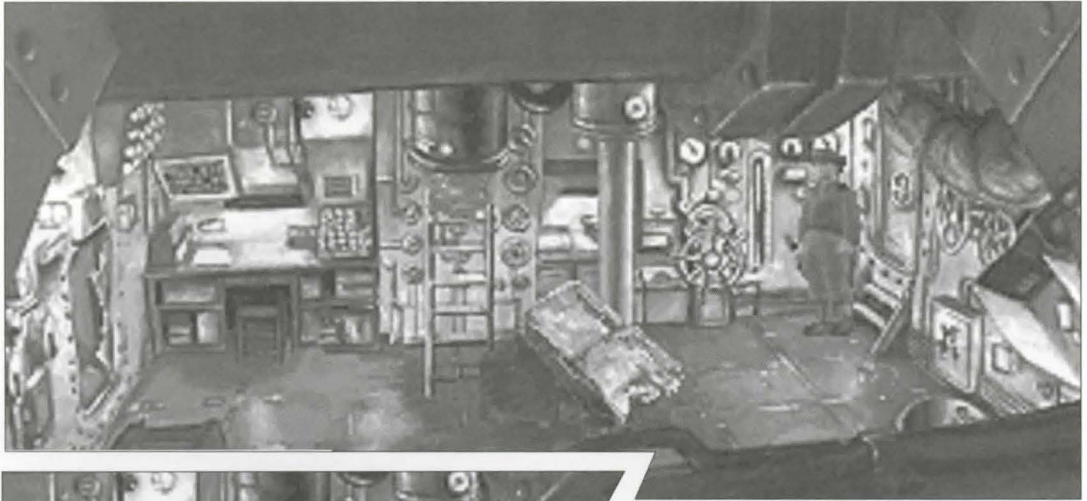


*But as I stepped through the hatch, a cloud of indescribable slime rolled down the ladder from the conning tower and assembled itself into a Prisoner! I'd hoped I heard the last of that beast's keening howl!*

*I was utterly unarmed! I couldn't read the incantations, and the only thing I had in my pockets was the key from Captain Sears's safe. As the creature lumbered toward me, I searched desperately for anything on the bridge that might save me.*

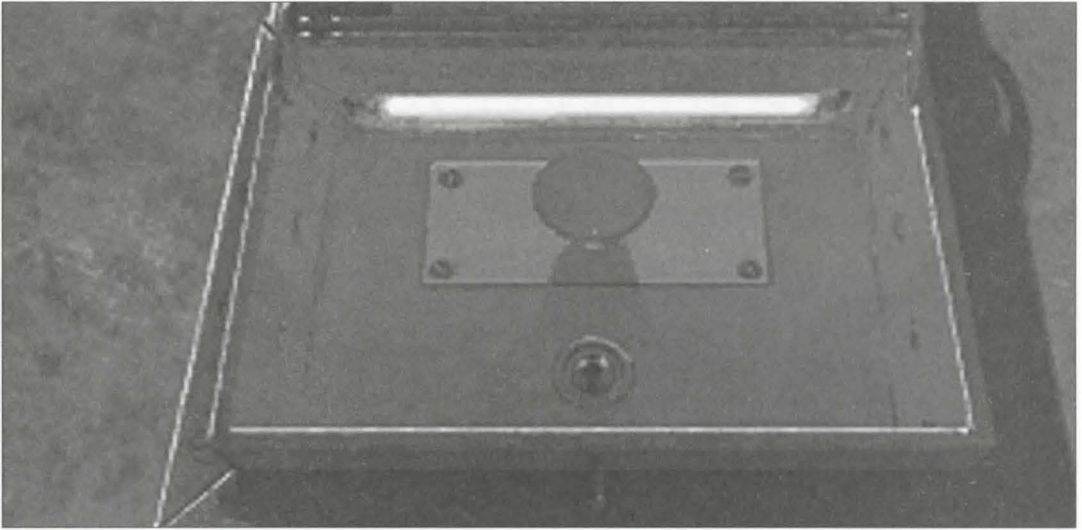
*There! On the wall! The red alert switch! Perhaps it would distract the beast long enough for me to run, but only a captain's key... Of course!*

My search uncovered some papers hidden in the sleeping quarters.



Facing these monsters was becoming a habit!

*I grabbed the key, jammed it into the lock, and set off the alarm. The noise and red lights momentarily paralyzed the monster, and I fled up the ladder.*



*As I neared the base, I heard an explosion behind me in the harbor. I turned in time to see flames rising from the Victoria.*

I jammed the key into the lock and set off the alarm.



Explosion on the Victoria!

### *A Desperate Situation*

*As I reentered the base, I could see that all hell had broken loose. A panicked guard confronted me, babbling something about the radio operator being dead and all communications being cut off. Captain Sears, he said, had disappeared.*



*Another guard rushed into the room and confirmed what I had seen only moments before: the Victoria had just exploded.*

*Dr. Trevor suddenly emerged from the elevator and berated the guards for detaining me. "My office, Lieutenant!", he shouted, fairly dragging me along toward the elevator. "On the double!"*

Back at the base,  
all hell had  
broken loose.



*In his office, the doctor told me about a test he'd performed on Hamsun's blood. He handed me a vial and pushed me toward his microscope. I watched as the sample blood cells moved almost as sentient beings, possessed, joining together to form an unholy knot of blood-red menace.*

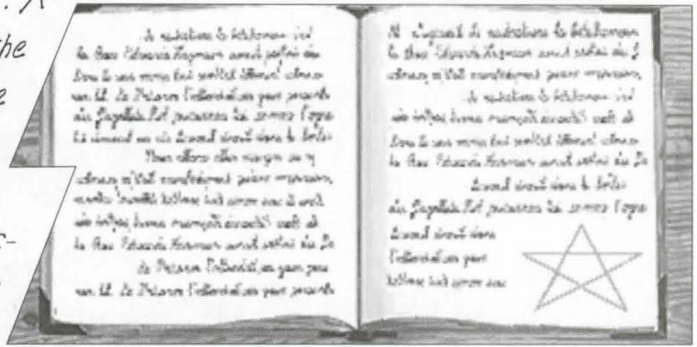
The doctor had  
found something  
inhuman in  
Hamsun's blood.



"There's something that isn't human in his cells!" Trevor said. I could see he was very near panic himself. What had happened here while I was on the Victoria?

Then the doctor produced a book and thrust it into my hands. "When they brought me Hamsun, he was holding a strange little book! Here!" I read a passage: "A Prisoner of Ice cannot cross a doorway unless a line has been drawn across its threshold with the blood of someone possessed. . . . A stone allows you to send the Prisoner of Ice back into the void. This stone is called the M'nar Stone. . ." Beside the marked passage was the picture of a five-sided figure: a pentagram.

Hamsun's journal provided vital information about the creatures.



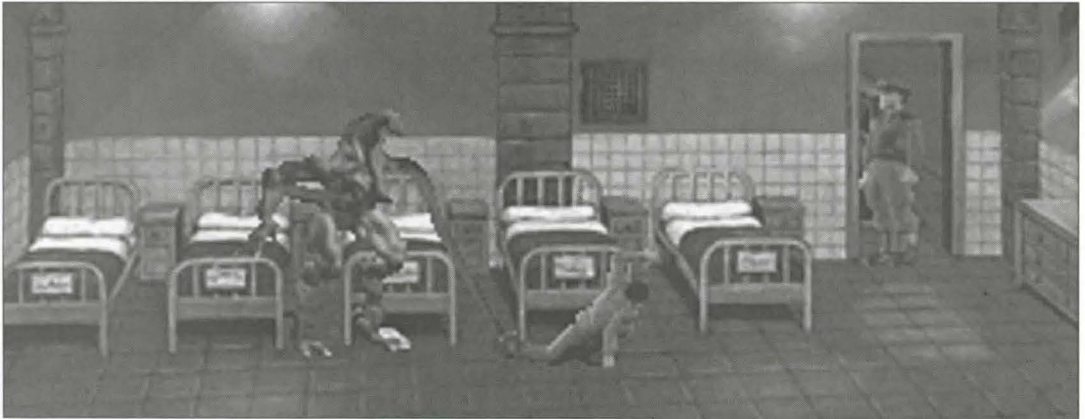
Suddenly the nurse burst in from the infirmary, screaming and crying. She glanced over her shoulder and fled the office. I ran into the infirmary and discovered what had terrified her:



A Prisoner loomed over Quincy who tried desperately to crawl away, shouting: "The stone!

The stone behind the map!" Before I could move, the creature devoured him. As the monster turned to me, I knelt quickly and used the blood from the doctor's vial to draw the pentagram as I remembered it from Hamsun's book. As the creature stepped into the figure, it became trapped.

I had to find out what had terrified Nurse Trent.

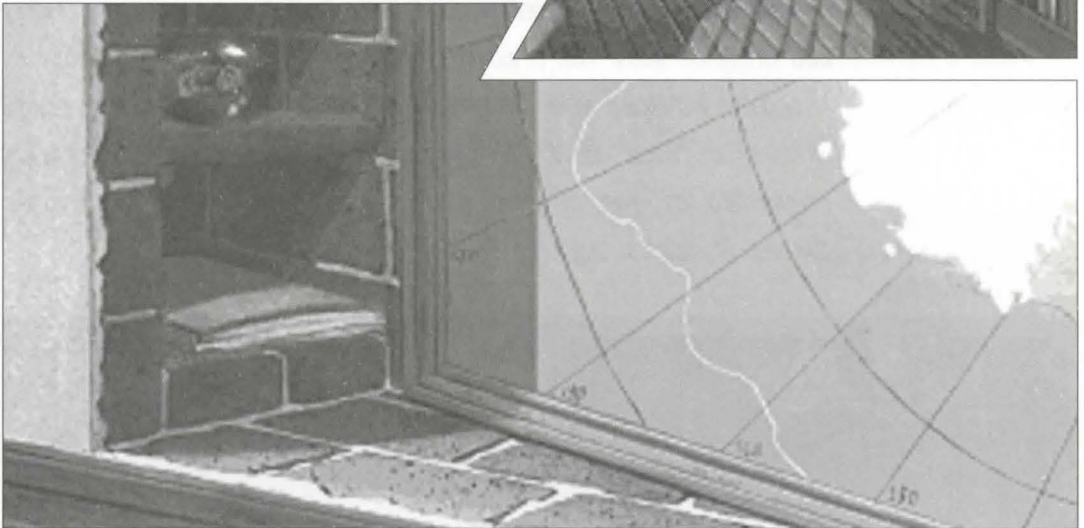


I was too late to help Quincy, but Hamsun's possessed blood bought me some time.

*But I didn't know how long the spell would hold the creature. I raced out of the infirmary and stopped in the doctor's office only long enough to grab a hypodermic needle from his desk. Then I rushed to Sears's office. The trip seemed to take forever.*



*In Sears's office, I went directly to the largest map, the one I'd admired when I first arrived. I marked the position of the base with the needle, and the map rotated, revealing a secret shelf.*



*I found a secret report on the shelf, but I didn't waste any time reading it. For there, on the shelf above it, was the M'nar Stone. This must have been the stone Quincy was raving about! I grabbed the report and the rock and ran as fast as I could to the infirmary.*

*The Prisoner was waiting for me, struggling in the pentagram. I lifted the M'nar Stone and arcs of power swarmed around*

I found what I needed behind the big map in Sears' office.



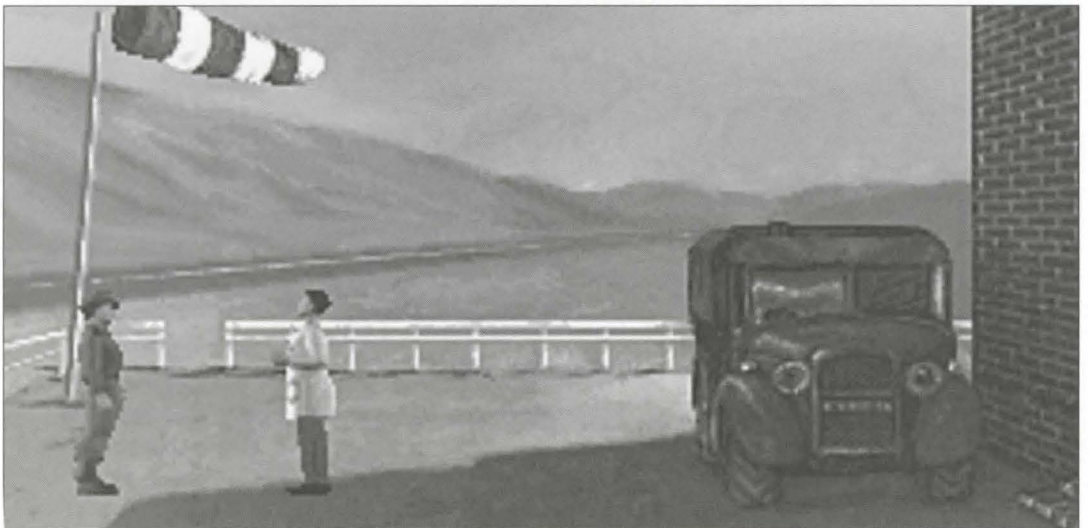
The stone did the trick and I sent the creature back to hell.

*the monster. It screamed its unearthly scream and vanished, I hoped, into hell.*

*Before leaving the infirmary, I picked up the papers poor Quincy had dropped when the creature attacked.*

*Later, I talked with Dr. Trevor. He told me Sears had vanished without a trace. But the secret report I'd found in his office originated at the Schloss Adler Nazi base in the Antarctic. Sears, it seems, was our traitor.*

With new orders, I bid farewell to Edwards Base.



*We had all misjudged Quincy. He had been investigating since he arrived at the base, and he'd discovered all of it before the rest of us. The doctor wished me luck, and I went to send the Schloss Adler report in to be decoded. A few hours later, I heard from my superiors:*

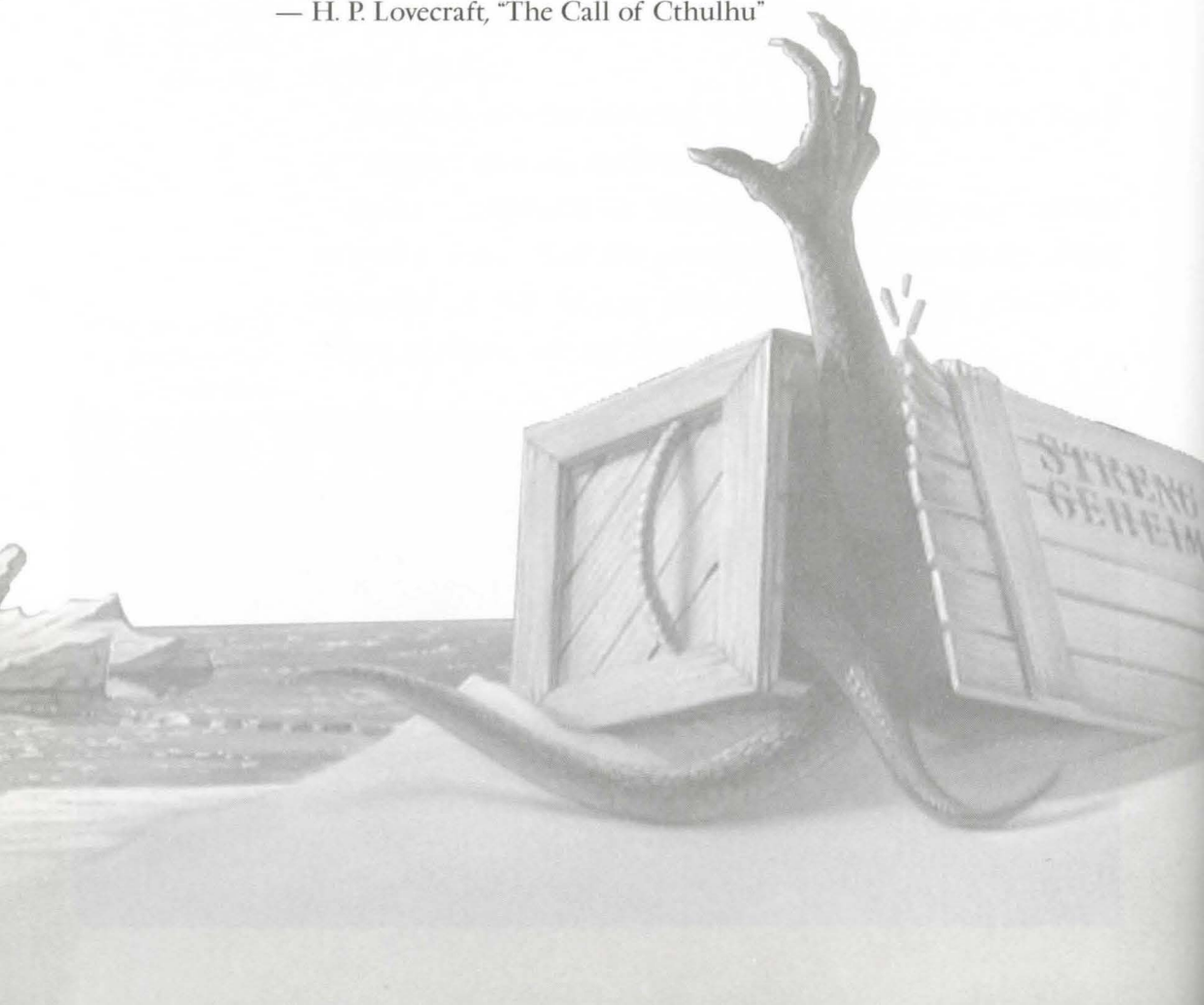
*"Congratulations Ryan. The coded documents enabled us to recover the trail of a certain John Parker. This man is an expert in magic rights and an old friend of Hamsun's. In a letter addressed to Björn Hamsun, Parker mentions a book from the Library at Buenos Aires, reference number OTR2832.*

*"Find Parker or the book!"*



*“They worshipped, so they said, the Great Old Ones who lived ages before there were any men, and who came to the young world out of the sky. These Old Ones were gone now, inside the earth and under the sea; but their dead bodies had told their secrets in dreams to the first man, who formed a cult which had never died.”*

— H. P. Lovecraft, “The Call of Cthulhu”



# BUENOS AIRES

*16th of January, 1937*

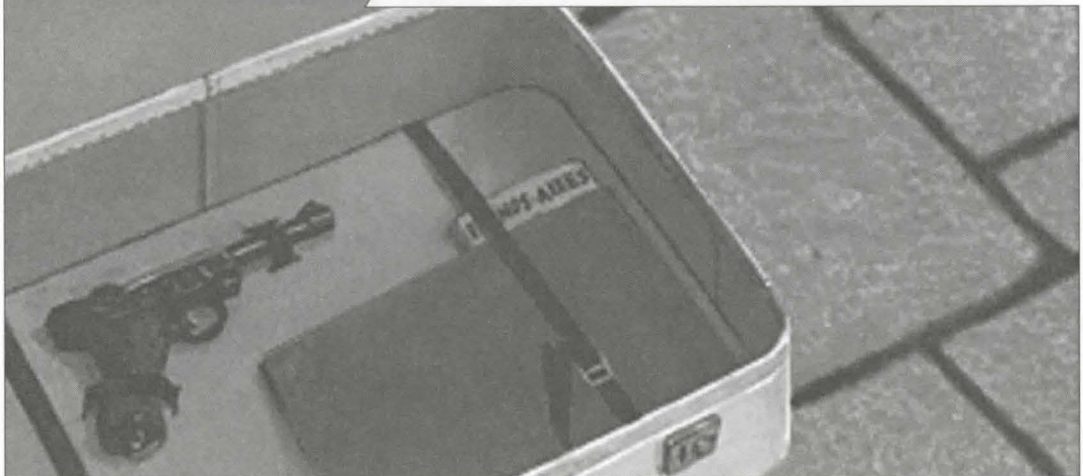
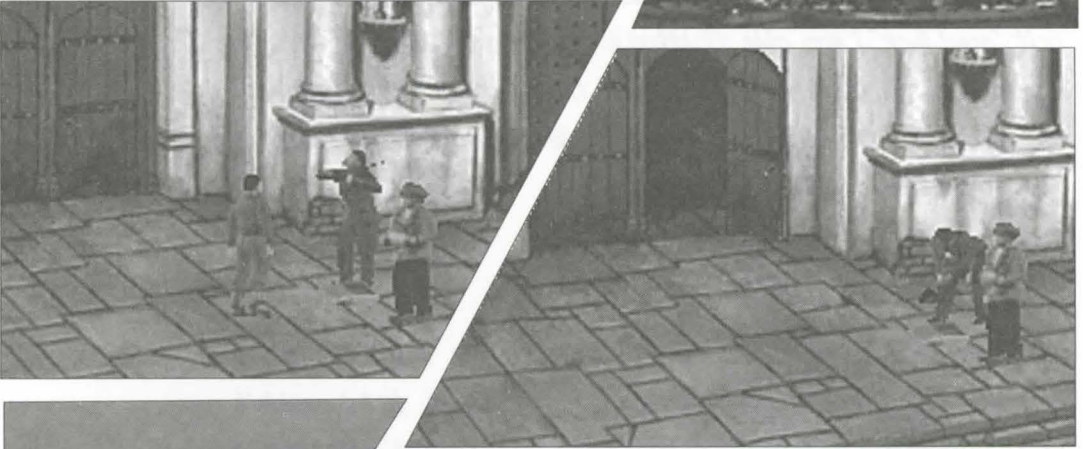
**W**ith a pat on the back and new orders from Washington, I packed a bag and quickly tied up loose ends at Edwards Base. I bid farewell to my old friend, Driscoll, and my new friend, Dr. Trevor. Because of his research on Hamsun's blood, Trevor more than anyone else knew what was at stake—and what I was up against. His face was solemn as he offered a heartfelt "good luck." I was able to hitch a ride on a cargo plane returning to the South American mainland that very day. The big-bellied aircraft touched down a few hours later, and I found myself in the Argentine capital.

## *The Library in Buenos Aires*

*The change from winter in the Falklands to the tropical climate of a bustling Buenos Aires was a bit of a shock, but I couldn't wait to acclimate. I grabbed a taxi at the airport and headed straight for the Library.*

*It was a magnificent old building, with its wide, square columns and glass dome—a splendid example of early Spanish architecture. At the front entrance, I passed an ornate fountain and a pair of local street musicians, though one of them seemed a bit well-dressed for his occupation.*

*Inside, the main lobby was more like a museum than a library. Statuary dating back to early Inca and Mayan civilizations crowd-*



I passed some street musicians, but one of them didn't look right.



ed the room. All those artifacts and images of old gods gathered from dead civilizations gave the room a foreboding atmosphere.

In the middle of the room, I noticed a particularly striking display pedestal, obviously designed to hold the center piece of this exhibit. But I found it empty and I wondered why.

I also noticed something else: One of the street musicians was shadowing me. He had followed me into the Lobby and was trying to look like a patron. But he kept moving back and forth between the same two statues, and I caught him glancing my way several times. So I walked straight up to him. He was very cool and feigned an inability to speak English. But there was something about his accent . . .

I didn't waste much time with him. I was there to look at a book John Parker had mentioned in his letter to Björn Hamsun. So I spoke to the receptionist, who courteously answered all my questions in heavily accented, but clear English. I mentioned the empty pedestal, and he explained that the Library had been robbed only yesterday. A stone disc of great value, which had been displayed there, was taken, he said.

But when I asked to see the book, reference number OTR2832, he became apprehensive. He mispronounced my name, then asked me to spell it for him. But he finally picked up the phone and called the Library's curator, a Señor Torge.

"Señorita Parker is here also." While he spoke into the phone, he never took his eyes off me. "Very well. I will send them over." He hung up and looked at me carefully. Then he said: "The curator of the Library is studying a number of chapters from the book you are interested in. He invites you to join him in his office."

### *Parker's Daughter*

*I thanked him and headed for the curator's office. Standing by the door was a very attractive young woman dressed as though she had just come in from hiking in the mountains. (Truth be told, I wasn't used to seeing a woman in pants.) She looked worried as I stopped to speak to her. Her name, she said, was Diane Parker, and she told me she was John Parker's daughter.*

*"My father used to work here," she explained, "but he has disappeared and an exhibit from the collection has been stolen! I am worried."*

*I told her I was there to find her father, and she offered to help. We shook hands and entered the curator's office.*

What luck to find Professor Parker's daughter right there in the lobby!



### *The Curator*

*The curator's office was wide and high ceilinged, with piles of antiques and curios in every corner. A huge tapestry nearly covered one wall. It depicted the Conquistadors' arrival in South America. The label on the wall read: "The Night of Sadness."*

Other artifacts from the Spanish conquest littered the room: armor, helmets, lances, and swords. There were books as well, and a rear wall of stone carvings.

Near the center of the room, a small, elegant man sat at an antique table piled with books and papers. A tall man standing next to a carved lectern near the tapestry watched us silently. The man at the table greeted us in perfect, unaccented English and invited us to come in. He recognized Diane, who smiled and approached his desk.



"Hello, Jorge," she said. "Do you have any news of my father?"

"Unfortunately not," he said. "But plain-clothes policemen have been watching the Library all morning." Then he turned to me. I noticed that there was something strange about his eyes. "Why do you wish to look up reference OTR2832?"

"OTR2832 is a password, right?" I said.

"Right. I am prepared to answer all your questions, Ryan."

First, I wanted to know what this mysterious book was about. Jorge told me it was an ancient work, the last copy left in the world. Miguel, as he identified the man standing near the tapestry, was holding it that very moment. He went on to tell me about the project Parker had been working on before he disappeared.

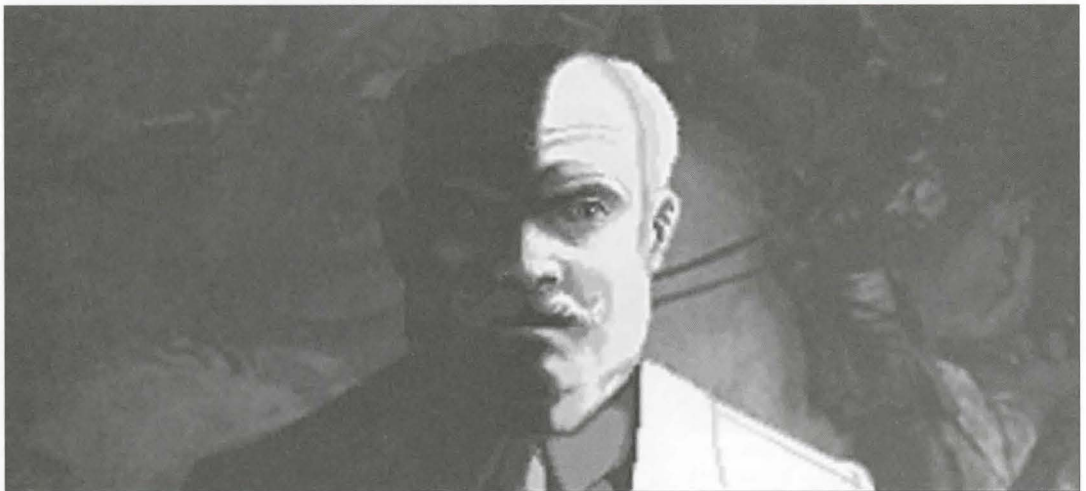
Jorge, the curator, and Diane were old friends. He had a lot to say about Parker's work.



*"He had been focusing all his efforts on studying the solar disc that was stolen from us yesterday. The police suspect him of having committed the theft, but personally, I strongly doubt it. I have known Mr. Parker for a long time. The disc was at his disposal. I rather think he has hidden it somewhere for a reason I do not yet know." Then he turned to the tall man. "Miguel, resume your reading." He smiled. "Maybe it will enlighten Mr. Ryan."*

Jorge's assistant, Miguel, read a story that took us to a different time and place.

*As Miguel began to read, I was transported to a different time and place.*



## *A Strange Tale*

*A long time ago, under the reign of Xiclitichli, the Aymaras lived in peace in Tihanaco, until the day the fair-haired man appeared. He wore a metal mask and controlled the fire of the gods: the solar disc. He overthrew the king of the Aymaras and became the god of gods, Nyarlathotep, the Rampant Chaos. Thanks to the solar disc, Nyarlathotep taught the Aymaras to go back in time to the reign of the Great Old Ones, well before the birth of man.*

"The Aymaras lived in peace in Tihanaco, until the day the fair-haired man appeared."



*"The power of the Great Old Ones was matched only by their cruelty. As their slaves revolted, the Great Old Ones were outraged beyond all measure and entrapped the rebels within the eternal ice of the South Pole.*

*"Nyarlathotep told the Aymaras that he who freed the Prisoners of Ice would become possessed by the spirit of their masters and be able to recall the Great Old Ones to earth beyond the boundaries of time. They would have to await a favorable astral constellation and utter the accursed incantation on a magical night. Thus, what had previously been would return yet again . . ."*



"They were entrapped within the eternal ice of the South Pole."

### *Held at Gun Point*

*Miguel finished and we all stood in silence for a moment. What did it mean? Who was this man in the metal mask? Who were these Great Old Ones? Could the Prisoners mentioned in the manuscript be the same frozen monsters the Nazis seemed hell-bent on thawing?*

*Before I could ask any of these questions, a man burst into the room and leveled an evil-looking Lugar at us! I immediately recognized the "street musician" who had shadowed me in the Library's main lobby. Only this time when he spoke to the Library's curator, his accent was clearly German.*

I was right about that musician, but I couldn't have guessed how we would escape.





"Give me the solar disc. *Schnell!*"

Jorge was quite cool for a man with the business end of a pistol staring him in the face. "Unfortunately, dear sir," he said, "it was stolen from us yesterday"

His answer only infuriated the gunman. "*Verdammt!* No funny business! The disc!"

The receptionist chose that very moment to intervene. A brave but foolish man, he came to the doorway and shouted at the gunman. "Señor! This office is not open to the public!" The scoundrel shot him where he stood, and he fell backward into the main lobby. The gunman turned to Jorge and smiled.

"Where is the solar disc? I am not in the mood for jokes, *Herr Doktor*, as you can see."

Jorge smiled back. "I see nothing, dear sir. I am blind."

Blind? That explained the curator's strange mannerisms and the odd look of his eyes. It also explained why he needed Miguel to read to him. It did not, however, show me how I was going to get us out of this mess!

## Doppelgänger

Yet, *impossibly*, "I" did get us out of our trouble. For at that very instant, a man—my *double*—appeared carrying an enormous shotgun-like weapon. He materialized behind Jorge and fired a beam of energy at the gunman. Our antagonist literally froze before he could get off a shot, and then disintegrated before our eyes. I turned to my double. He looked at me and said, "There are strange aeons where even death can die." Then he winked, turned to face the wall of stone carvings, and vanished.

The experience stunned us all, except for Jorge. "The police will soon be here, Ryan! They mustn't find you here!" He grabbed



I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

*a page from OTR2832 and held it out to me. "Take it. It will be useful to you." I slipped the page into my pocket. "Hide here, both of you. Santa Virgen, hurry!" Jorge touched a hidden switch, and a section of the stone wall behind his desk slid away. Diane and I crawled inside.*

*From our hiding place, we heard the police burst into Jorge's office. They immediately asked about "the men and the woman who came in here a minute ago," so we knew they must have been watching the place, as Jorge had said. But the blind curator would answer none of their questions. They eventually took Jorge and Miguel away for questioning and sealed the Library. I had no illusions about the kind of "questioning" the two men would face in a South American jail. I vowed to be worthy of their sacrifice.*

*After they were gone, Diane and I crawled out of our hiding place. Diane was very upset. "We're really in a mess now!" she said. "The Library is surely being watched by the police. I'm going out to the terrace to try to find some trace of my father." And with that, she marched out of the office.*



The police took Jorge and Miguel away and sealed the Library.

*I lingered in the office to go through papers and examine objects, then followed her into the main lobby and up the stairs toward the terrace.*

### *Among the Stacks*

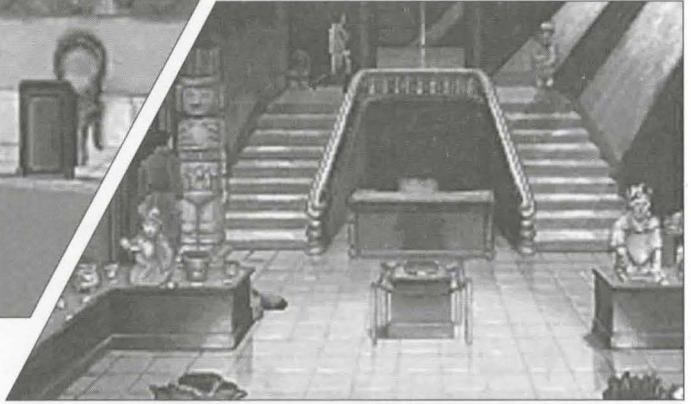
*At the top of the stairs, I found a semicircular, multi-leveled library filled with row upon row of books. Some of the tomes were ancient, ready to crumble into dust. Diane just stood there in the middle of the room.*





It was unlike any library I had ever seen.

After they had gone, we came out of hiding and went straight to the library.



"Diane," I said, "I thought you were already on the terrace!"

"It's not as easy as I thought," she said. "We must first find a way of reaching the three ledges in this room."

Great! Another puzzle! Why did she want to get to the terrace anyway?

She told me her father often came to work in this place, and to reach the terrace above, we would have to find certain "mechanisms" that would give us access.

Before I looked for these "mechanisms," I scanned the room for anything we might be able to use. I saw books everywhere—hundreds of them, maybe thousands. Some were stacked neatly, and others were piled carelessly into great heaps that threatened to collapse at the slightest touch. One small stack caught my attention. Three books were tucked along the wall, just beside the doorway. But unlike every other volume in the room, they were free of dust. In fact, I could see smudges and finger marks on the covers, as though they were frequently handled. I decided they might be useful, and, without looking at them very closely, I tucked them under my arm.

Near the three books, I spotted a white cane standing in the corner. It must have been Jorge's stick. I grabbed it and then turned my attention to the bookshelves.

Where in a library would someone hide the key to a secret passage? It had to be hidden among the books, of course. But there must have been thousands of them! It could take me days to examine them all! Finally, I reasoned that whoever hid the key to this mysterious mechanism wouldn't have made it too difficult to get to, because that person would have to use it on a regular basis.

So I began to search in the area immediately opposite the door. Sure enough, almost at once I stumbled upon a book about the Wright Brothers that triggered the opening of a trap door.



I found a secret passage behind the books.

### *The Second Level*

*We both crawled into the passageway and soon found ourselves on the next level. I immediately spotted a ladder leading to the third level, but one of the rungs was missing. How would I repair it so we could climb up?*

Jorge's cane worked perfectly to repair the ladder.

*Of course! Jorge's white stick! It fit perfectly and we moved to the next level.*





## *The Third Level*

*There were no ladders on the third level, just piles of crumbling books and old statues. I searched for something that we could use to climb to the next level, but I found nothing. So it was back to the book shelves! I searched each shelf in the area near the ladder and carefully examined every book. I disturbed enough dust to bury us both, but after several minutes, I found no hidden levers or switches.*

*But then, on one of the lower shelves, I noticed an empty space. Why would anyone leave a space like that on shelves so crowded with books? I looked more closely at the space and noticed that not only was it dust free, there were three grooves cut into the shelf—three grooves for three books.*

*Now I took a closer look at the books I'd brought with me from the ground level. The authors were Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Did these authors have anything in common? Why were they together? I tried putting them into the grooves on the shelf. They all fit perfectly, but nothing happened. I pulled them out and put them back in a different order. After some experimentation, I finally stumbled on the historical order that activated a recessed staircase. As the stairs slid out from the shelf wall, I scrambled up to the next level, with Diane close behind.*

The right combination of books in the empty space caused a stair to emerge.



### *The Fourth Level*

*We had nearly made it to the top. On this level, however, I could find nothing to help us go higher. I searched the stacks and came upon a very interesting book about Leonardo DaVinci. I was fascinated by a drawing the great Renaissance man had made of an elevator device; Diane could only complain about the Mona Lisa—none of which got us any closer to our goal.*

*I finally found a switch among the books near the center of the shelves. I hit the switch, but nothing seemed to happen. I searched the stacks again. Surely I'd missed something.*

*Then, off to the far right side of the ledge, behind Diane and hidden in shadow, I spotted a stairway.*



On the fourth level, I found the stairs in the shadows.

### *The Fifth Level*

*Finally, we reached the top. Up close like this, the great glass dome that covered the Library was magnificent. A number of stone busts were also displayed on this level. Unfortunately, the door to the terrace was locked and impassable.*

I turned to Diane. "Why is access to the terrace so complicated?" I couldn't hide the frustration in my voice. Diane explained that it was meant to protect certain works from vandals.

That made sense. And it told me something else, too: If John Parker had come this way, he did it to keep something out of the wrong hands.

By now, I was becoming a seasoned puzzle master. I examined the group of busts on display, and quickly found the one that opened the compartment containing the key to the terrace door.



I quickly found the secret compartment that held the key to the terrace.

### *On the Terrace*

The view from the terrace was not a spectacular one. But I was so glad to be out of that dusty museum and in some fresh air that I thought it was magnificent.

Several huge statues of Greek origin crowded the terrace. I could see Venus, Jupiter, and a discobolus—a rendering of the classical Olympic discus thrower. Diane seemed fascinated by the statues, and I asked her about them.

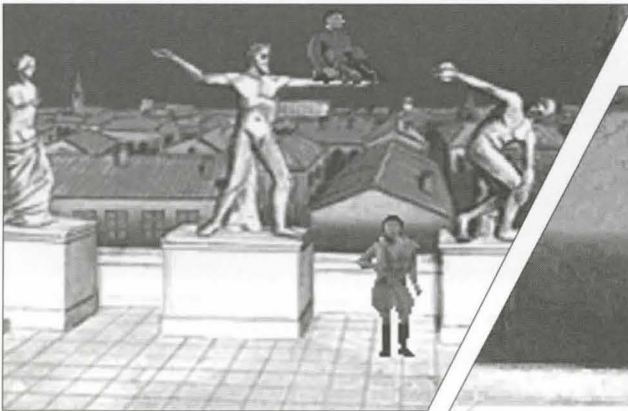




The terrace offered a magnificent view, and something unexpected.

*"That's strange!" she said. "I saw snaps of these three statues on my father's desk."*

*I took a closer look at our Greek friends and noticed that the disc the Olympian was preparing to hurl was not cut from the same stone as the rest of the statue. We had to get a closer look at that disc! The only way to get to it was to climb.*



Could this be the solar disc from Miguel's story?



*I tried to climb the discus thrower directly, but couldn't gain purchase anywhere on the statue. I finally scrambled up onto the*

platform of the Venus, and then jumped across to the Jupiter. Diane chided me about being afraid of heights as I climbed out onto Jupiter's outstretched arm. I only hoped this king of the gods had been doing his pushups!

Now I was close enough to the disc to really see it. There was no doubt: It was not part of the original statue. It had to be the one from the display case, the solar disc Diane's father was accused of stealing.

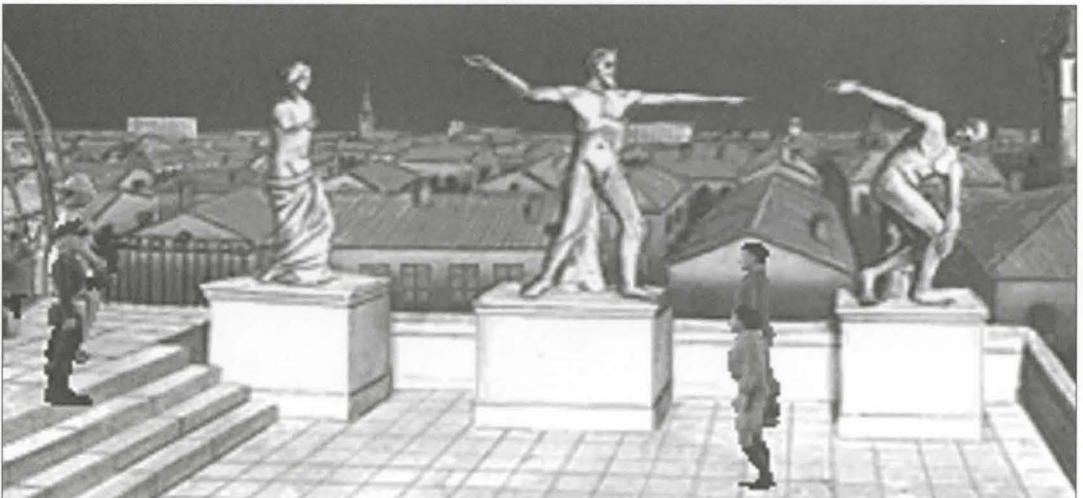
Diane called up to me. "Throw it to me, Ryan!"

I leaned out as far as I dared and reached for the disc. But just as I was about to touch the disc, Diane screamed. I looked up as three men appeared on the terrace. Two of them carried machine guns. The third was dressed as an officer of the Third Reich. He smiled at me with arrogant satisfaction.

"Wunderbar!" he said. "Congratulations on all your acrobatics, my good friend. I knew you were no ordinary tourist. I had you followed since your arrival in Buenos Aires. Unfortunately, my assistant, Harland, was not sufficiently cautious. Now, if you would be kind enough to hand over the solar disc to my collaborators!"

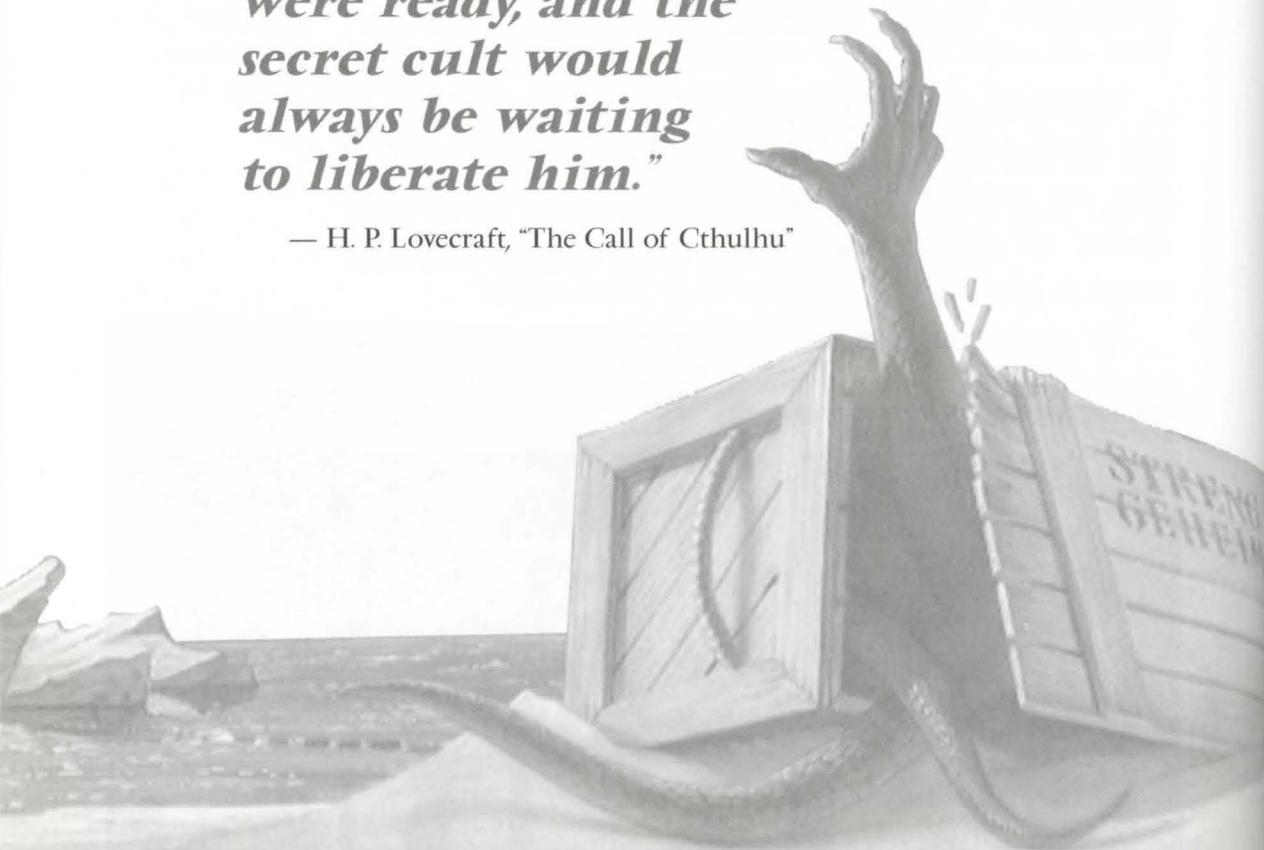
The gunmen came down the steps toward us, and I could do nothing to stop them.

They had the disc and us, and there was nothing we could do about it.



*“... it had always existed and always would exist, hidden in distant wastes and dark places all over the world until the time when the great priest Cthulhu, from his dark house in the mighty city of R'lyeh under the waters, should rise and bring the earth again beneath his sway. Some day he would call, when the stars were ready, and the secret cult would always be waiting to liberate him.”*

— H. P. Lovecraft, “The Call of Cthulhu”





# THE NAZI BASE AT SCHLOSS ADLER

*14th of January, 1937*

**T**he German officer's "collaborators" were not kind as they bound and blindfolded Diane and me. Once they had us firmly trussed, they dragged us from the terrace to what must have been a rear exit, and shoved us into the trunk of an automobile. They drove for what seemed like hours over bruising roads and eventually dumped us like sacks of potatoes into the hold of a cargo plane. They kept us tied up and in the dark for nearly three days! I thanked God they kept us together. Diane and I whispered encouragements to each other, and whenever our blindfolds would slip, each would report to the other what they saw. In this way we managed to keep from succumbing to despair.

The trip to Schloss Adler took several days in which we nearly succumbed to despair.



### *Locked in a Cell*

*Finally, on the fourth day of that hellish trip, they removed my bonds and marched me alone into a cell. What blessed relief! Even the four gray walls of that ugly cubicle were beautiful to my thirsty eyes.*

*I was in the cell for no more than five minutes when I heard a tapping on the wall. I immediately recognized it as Morse code! The prisoner in the next cell was trying to communicate with me. I listened to the tapping and mentally sorted out the dots and dashes as the signaler identified himself. It was Professor John Parker—the very man I was seeking! What bitter irony that I should finally find him under these circumstances.*

*As the tapping continued, I learned that Björn Hamsun's father, Peter Hamsun, who had disappeared back on the ice floes at the start of this mission, was imprisoned here as well.*

*"Scratch the cell wall . . ." Parker tapped, "Must talk . . . Important . . ."*

*I looked around the cell and noticed some eating utensils on the table: a spoon, mess tin, and a tin tumbler. I collected them all and used the spoon to dig into the base of the cell wall. The Nazi guard was looking through the peep hatch at regular intervals, so I had to be careful. I eventually managed to bore a small hole through to the next cell. The hole was tiny, but large enough so that I could hear Parker's story.*

*"Listen to me carefully," Parker said, "before they come back." And then he told a remarkable tale.*



I used the spoon  
to signal back.

### *Parker's Story*

*"In May 1910, I arrived in the small village of Illsmouth to write a science article. But there I discovered an evil cult that was plotting the return to earth of the Great Old Ones. Haley's Comet was soon due to light up the heavens. The Great Old Ones would cross the thresholds of time and subjugate the human race. In return, the sorcerer Narackamous and his faithful would become immortal.*

*"But a few minutes before the comet arrived, I managed to eradicate this evil cult."*

*Parker finished his remarkable tale, and I quickly moved away from the wall just as the guard looked in. A close call!*

*I heard more guards coming, shouting in the hallway: "He's in the cell next to the American girl!" They could only mean Diane! So she was here, too. The guards opened the cell on the other side of mine and took someone away.*





"Before the comet arrived, I managed to eradicate the evil cult."

*Parker signaled again: "You must find a way of escaping . . . Warn the world . . . The Nazis have got hold of a monstrous weapon . . ." I heard the guards return and another cell door opening. "Raus Amerikaner! Schnell!" They must have been taking Diane!*

*Parker signaled for the last time: "Dietrich, the commander of Schloss Adler, is mad! You are the only hope!"*

*Then the guards came for him, too, and I was alone.*



Parker signaled:  
"You are our only  
hope."

### *Herr Dietrich's Ultimatum*

*But I wasn't alone for long. Within moments, a very important visitor walked into my cell. Obersturmführer Dietrich smiled coolly as he eyed me from behind his polished monocle. As he spoke, the corner of his mouth twitched ever so slightly, and his eyes gleamed with the inner light of pure insanity. When he spoke, it was as if it were to a close friend.*

*"Lieutenant," he said, "we know that you are working for the American Secret Service. We even know that you're an orphan and that you owe your name to the metal plate you were wearing at the time you were found. R-Yan was engraved on it, ja?"*

*His words hit me like hard slaps! How could he know so much about my background? My superiors knew I was an orphan, but I had never told anyone about the name tag. I wanted to tear out his throat for such an invasion of my privacy, but I could only stand there while he continued.*

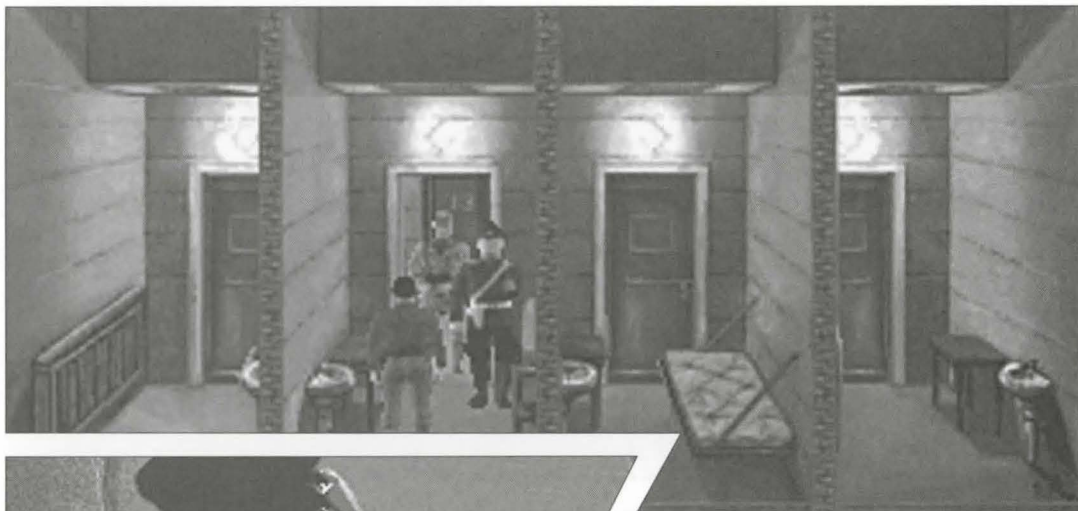
*"You are going to write and sign a message, which I shall send to Washington. You will tell your superiors that your investigation*

*is proceeding and that they need not worry. Thus you will avoid any further suffering for your three friends."*

*He tugged at one of his white gloves and grinned. It was the most malevolent expression I had ever seen. "The young woman will not hold out for much longer, you know."*

*Diane! Reflex made me step toward Dietrich. I stopped short when I saw the guard level his machine gun at my chest. Dietrich's smile widened, then suddenly vanished. "Ten minutes," he said. "I'll be back in ten minutes." Then he turned sharply on the heels of his polished riding boots and strode out of the cell. The guard followed, and I was alone again.*

Obersturmführer Dietrich welcomed me to Schloss Adler with a smile and a threat.





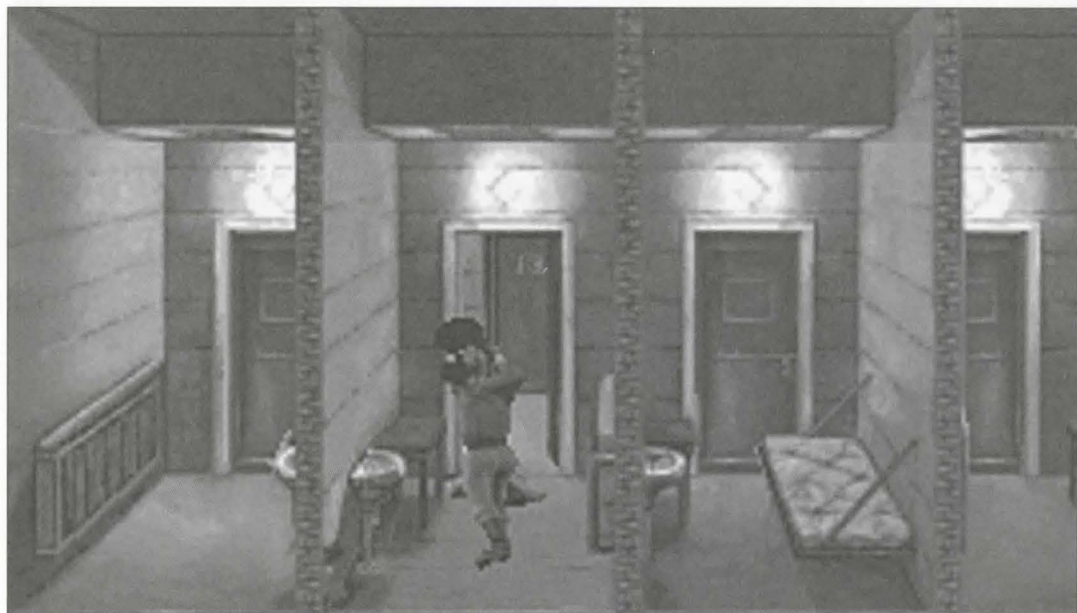
## Escape

*I didn't need ten minutes to make my decision. I wasn't going to write any phony report, whatever happened to Parker, Hamsun Sr., and Diane. That meant I had to get out of that cell!*

*I saw only two ways out: through the door or through the ventilation duct in the ceiling. Either way, I had to distract and then disable the guard. But how was I going to do it?*

*Then I realized Dietrich himself had given me the very instrument I needed to make my escape. He'd left a sheet of paper and a pen on the table. I grabbed the sheet of paper, stuffed it into the cell's sink, and turned on the taps. As the sink filled and the water began to overflow, I picked up the wooden stool and stood back from the cell door. The tiny room was ankle deep when the guard's eyes finally appeared at the hatch. As he rushed in, I swung the stool and knocked him cold. Then I grabbed his shoulders and pulled him into a corner. This one would be out for a while, but other guards could come along at any moment. I had to act fast!*

My ruse worked, and the guard didn't know what hit him.



*If I rushed out into the hallway, I would probably encounter another guard. And besides, I didn't know the layout of the base. The fact was, I just didn't know where to go.*

*On the other hand, like all facilities of its kind, Schloss Adler had to have a ventilation system, which could provide me with unobserved access to the entire base. Of course, I would have to crawl through miles of ducts, but all things considered, it was the only logical choice.*

*I quickly rifled the guard's clothes, found his keys, and closed and locked the cell door. Now I had to reach the vent in the ceiling.*

*By dragging the table into the middle of the cell, and then stacking the stool on top of it, I managed to reach the opening to the vent shaft, but it was covered by a grill that had been screwed tightly into the ceiling masonry. How was I going to get that damned thing open?*

*I dug through my pockets and came up with the spoon, which proved to be a perfect screwdriver. In moments, I had the grill open and pulled myself up into the vent shaft.*

I reached the vent in the ceiling and escaped.



### *Gossip in the Barracks*

Once inside the ventilation shaft, I crawled away from the cells as quickly and quietly as I could. I soon passed the vent to the guards' barracks. I paused there for a moment to listen to two guards talking inside. My German wasn't as good as it used to be, but I got the gist of their conversation:

First Guard: "Obersturmführer Dietrich is slowly losing his senses."

Second Guard: "Shut up! He's probably got microphones everywhere!"

Just then, a third guard entered the room and barked orders at the two men. "The prisoners have been taken to the laboratory. Obersturmführer Dietrich is preparing a new experiment. You are required! Schnell!" And they all marched out.

Dietrich's own troops thought he was crazy.



A new "experiment?" I didn't like the sound of that at all. I had to find that lab! As I scuttled down a different branch of the ventilation system, someone must have discovered the unconscious guard in my cell and sounded the alarm. "Full Alert! The American has escaped! Bring him back dead or alive! He must not leave Schloss Adler!"



*In the vent shaft, the alert was earsplitting, echoing and reverberating throughout the ductwork. I had hoped for more time. Now things were more desperate than ever. As I crawled onward, with my mind racing and my ears ringing, I failed to notice the opening of a descending shaft. I suddenly found myself tumbling downward.*

### *The Lava Cave*

*Fortunately, the descending vent shaft was slightly banked, so when I finally came to the end, my landing was rough, but not fatal. I had fallen onto a shelf of rock inside a vast cave. It was a lucky thing the duct work ended where it did: a few feet further in either direction and I would have been swimming in a lake of bubbling lava. The red, molten rock filled the center of the cave, effectively trapping me on that piece of rock.*

It was a rough landing, but not fatal.



*I stood shakily and looked around. The heat was almost unbearable. It sapped the life out of me. Had I escaped my cell only to be baked alive? At the edge of the rock island, I could see a short, metal bridge, but it led only to another tiny island. Behind*

me was a stone gate, carved with frightening images of creatures and symbols not of this world. I pushed against it with all my strength, but I couldn't move it. I cast about for a rock or a stick that I could use as a lever.

That's when I noticed it: ice. Huge blocks of it were stacked around the edges of the tiny island. At first I couldn't believe my eyes. How could they possibly exist in that heat? Perhaps they were really crystal formations. I touched one of the blocks and found it cold and wet, but it offered no relief from the torrid air. It was ice, all right, but it exuded the clutching cold of the crypt, of things long dead and best forgotten.

I peered into the block I had touched, past its cloudy surface: what I saw sent me reeling backward. Had it not been for the support of a fortuitously placed stalagmite, I might have stepped off into the lava. For inside, frozen in a desperate howl, was a cousin of that creature from the crates of the Victoria.

The spell that kept those beasts imprisoned must have been powerful, indeed. Yet, to my horror, I observed that even such power could not hold the monsters forever in an inferno. Threadlike rivulets of water trickled down the face of the block. No puddles formed because the water evaporated the instant it touched the scorching rock floor.

I had to get out of that place. Dietrich had to be stopped! Perhaps I could wrench the stalagmite free and use it as a lever on the door. I grabbed the fang of rock and pulled on it, hard. Instead of coming loose, it moved like a switch, and the carved gate slid back.

Inside the gate, I found two huge jewels: an amethyst and a ruby, both the size of baseballs. After collecting them I continued searching. I found nothing else inside and no passage out, so I turned cautiously to the bridge.

### *The Face in the Lava Lake*

*As I stepped out onto that short catwalk, the heat from the lava penetrated the soles of my boots. It was like walking barefoot across hot coals! I stepped quickly and lightly to the other side.*

*The other island was a stone carving of an enormous face. I examined the carving carefully, for hidden switches or levers. But I found nothing. Then I noticed something about the eyesockets. They were empty and surprisingly clean, as though they had recently contained something. I examined the cavities closely and realized the jewels belonged there. Which jewel fit which eye, however, I could not tell, because both were identically cut. What would happen if I replaced them? What would happen if I replaced them incorrectly?*

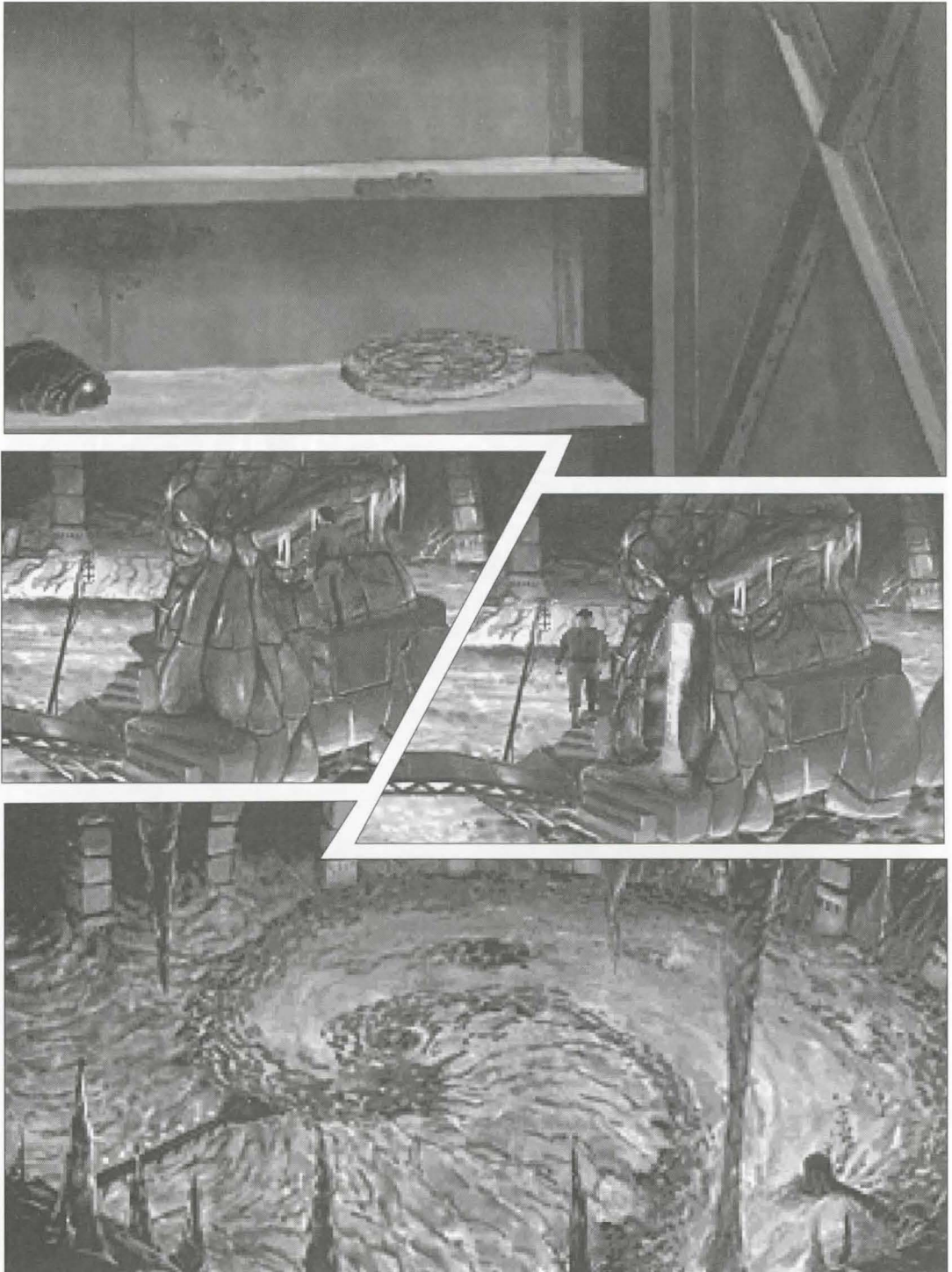
*In the end, too hot to worry about the consequences, I just guessed. Luck was on my side again, for as soon as the jewels were in place, the "mouth" of the stone face opened. I could see greenish light inside the secret door, which gave me no comfort. But with no other options, I entered.*

### *More Frozen Prisoners*

*Instantly, I was transported to the other side of the lava lake—a truly exhilarating experience! But my exhilaration faded quickly as I realized I was no nearer to freedom than I had been. More frozen Prisoners and sputtering lava surrounded me. At the end of a corridor made of flat stones, a wall of boulders held the molten rock at bay.*

*I climbed to a higher level of the crumbling floor. There, on the remains of a set of old rail tracks, stood an abandoned mining car. The tracks led to a tall iron door, far too heavy for me to move. But more importantly, the tracks ran under the door. Somehow,*



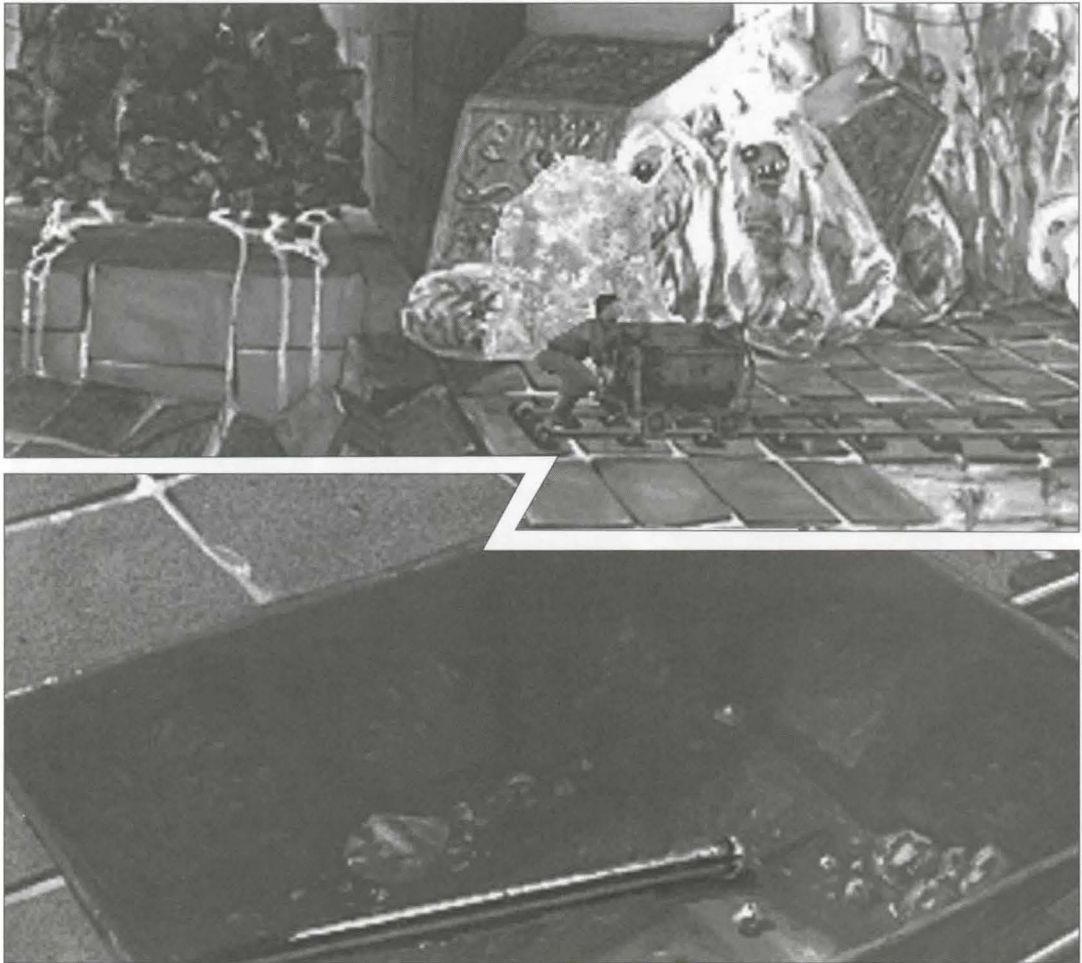


With the jewels in place, a secret door opened and I was transported across the cave.

*that cart had come in through that door, and I was determined to find a way to send it—and me—back out.*

*I threw my weight against the cart, but it wouldn't budge. The wheels were iced over and frozen like the monsters around me. Inside the cart, I found a miner's bar. I grabbed the bar and tried to use it as a lever on the cart, with no luck.*

The cart wouldn't budge, but the miner's bar might be useful.



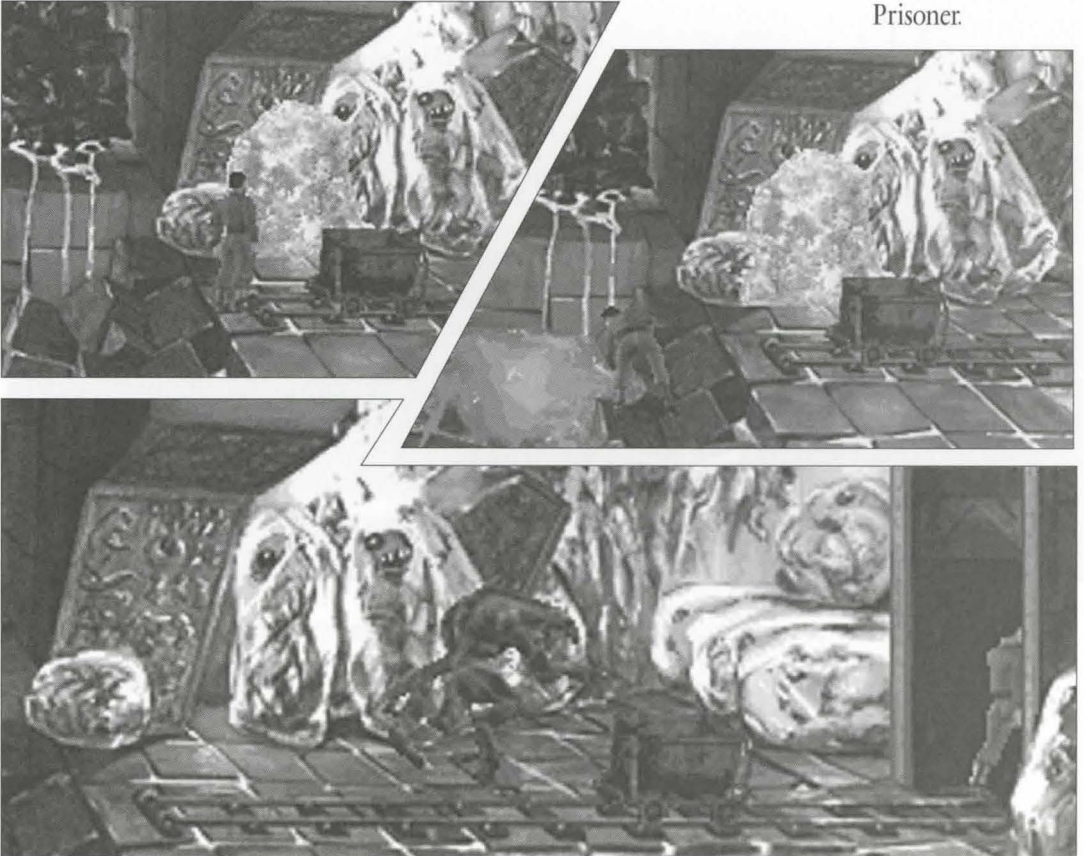
*That's when I noticed one of the blocks of ice had been moved apart from the others. I could see the frozen layers had been melting. It wouldn't be long before this egg hatched! I had to figure out a way to melt the ice on that mining cart, fast!*

## *A Narrow Escape*

*I looked around and noticed that one of the flat stones near the entrance to the corridor was loose. Lava was trickling past it and several other stones. This section of the room was lower than the section where the tracks and the mining car stood, so I took a chance and knocked the stone loose with the bar, freeing the lava to flow into the lower end of the chamber.*

*I jumped quickly out of the way as the hot rock covered the lower section. As soon as it was deep enough, I dipped the miner's bar into the lava. The bar absorbed the heat quickly, so I used my sleeve to hold it. As soon as the bar was red hot, I applied it to the cart's frozen wheels. The ice fell away almost immediately.*

The hot lava and miner's bar loosened the cart, but I barely escaped the thawed Prisoner.





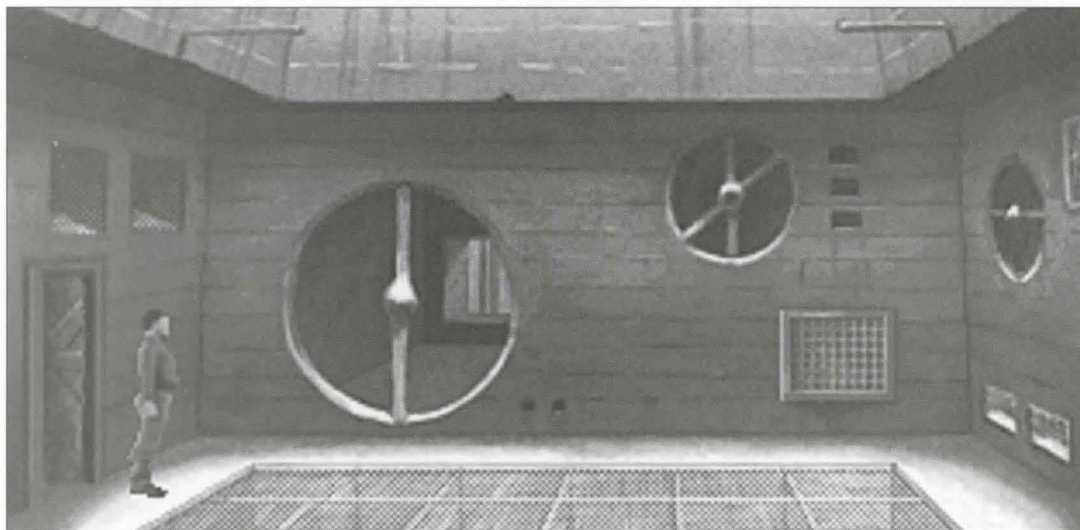
*Now the cart was free, but to my horror, so was the Prisoner! He suddenly shed his icy shroud, stood upright, and howled. I shoved desperately at the cart, and it moved! It didn't roll far, but the action triggered a mechanism that caused the iron door to slide open.*

*As the Prisoner lunged for me with its deadly tentacle, I sprang toward the door and through, just beyond its grasp.*

### *The Ventilation Room*

*Beyond the iron door was a large ventilation room. Three fans spinning at high speeds blocked the way back into the base's duct system. The Prisoner was howling right behind me, so I wasted no time. I jammed the miner's bar into the larger of the three fans, slipped past the stalled blades, and scrambled down the shaft.*

I seemed to be going right back to where I started.



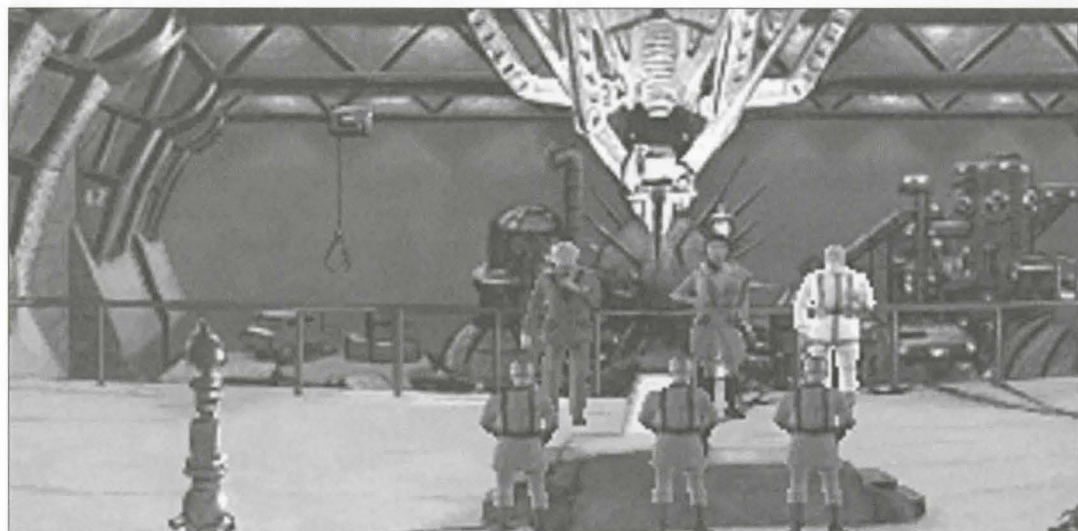
### *Dietrich's Laboratory*

*Safely back in the ventilation system, I continued to look for Dietrich's lab. Soon, I came upon another grill. Beyond it, I could see a remarkably advanced electronics research laboratory sur-*

*rounded by a bustling factory of some kind. In the center of the lab, twin generators seemed to have captured a seven-foot column of crackling energy.*

*Just beyond that crackling column, Parker, Diane, and the elder Hamsun stood uneasily under the watchful eyes of three heavily armed guards.*

From inside the vent shaft, I could see the other captives.



*Suddenly the crackling from the column increased, and two men emerged from it. They walked right out of nothing as easily as they would have stepped through the parlor door! One of the men was Dietrich, all grinning malevolence; the other was a bizarre character with long hair, a painted face, and strange clothes.*

*Dietrich glowered over his captives. "Absolute power is within my grasp!" he raved, indicating his strange companion. "Soon, Narackamous will reveal to me that which must not be known."*

*Narackamous! The high priest of the Cthulhu cult! John Parker had grappled with him nearly 30 years ago. But though Parker was now a white-haired old man, this sorcerer looked to be young and strong!*



From my hiding place I could see Dietrich had joined forces with the evil sorcerer Narackamous!

*Dietrich suddenly called his guards to fetch someone named von Ebernacht. "The time has come!" he bellowed. "My hordes must know the ruthless power that is now mine!"*

*As we awaited the guards' return, Dietrich paced back and forth in front of his three captives, ranting like a madman. "The lords will soon rule over the earth!" he roared. "I have seen the future, Himme! The Great Old Ones are at the gates of time! They are waiting for a great man to give them the keys to this earth! Once the stone that protects the Necronomicon is mine, and the evil book belongs to me, I shall be that man!"*



## Miss Molly Revealed

The guards reappeared with a tall German officer. As they dragged him up to the steps near the energy column and held him before Dietrich, I was struck by his proud bearing.

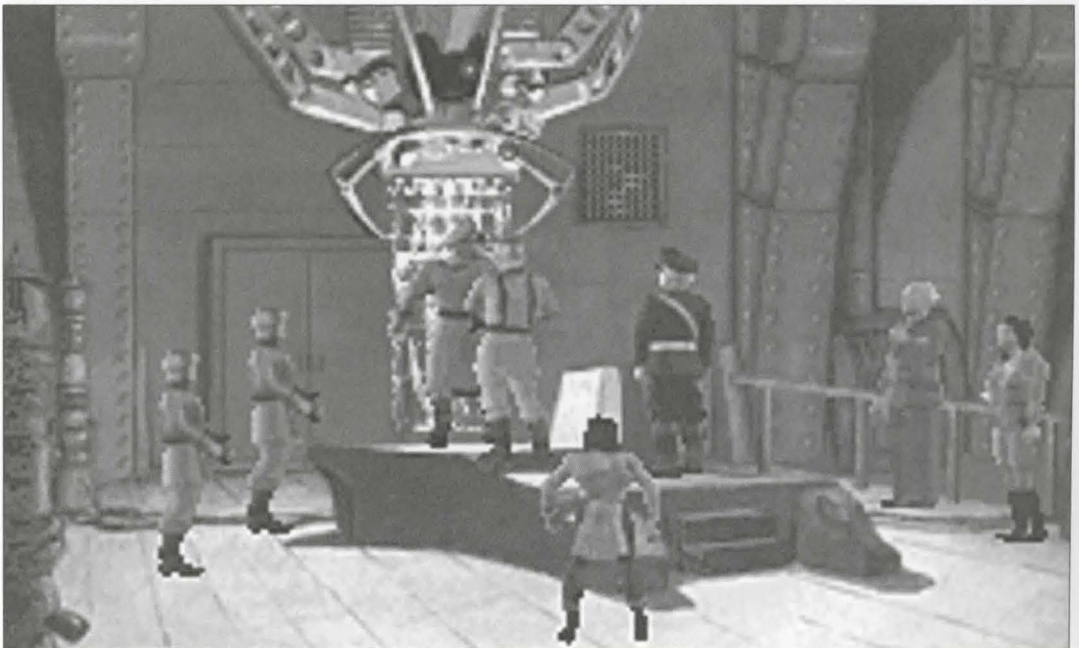
"So, Miss Molly?" Dietrich said, grinning cruelly. "What final message would you like to send to the Edwards Base before you die?"

So this was the British operative who had sent the film! How had Dietrich learned his identity?

Though the man was about to die, he looked Dietrich in the eye and called him a madman. "I pity you, barbarian," he said. And the guards shoved him into the energy column.

Von Ebernacht's refusal to bow down seemed to drive Dietrich deeper into his madness. He whirled on his own guards and ordered them to get out. "I don't need you any more," he screamed. "Ultimate man will replace you! *Schnell!*"

I couldn't stop the madman from executing "Miss Molly."

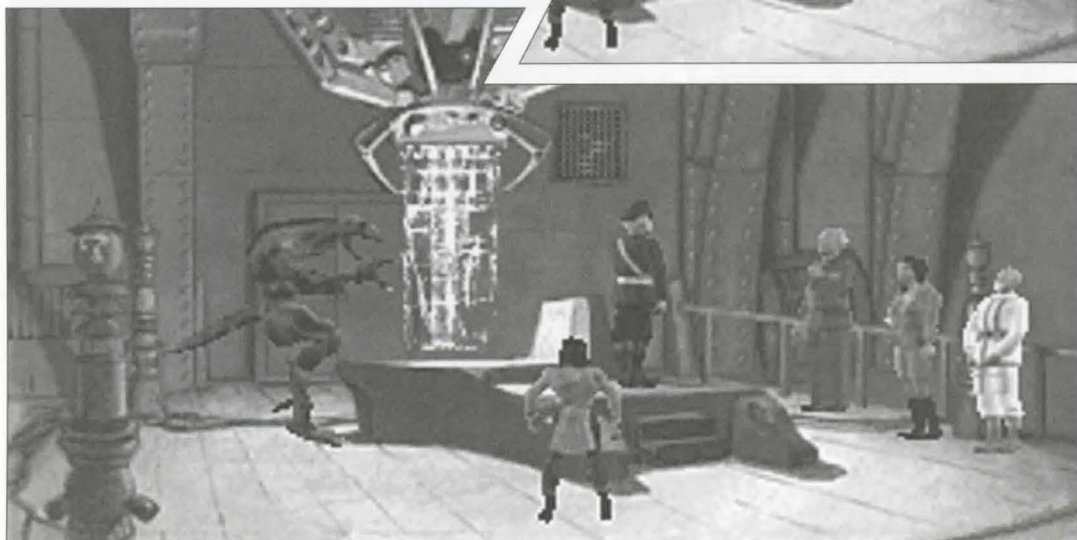
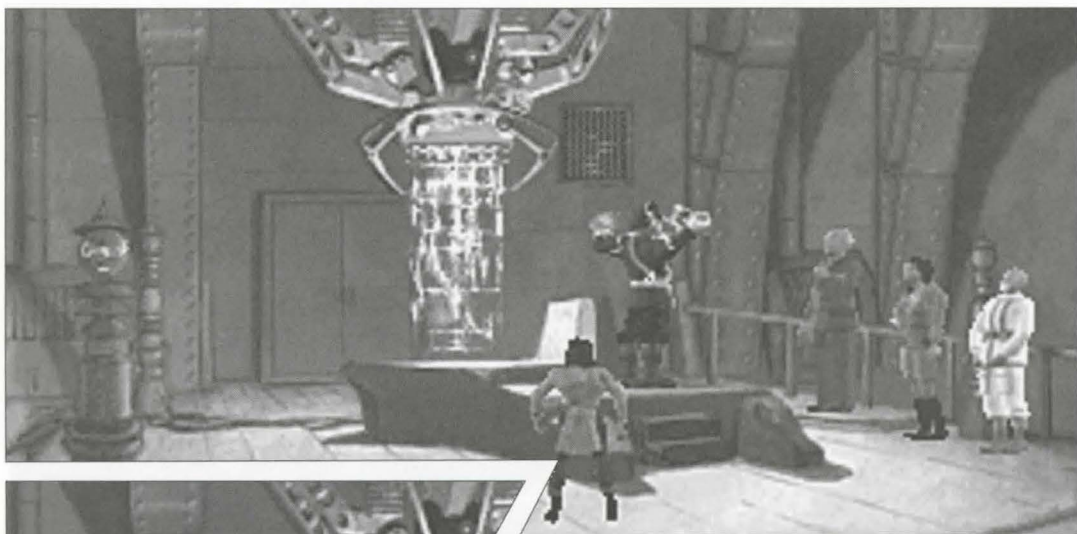


### *Dietrich's Prisoner*

*The guards fled and Dietrich raised his arms, and uttered an incantation that sent a chill through me: "KAA NAAMA FTAHN CTHULHU!"*

*Energy arced across the Obersturmführer's body and coalesced in the air a few feet before him. The writhing ball of light gave way to a bud of inhuman flesh that quickly bloomed into a howling monster. Without a word, the sorcerer Narackamous stepped into*

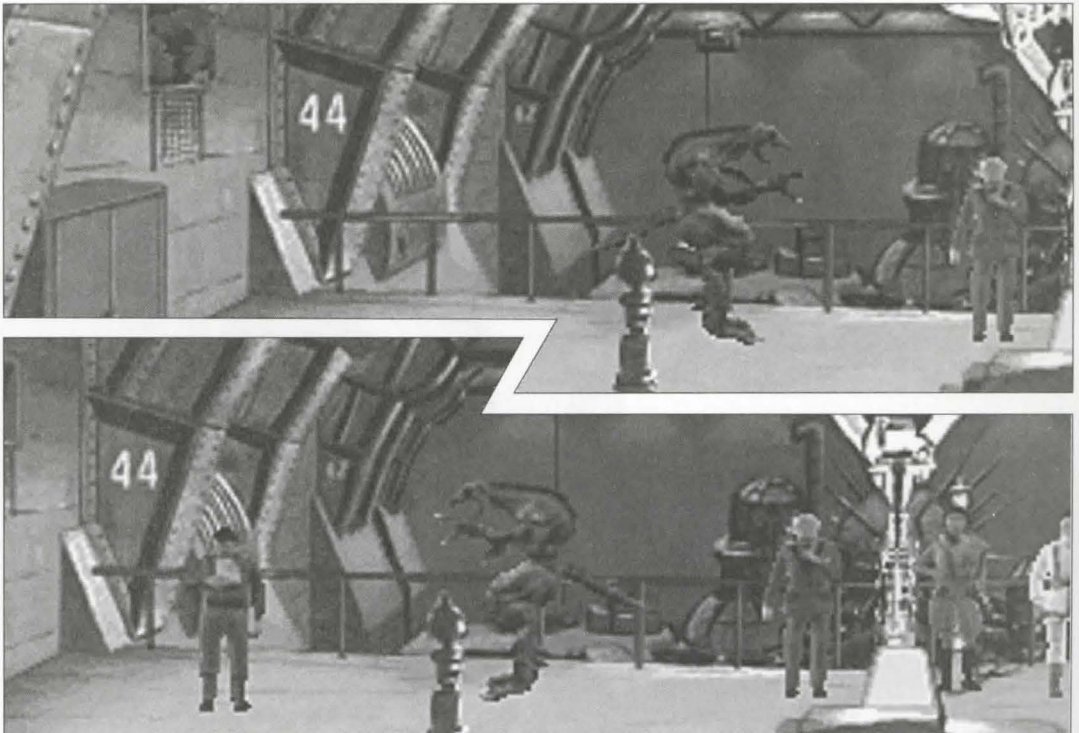
Dietrich summoned a prisoner to do his dirty work.



the energy column and disappeared. Before Dietrich followed, he turned to his captives. "Farewell miserable creatures!" he shouted. "Savor the few minutes you have left to live! Schloss Adler shall be your grave!" And then he vanished.

I had no time to lose and no time to think. The Prisoner was advancing on my friends! I kicked the grill away and jumped out of the vent to the laboratory floor. The Prisoner saw me and howled his thirst for human blood—I thought I sensed a particular longing for mine! Miraculously, I still had the pages Jorge, the curator of the Library in Buenos Aires, had given me. As the creature closed in on me, I read the incantation that I thought would destroy it. But I must have read it wrong. Instead of destroying the creature, it simply paralyzed it, and I was drawn into the energy column and transported to another world.

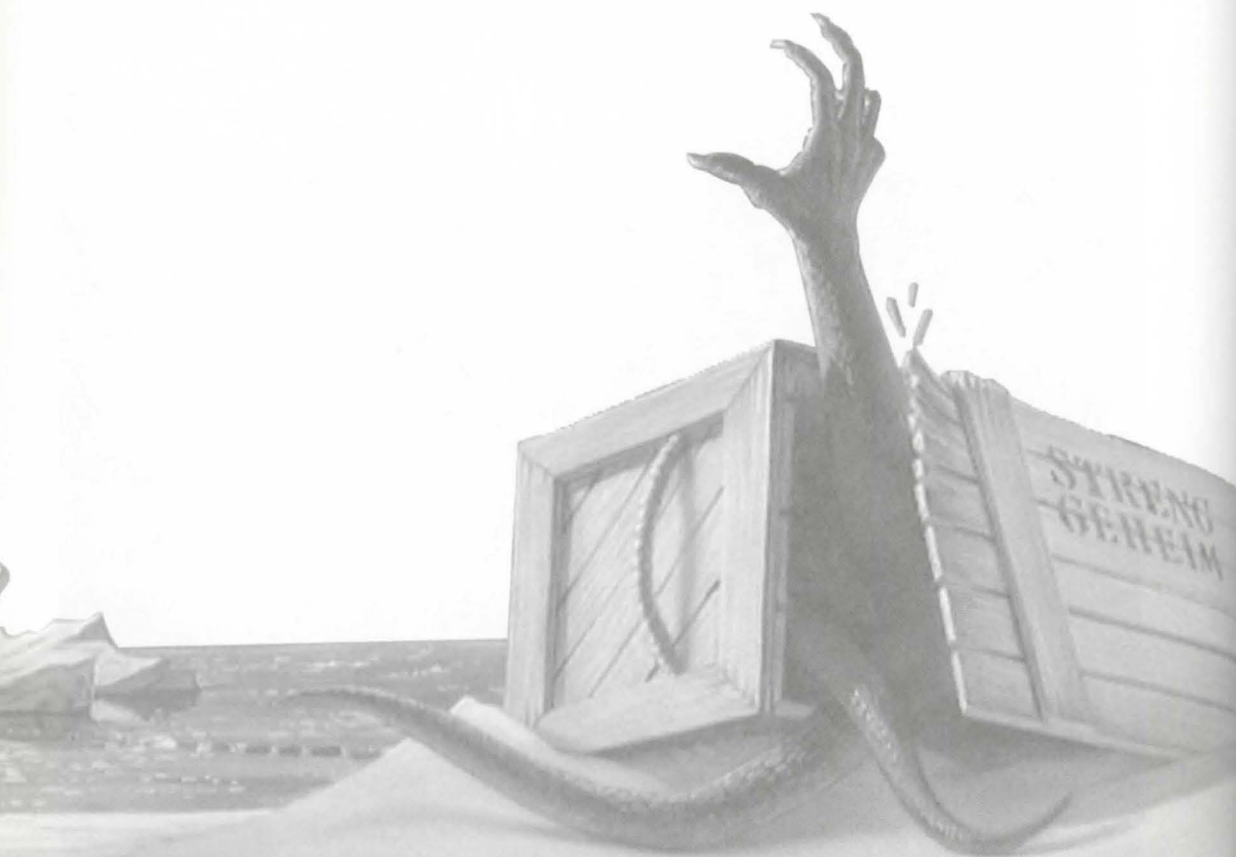
I stopped the Prisoner, but was drawn into the Solar Gate and transported to another time.





*“That is not dead  
which can eternal lie,  
And with strange eons  
even death may die.”*

— from the *Necronomicon*



# SCHLOSS ADLER BASE

17th of January, 2037

**F**alling . . . Falling . . . Pulled deep into the vortex . . .  
Plunging beyond light and dark . . . Tendrils of energy  
re-weaving me . . . streamlining my body . . . my thoughts  
. . . a fish, now, in the stream of time . . . No, the stream itself . . .  
Now, the tendrils . . . re-weaving again . . . re-weaving the old pat-  
tern . . . the old light and dark . . . the old . . .

## *The Strange Laboratory*

. . . me!

*I stumbled out of the energy column, weak-kneed and disoriented, but none the worse for the trip. Then I remembered: the creature! It was about to attack! But as I looked around, I could see I was alone. I found myself in an ultra-modern laboratory filled with strange machines and contrivances, the purposes of which I could only imagine. But all was silent, as though no living thing had ever been there.*

*Yet someone had built these devices, and something about the place seemed familiar. The central generators that held the energy column were identical to the ones in Dietrich's lab. As I scanned for other reference points, I slowly realized I was still at Schloss Adler! It was the same place, yet different.*



I appeared in an ultra-modern laboratory, but it was deserted.

*I understood virtually nothing here, no machine or instrument. I walked over to a console standing against the far wall. The screens and controls were utterly foreign to me, the only thing I recognized was a chair. So I did the one thing I knew I could do in this strange place: I sat down.*

*The moment my backside hit the chair, light filled the console's central screen. I must have triggered some kind of control mechanism when I sat down. I had assumed the device to be a type of radar scope, but the three-dimensional apparition before me was unlike any radar signal I'd ever seen! A ghost? No, as the image came into focus, it gained in solidity. The face was so real, in fact, for a moment I thought I was no longer alone.*

*In dress and bearing, he was clearly a military man, though I did not recognize the uniform. His hair was fair and close-cropped. And there was something about his eyes—something hauntingly familiar.*

*Then, to my utter shock, the apparition spoke to me. "My name is Howard Phillips Parker," it said, "and this is the story of the end of humanity."*



## Howard Parker's Story

*"In 1937, my father, John Parker, escaped from the Schloss Adler polar base, thanks to the mysterious intervention of a certain Ryan. No one believed his story of the Prisoners of Ice. He got married and I was born, just before the world plunged into chaos.*



"My name is Howard Phillips Parker, and this is the story of the end of humanity."



In Parker's world, the Great Old Ones returned.

*"It was then that my father decided to impart all his knowledge to me. I became a specialist in the Myth of C'thulhu, and I inherited a magical stone capable of invoking the Necronomicon.*

*"In 1989, following total chaos, I headed a group of survivors and entered the ruins of Schloss Adler, hoping to find the secret of the Prisoners of Ice. I invented a weapon capable of coming to grips with the monsters: the Freeze-and-Destroy. But there were too many of the creatures, so I made copies of the solar disc my father had found, and dispatched my son, Yan, into the past, accompanied by Lieutenant Shelfton.*

"There were too many of the creatures, so I dispatched my son into the past."



*"I had placed a steel plate with my son's name on it around his neck: Parker, Yan. A Prisoner of Ice attacked Yan and Shelton during the transfer, but only succeeded in getting away with a piece of Yan's plate.*

*"If anyone sees this message, then my son Yan has arrived safe and sound in London with Shelton and humanity can still be saved."*

### *My True Identity*

*As the image faded, I stood and stumbled back. Could what I suspected be true? If it was, then what I had seen and heard at that instrument console was a ghost after all.*

Could I believe  
Parker's story?  
Could I afford  
not to?



*I took another step back and my heel struck a loose piece of metal on the floor near the energy column. I stooped to look at it. It was the first half of a name tag. I could still make out the letters: P-A-R-K-E.*

*With shaking hands I withdrew the fragment of metal I wore, always, around my neck. At the orphanage where I grew up, they told me it had been found in the basket in which I'd been left. It*



*was the source of my name. The large, engraved "R" followed by the hand-scratched Y-A-N. I'd looked at it a million times, wondering what it meant and who had put it in the basket with me. I set it on the floor next to the other piece, its other half. And suddenly, I was a different man.*



I stumbled upon a piece of broken metal, and my life was changed forever.

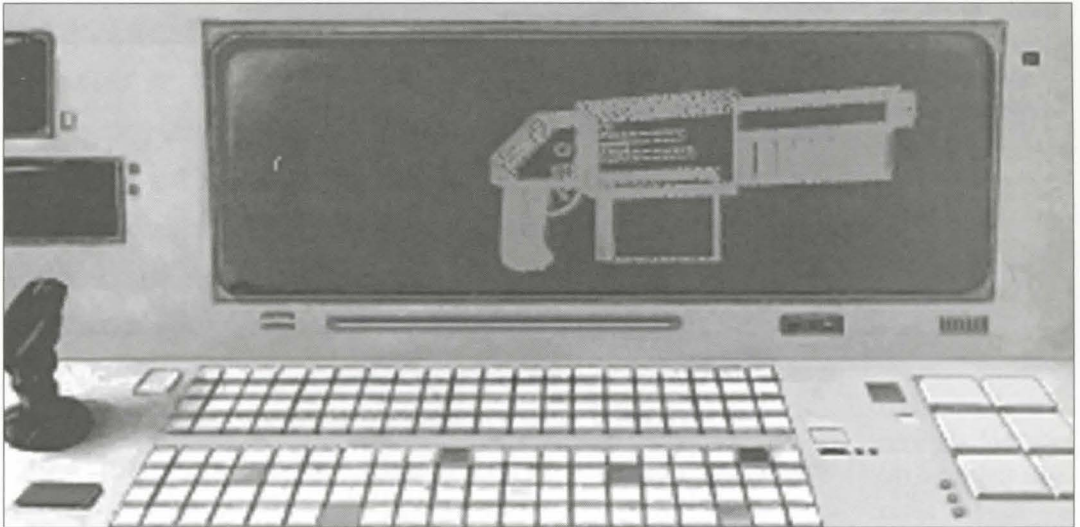
*I didn't know whether to cry or jump for joy. I'd traveled a hundred years into the future and found the ghost of my father, and with him, my true identity. Though I still didn't understand this place or this time, I vowed to learn all I could and return to the time in which I had grown up, so I could complete the mission my father had set before me.*

### *The Freezer Cannon*

*I scanned the room carefully now, gathering up pieces of what I was sure was some kind of weapon: a barrel, a rifle butt, a middle section, and two nitrogen cartridges. But no matter how I tried, I simply couldn't divine how to assemble them—if assembly was even possible.*

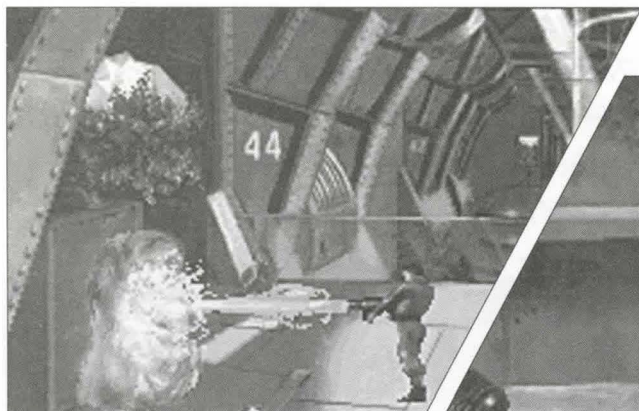
*I looked carefully at the next instrument console, but none of the buttons I pushed did anything. Then on the console, I saw the second thing I recognized in this place: a battery. One slot in the console seemed about the right size, so I inserted the battery and tried the largest button again. This time, the system came to life and showed me on the display screen how each element of my father's Freeze-and-Destroy cannon fit together. In short order I assembled and loaded the weapon.*

Once I found the battery, the computer showed me how to assemble Parker's freeze cannon.



*When I'd searched the lab before, I'd noticed a cabinet in a corner blocked by a huge, immovable stone. What a perfect test for the Freeze-and-Destroy! I stood at a safe distance and fired the weapon at the rock. It "froze" and shattered instantly into dust.*

*Now I was free to search the cabinet. Inside I found a stone and one of the copies my father had made of the solar disc. I collected both of these and used the disc on the energy column—what I now understood to be a solar gateway—to return to the Nazi lab and the very moment I'd left it.*



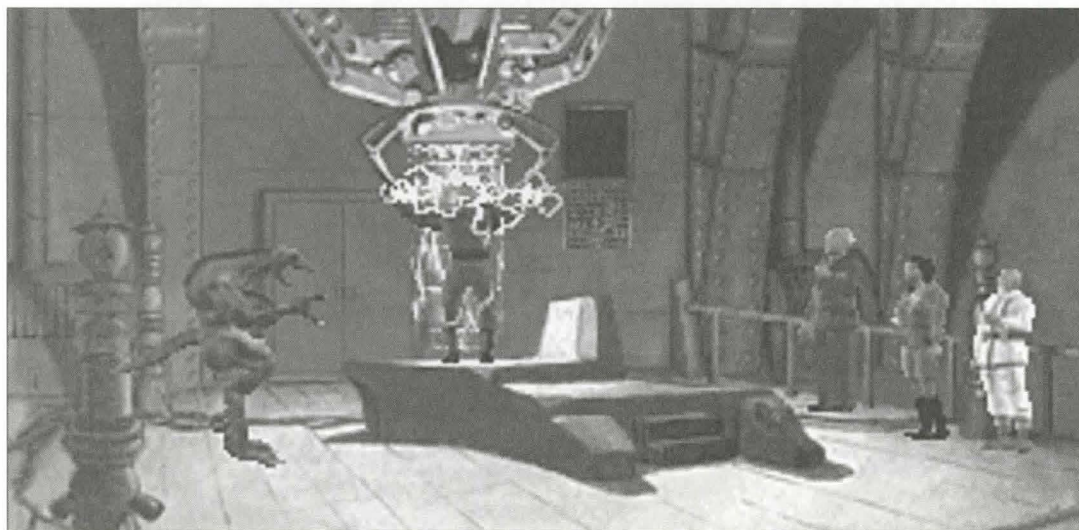
Inside the cabinet,  
I found the stone  
and my father's  
copy of the solar  
disc.



### *Return to 1937*

*As I emerged from the solar gateway, I could see everything was exactly as I'd left it—unfortunately. The Prisoner was attacking the others, howling in its blood lust. But my sudden reappearance distracted the monster long enough for me to try the incantation again. This time I must have gotten it right, for the Prisoner stopped, paralyzed, while I remained free to explain to the others what had happened.*

I returned to 1937  
through the solar  
gate and faced the  
monster again.





*I didn't burden them with the details of my personal revelation in 2037. I simply explained that they could escape the creature and the Nazis through the solar gateway. I'd programmed the disc to send them all safely to Edwards Base. They were reluctant at first, but in the end, they trusted me. What choice did they have?*

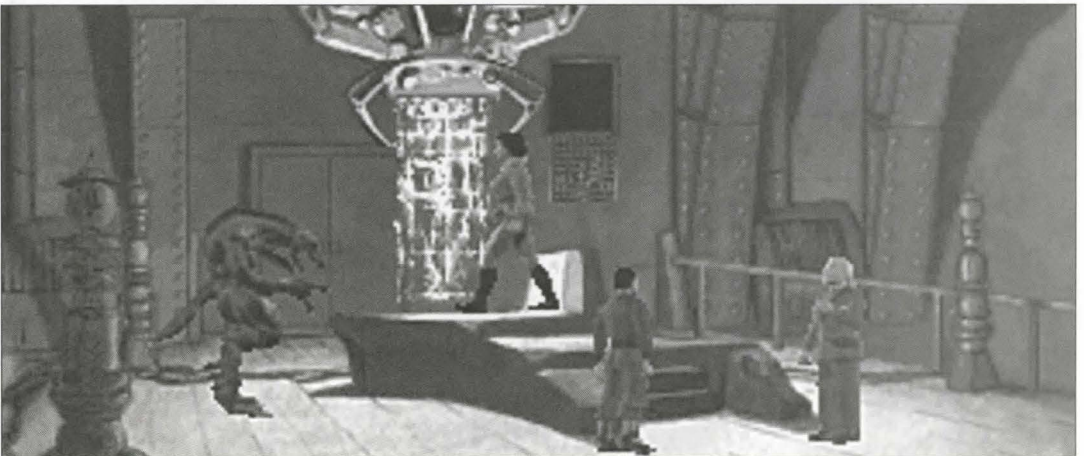
*Diane—my Aunt Diane—pleaded with me to come with them, but I had other chores to attend to. She and Hamsun finally entered the gateway and disappeared.*

*John Parker paused at the gateway and took hold of my arm. The ordeal had weakened the old man, but his grip was still strong. He urged me to find Dietrich and Narackamous and stop them before they could celebrate the rite that would bring the Great Old Ones back to earth.*

*Then he warned me to "beware the paradoxes of time." Diane had told him about my doppelgänger at the Library in Buenos Aires, and I now understood what had happened. Then he smiled what I now took to be a grandfatherly smile, and passed through the solar gateway.*

*I followed them into the column of energy, but to different destinations. Before I pursued the madmen to Illsmouth, I had some business in South America.*

Professor Parker warned, "Beware the paradoxes of time."



### *The Paradoxes of Time*

*I emerged from the solar gateway in Torge's office several days earlier. I almost laughed as I saw my prior self's surprised expression. But the situation was too serious for laughter. Dietrich's henchman was momentarily stunned by the sight of a second Ryan, which gave me just enough time to blast him with the freezing cannon. I felt no remorse as the killer shattered to dust. But when I saw the receptionist lying in the doorway, I regretted terribly not coming a few minutes sooner.*

*As I turned to go, my once cryptic comment seemed perfectly appropriate. There were, indeed, strange eons where even death may die.*

"There are strange  
aeons where even  
death may die."







*Ph-nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu  
R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn.  
(In his house at R'lyeh dead  
Cthulhu waits dreaming.)*

— from a ritual chant of the worshippers of Cthulhu



# ILLSMOUTH

*18th of January, 1937*

**G**uided by the solar disc, I was transported to a domed hall of stone, the entrance to which was blocked by an iron portcullis. Strange runes covered the floor of the circular chamber, but the rest of the room was empty, except for a large ring mounted on the wall behind me.

I pulled the ring and a stele rose out of the chamber floor.

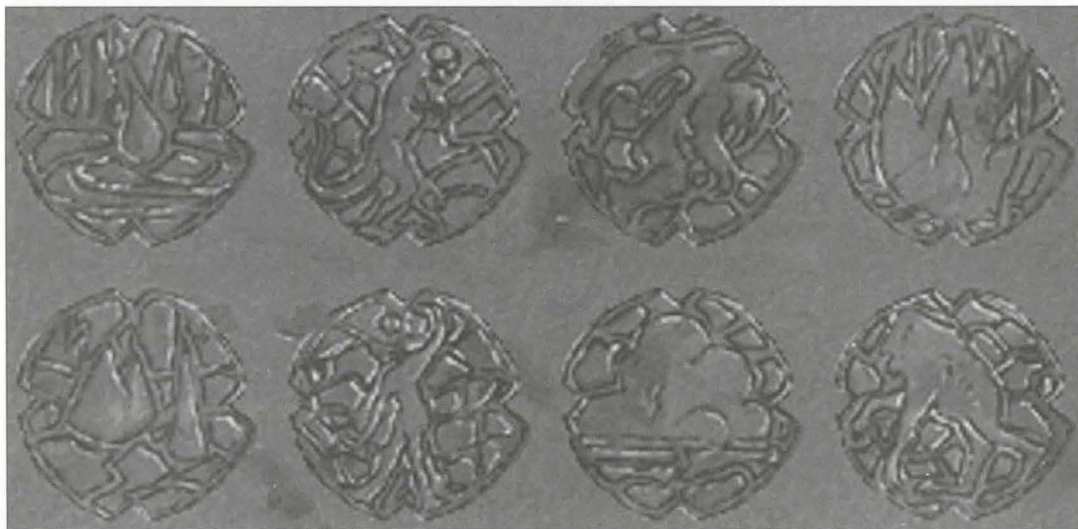


*I pulled on the ring and a cylindrical stele rose out of the floor with the dull sound of stone moving against stone. The short, squat pillar was covered with more runes and intricate carvings. It looked for all the world like an altar.*

*Set together along one side of the stele were eight engraved stones. Four represented the elements of water, air, fire, and ice; four were carved in the likenesses of Cthulhu, Nyarlathotep, Dagon, and a Prisoner.*

*When I found that I could move and rearrange the stones any way I liked, I knew immediately this was a puzzle key, though to what I didn't know. I moved the stones around randomly at first, but then hit upon a possible pattern, matching each monster with its proper element.*

The group of stones set in the stele was clearly a puzzle of some kind.



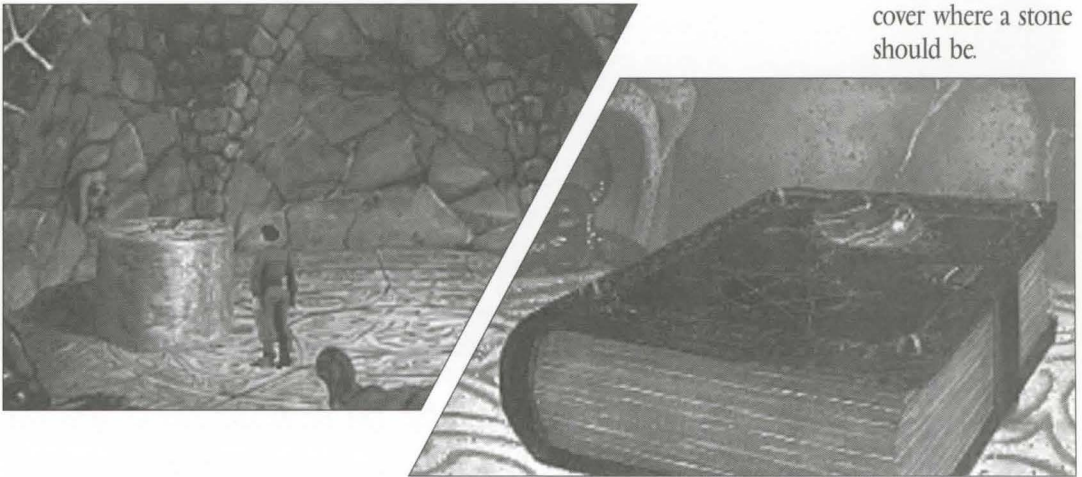
### *The Necronomicon*

*As I slid the last stone into place, a book of spells appeared in the center of the stele. Bound in heavy, carved leather, and held with a gold clasp, it looked ancient. A stone, very much like the*



*Stone of Minar I'd found in Captain Sears's office back at Edwards Base, was mounted on the top half of the cover. The bottom half was bare, with a hollow where something had once been. In that hollow, I placed the stone I'd brought back with me from the future.*

Looking closely at the book, I found a hollow in the cover where a stone should be.



*Instantly, the book rose from the stele, wrapped in mystic energies. Arcs of power filled the chamber and cracked loudly. When the book fell back, a two-handed ceremonial sword appeared in my hands, and the legendary Necronomicon replaced the tome.*

## *Spirits Awake*

*As I watched in astonishment, two ghostly shapes materialized and hovered in the center of the chamber. I recognized immediately one as the sorcerer Narackamous. I didn't know the other.*

*Instinctively, I struck at Narackamous with the sword. But all I did was cause him to speak. "At last," he said, "the Great Old Ones are about to regain their throne and rule until the end of time. Once I have intoned the incantation N'GHARFFF CTHULHU for the third time, Cthulhu shall return and a race of lords shall rule over mankind!"*

*Then he vanished.*

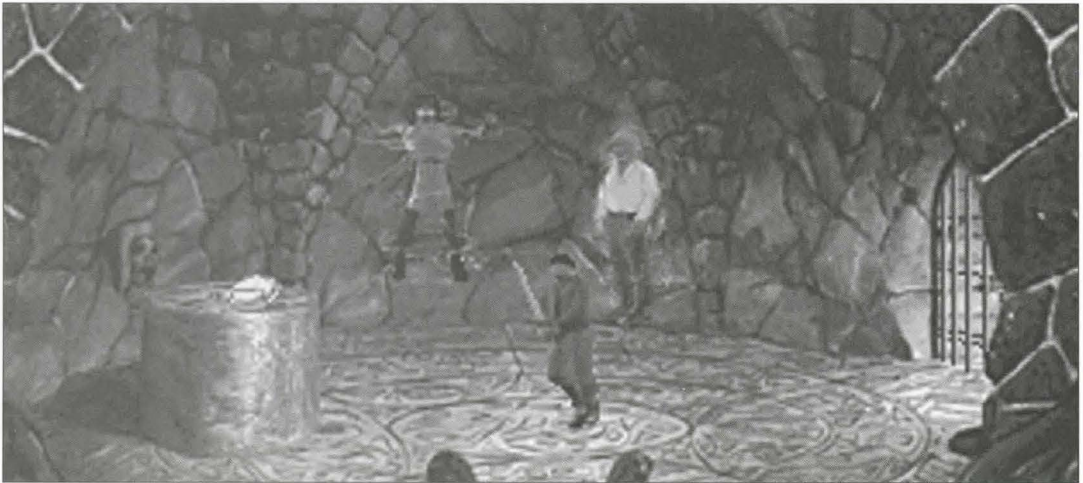
*The other ghost had the air of a British lord and I found it less menacing than the vile sorcerer. Nevertheless, I reacted as before and struck at it with the sword. Again, my action only caused the spirit to speak. But his words were much more comforting than the sorcerer's had been. "The stone circle can only be destroyed," he said, "if it is sent back into the abyss of time together with the solar disc. To repulse Cthulhu, it will then be necessary to entice the man with the metal mask into the force field."*

*And then he, too, vanished.*

*I didn't know what the stone circle was, or who the man in the metal mask might be, but I would watch for them, and I'd be ready when they appeared.*

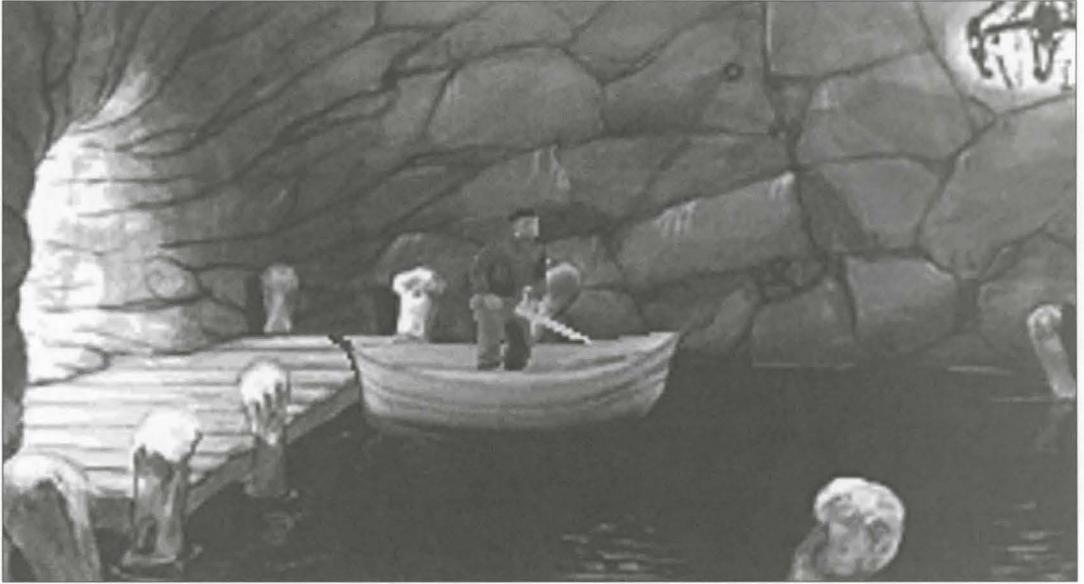
*Now I grabbed the Necronomicon and tucked it under my arm. As I lifted the book up off the altar, the portcullis slid up into the stone above it. With my sword at the ready, I left the domed hall.*

The book was transformed and two spirits appeared.



### *The Traitor Revealed*

*In the next chamber, I found myself standing at the edge of a river of naphtha. What an explosion that volatile juice would make should a match ever find its way here! An unreliable-looking rowboat was moored*



I left the chamber and came upon a river of naphtha.

*at a makeshift dock. Since I saw no other way out, I jumped into the boat, sword still in hand, and drifted with the river's currents.*

*I quickly came upon another boat blocking my way. And standing in the center of that unlikely craft, sword in hand, was the very last person on earth I expected to see. "Dietrich knew you were stubborn," Captain Sears said as his boat floated nearer. "He thought I might find you here."*

*When Sears disappeared from Edwards Base, I had thought he might be up to something. Now I knew how Dietrich had learned the identity of Miss Molly, how the Prisoner had gotten loose to wreak havoc at Edwards Base, and why Sears had been so keen to end Operation Polaris. He had been the traitor all along.*

*"You kept your cards close to your chest from the beginning, Sears," I said.*

*"Unfortunately, the game is over for you, Yan."*

*With those words, he lunged and I barely dodged a fatal blow. Our swords rang in the chamber, and we both struggled to keep our balance in the unstable boats.*





Sears was an excellent swordsman, so I had to keep him talking.

*As we fought, my mind raced. He had called me Yan! But how could he know my real name? Who was this man?*

*As if in answer to my questions, he began to taunt me, claiming to be my father's best friend, chiding me about John Parker's ignorance of my true identity, boasting that Dietrich and Narackamous were already celebrating the ceremony that would bring Cthulhu back to earth.*

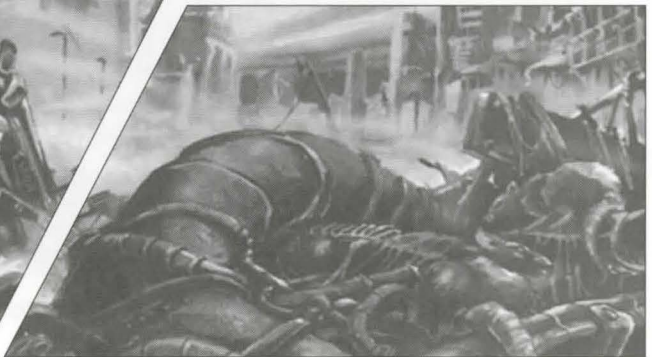
*"Pray to your God one last time, Yan," he sneered.*

*Sears was strong and fast, and a more experienced swordsman than I was. I didn't know how long I could keep him from finishing me off. And his taunts stung almost as badly as his blade. But I had to keep him talking until I found a way to defeat him. As it turned out, he was happy to tell me everything.*

### *Sears's Story*

*"I changed identity sixteen years ago. I was Lieutenant Shelton, dispatched with you into the past by your father. This journey in time has made me realize the power of the Great Old Ones!*

He told me the rest of the story.



*"In London, I abandoned you in the care of a charitable institution: The Brothers of The New World. And I devoted myself to worshipping the Great Old Ones.*

*"Dietrich contacted me in 1925 and introduced me to a secret society initiating Cthulhuian rites. One of the members was a spiritualist with amazing powers. This spiritualist, capable of swaying the masses, became a puppet in the hands of the sect. His mission was merely the first stage in a monstrous plan: Establishing total chaos and preparing for the return to earth of the Great Old Ones."*

*While Sears was ranting and fuming, I noticed his boat had drifted under a chandelier hanging from the ceiling and held by a rope secured to the wall behind me. I'd need more than my share of luck to pull it off, but if I didn't try something, it was only a matter of time before he cut me down.*

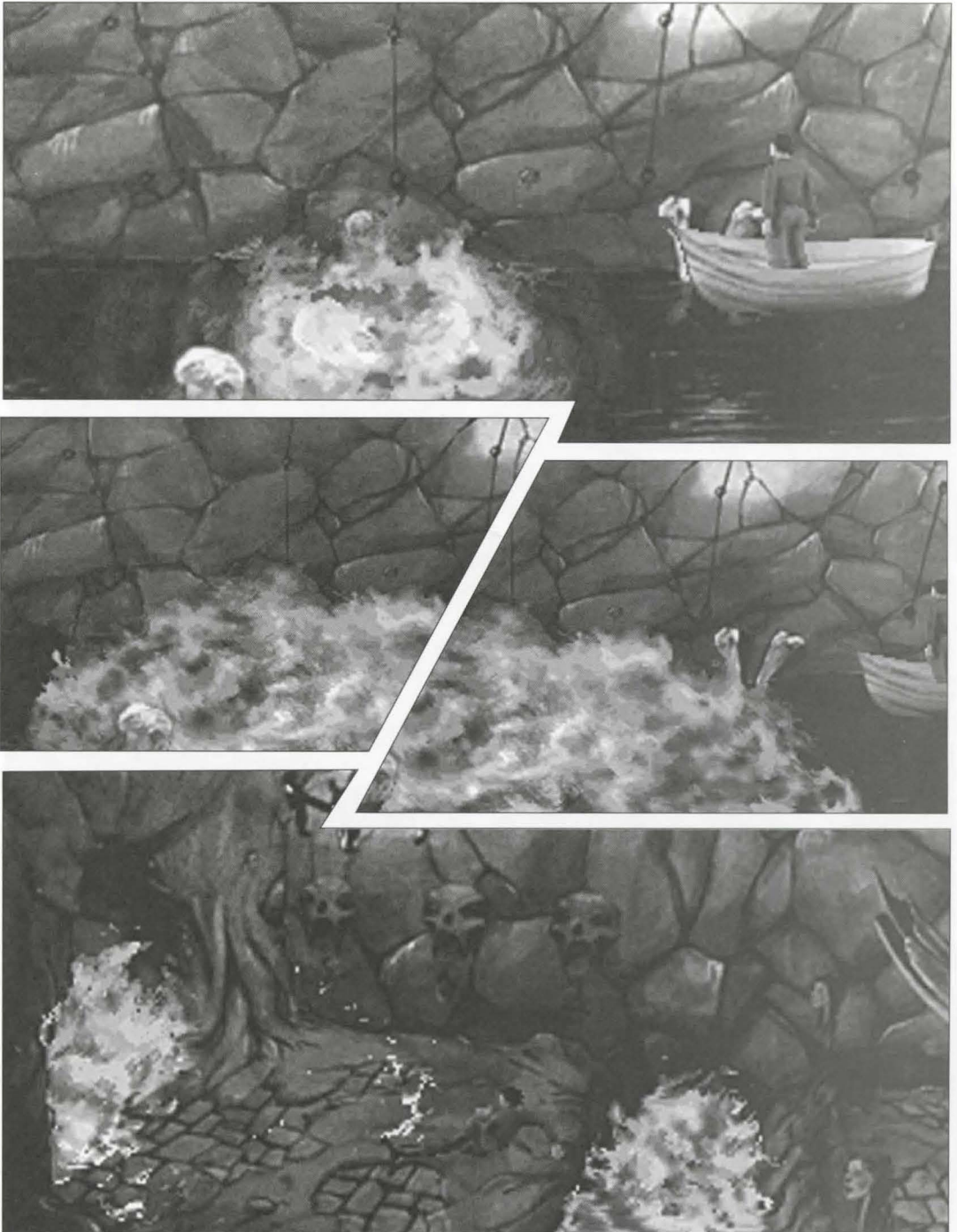
*Sears finally finished his story and, satisfied, prepared to deliver the death blow. "I shall do what I should have done 30 years ago upon my arrival in London!" he declared.*

### *River of Fire*

*The instant Sears lifted his sword, I swung my blade and cut the rope. The chandelier came crashing down, knocking him off his feet and sinking his boat. As the little rowboat sank, the chandelier's burning candles touched the volatile river, and an enormous explosion rocked the chamber.*

*Fortunately, the blast threw me from my boat onto a landing near the chamber's doorway. I could see the door was locked, but even if it had been open, I couldn't have reached it: the flaming river blocked my way. The fire spread rapidly and turned the chamber into an inferno. I had to escape! But how?*





I cut the rope and stopped Sears, but I nearly killed myself in the process.

*On the wall by the landing, I noticed three carved masks. In desperation, I smashed one of them with the sword. Sand poured out of the shattered face in blessed gouts, filling the burning trench that separated me from the door.*

*But I still had to find a way to open that door!*

*I quickly cast about the landing for a hidden key or mechanism. As I did, I stumbled over an unstable flagstone. I examined the stone more carefully, and stepped down on it with all my weight. It sank into the ground and triggered the opening of the door.*

*Escape lay across the sand and through the fanged jaws of an enormous skull. This, I could see, was no carving! Great cracked horns and ragged tusks spread out from the skull like the rays of a perverted sun. The smell of decay issued from the gapping mouth. I hurried past the fanged jaws and through the open doorway.*

The sand smothered the flames and the flagstone opened the gate.

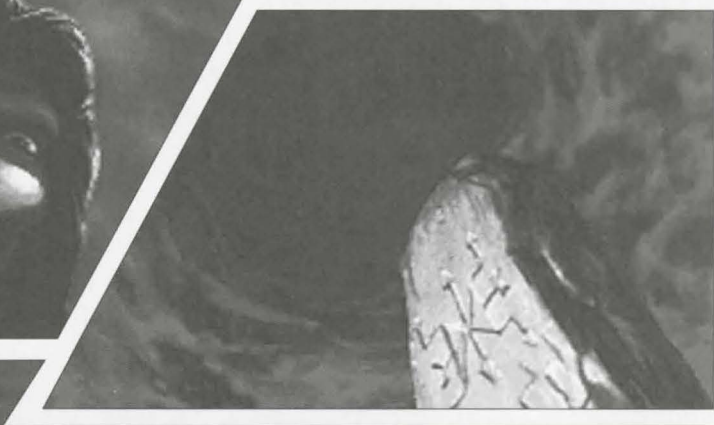


### *The Stone Circle*

*I emerged from the sorcerer's cave onto a hill above a dark plane. The sky was black, churning, and close. The air was heavy with the smell of turned earth and old graves. Below, a strange gray light radiated from a circle of obelisks—stone pillars etched with*

*ancient runes. Among the stones I found Dietrich and Narackamous celebrating the rites of the cult of the Great Old Ones. The sorcerer's eyes glowed red as he spoke the accursed incantation: "FTHANGH'G CTHULHU IAEEEE!"*

From a hill above a dark plane I could see they were already performing the vile rites.





*He was the first of the two to see me. He looked surprised as I stepped out from behind an obelisk and into the circle of gray light. When he saw the sacramental sword I carried, I detected a hint of fear in his glowing eyes. "We must intone an incantation against this intruder!" he shouted. He spoke again the loathsome passage, charging the air with evil power.*

*To protect myself, I brandished the sword and repelled the curse.*

*Furious, Narackamous called on Dietrich to come to his aid. The mad Nazi raised his arms and uttered the curse. Once again I used the sword to sweep aside his attack. The sorcerer threw me a third incantation, and for a third and last time, I repelled it with the sword. As the spell was dispersed, the magic blade vanished.*

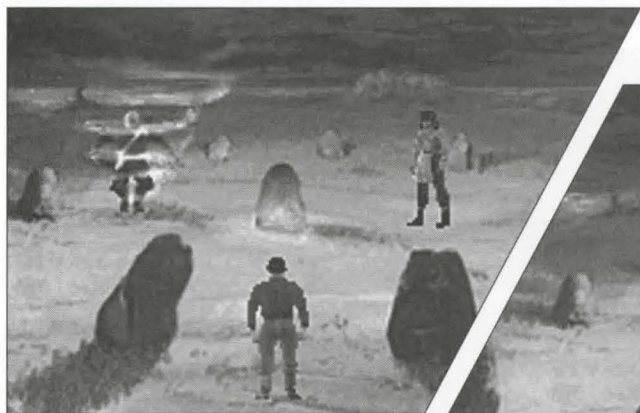
Dietrich fell to his knees and howled at the sky through a steel mask.



*A fog descended on the circle of stones, and Dietrich fell to his knees, shouting at the sky and laughing madly. "I have returned from the future!" He clawed the skin from his face and howled in pain. "Look at my new features! Look at the features of he who shall open the Gate for you!" A mask of steel appeared over his face.*

*I threw the Necronomicon onto the central monolith. When Dietrich saw the book, he began screaming. "The Necronomicon! The Necronomicon!" He threw himself on the book and clutched it to his chest. Then a whirlwind of mist sucked him and the ancient tome into the turbulent sky.*

I threw the  
*Necronomicon*  
and dark forces  
descended on  
the plane.



*Narackamous screamed as a tentacle broke through the ground at his feet, wrapped itself around him, and dragged the sorcerer into the netherworld. The obelisks, too, slid into the earth with a rumbling sigh. I was left standing alone on the plane—but only for a moment. As the first rays of sunlight broke through the darkness, I dematerialized.*

### *Edwards Base, 20th of January...The Survivor of Time*

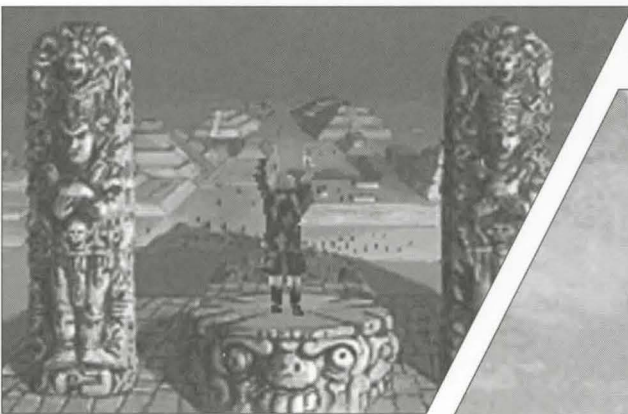
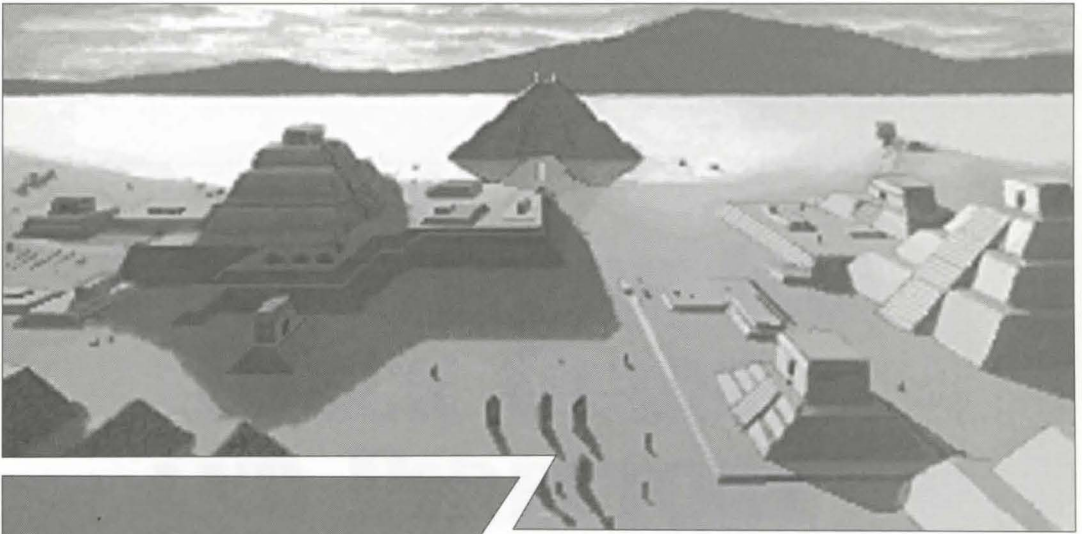
*I rematerialized inside a closet at Edwards Base. The room had been built on an ancient solar gateway. John Parker and Diane were there, safe, and waiting for me. But my tale of ancient evil does not end in the warm embrace of the family I had never known. For the words I'd heard read aloud from an ancient text in a strange Library on a January day in 1937 would haunt my nights for decades to come:*

I would find little peace in the embrace of a family I had never known.



*"The Aymaras lived in peace in Tihanaco, until the day the fair-haired man appeared. He wore a metal mask and controlled the fire of the gods. He overthrew the king of the Aymaras and became the god of gods."*





"Thus, what had previously been  
would return again."







# **PRISONER OF ICE QUICK GUIDE AND DIRECTORY**







# THE RUN-THROUGH



*Prisoner of Ice* is a great game, full of challenging puzzles and unexpected plot twists. But sometimes, even for the most imaginative and resourceful players, its puzzles begin to seem twisted and untangling the plot becomes the unexpected challenge. That's when you, gentle gamer, are in greater danger than Lieutenant Ryan. Oh yes! And not from some escaped Prisoner howling in the graveyard at night for a hunka-hunka burnin' love, but from your own loss of perspective. Remember, folks: It's just a game.

When you're stuck—and let's face it, everybody gets stuck—there's no reason to blow a spleen over the situation. But you shouldn't have to give up on the game, either. *Prisoner of Ice* has an especially great ending. It's surprising and immensely satisfying, with all those loose ends tied up and some new questions raised. You shouldn't have to suffer to earn the right to see it. (I should say *them*, since the game actually has two endings.)

That's why this book includes the Quick Guide. If you've tried everything, but you still can't get Stanley to stop playing with his wrench long enough to give you the radio frequency code; if inching the cursor across row after row of books in the library has finally given you a facial tick; if being devoured over and over again by the Prisoner in the lava cave has finally lost its charm, then you've come to the right section!

The Quick Guide is the place to turn when you need to get unstuck without adjusting your blood pressure medicine. It includes step-by-step instructions and the solutions to all the puzzles. If the preceding section was a walk-through, this one is a "run-through." It is the fastest route from Ryan's first

encounter with a Prisoner of Ice to the successful completion of his mission.

This section also includes a directory of characters, locations, and objects (as the old saying goes, can't tell the players without a program), as well as a few extra tips and strategies I couldn't fit in anywhere else.

Obviously, consulting the guide should be a last resort if you want to get the most out of the game. But using it when you really have to won't ruin the game—especially if it gets you moving again and keeps you playing.

**Note:** For the sake of clarity, the following run-through includes actions Ryan performs automatically as well as quasi-automatic sequences that require the player to click through. Both are flagged with **A**. Timed sequences—those sets of action you must perform quickly before Ryan is killed or caught—are marked with **T**.

To help you find the items Ryan gathers into his inventory, I've included a few directions, such as "upper right" or "lower left." In this case, the directions refer to the screen, not the virtual environment. Just imagine that your screen is divided into four quadrants and you'll get the idea. But be warned, some items may be extremely difficult to find. Just keep moving your cursor across the screen. When you hit upon a relevant item or piece of information, the game will tell you so on the bottom of your screen. All items Ryan collects are listed in boldface (when first mentioned).



## The HMS *Victoria*

### The Control Room

- Captain Lloyd talks on the radio and gives Ryan his promotion.
- Talk to Lloyd about:
  - Hamsun
  - Crates.
- The sub is attacked and damaged.

**A** •Follow Lloyd to the Hold.

### The Hold

- A** •Ryan talks to Jones; Jones dies.
- Lloyd goes to the cargo bay door. A tentacle drags him inside. Ryan locks the door.
- T** •Get the **fire extinguisher**.
- Use the fire extinguisher on the flames.  
(Tip: Move fast or the Prisoner gets Ryan.)
- Exit to the Control Room.

### The Control Room

- Talk to Driscoll about:
  - Weapons
  - Hamsun
  - Sleeping Quarters
  - Lloyd.
- Try the radio; it won't work.
- Open the drawer in the Captain's desk; search it.
- Take the **key**, **tape recorder**, and **code book**.
- Use the code book on the radio. Now it works, but you still need the frequency.
- Enter the Sleeping Quarters to the right.

### The Sleeping Quarters

- Take the **hatchet** from the wall near the door.
- Search under the bunks in the lower part of the screen; take the **life vest** and **crampons**.
- Go to the night stand (lower far right).
- Take the **St. Christopher Medallion**.
- Click on Wayne.
- Talk to Wayne about:
  - Hamsun
  - Lloyd.
- Wayne exits; Hamsun starts to babble.
- Use the St. Christopher Medallion on Hamsun to hypnotize him; he begins to chant.
- Use the tape recorder on Hamsun to record Hamsun's chant.
- Return to the Control Room.

### The Control Room

- T** •A Prisoner breaks out of the Hold; the door smashes into Wayne.
- Use the tape recorder on Ryan; the chant will destroy the Prisoner.
- A** •Ryan talks to Wayne; Wayne dies.
- Driscoll announces another hit to the bow.
- Talk to Driscoll about:
  - SOS.
- Enter the Engine Room through the hatch on the lower right.

### The Engine Room

- Stanley is trapped under a beam. Talk to him about:
  - Beam
  - Help.
- Flip the switch on the winch (right); nothing happens.
- Return to the Control Room.

## The Control Room

- Talk to Driscoll about:  
Stanley.
- Driscoll gives Ryan a **walkie-talkie**.
- Return to Engine Room.

## The Engine Room

- Use the walkie-talkie.
- ▶ •Ryan and Driscoll use the winch to save Stanley.
- Talk to Stanley about:  
Radio Frequency  
Lloyd.
- Stanley gives Ryan the frequency code.
- Pick up the adjustable **spanner**. (It's under a corner of the engines in the lower center.)
- Return to the Control Room.

## The Control Room

- Use the radio; it works now and Ryan sends an SOS.  
Driscoll tells him they can't surface.
- Talk to Driscoll about:  
Surface  
Draining the Torpedo Room.
- Use the wrench on the smashed door to remove the metal wheel.
- Use the hatchet to open the electrical box to the right of the door to the Sleeping Quarters.
- Trace each unbroken wire upward and adjust the switches:  
Blue: left, right, left  
Green: right, left, right, right  
Orange: right, right, up, right  
(This procedure unlocks the hatch to the Torpedo Room. When you get it right, you automatically exit the screen.)
- Return to the Hold.



## The Hold

- Put on the crampons.
- Walk across the ice to the doors.
- Use Lloyd's key on the "chest" on the wall between the two doors; take the flare pistol.
- Go to the Torpedo Room (Control Room → Sleeping Quarters → hatch at right center).

## Torpedo Room

- Pick up the distress **flare** in the middle of the room.
  - Put the metal wheel into the hole in the far right wall.
  - Turn the wheel; the water will drain out of the room.
  - Open the lower torpedo launcher tube.
  - Click on torpedo No. #26; a hatch will open.
  - Use the walkie-talkie to contact Driscoll; Ryan tells him he's ready to go.
- A** •Driscoll fires the torpedo.
- Spotters from the British ship see Ryan's flare.

## Edwards Base

### Captain Sears's Office

- Talk to Captain Sears about:
  - Hamsun
  - Crate.
- Soldier comes in and tells about Miss Molly's film.
- Talks to Sears about:
  - Film
  - Miss Molly.
- Sears exits.
- Go to the desk (upper right).
- Take the **cigarettes**.
- Take the **ID papers**.
- Open the left drawer; search it.

- Take the **sheet of paper**. (If Quincy comes in before you get the paper, you'll have to come back later.)
- ▶ Quincy enters, gives Ryan his orders, talks to him; Ryan exits Sears's Office.

### The Hallway Outside Sears's Office

- Guard asks for Ryan's duty roster; Ryan gives it to him; an alarm sounds and the guard exits.
- Search the guard's desk.
- Take the **film canister**.
- Enter the Communications Room (middle door).

### The Communications Room

- Talk to Shaw about:  
Messages. (You have none.)
- Use ID on the tea kettle; the photo is steamed loose. (This can be done later.)
- Go to the Projection Room. (Exit to Hall → right door to Elevator Room → right door to Hall → right door to Projection Room)

### The Projection Room

- Talk to McLaglen about:  
Sears  
Quincy  
Files.
- Give McLaglen the cigarettes.
- Give McLaglen the film; he exits; watch the film.
- McLaglen returns and asks you about film.
- Carefully search the bookshelf (upper center).
- Select the book (first shelf, under the lamp).
- Examine the book and combine the sheet from Sears's office with the page to form a complete number code. (Make a note of the code.)
- Return the book to the shelf.

- Return to the Communications Room (Hall → Elevator Room → Hall → Communications Room).
- ▶•The doctor stops Ryan in the Elevator Room. He talks to him about green slime.
- The doctor leaves via the elevator.
- Enter the Communications Room.

### **The Communications Room**

- Talk to Shaw about:
  - Radio Message
  - File
  - McLaglen.
- Return to Sears's Office.

### **Captain Sears's Office**

- Select the portrait on the left wall behind Sears's desk; it swings back.
- Examine the safe behind it; use the number from the book to open the safe (496-523).
- Search the safe.
- Take the **rubber stamp** and the **key**.
- Close the safe and the portrait.
- Search Sears's desk; use the ink stamp and the photo on the form; take the completed **pass**.
- Go to the Elevator Room (Hall → right door → Elevator Room).

### **The Elevator Room**

- Push the button on the wall next to the elevator.
- Enter the elevator; it takes Ryan to the basement.

### **The Basement Elevator Room**

- Exit the elevator.
- Go to the security door; the guard asks for a pass.
- Give the guard the pass.
- Enter the Guard Room.



## The Guard Room

- Talk to guards about:  
Infirmary  
“Boxroom.” (This is the storage closet.)
- Go to the Closet (middle door).

## The Closet

- Take the **tin** from the middle of the second shelf near the door.
- Open the trunk; search it; there’s a body inside.
- Go to the Infirmary (Guard Room → lower right door → Waiting Room).

## The Waiting Room

- Talk to the nurse about:  
Quincy  
Appointment.
- The nurse exits; look at the magazine (nothing will happen, but it will pass the time).
- The nurse returns and asks you to go in.
- Enter the Doctor’s Office.

## The Doctor’s Office

- Talk to the doctor about:  
Stomach.
- Show him the tin from the closet; the doctor goes to get some medicine.
- Take the **manual** from the doctor’s desk before he returns with Ryan’s medicine. (Be quick!)
- Return to the Guard Room (Waiting Room → Guard Room).

## The Guard Room

- Go to the Armory (upper right door).
- Give Finnlayson the manual from the Doctor’s Office.
- Enter the Armory.

### The Armory

- Take the **fire extinguisher** from the back wall.
- Take the **burning cigarette** from the ashtray on the desk.
- Put the cigarette into the trash bin.
- ▶ •Quickly hide in the dark corner to the lower right.
- Finnlayson sounds alarm; he can't find the extinguisher and yells for Marsh; they exit.
- Use fire extinguisher on waste bin to put out the fire.
- Enter the File Room (left door).

### The File Room

- Open the partially opened file drawer; search the file drawer.
- Close the file drawer.

### The Armory

- Exit the Armory.
- ▶ •Sears meets Ryan at the door; he congratulates him for putting out the fire; Ryan follows him back to his office.

### Captain Sears's Office

- Sears interrogates Ryan.
- Talk to Sears about:
  - Monster
  - Incantation.
- ▶ •Sears orders Ryan to search the submarine for clues.

### Outside the Submarine

- Ryan stands at the entrance to the bridge of the HMS *Victoria*. Take the cable (right).
- Use the cable on the metal stick (right); now you've got a handrail.
- Cross the icy patch (far right).
- Open chest in the deck (far right); search it and take both **pieces of metal**.

- Combine the pieces of metal to create a “marine key.”
- Move far left back to the sub’s entrance.
- Use the **marine key** on the sub’s entrance.
- Enter the submarine.

### The Control Room

- A** •Ryan climbs down the ladder.
- Enter the Sleeping Quarters (right door).

### The Sleeping Quarters

- Search the wardrobe in the upper left corner; take the note papers.
- Return to the Control Room.

### The Control Room

- A Prisoner appears and moves to attack.
- T** •Select the button near Driscoll’s old post.
- Use the key from Sears’s safe on the lock.
- An alarm sounds; the Prisoner stops for a moment.
- Climb the ladder fast! (Or the Prisoner will get you!)
- A** •The Submarine explodes.
- Ryan returns to the Base.
- Guards stop Ryan in the Elevator Room and question him.
- The doctor appears and escorts Ryan to his office.

### The Doctor’s Office

- A** •The doctor explains his fears about Hamsun.
- Ryan looks into the microscope; sees weird blood.
- The doctor shows Ryan an entry in Hamsun’s journal; Ryan reads it.
- The nurse runs in from Dr. Trevor’s Surgery, screaming.
- Ryan enters Dr. Trevor’s Surgery.



### Dr. Trevor's Surgery

- ▶ •A Prisoner is attacking quartermaster Quincy; he eats him.
- Ryan draws a pentagram on the floor with Hamsun's blood.
- The Prisoner steps into the figure and is trapped there.
- Return to the Doctor's Office.

### The Doctor's Office

- Take the **hypodermic needle** from the center of the doctor's desk.
- Return to Sears's Office. (It's a long walk.)

### Captain Sears's Office

- Use the needle on the large map in the upper left corner; the map moves, revealing a secret compartment.
- Search the secret compartment; take the **M'nar Stone** and the **secret report**.
- Return to the Infirmary. (Another long walk.)

### Dr. Trevor's Surgery

- Use the M'nar Stone to destroy the Prisoner.
- Take Quincy's papers lying on the floor at the foot of the bed.
- ▶ •Ryan talks with the doctor.
- Ryan reads his new orders.

## The Library in Buenos Aires

### The Main Lobby

- Go to the pedestal in the center of the room; search it. (You'll find it empty.)
- Talk to the receptionist, Hernandez, about:
  - Pedestal
  - Book.

- Hernandez calls Jorge; then he tells Ryan to go in.
- Talk to Diane.
- Enter the Curator's Office.

### The Curator's Office

- Talk to the curator about:
  - OTR2832
  - Book
  - Parker's Work.
- Listen to Miguel's story.

- ▶•A gunman enters.
- He shoots Hernandez.
- Ryan's double appears, shoots the gunman, and disappears.
- The curator gives Ryan a page from the book and hides Ryan and Diane inside the stone wall.
- The police arrive to take the curator and Miguel away and seal the Library.
- Ryan and Diane emerge from the hiding place.
- Diane heads for the Terrace.
  
- Exit the Curator's Office.

### The Main Lobby

- Follow Diane up the stairs and through the glazed doors.

### The Library—First Level

- Take the **pile of books** on the floor by the door; you'll have three books in your inventory.
- Take the **white cane** in the left corner.
- Talk to Diane about:
  - Parker
  - Terrace
  - Mechanisms.
- Carefully move the cursor around the bookshelves until you find a single book.
- Click on that book; a passageway opens.
- Enter the passageway.

### The Library—Second Level

- Use the white cane to fix the ladder.
- Climb to the next level.

### The Library—Third Level

- Carefully move the cursor around the bookshelves until you find an empty space.
- Search the empty space; place the three books into the space from left to right in the following order (chronological by author):
  - Sophocles
  - Shakespeare
  - Goethe.
- A stairway emerges from the bookshelf.
- Climb the stairs to the next level.

### Library—Fourth Level

- Hit the switch located around the middle of the stacks.
- Move the cursor as far right along the walkway as possible and click. (This will cause Ryan to look past Diane and discover a stairway off-screen.)

### Library—The Fifth Level

- Select the statue on the far right; a secret compartment opens in middle statue.
- Search compartment; you'll get a key.
- Use key to unlock the door to the Terrace.
- Exit to the Terrace.

### The Terrace

- Climb onto the statue of Venus.
  - Jump over to the statue of Jupiter.
  - Talk to Diane.
  - Climb up the statue of Jupiter.
  - Take the **Solar Disc**.
- A** •Nazis appear and capture you. (Don't worry. This is supposed to happen.)



## The Schloss Adler Polar Base

### The Prison Cells

- Parker signals from the left cell.
- Take the **utensils** on the table.
- Use the spoon to signal Parker. (Don't let the guard catch you.)
- Listen to Parker's story.
- The other captives are taken away.
- Dietrich visits Ryan's cell, leaves paper and pen, and exits.

- ▶ Use the paper to plug up the sink; this also turns on the taps.
- Take the wooden stool; when the guard enters, hit him with it.
- Ryan automatically drags the guard into the cell.
- Search the guard; you'll find his **keys**.
- Use the keys to lock the cell door.
- Move the table to the center of the cell.
- Stack the wooden stool on the table; Ryan climbs up to the ventilation grill.
- Use the spoon to unscrew the grill. (This causes Ryan to climb into the duct.)

### In Ventilation Ducts

- Move to the far right.

- ▶ Listen to the guards in the barracks through the grill.
- Move down the other duct.

### The Lava Cave—Near Side

- Ryan falls out of a ventilation duct.
- Move the stalagmite (upper center).
- The stone gate on the left opens.
- Take the **two gems** inside.

- Move to the far right and cross the bridge to the carved face.
- Insert the ruby (red gem) into the left eye socket; insert the amethyst (blue gem) into the right eye socket.
- The mouth opens: it's a secret door.
- Enter secret door.

### The Lava Cave—Second Section

- Ryan materializes.
  - Move to the far right.
  - Search the miner's cart; take the **miner's bar**.
  - Move far left; search for a stone in the short wall where the lava trickles down.
  - Use the miner's bar to loosen the stone where lava is trickling in. (The room fills up with hot lava.)
- T**▶ Heat the miner's bar in the lava.
- Use the red hot bar on the miner's cart's frozen wheels.
  - Push the cart; the iron door opens.
  - Exit through the door.
- (Move fast! While you're doing all this, a Prisoner thaws.)

### The Vent Room

- Use the miner's bar on the large fan; it'll jam the mechanism.
  - Enter the vent.
- A**▶ See the other captives in the teleportation room.
- Dietrich and Narackamous appear.
  - Dietrich taunts the captives, executes Miss Molly, and summons a Prisoner to kill the captives.
  - Dietrich and Narackamous depart through the teleporter.

### Teleportation Room

- Click on the vent; Ryan jumps out and the Prisoner moves toward him.

- Use the page from the Library on Ryan; when he recites the incantation, the monster is stopped and Ryan is sucked into the teleporter.

### In the Future

- Pick up the first piece of the cannon, called the **barrel** (on the floor to the left of the scanner).
- Move to the far left; pick up the second piece of the cannon, called the **nitrogen charge** (floor, upper left).
- Move to the far right; pick up the third piece of the cannon, called the **rifle butt** (lower far right).
- Sit at the computer terminal.
- Listen to Howard Phillips Parker's story.
- Examine half a steel plate on the floor at the base of the Sun Gate.
- Go to the scanner (upper left); take the battery from the left side of the machine.
- Examine the scanner, put the battery into the slot on the right, and push the large red button on the left: a schematic of a fully assembled cannon appears on the screen.
- Use each piece of the cannon on the screen to assemble the gun; you now have an FND.
- Move to the far left and use the assembled cannon to shatter the big rock (lower left).
- Search the cupboard; take the **M'nar Stone** and the copy of the **Solar Disc**.
- Use the Solar Disc on Ryan to teleport back to 1937.

### Teleportation Room

- A** •Ryan emerges from the teleporter.
- T** •The Prisoner attacks.
  - Use the page from the Library on Ryan.
  - The Prisoner stops. (It won't be destroyed.)
  - Talk to Parker.
- A** •The captives enter the teleporter; Ryan follows.



### The Curator's Office: Instant Replay

- The original sequence is repeated to the point where Ryan's double appears.
- ▶ Use the cannon on the gunman before he shoots you. (Be quick!)
- ▶ Ryan talks to his other self and vanishes.

## The Village of Illsmouth

### The Sorcerer's Cave

- Ryan materializes in the cave.
- Pull the ring on the upper left; it causes a stone altar to rise from the floor.
- Examine the altar; rearrange the carved stones so that each monster is matched with an element:
  - Prisoner with Ice
  - Cthulhu with Air
  - Dagon with Water
  - Nyarlathotep with Fire.
- A book appears on the cylinder.
- Examine the book; put the stone from the future into the hollow on the book's cover.
- The book is transformed into the *Necronomicon*.
- Ryan has a sword in his hands.
- Two ghostly forms appear.
- Strike Narackamous with the sword; listen to his story; he vanishes.
- Strike Boleskin with the sword; listen to his story; he vanishes.
- Take the *Necronomicon*. The gate opens; exit.

### The River of Naphtha

- Get into the boat; it moves to the right.
- Another boat appears; Sears is in it; he, too, has a sword.

- Talk to Sears about:

  - Howard Parker

  - John Parker

  - The Great Old Ones.

(If you vary from the above sequence, Sears will chop Ryan.)

- Listen to Sears's story.

- Click on the rope holding the chandelier; Ryan chops it; it falls on Sears and ignites the river.

- Ryan is thrown to a landing.

- Step on the loose flagstone (bottom middle). (This opens a door off-screen.)

- Use the sword to smash the mask on the right; sand pours out and fills in the flaming trench.

- Move far right across the sand.

- Exit through the skull's mouth.

## Out on the Plain

- Narackamous intones the first attack spell.

- Use the sword on Ryan to repel it.

- Dietrich intones the second attack spell.

- Use the sword on Ryan to repel it.

- Narackamous intones the final attack spell.

- Use the sword on Ryan to repel it.

- Dietrich falls to his knees, tears in his face; when he looks up, he's wearing a steel mask.

- Put the *Necronomicon* on the center stone.

- ▶•Dietrich grabs the book; he's sucked into the sky.

- Narackamous is sucked into the ground.

- The stones sink.

- Ryan vanishes.

- You now have a choice of two endings.

(Be sure to wait around for the cinematic postscript!)

# STRATEGIES/TIPS

This is a catchall section to tell you about the interface and some other things about the game I couldn't readily put anywhere else.

## **The HMS *Victoria***

### **The Flare Gun**

Getting the flare gun is very annoying because you never get to see it. It's in the hold, across the icy patch, between the cargo bay doors. It's supposed to be in a cage mounted on the wall, but it just looks like a smear to me. Move the cursor back and forth until "chest" appears, then use the captain's key to "open" the chest, then click again and the flare gun will appear in your inventory.

## **Edwards Base**

### **Sears's Office**

When Sears leaves you alone in his office for the first time, you will want to quickly grab things from the desk in the upper right corner in the following order: cigarettes, ID, paper with numbers on it. Chances are, Quincy will come in before you get the paper from the desk drawer. If he does, you'll have to leave without it and come back later, after you've watched Miss Molly's film and talked to Shaw, the radioman. If you return before that, Quincy will still be there.

### **The Doctor**

When you go to the doctor for the first time, be sure you've already picked up the tin in the closet, and then tell him only about your stomach. If you tell him about anything else, you'll have to go back to the nurse and ask for another appointment. If you show him the tin and ask him about, say, your knee, you'll also have to return to the closet and get another tin.



## **The Armory**

You can't get into the armory until the changing of the guard, no matter what you do.

## **The Library in Buenos Aires**

### **"Books" vs. "the book"**

When you're searching a bookshelf, you're usually looking for an object called "the book." It's confusing because as soon as your cursor hits the shelves, you'll see "Books."

## **The Schloss Adler Polar Base**

### **Watch out for the guards at Schloss Adler.**

Every time John Parker speaks to Ryan through the wall, Ryan moves over and crouches down. If the guard opens the peep hatch when Ryan is crouched there, he will take him out and shoot him. Watch for the guard's pattern, and as soon as he checks Ryan's cell, use the spoon on the wall to get Parker talking the first time. Then, each time his story returns you to the main screen, quickly move Ryan to the center of his cell to avoid being caught by the guard.

## **A Few General Remarks on . . .**

### **. . . timed sequences**

You can always recognize a timed sequence. They are preceded by an automatic saving and accompanied by tense music.

### **. . . the cutaways**

Now and then throughout the game, the screen will cut automatically to a scene supposedly going on somewhere nearby at the same time. These look significant and they work in with the plot, but they don't affect what you have to do. You can ignore them.

**... talking**

Talk to everyone more than once. Just because you've talked with someone before doesn't mean he won't have more to tell you later. Go away, explore, acquire objects, and then return and see if there isn't something more to learn.

**... order**

The order of the things you talk about matters. When that square appears on the screen and you're invited to click on the subject headings, notice what happens when you do. Some combinations produce additional options. Other combinations produce instant death for Ryan.

**... puzzles**

You'll know when you've solved a puzzle, say the electrical box on the submarine, because you'll automatically exit the screen and return to the story.

**... combining items**

When nothing seems to work, try putting two objects together. Just click on an item in the inventory, drag it over to the item you want to try combining it with, and click. If it works, you'll have a new object in your inventory.

**... panicky players**

When you can't find it, don't panic. Some of the objects you're supposed to find in this game don't present themselves readily on the screen. The wrench in the engine room, the key books in the library, and the hypodermic needle on Dr. Trevor's desk are all good examples. They either look like smears of color or they are, in fact, not represented at all. (You can know *exactly* where that needle is supposed to be and *still* not find it.)

I've found two effective ways to search the screen and ferret out these minuscule objects: (1) move the cursor very slowly in a grid pattern over the entire screen, and (2) move the cursor vigorously in circles. When you try either of these approaches, keep your eyes on the area of the screen where the names of objects appear.

# A DIRECTORY OF CHARACTERS AND OBJECTS

One of the things that makes *Prisoner of Ice* such an engaging game is the world in which the action takes place. Or should I say worlds? From a pre-World War II submarine to a post-millennium teleportation chamber; from a crumbling occult library in South America to a secret Nazi installation at the South Pole, the authors have staked out an enormous and unpredictable territory.

But exciting settings and exotic locales aren't worth much without cool characters to play with when you get there. *Prisoner of Ice* comes through in that department in spades with a protagonist whose mission to save the world evolves into a journey of self-discovery, and a cast of unlikely friends and nearly unstoppable foes he meets along the way.

And then there's all the cool *stuff*. Magic rocks, cursed books, more magic rocks, a nitrogen-charged freeze gun—the sophisticated plot line didn't stop the authors from including a few neat-o toys.

All that's the good news. Here's the bad news: Keeping everything and everyone straight while you're playing the game is nearly impossible. Like a good novel, *Prisoner of Ice* offers a rich and well-stocked environment, but unlike a novel, it doesn't allow you to flip back a few pages whenever you feel the need. For some, this is no big deal. They're satisfied just clicking through the game without worrying about whys and wherefores. But for anyone who wants the game to make sense, this situation can be maddening.

While the narrative walk-through (“From the Collected Papers of Colonel Ryan, U.S. Army, Retired”) included in this book can be very helpful, sometimes what you really need is



a straightforward list with snapshot summaries. That's just what you'll find here. When all the magic rocks begin to look alike, or you recognize the claw, but you can't place the tentacle, the following directory of characters and objects will put you back in the know.

(Note: Some of the following definitions were borrowed from concepts created by fantasy horror writer H.P. Lovecraft, who created the so-called Cthulhu Mythos, on which *Prisoner of Ice* is based.)

## **The Crew of the HMS *Victoria***

### **Lieutenant Ryan**

The game's protagonist.

Ryan is a young American soldier assigned to the *Victoria* as an observer during Operation Polaris. He is secretly on assignment from the U.S. Secret Service to discover the nature of a mysterious weapon reportedly discovered by the Nazis at the South Pole.

Ryan believes he is an orphan. He was, in fact, abandoned as an infant outside a London benevolent society with only a broken dog tag that spelled R-YAN, from which he took his name. But in reality, he is Yan Parker, only son of Howard Phillips Parker, a revolutionary from the future. Howard Parker sent the infant Yan into the past in hopes he would grow up and prevent the Great Old Ones from conquering the earth, as they did in his time.

### **Captain Lloyd**

Commander of the HMS *Victoria*.

Captain Lloyd leads the acquisition phase of Operation Polaris. Ryan believes the captain knows more about the operation than he lets on. But before he can confirm his suspicions, Lloyd is killed by a Prisoner.

**Driscoll**

The *Victoria's* pilot.

Driscoll is a tough old salt who never leaves his post. He is highly skeptical of Ryan's ability to command. Yet he proves to be invaluable, helping Ryan save the sub and crew from enemies, both internal and external.

**Wayne**

Crewman of the HMS *Victoria*.

Wayne is assigned to take care of the comatose Hamsun. He is killed by a Prisoner.

**Stanley**

The HMS *Victoria's* engineer.

Stanley is an engineer's engineer whose devotion to the mechanical components of the *Victoria* borders on the fanatic. During the mission, Stanley is nearly killed by a beam. He knows the frequency code Ryan needs to send an SOS.

**Jones**

Crewman of the HMS *Victoria*.

Jones is assigned to watch the crates. He, too, is killed by a Prisoner after an enemy vessel attacks the *Victoria*.

## The Staff of Edwards Base

**Captain Sears**

The well-liked base commander.

But Sears's good-guy routine is a fraud. He is really Lieutenant Shelfton, sent back from the future by Howard Parker with Parker's son, Yan. As Shelfton, he abandoned the child and fell in with the Cult of Cthulhu.

A traitor to his country and humanity, he works behind the scenes to thwart Ryan's investigation. Ryan finally crosses swords with him—literally—and defeats him.

**Quartermaster Quincy**

The most despised officer at Edwards Base.

Everybody complains about him. He is strict, but he's also one of the good guys. His investigation of base irregularities leads him to discover before anyone else that Sears is a traitor. Although Sears is killed by a Prisoner, Ryan uses his report to plan his next move.

**McLaglen**

A good-natured, but undisciplined projectionist.

McLaglen hates Quincy, who nailed him for cigarette trafficking. He helps Ryan by running Miss Molly's film for him, but only after he gives him some cigarettes.

**Shaw**

The base's radio man.

He gives Ryan a message from his bosses. When Ryan pushes, he also tells him where to find the personnel files.

**Dr. Trevor**

The base surgeon.

He's got a lousy bedside manner, but his medical examination of the ailing Hamsun provides critical information, as well as a useful sample of "possessed" blood.

**Nurse Trent**

An efficient and tough head nurse.

She has to be tough on an island full of men. Ryan has to get past her to get to the doctor.

**Finnlayson**

The armory head guard.

He runs the armory, but stands between Ryan and the personnel files. Ryan has to give him an assembly manual he finds in the doctor's office to get into the armory.



## Friends and Staff of the Library

### **Jorge**

The curator of the library in Buenos Aires.

Jorge is an expert on antiquities and a student of the occult. He's also an old friend of Diane and her father. Although most people outside the library staff don't realize it, he is blind.

There's more to Jorge than meets the eye, though his full involvement in Operation Polaris is never revealed. He gives Ryan a great deal of information about John Parker. He shields Ryan and Diane from the police and also provides a page from an ancient book that proves to be invaluable.

### **Diane Parker**

Professor John Parker's daughter.

Determined to find her missing father, Diane works together with Ryan to solve the puzzles in the library. In the end, when the mystery is revealed, she turns out to be Ryan's aunt.

### **Hernandez**

The receptionist.

Ryan has to get past him to get to the curator. Hernandez is killed by Harland.

### **Miguel**

Jorge's personal secretary.

Miguel is Jorge's "eyes" so to speak; he reads the ancient texts the curator studies.

## Operation Polaris

### **Björn Hamsun**

The world's greatest anthropologist.

Björn Hamsun is the co-leader, along with his father Peter, of Operation Polaris. He's found in a coma by the crew of the *Victoria*. Ryan is able to hypnotize him and learn an incantation that destroys a Prisoner. But Hamsun isn't just in a coma. He is "possessed" by a Prisoner. He serves as a vessel through which the monster comes to Edwards Base.

### **Peter Hamsun**

Björn's father and an important anthropologist in his own right.

Peter Hamsun is captured by the Nazis during Operation Polaris. When Ryan is taken to Schloss Adler, he finds the senior Hamsun and frees him, along with other captives.

### **John Parker**

A scholar and expert on ancient texts and antiquities.

Parker was captured by the Nazis while conducting research in the library in Buenos Aires. His research led him to discover the true purpose of an ancient stone disc. Before he was captured, he hid this Solar Disc. Ryan and Diane discover it just before they, too, are captured. (The character appeared first in the game *Shadow of the Comet*.)

### **Miss Molly**

Real name: von Ebernacht, a British spy who managed to infiltrate Schloss Adler.

"Miss Molly" shot the film Ryan watches at Edwards Base. Sears blows his cover and Dietrich sends him into a teleporter to a horrible death.

## **Demons, Sorcerers, and Assassins**

### **Dietrich**

Ryan's main antagonist and commander of Schloss Adler and the Prisoner project.

Dietrich is absolutely insane. Even his Nazi superiors don't realize how crazy he is, though his men are beginning to notice. Seduced by the sorcerer Narackamous and the Cult of Cthulhu with promises of immortality and power, he plans to bring the Great Old Ones back to earth.

In the end Ryan seems to defeat him, but don't be so sure.

### **Harland**

Dietrich's paid assassin.

He murders Hernandez in the library and nearly kills Ryan's doppelgänger.

### **Narackamous**

A powerful and charismatic sorcerer and leader of the Cult of Cthulhu.

Narackamous is the one who seduced Shelton and Dietrich. When Ryan defeats him, the old gods enforce mandatory retirement. (Narackamous appeared first in the game *Shadow of the Comet*.)

### **Lord Alistair Boleskine**

A deceased occultist whose memoirs were first uncovered by Detective Edward Carnby (of *Alone in the Dark* fame). His spirit-form appears in the sorcerer's cave alongside Narackamous. He's there to help Ryan.

### **Cthulhu**

One of the Great Old Ones, an unimaginably alien race of extraterrestrials, who came to earth millennia before the birth of man.

Gone but not quite dead, Cthulhu sleeps in his great city of R'lyea deep in the ocean, influencing men's dreams and



calling them to make way for his return. No one sees him, but rumor has it he's a big, slimy, green blob with a serious personal hygiene problem.

### **Prisoners**

Minions of the Great Old Ones, frozen and kept in the arctic for thousands of years. If they ever thaw out, mankind slides a link or two down the food chain.

## **Objects Magical and Technological**

### ***The Necronomicon***

Tells the story of the Great Old Ones and was written by the half-mad Arab poet and early Cthulhu worshipper, Abdul Alhazred, in Yemen around 700 A.D. First called the *Necronomicon* by the Greek translator, Theodorus Philetas, its original title was *Al Azif*.

Only six copies still exist. One can be found at the university library in Buenos Aires. The original is said to have the power to reach out and drive the reader to madness, death, or disappearance.

### **The M'nar Stone**

An ancient magical talisman and one of the few things capable of destroying a Prisoner. The stone was removed from the cover of the true *Necronomicon*. Replacing it reignites the book's power.

### **The Solar Disc**

A magical token used for time travel.

When it is used in conjunction with a Solar Gate, it can move men and monsters through space and time.

### **The Solar Gate**

Technology meets sorcery in this device, which acts as a teleporter and can move people through time and space.

**The Freeze-and-Destroy (FND)**

A nitrogen-charged cannon invented by Howard Parker to defeat the Great Old Ones.

Ryan finds it on a trip to the future, but ironically never uses it on a monster.

**The Sacramental Sword**

Appears in Ryan's hand when he activates the *Necronomicon*.

The sword works as an old-fashioned fencing tool and dispeller of incantations.







# **H. P. LOVECRAFT'S LEGACY**





# A NEW LOOK AT THE GREAT OLD ONES:

## I-MOTION'S CALL OF CTHULHU SERIES

The box in which your game was packaged probably has an I-Motion Interactive logo on it. But the folks who developed *Prisoner of Ice* actually work for I-Motion's parent company, Infogrames Multimedia. And despite the distinctly American heroes and backdrop of many of the company's games, Ryan, Parker, and the rest were really born in France.

Founded in 1983 by Bruno Bonnell and Christophe Sapet, Infogrames is the oldest established French company specializing in the production and distribution of interactive multimedia. Infogrames has produced a number of popular and award-winning games, including *Shadow of the Comet*, *Alone in the Dark*, *Planet Soccer*, *Marco Polo*, and *CEO*.

### The Call of Cthulhu Series

When I think of the horror and fantasy stories of H. P. Lovecraft, the first image that comes to my mind is definitely not a computer game. (It's actually my grandmother's root cellar in Earlham, Iowa. That place was like a grave filled with canned goods!) But according to Olivier Masclef, co-producer of *Prisoner of Ice*, the Lovecraft milieu was just begging to be adapted to the game format.



"Oh yes," he says, "the universe of Lovecraft is very rich and really perfect to make the games around it. The Cthulhu Mythos, the wonderful America of the 1920s and '30s, the horrible things lurking in the shadows—it was irresistible."

The originator of the Cthulhu series and co-creator of *Prisoner of Ice* is Hubert Chardot. "Hubert is completely mad about Lovecraft," says Masclef. "He was inspired, you know?"

Chardot's first Lovecraft-inspired game was *Alone in the Dark 1*. Released in 1992, the game achieved widespread popularity, both in the United States and Europe. But the developers decided to take the game in new directions in its next two installments.

Then in 1993, Chardot and company returned to things Lovecraftian to create *Shadow of the Comet*, the first game in the Call of Cthulhu series. ("The Call of Cthulhu" is a famous Lovecraft tale in which the slimy old god surfaces for a little snack with some unfortunate sailors.) *Prisoner of Ice* was released in 1995 as a sequel. It carried on the Cthulhu theme and brought back two characters from the first game for cameos: John Parker, who was the hero of *Shadow of the Comet*, and the evil sorcerer, Narackamous.

"Yes, we brought in some of the old characters and made some new connections," says Masclef. "It is a family affair."

Masclef won't reveal whether Infogrames is planning any more releases based on the Cthulhu Mythos. But, he says, "I think we've expanded the Lovecraft universe just a bit. I don't think he would mind, do you?"

Actually, I'm absolutely certain he wouldn't mind at all. Lovecraft was widely known for his generosity to other writers. A "writer's writer," he was a tireless editor of his friends' stories, and he allowed others to use the concepts he developed in his fiction.

But wait a minute, you probably don't even know who I'm talking about. Allow me to introduce . . .

## H. P. Lovecraft: The Greatest Practitioner

"Now that time has given us some perspective on his work," wrote Stephen King, "I think it is beyond doubt that H. P. Lovecraft has yet to be surpassed as the Twentieth Century's greatest practitioner of the classic horror tale."

I'll bet you instantly recognized the name Stephen King in the above paragraph. But I wonder how many readers recognized the name of the writer to whom he is paying homage? (My money says less than 5 percent.) And yet that writer may have had a greater influence on the fantasy, horror, and even science fiction literature produced in this country than any other American writer, including Edgar Allen Poe.

Howard Phillips Lovecraft was a lifetime resident of Providence, Rhode Island. He made his living primarily as a ghostwriter and editor, and didn't begin publishing fiction and poetry until late in life. His professional writing career spanned only about 16 years. The macabre tales he produced were published in the so-called "pulp" magazines, such as *Weird Tales* and *Astounding Stories*. And except among the readership of those publications, he remained virtually unknown until his untimely death in 1937 at age 46.

Easily one of the genre's most original thinkers, Lovecraft never wrote about ghosts, werewolves, or vampires. He created a new form that was neither pure fantasy nor pure science fiction. He invented an entirely new mythology—really a cosmology—in which monstrous elder gods came to the earth from space millions of years before man. Hideous to behold and powerful beyond reasoning, these creatures could never really die. They still lurked in the dark periphery of man's existence, influencing his nightmares, and waiting for "the stars to be right" to return again through the barriers of space and time.

Contemporary critics accused Lovecraft of stylistic excesses. They rolled their eyes at his hyperbolic style and purple prose, and some even called him "sick." But what they failed to recognize was his uncanny ability to get readers to believe in his

strange and frightening world. Using skeptical narrators, usually identified as highly intelligent scholars or men of science, he would show them mysterious journal entries, bits and pieces of unearthly evidence, and witnesses gone mad until they—along with the reader—were forced to believe their own eyes.

Bizarre and disquieting tales like “The Colour Out of Space,” “The Lurking Fear,” “The Dunwich Horror,” “The Thing on the Doorstep,” and “The Call of Cthulhu” (the first story in his Cthulhu Mythos) kept fans and friends alike sleeping with the lights on.

These friends and fans gathered around H. P. L. in what came to be called the Lovecraft Circle. The Circle included many of the top pulp fantasy, horror, and science fiction writers of the time. Among them were Clark Ashton Smith, Fritz Lieber, and Robert E. Howard, creator of Conan, the Barbarian. (Howard’s Conan, by the way, bears little resemblance to the movie’s muscleman, Arnold Schwarzenegger. If you’re into this stuff, I highly recommend finding one of the many collections of the original Conan stories now in print. They’re terrific!) The youngest member of the Circle is probably the most familiar name to most people today: Robert Bloch, creator of *Psycho*.

*Prisoner of Ice* is wonderfully Lovecraftian, with its juxtaposition of science and sorcery. And it’s full of obscure Lovecraft references, such as the name given to John Parker’s father: Howard Phillips Parker.

The year Lieutenant Ryan boarded the HMS *Victoria* and embarked on Operation Polaris was the last year of H. P. Lovecraft’s life. He died on March 15, 1937 of cancer and Bright’s disease, not penniless, but still unrecognized for his literary contributions. His work wouldn’t find a wider audience until the 1960s.

## Cthulhu Who?

So who is this Cthulhu guy, anyway? Well, to start with, he’s definitely a *he*. That’s straight from some Lovecraft corre-



spondence collected by Willis Conover in *Lovecraft at Last*. He's also one of the Great Old Ones, a group of grotesque and powerful extraterrestrials with unpronounceable names who came from the stars millennia before the birth of man.

Cthulhu and his clan inhabited a land mass in the Pacific region that sank when the moon was torn from the Earth during a spat between the Great Old Ones. (I'm not certain how it got put back.) During the period in which the action of the game takes place, Cthulhu is trapped at the bottom of the sea in the sunken city of R'lyeh. But he's not dead—none of the old gods can really die—he's just waiting.

What's he look like? Well, he's huge, kind of a big blob, green-gray and slimy, with tentacles and pseudopods, but because he's an elder god, his shape is variable.

Many lesser races of repulsive critters also inhabit the Cthulhu Mythos. Some are independent and some, like the Prisoners in the game, are slaves of the Great Old Ones. Quite a few of these octopoid blobbies live in our world, while others travel among the planets and dimensions, "leaving destruction in their wake."

Most humans don't know about the Great Old Ones, but a few cults scattered around the world worship them, Cthulhu being one of the most popular.

Finally, how do you pronounce "Cthulhu?" Traditionally, it's pronounced "kuh-TOOL-oo," but here's how H. P. L. himself says it's done in a letter collected in Mr. Conover's book:

"About the pronunciation of the Outside word roughly given as *Cthulhu* in our alphabet—authorities seem to differ. Of course it is not a human name at all—having never been designed for enunciation by the vocal apparatus of *Homo sapiens*. The best approximation one can make is to grunt, bark, or cough the imperfectly-formed [sic] syllables *Cluh-Luh* with the tip of the tongue firmly affixed to the roof of the mouth. That is, if one is a human being."

Don't try this around pets. I did it in front of my cat and he wouldn't come out from under the bed for a week.





# BIBLIOGRAPHY

If you liked *Prisoner of Ice*—and I'm sure you did or you wouldn't have bothered with this book—you might also enjoy reading some of the stories that inspired the game. The following is a list of a few of the books by H. P. Lovecraft available in your local bookstore or library. (You might have to hunt for a few of these titles, but it'll be worth it.)

*The Shadow Over Innsmouth*

*The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*

*The Dunwich Horror and Others: The Best Supernatural Horror of H. P. Lovecraft*

*The Lurking Fear and Other Stories*

*The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath*

*The Shuttered Room and Other Tales of Horror*

*The Shadow Out of Space*

*At the Mountains of Madness, and Other Tales of Horror*

*The Spawn of Cthulhu*

*The Best of H. P. Lovecraft: Bloodcurdling Tales of Horror and the Macabre*

If you like those, the following list includes books about the author, as well as anthologies of stories written by others in homage to H. P. L.:

*Lovecraft at Last*, by Willis Conover (Carrollton-Clark, 1975).  
Collected letters of H. P. L.

*Lovecraft's Legacy*, edited by Robert E. Weinberg and Martin H. Greenberg (Tor, 1990).  
Original tales written by noted horror writers in honor of Lovecraft's centennial.

*The H. P. Lovecraft Companion*, by Philip A. Schreffler  
(Greenwood, 1977).

Summaries of stories and an encyclopedia of characters and monsters of the Cthulhu Mythos.

*The Disciples of Cthulhu*, edited by Edward Bergland (DAW, 1976).

A collection of stories written in the Lovecraft style.

*The Mysteries of the Worm*, edited by Robert Bloch  
(Chaosium, 1990).

Anthology in homage to Lovecraft and the Cthulhu Mythos.

Finally, if you really like this subtype of the horror genre, there are plenty of authors out there to keep you reading. Here are a few suggestions:

*The Burrowers Beneath*, by Brian Lumley

*The Mind Parasites*, by Colin Wilson

*Strange Eons*, by Robert Bloch

*The House of the Toad*, by Richard Tierney

*Phantoms*, by Dean R. Koontz.

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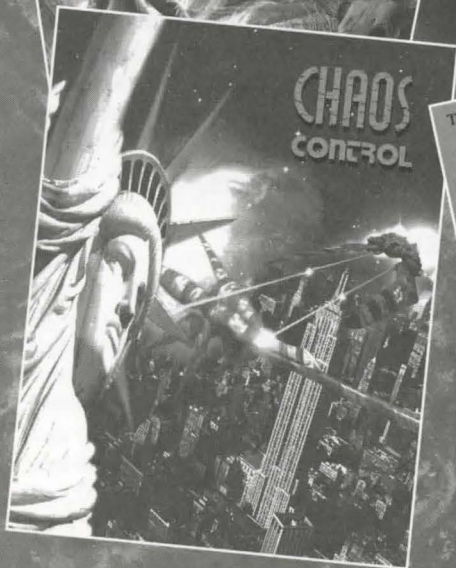
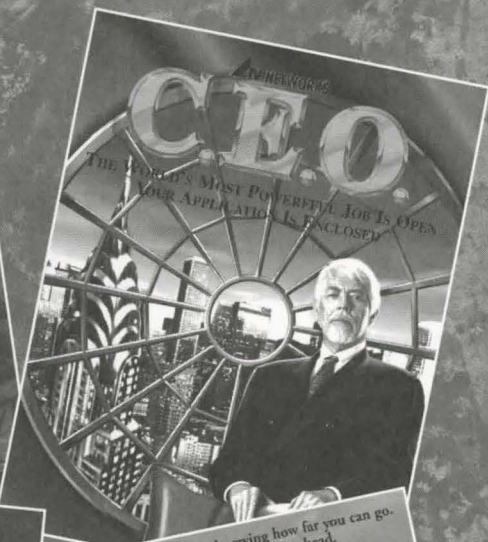
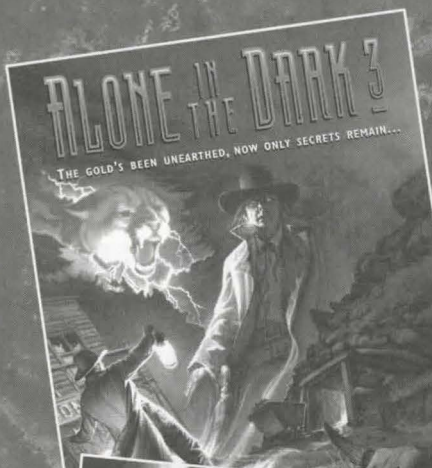
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