



ALVAR'S NOTES ON THE OBSERVATORY

It has murdered them. I know not by what hand I was spared, but I see their blood staining the grasses beyond the slits of my prison and I feel the guilt washing over me.

The embossed name on the back of this notebook identifies it as having belonged to an Alvar Vasquez with an address in Mexico City asking for its return scrawled on the inside cover.

Perhaps I am not doomed to die in this self-imposed cell after all. When I woke from my frantic sleep, I became increasingly fascinated by the Mayan symbols upon the walls. Or, rather, Mayan-like, for there are distinct differences which made it difficult to immediately comprehend them.

Several pages hereafter have been savagely ripped out of the notebook. The few scraps that have survived, clinging to the well-stitched binding, depict the fragmentary edges of Mayan glyphs with enigmatic (but incomprehensible) notes concerning the drift by which they might have been altered into the forms seen upon the walls.

The protective nature of the red stone was initially baffling. There is nothing of the rite which would suggest that an immediate danger to the traveler. But then I reflected that some of the equations were suggestive of what I had read in the occult lore of Magnus Pögel, and I thought of his great machine which became buried in German mud.

And now I see: It is a SHELL not against the SPELL, but against THAT PLACE OUTSIDE.

And, of course, it is obvious now. All who came with me are dead. Only I remain. And only because I have found the refuge of the SHELL.

More pages are missing.

IT MOVES WHEN YOU'RE NOT LOOKING.

It KNOWS when you're not looking.

I must take GREAT CARE. Or THEY will slip through the slits.

A chunk of pages towards the rear-third of the notebook are taken up with detailed instructions on how to “control” the chamber which Alvar refers to as an “observatory”.

I cannot leave. I cannot leave. I cannot leave. I cannot leave. I cannot leave. I cannot leave. I cannot leave. I cannot leave. I cannot leave. I cannot leave. I cannot leave. Leave I cannot.

A SPELL TO CONTROL THE XOXUL OBSERVATORY

According to Alvar, through sheer force of will – harnessed and transmitted through the observatory’s red stones – an individual can “shuttle” the observatory along “its predetermined circuit”. Alvar’s notes also indicate that it may be possible to “direct” the observatory to “view or return to a sight known to you”.

Stability Test Difficulty: 4 (3 with a Physics or Astronomy spend)

Cost: 2 Stability or 4 Health to move along circuit; 3 Stability or 6 Health to seek a specific time

Time: Instantaneous (requires mere visualization)

A titanic will struggles with my own. It overcomes me. It restrains me. It holds me. It imprisons me. It locks me. It keeps me. It wants me. It thirsts. It hungers.

It is beating at the door.