



Cthulhu Britannica
Folklore

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with Gareth Hanrahan, Sarah Newton and Alex Staniforth



-Credits-

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Disclaimer

This book contains descriptions of real places, real events, and real people. These may not be presented accurately and with conformity to the real world nature of these places, people, and events and are described in terms of the folklore, myths, and legends about them, further reinterpreted through the lens of the Cthulhu Mythos.

No offence to anyone living or dead or to the inhabitants of any of these places is intended. Just as these stories have formed the basis for local folklore, so they are being used here as the basis around which to spin tales about the ancient horrors from the imagination of H. P. Lovecraft and those who have expanded upon his visions.





-Contents-

Introduction	6	Ghosts and Spirits	45
		Black Dogs	48
		Water Horses	55
		Dragons	58
		The Wild Hunt	60
Folklore: A Closer Look	10		
What is folklore?	10		
Folklore in 1920s Britain	11		
		The Folklore Calendar	66
		The Folklore Year	66
Using Folklore in <i>Call of Cthulhu</i> Games	13		
Using Folklore - Placement and Role	13		
Using Folklore - Relationship to the Mythos	17	Old Ones and Old Gods	72
		Mythos Entities to Consider	72
Using Folk Magic in <i>Call of Cthulhu</i> Games	22		
Folk Magic as Derivative Mythos Magic	22	Folklore Mythos Threats	77
Folk Magic as Non-Mythos Magic	24	The Beast of Bodmin	77
Folk Medicine	27	Head Over Heels	81
		The Writhing Hill	85
		The Horror Out of Time	92
		Daughters of the Sea	97
A Folklore Bestiary	29	The Body Politic	102
Fairy Folk	29	Wedded to the Deep	110
Sea Folk	31	The Company of Wolves	116
Little Folk	32	The Black Spring Gate	124
Big Folk	35		
Magic-wielding Humans	37		
Shape-Shifters	39		
Bodily Horrors	41	Index	130





My friend,

I am newly returned from Ireland. I would have written earlier from the train had not the damned baggage handler in Glasgow thrown my rucksack in with my other luggage. I have little time now and less time to write. I must reach Newcastle tomorrow and escape to the continent.

All that I uncovered in Ireland hidden in those detestable bogs south of Fivemiletown and everything I have learned over the past fifteen years of research I now send to you. I pray you accept it as one folklorist to another. Some of it you will recognise, but much of it you will not. And even that which you profess to know and believe to be true will be tested by what you read herein.

You may surmise, upon flipping through this tome, that I sleep little and that my waking hours are full of nightmares. And you would not be wrong. I must warn you against reading too deeply of the secrets you find within. Take care, my friend, and read cautiously!

For in this well-worn tome you will find accounts of the most cunning, deadly, and seemingly magical creatures inhabiting the British Isles. Their blasphemous and detestable motivations, their unseemly and gruesome machinations, and their insidious connections to truths and powers darker still are here laid bare. Between its pages, you will encounter spells and incantations, rites and rituals, and calculations and computations—all which threaten to drive less rational minds mad. So little in this world is as simple and safe as it seems, my friend. Even the significance of days, months, and the wheeling of the sun in the sky must be reconsidered.

But now to the very heart of the matter: our deeper, more earnest study of folklore has always entailed some danger as we sought the secrets and monsters that lurked in the shadows. And what monsters we have found hidden in our collective folklore, conveyed in story, rhyme, tradition, and song. We have long known, you and I, that our Great Britain is home to wonders almost too strange and numerous to account for. But we were wrong to think ourselves wise, to think that we knew its secrets.

There are greater, darker secrets still and monsters and entities more terrible and weird than we could possibly imagine, lurking not just in the shadows or on the fringes of our society but inhabiting adjoining dimensions and even the very chaos outside time and space. And they are here, with us! These things too form part of our collective folklore—their stories coincide with ours. . .

I have writ what I can in this tome now in your hands. Thinking on it now and writing this letter fills me with the worst dread. For I have learned too much and what I have learned threatens to unhinge my troubled mind. The secrets I have uncovered and scribed in this tome place me in the gravest danger. I am being watched even now. I am sure of it.

Some things are not meant to be known or understood, I see that now. The truths expressed here are all too awful and I fear I will pay a terrible price for such knowledge. Beware the secrets held in this tome, my friend. Take care in what you read. It may come to haunt you as it does me!

I must away. Something moves even now in the shadows across the road.

I remain your friend,

D.

