

Mr Narukami-
this is the shoggoth file

Collected Correspondence
Mr. Kohaku Narukami &
Professor William Dyer. (Antarctica)



—OFFICE OF MR. KŌHAKU NARUKAMI—

Dear Professor Dyer,

Before anything else, I want to thank you for agreeing to answer my questions. Your aid will be invaluable for my folkloric endeavor.

I would like to begin with the being you have referred to as a "shoggoth." (Is that the correct spelling?) I have notes based on your previous statements, but is there anything more you can add to them?

Sincerely,

Kōhaku Narukami



MISKATONIC



UNIVERSITY

GEOLOGY DEPARTMENT
PROF. WILLIAM DYER.

SCIENCE BUILDING
COLLEGE OF SCIENCES

Dear Mr. Narukami,

Before we go any further, I feel I must raise an objection to your use of the word "folklore." I do not feel comfortable proceeding if your assumption is that what I tell you amounts to the fantasies of my deranged mind.

I apologize if I have misunderstood.

Sincerely,

William Dyer

—OFFICE OF MR. KŌHAKU NARUKAMI—

Dear Professor Dyer,

The apologies are mine to make, for not having clarified my usage of "folklore." While the focus of my study is myths, beliefs and rituals, this does not presuppose the non-existence of the subjects. In fact, the impact of the actual existence of a given being on the traditions that surround it is of enormous importance to me.

I hope this puts your mind at ease.

Sincerely,

Kōhaku Narukami



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Dear Mr. Narukami,

Thank you for your reply. That does address my concerns, and I appreciate your consideration and the rigor with which you pursue your research.

In answer to your question, then, what I would add to my statements about the shoggoths is to emphasize how incredibly dangerous their mere appearance is. They can change their shape and pass for human. I have seen what I would have thought were people were it not for the fact that I knew, absolutely, that Danforth and I were the only survivors. I shudder at the possibility of what this deception might do in the case where the victims would allow themselves to be approached by these beings in mistaken belief that they were friends of theirs.

As to their true appearance, it is not something I care to dwell on, nor is its flowing, viscous mass easily described. I can say that the revelation is worse than the deception.

Sincerely,

William Dyer

—OFFICE OF MR. KŌHAKU NARUKAMI—

Dear Professor Dyer,

Your account has me considering the influence the shoggoths might have had on shape-shifter myths in some regions of the southern hemisphere.

In a related vein, I wonder if you might be able to shed some light on a group of stories that I have found from the region but arising from cultures that are completely independent of one another. The details of the creatures vary in their details (such as they are). There seems to be a suggestion of quasi-human, but very distorted, shapes, and a surprising coherence around the names. I would translate the consensus as something like "the watchers without eyes."

Sincerely,

Kohaku Narukami



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Dear Mr. Narukami,

I apologize for the delay in answering. Your question shook me, because I had managed to convince myself that one of the things I experienced had been a nightmare. Now, I fear otherwise.

I woke up (I now realize), in the middle of the night.

I do not know what would be worse. To see these things, or to be seen by them.

They were on the crest of a ridge that loomed over our camp, silhouetted by the cold blue glow of Antarctic night. At first I mistook them for a line of humans, all slouching forward and wearing large and deep hoods. But then it seemed that they had arms protruding from their hoods. And then I realized that I gazed not at clothes but at flesh.

I leapt to my feet, and that seemed to make them jerk into motion. They swayed this way and that, the elongated shapes where their heads should be unpleasantly flexible. Despite the asynchronous rhythm of their individual actions, I sensed a

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disconcerting connection between them, as they were the flexing fingers of a single hand.

The moon broke through the clouds, and I saw them better than I wanted to. I saw the heads that were necks. I saw the gleam of eyeless flesh and of maws opening at the end of trunks.

I hope no one sees any more.

I trust this is of use to you, but I hope you will forgive me if I say that I hope no one ever needs to turn to your research.

Sincerely,

William Dyer