



In-World Handouts

These are the actual papers the heroes find. Hand each one over at the moment it's discovered, and let the players hold it, read it, and pin it to the case board. Each handout has a tiny code in its corner so you can find it in this list. This page is for the GM only.

Tip: print on cream or ivory paper if you have it. For extra-old documents, brush the printed page with cold tea and let it dry, then tear the edges by hand.

CODE	HANDOUT	GIVE IT WHEN
LH-1	Ada's letter	Lighthouse Mystery start, or the Ada's Letter prologue
LH-2	Jess's photos	Lighthouse Session 1, the bait shop. The dawn photo is the Gray Coat clue.
LH-3	Gale's Landing Gazette, 1926	Lighthouse Session 1, the library. Cover the photo caption with a sticky note unless they roll a 6.
LH-4	Torn logbook page	Lighthouse Session 2, the keeper's cottage
LH-5	Eliza's logbook	Lighthouse Session 2, behind the loose stone
LH-6	The Deed	Lighthouse Session 2, behind the loose stone
MB-1	Town record, 1826	Midnight Bell Session 1, the library
MB-2	Josiah's chalk messages	Midnight Bell: cut apart and hand over one at a time as each appears
MB-3	Josiah's school register	Midnight Bell Session 2, on a 6 while learning about Josiah
SC-1	The Constance clipping, 1826	Beast of Saltmarsh Cove Session 2, Ada's archive
SC-2	Jolene's receipt	Beast of Saltmarsh Cove Session 2, the Night Heron's cabin
WI-1	Grandmother's journal	Whispering Inn Session 2, the attic
WI-2	The anonymous email	Whispering Inn Session 2, Room 9
WI-3	Brock's script	Whispering Inn Session 2, Room 9
WI-4	Keep the Watch (song sheet)	Whispering Inn Session 2, the attic. Play the song from the soundboard.
FN-1	Gideon's diary	Finale Session 1, upstairs at Shale's Curiosities. Keep this one hidden until then!

My dear,

Come quickly. The lighthouse needs you, and so do I. Strange lights on the island, and stranger talk in town. I have a room made up, and the cocoa is always hot.

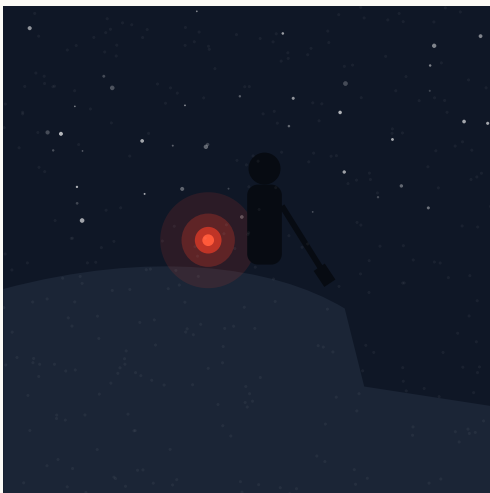
Bring your sharpest eyes.

Love,

Aunt Ada

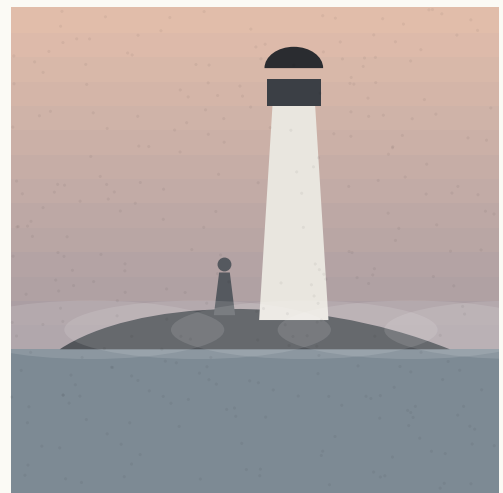
Finch's Books & Tea · Water Street · Gale's Landing

LH-1



Oct 3, 11:40 pm. Red light AGAIN!!

LH-2



dawn. who is THAT?

LH-2

The Gale's Landing Gazette

VOL. XLII, NO. 41

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1926

PRICE TWO CENTS

KEEPER MARSH ACCUSED!

Relief Fund Vanishes from Lighthouse

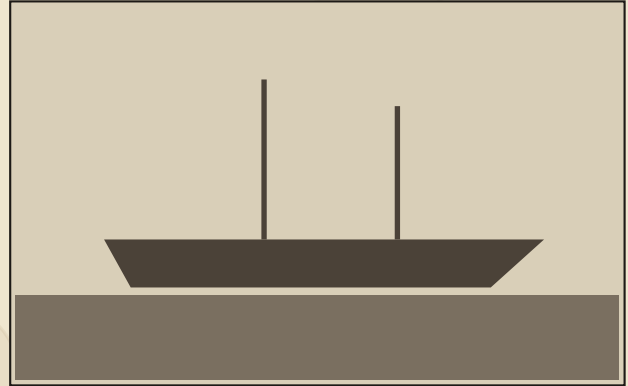
The Gale's Landing Relief Fund, some \$3,000 in gold and bills raised for the families of the boats lost in last week's great storm, has vanished from the safe at Gray Rock Light.

Mr. Cornelius Thorne, of Thorne Coastal Shipping, was stormbound on Whisper Island on the night of the 14th. He states that late that night he saw Keeper Eliza Marsh "alone with the open safe."

Miss Marsh denies any wrongdoing. She says the safe was locked when she went up to tend the lamp, and that she did not come down again until dawn.

The Town Council has relieved Miss Marsh of her post until the matter is settled. A search of the keeper's cottage found nothing.

Miss Marsh is credited by many with keeping the light burning through the worst of the storm and guiding three of our boats safely home.



The Silver Gull, Mr. Thorne's vessel, stormbound at Whisper Island on the night of October 14.

FOG LIFTS AFTER THREE DAYS; RESIDENTS RECALL "VOICES"

The thick fog that settled over the harbor during the storm lifted at last on Thursday morning. A number of residents report hearing family members calling to them from within the fog, though the family members in question were miles away at the time. Dr. Abbott attributes the reports to nerves and lack of sleep.

FINCH'S DRY GOODS

Lamp oil, rope, rubber boots, and peppermints. Water Street, by the harbor.

Oct. 14, 1926. Wind N'E, gale force. Lamp lit at 4:52.

Mr. Thorne came ashore at 11 o'clock, soaked through, and asked to see the safe.

Storm too fierce to send him away. I showed him, and went

LH-4

Gray Rock Light · Keeper's Log · E. Marsh

Oct. 14. 11 o'clock. Mr. C. Thorne ashore from the Silver Gull with two men. Asked to see the relief fund. I showed him the safe and went up to tend the lamp.

Near midnight. The fog came in with the storm, and it spoke. It called me by my mother's name. I kept the lamp lit, as Mother Gale taught, and it could not come ashore.

Oct. 15. Dawn. Safe open and empty. Mr. Thorne's men went into the cottage at 3 o'clock with a heavy sea chest. The Silver Gull left at first light without it.

They will say I took it. Let them. The truth is in this book, and the deed besides, and both are safe behind the stone.

The money lies where the rain goes.

E.M.

LH-5

Deed of Gift

Whisper Island and Gray Rock Light

Know all persons by these presents that the island known as Whisper Island, together with the light, the tower, the keeper's cottage, and all that stands thereon, is hereby given and granted to **the people of Gale's Landing**, to be held by them and theirs **forever**.

It may never be sold, nor the light allowed to fail, so long as the town shall stand.

Given this first day of June, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

Abigail Finch

for the Gale's Landing Trust

Eliza Marsh

Keeper of Gray Rock Light, witness



Town of Gale's Landing • Record of Events • 1826

- | | |
|---------|---|
| Oct. 12 | <i>Mr. Haskell's barn re-roofed. Two dollars paid from the town purse for nails.</i> |
| Oct. 19 | <i>Josiah Pell, bell-ringer, did ring the meeting house bell without cease from dusk until dawn, disturbing all. A dense fog lay upon the town.</i> |
| Oct. 20 | <i>Complaints received against J. Pell from eleven households.</i> |
| Oct. 21 | <i>Schooner Constance reported lost. Crew:</i>
_____ |

MB-1

*100 YEARS.
IT COMES AGAIN.*

MB-2

THE GRAY.

MB-2

RING IT TRUE.

MB-2

*THANK YOU.
KEEP WATCH.*

MB-2

Register of Scholars · Gale's Landing School · 1838

J. Pell, Master

Abbott, Thomas	present
Brandt, Mercy	present
Crane, Josiah	present
Finch, Prudence	present
Haskell, Eben	present
Moss, Lydia	present
Pike, Samuel	present
Shaw, Ruth	present

The fog speaks.
The bell answers.
Someone must remember.
J.P.

MB-3

Gale's Landing Gazette · October 1826

SCHOONER CONSTANCE LOST IN FOG

The schooner *Constance*, Capt. _____, out of this port, was lost with all hands on the night of the 19th, in a fog of uncommon thickness. Her crew of seven, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, and young _____, are presumed drowned.

It is a strange fact, and one this paper cannot explain, that when we called upon the families to ask the names of the lost, not one of them could tell us.

SC-1

Rubbings of cove stone:

\$500 paid, cash.

Remaining \$5,000 on delivery.

SC-2

From: xq7r2kw0@mailbox.example

To: hello@spectralseekers.example

Subject: A real one

The Harbor Inn in Gale's Landing has the best history on the coast. Three hundred years old. Fog, voices, a fire that has never once gone out.

The hearth is the heart of the place. It would be far eerier cold.

WI-2

H. Moss · Harbor Inn

Blueberry grunt for Sunday: 4 cups berries, 1 cup sugar, juice of a lemon. Biscuit on top. Mr. Abbott takes two helpings, so make extra.

October, 1926. The fog came in with the great storm and would not leave. All night, voices in it called us by name: my mother's voice, my brother's. We kept the fire, and Eliza kept the light, and old Mr. Abbott rang the bell, and the stone held. By morning it was gone.

Mother says it comes every hundred years. Next time it will be the Hunter's Moon.

WI-1

SPECTRAL SEEKERS - EP. 48

FINALE: THE GHOST SPEAKS

LIVE - SATURDAY 9 PM - HARBOR INN LOBBY

COLD OPEN. Lobby dark. Candles in a circle. Hearth stays COLD.

BROCK: Good evening, Seekers. Thousands of you are watching LIVE...

CUE: WHISPER 1 ("Leave this place")

BROCK: Do you FEEL that? That's spiritual energy, folks!

CUE: LOCK A. LOCK B. Doors slam.

CUE: fog machine, 20 seconds. Then LADY down the stairs.

BROCK: (reaching out) Spirit! Speak to us!

CUE: WHISPER 3, the big one:

"This inn is cursed. All who stay here will suffer."

BROCK: (terrified) We have to go. NOW.

END STREAM. Post clip within the hour. Tag the inn!!

*Pearl will NEVER
get another booking.
Is this ok?? -K*

Keep the Watch

the old song, as Mother sings it, written down so we don't forget.

H. M. Oct. 1926



*Oh, the Hunter's Moon comes rising red
Out over Whisper Isle,
And deep beneath the cold dark sea
The Gray has slept a while.
It sleeps a hundred years, my love,
It wakes without a sound,
So keep the four and keep them well
When the hundred years come round.*

Chorus

*One for the light, and two for the bell,
Three for the stone in the sea,
Four for the fire that must never go out,
And a star in a ring for me.
Keep the watch, keep the watch,
Till the fog goes home to the deep,
For when all four sleep, the Gray will wake,
So never let them sleep.*

*Hannah Gale came in on the tide
When the town was young and small,
With a lantern bright and a brass-button coat
And a healer's hands for all.
She set a keeper round the bay
At the north, the south, the shore,
And she carved a star in a circle ring
On every one of the four.*

Chorus, then:

*Josiah rang his bell all night
When the hundred years came round,
Eliza kept her lantern lit
While the storm tore up the town.
Now who will keep the watch, my love,
When the moon comes red once more?
The hundred years are nearly gone,
And the fog is at the door.*

softly now, almost a whisper:

*If you hear your name come off the water
In a voice you used to know,
Ask it for the end of the old song, love,
And if it can't, don't go.
Don't go.*

Chorus, and end:

*When all four sleep, the Gray will wake,
So never let them sleep.*

*Mother added the Eliza verse
this week, after the storm.*

June 3. Opened the shop today. A small town, and quiet. The sea here looks just like the sea at home.

July 9. I heard him tonight. On the beach, in the fog. Tommy. After all these years, I knew his voice at once.

August 20. He says the old stones keep him out. The light, the bell, the stone, the fire. He says if they sleep, he can come home.

October. The fog comes earlier every night. I don't sleep much anymore. It doesn't matter.

Tommy says tonight. Tommy says I only have to open the door.

One gull, two gulls, three on the sand.
Four for the boat, and home by my hand.

(ours, Tommy's and mine. every summer.)