

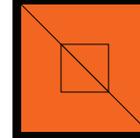
*Groups—  
We welcome Groups  
(it's harder to notice  
when one goes  
mysteriously missing)*

**Room rates:** \$99 single-quad

**Function space:** free if you make your room block, except for a \$1000 special cleaning fee (we often have a lot of blood spatter after a large group, especially those groups who try to go from the second floor to the third floor, by way of the stairs.) And really, the elevator hardly ever eats anyone, so it's much safer.

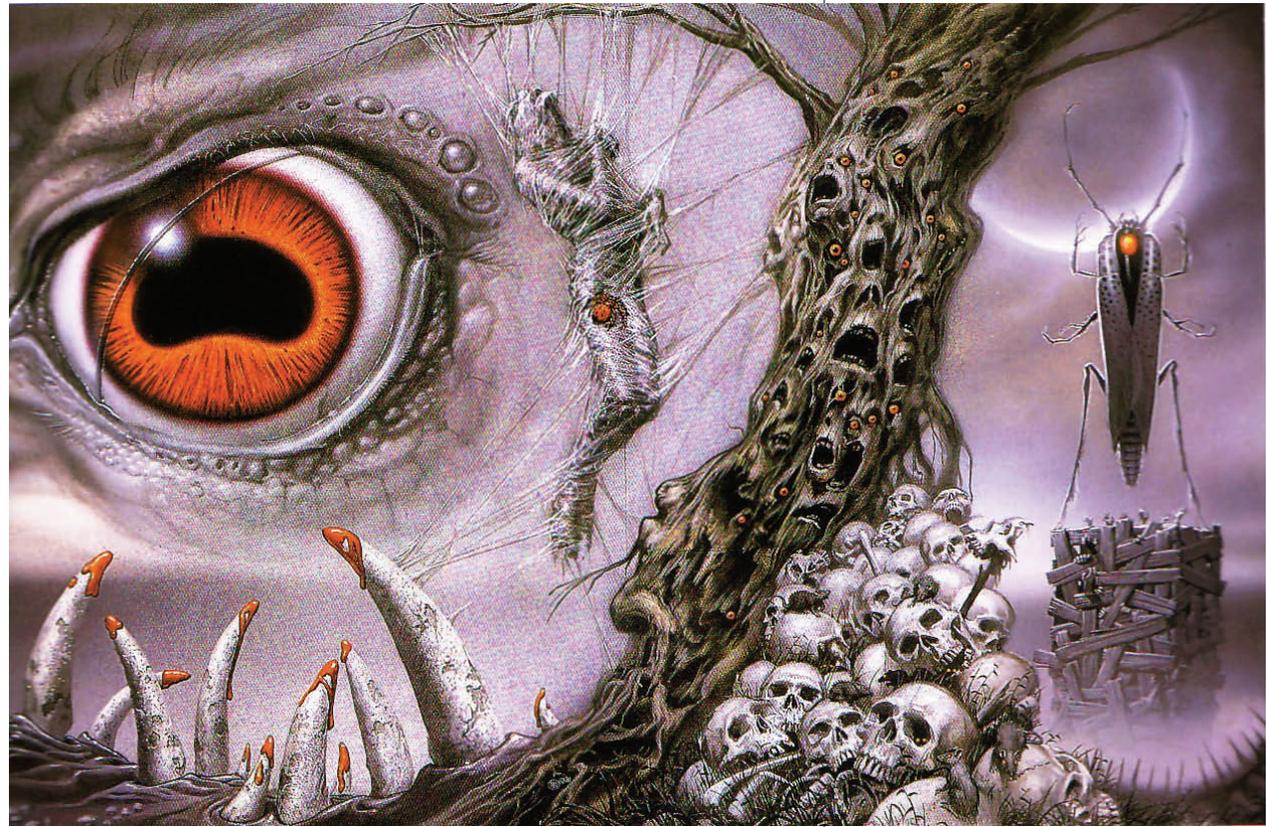
**Parking:** \$15/day, to bribe the tentacled thing in the basement to return your car via one of his soulless minions.

**Restaurants and Bars:** Good food, reasonably priced and cheerfully served. A full guest is easier to catch late at night when walking alone down the corridors.. Snack food corkage waiver available for groups.



*It's like eldritch,  
man.*

## **Innsmouth Downtown At the Docks Hotel**



Our friendly staff is always here to keep an eye on your comfort!

[www.eldritch.horrors.com](http://www.eldritch.horrors.com)

Telephone: 666-666-6666

**A review from a satisfied customer. He was never seen again, but paid his bill before he mysteriously disappeared (just our sort of customer). You too can have an experience just like his.**

As twilight fell, I came to a town of wide extent and dense construction, where thin roads cracked between crumbling structures and towers clawing their way to the dark cloudy sky. The decay was worst close to the waterfront, near a dark foreboding river, where I beheld an inn of ancient design and more ancient spirit. I had hoped that this edifice would give me some respite for my travel weary bones, but alas, it would only be the beginning of this tale that, with great reservation, I now tell.

My first impression was of fine marble and plush drapes reminiscent of theatres from centuries ago – an air of luxury, even if slightly faded. The staff that was there to greet me seemed delightful and cheery compared to the dreariness of the day, unusually so, I say, perhaps because they were quite fond to see someone like me enter their establishment. And I say "like me" because 'like them' is certainly worth mentioning in contrast: pale of pallor, glassy stare, a moistness in their speech, and curious bulge or protuberance of their eyes, neck, or belly; especially in one case one of them was tall and lanky but her stomach was quite bloated. There was barely room at this monument to antiquity, as it has a contingent of boarders, hangers-on, and squatters. So my room was at the very top, and arduous trek through the many floors of the building.

Traveling through the halls and stairs I noticed two remarkable things. One: doors would shut

rapidly as I approached, only to crack open as I passed by to give their occupants a peek at the peculiarity I must have been to them. And two -- well most structures are built in a way to protect you from the cold of encroaching winter -- but these halls seemed to reinforce how cold and wet the climate was in these parts, by delighting you with a biting chill. Several floors ascended and many strange noises passed later, I arrived at my room.

The door slid open in a manner not fit for proper hinges revealing a claustrophobic hovel adequate for a night's sleep but more suited for an asylum bed chamber. Both wall and ceiling were far from the perpendicularity we have all become so complacent to expect, but instead were unwholesome intersections of strange and precarious angles that only witches and familiars could find comfortable. The view was dramatic: dark menacing river beneath, dark craggy hills at the horizon, beneath dark angry sky. This hotel loomed over the river like an eroding gargoyle, forgotten, but not entirely gone.

Naturally, unnerved by my room, I spent some time wondering the hotel floors. Doors were hard to notice as the walls were anything but straight or flat. However, on every floor or wall was a touch of carpet or decoration that at one time must have been expensive, but by now seemed from a bygone era. When I got to the basement was when I stumbled on to areas that were clearly not for human participation. Down a staircase of nearly a hundred steps there were large vaulted chambers and huge caverns carved into the foundation. The immediate impressions in this dank underground maze were of strange bazaars and festivals involving strangely shaped creatures, even stranger in their vocalizations. Unpleasant feelings swept over me, images of human sacrifices and unholy rights were hard to keep from the surface of my thoughts as I peered through these depths.

As best as I could, I tried to avoid the occupants of these underground layers, and with each retreat from the sounds of lumbering and squishy crowds I sank deeper and deeper into the pits of this hell house, until I finally came into a strangely black carpeted and draped cavern far below the world of sunlight. Deep in these chthonian depths, around columns of luminescent stone, I found a labyrinth of pictographs and paintings whose very nature should remain undescribed, but the merest glimpse was enough to make my mind recoil from its imagery to retain a few tattered strands to what we call sanity. This art macabre clued me in to the true nature of the bloated and gibbering population of this accursed "hotel" of the damned. From here, all I can remember is screaming and running, and the frantic moving of furniture to block the paths of my pursuers as I searched for a window or some egress to the storm raging outside.

I must have ran for miles, exhausted and drenched, stumbling at best, as the dim dawn of an overcast day gave me some light to guide myself out of that decayed urban expanse. I was picked up by patrolling constables and taken to a hospital on the hill where it seems like I have been here for weeks, and I have decided to write this recount down as a way to come to terms with my experiences that I have here only alluded to. Perhaps, I should stick to the story I told the police of my being mugged by a gang of ruffians – certainly a more believable story and it may better my chances to get out of this "hospital" that seems all too concerned for my mental health, that they refuse to give me back my clothes or let me out of my room unattended.