

# NECESSARY SHADOWS

## The Winter Manses



Press Materials (Revised)

FS-ARCH / CIV-01

# Series Overview

**Necessary Shadows** is a collection of case files documenting disruptions to baseline reality across a defined Midwestern corridor.

These disruptions are typically classified as “Vehm” events—manifestations that appear external but are structurally inseparable from human cognition. This distinction is not philosophical. It is operational. Vehm cannot be removed without removing the conditions that produce them. Those conditions being, well, *us*.

So we don't remove them. We manage them.

This is a complicated process.



For approximately a century, a distributed human nonhuman partnership has maintained this management system with varying degrees of success.

Season One, *The Winter Manses*, covers a cluster of incidents in which that success becomes less... consistent.

Initial reports describe isolated anomalies. Subsequent review suggests pattern behavior.

You may find it useful to assume that both are true.

*“The world is stranger than it looks.  
This is not a metaphor.”*

A misty, atmospheric forest scene. In the upper center, a tall, rusted metal water tower stands on a wooden lattice structure. Below it, a small wooden cabin with a single lit window is visible. In the foreground, two people are sitting on the ground, facing away from the viewer, looking towards a small fire. The background is filled with tall, dark evergreen trees, and the overall lighting is dim and moody, with a soft glow from the fire and the cabin window.

## Season One: The Winter Manses

You will encounter:

- A storm that forms over still water and leaves portions of the shoreline missing, not destroyed
- A town that gathers annually for a procession no one recalls planning, and no one is allowed to miss
- A fragment (or two) of diminished demi-god
- A word introduced in a child's dream that continues to circulate long after waking
- A very weird cemetery
- A system that responds to questions before they are fully asked
- And several chatty mirrors

If you are looking for a single point of failure, you will not find one.

If you are looking for a system under strain, you will.

Containment remains nominal.

(Read that however you like.)

*“If something appears localized, you have not looked at it long enough.”*

# Selected Case Files



## Case File 01 — The Nest Lake Incident

A cyclonic system formed over a closed freshwater body under conditions that do not support cyclonic formation. Portions of the surrounding environment were lost, not destroyed. These are not the same thing.



## Case File 02 — The Marrow Falls Dossier

A town participates in a recurring event with full attendance and no acknowledged origin. Attempts to interrupt or reschedule have never been successful.



## Case File 03 — The Guest

A civilian begins asking the correct questions in the wrong dangerous place. This happens more often than we would prefer, honestly.

Additional files exist.


You are not currently authorized to assume anything about them.

New files are released every Tuesday (pending review).



## On the Creator

Brian Lillie is responsible for the assembly and presentation of these materials. His background in audio production is evident. His decision-making is, so far, acceptable.



Most individuals prefer to believe that the incidents portrayed in the files are rare, or distant, or someone else's responsibility.

That belief though useful, is also incorrect.

Review of these materials places you in partial alignment with ongoing observation.

This neither implies nor eliminates risk.

If you continue, you will begin to recognize things you were not previously looking for.

Recognition is not the same as understanding. It is, however, the point at which participation begins.

The smell of soil thickened in the room, damp and sweet.

The band faltered for half a beat. Then the trumpet found the melody again, lifting the waltz gently forward as if nothing unusual had happened.

At the long tables the guests turned in their chairs, expectant. Eli realized his hands were clenched.

The opening in the dirt wall widened further. Something pale moved within it.

At first, he thought it was cloth. A curtain perhaps, stirring in some unseen draft.

Then the shape leaned forward into the candlelight.

It was...

An enormous face.