

12 June 1881,

I have met some young scholars much like me, who are interested in understanding the deeper mysteries of the universe. My new friends, of the Dark Brotherhood are Robert Menkin, Crawford Harris, Cecil Jones, Harold Copley, and Marion Allen. I have recently been elected as our recording secretary and Marion is our new leader.

-Rupert Merriweather

30 June 1881,

We have recently acquired a property just of Ross's Corner, a small town upstate, which is perfect for our experiments. The farm house will remain undisturbed as we seek to unlock the secret knowledge of the old times. We have furnished the farm house with old things bought from the residents of Ross's Corner. Under the guise of a student literary fraternity we were able to procure donations from the people of Arkham and from some of the alumni of Miskatonic University. It was an eventful week making sure that the farm house was ready for our experiments.

Marion insisted on carving special wardings, which are a type of protective spell, over the doors and windows. It seems very peculiar to need any such thing but we allowed him to do it since he is the leader of the group.

20 July 1881

So far we have been unable to breach the spiritual realms although we are seeking to use Hebrew spells and rituals detailed in the Keys of Solomon. They have so far been to no avail.

3 October 1881

We were unable to use the Keys of Solomon effectively however we did succeed in setting part of the barn on fire by knocking over a lantern. The barn took some time to repair however tonight we will start using Babylonian texts to try and summon something from the beyond.

19 December 1881

We have not only tried and failed to use the Hebrew and Babylonian summoning rituals but now we have also tried Vedic, Persian, Greek, Druidic, and even Mayan. None

have worked so far in the forms and types that we have been able to procure. It seems that none of the rituals that we have so far come across are real or produced to the fullest effect.

25 January 1882

I fear that we are coming to the end of our rope. The Brothers feel defeated and we are not as zealous about our meetings as we used to be – it has quite upset Marion. He has been talking about doing something rash but I do not know exactly what he is planning.

17 February 1882

Marion has at last found something exciting! He has procured (somehow) an Egyptian artifact. The artifact is a box, made entirely of gold, which inside holds an unknown species of arthropod that is encased in amber. This could be one of the greatest finds of our entire investigation.

Our next meeting we will attempt a summoning that Marion has found in a Latin Tome on Saturday 15 March 1882.

15 March 1882

We begin the ceremony as Marion instructed, according to that described in his book, *De Vermiis Mysteriis*. A fire is set in the fireplace and a pentagram chalked on the floor, marked with appropriate symbols and illuminated by two black tapers placed near the center flanking the piece of amber with its entrapped spirit. The others sit in a circle while I, the designated “watcher” who guards for malevolent spirits, sit in the far corner of the room.

Marion throws a handful of powder in the fireplace, producing an evil-smelling smoke and dampening the flames which now burn a sputtering green and brown. Those seated begin the Latin chant Marion Allen has transcribed from his book.

After nearly two hours I see a trail of smoke curling up from the piece of amber. Its surface seems to be bubbling, melting. Could this be it? Have we finally achieved success? I see a form –

It is the following day. We have finished with our plans and have sworn a pact to never speak of what happened last night. We have satisfactorily explained the death of Robert, and in some manner the madness of Harold. The sheriff accepts the explanation of a carriage accident—we planned it well. Robert's neck was broken in the fall, we told him.

Harold struck his head on a rock when the horse's leg broke and the carriage rolled. Would it be that it was only that. For the rest of us, we will be forever changed by what we experienced last night.

The thing formed in the center of the pentagram, shapeless, nearly invisible. Its terrible voice should have given us a clue but we were foolish. It spoke, then Marion cast that damned powder on the spirit, the Dust of Ibn-Ghazi he calls it, and that's when we saw it.

Words cannot describe the faceless thing with a thousand maws. It roiled and bubbled, never fully revealing itself. So terrifying was its aspect that I sat though frozen to the floor, the pen falling from my nerveless fingers. Cecil and Marion seemed as lifeless as I while a short, sharp cry issued from Crawford's mouth. Robert, however, rose to his feet and before anyone could stop him, stepped forward as though to embrace our horrible guest. With its arms, or those appendages that seemed most like arms, it took hold of poor Robert and twisted his head around as though it were a mere doll's. The lifeless corpse was then thrown back in Harold's lap and that's when he began that damnable shrieking—the shrieking that hadn't stopped even after we handed him over to the sheriff's men.

Even then we still had a chance. Marion now believes that if we would have kept our wits we could have reversed the chant and eventually forced the creature back to wherever it came from. But Crawford panicked and, mistakenly believing that it would dispel the creature, reached forward and destroyed part of the pentagram, breaking its effectiveness. Released from the binding symbol the thing—with a screech that could only have been unholy satisfaction—fled the house, disappearing out the window as a roaring screaming wind of boiling colors.

Marion believes that the thing could still be destroyed, or at least dispelled, but none of us who remain have the stomach for such an undertaking. It is believed that the spell we cast inextricably binds the thing to the house and it is true that when we went back a few days later to retrieve our things, we heard it bumping about in the attic over our heads. The warding signs so cheerfully carved by Marion Allen during better times—times that seem so long ago—apparently are effective and bar the thing entry except in the attic of the house.

The Dark Brotherhood:

Robert Menkin, March 1882

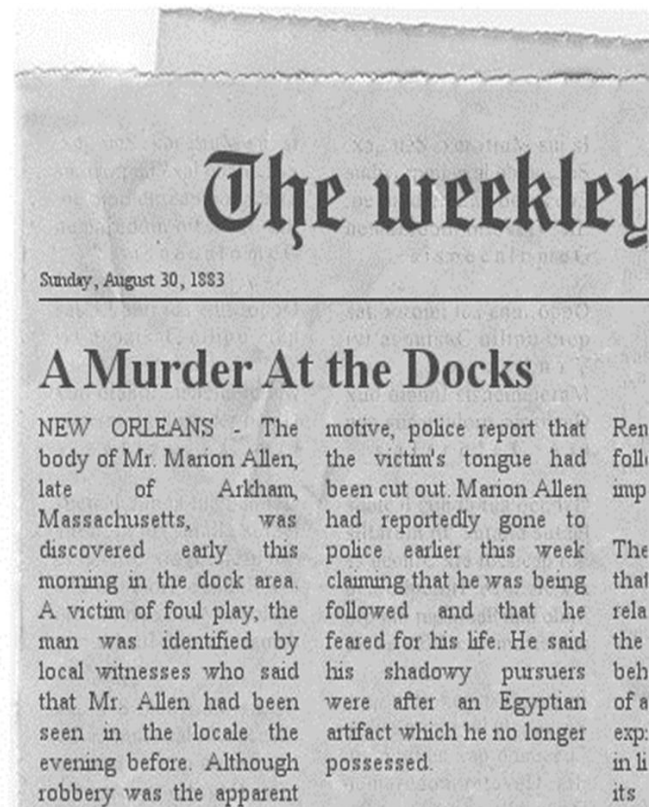
Harold Copley, August 1882

Marion Allen, August 1883

Crawford Harris, January 1915

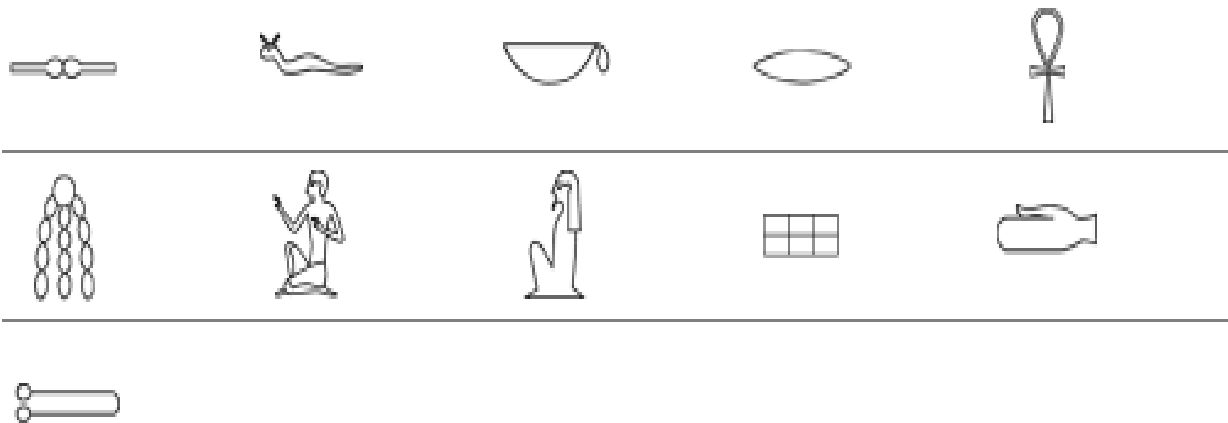
Cecil Jones, March 1924

Rupert Merriweather -



30 May 1928

I gravely fear that which I and my colleagues have loosed upon this countryside. Nothing of consequence has yet taken place but with my death the bonds will be broken and the thing then free to come and go as it pleases. Lives and souls not yet taken already lie heavy on my conscience. The method of delivering the thing out of this world is still in that accursed house, the translation made by Marion Allen from the horrid De Vermiis Mysteriis. I am not strong enough to take on the task, but I know of those who perhaps are. Should they fail me, may God have mercy on my soul.



Translation of the Hieroglyphs:

“Seeker of wisdom, Servant [Son] of Yugr [Yoag] Sethath,
 Deliverer of the people [slaves] of the water, Bearer of the
 spirits of Nar-Loth-hotep,
 child of Thoth, Seeker of Wisdom.” •

