

Carlo Schippone's Diary (English translation)

Day 1 -- Leave Naples on the "Vittorio Alfieri" bound for Bombay. Dirty, cramped and noisy (seaworthy I think) it carries Anzalone, Quarrie, Delnegro and me in addition to its cargo of wine.

Day 2 -- Away from Delnegro we go over the plans to get to Mustang and Drakmar. Going on to Calcutta and Darjeeling means a journey around the Himalayas and through Tibet. This adds a month or more against the other route: north through India to Nautanwa. If we take that route and get across the border we walk north through the Nepalese foothills, then up the Kali Gandaki river valley between the mountains into Mustang and Drakmar. We agree on Nautanwa. Now to convince our companion.

Day 4 -- Writing this on deck somewhere in the Eastern Mediterranean. Yesterday Quarrie used the sweet words of Hastur to break Delnegro's memory of the orders he was given by the army. Today he employed a variation on the same subtle language to tell him our goal is Drakmar. Delnegro now thinks this was the plan all along. I almost feel sorry for the fool. Anzalone has told the ship's captain we'll leave at Bombay.

Day 12 -- Talking to one of the sailors I learn he is from just outside Civitavecchia -- we find we both know one of the priests there.

Day 18 -- I can't sleep. In the dark my mind always races but not with the usual nighttime thoughts of my mortality. What are we doing? I have so many fears. Will we find Drakmar? If we do, will we be killed by Chaugnar Faugn and the Tsotsowa as they must have killed so many? What if we are to fail to help the King in Yellow back to the Earth? What if we succeed?

Day 19 -- No, we attempt a great thing. We will be legend.

Day 25 -- It's not easy to sleep in the heat. I am counting the days until we can leave this hulk.

Day 36 -- Arrive Bombay and claim we are heading for Darjeeling and Tibet.

Day 37 -- Anzalone, Quarrie and I went to the Towers of Silence to speak to an Indian holy man, a Parsee of local renown. Most go to listen -- we went to talk. We talked of Chaugnar Faugn and the White Acolyte he waits for. We talked of the Son, the Acolyte, the King in Yellow, the Tattered King who one sees only in dreams and of the Stranger in the Pallid Mask, the Ghost who moves among us. And we spoke of Hastur, the Father, whom Quarrie and Villiers have seen. I watched the man closely. Though he didn't speak I can read a man's eyes and he knew that what we said was true, knew what was coming, knew we were part of it.

Day 38 -- We walked in Bombay today and we saw the Yellow Sign painted and set out. We saw the white silks and the tattered rags of the King. We are lords of this place, the prophet walked with us, and my doubts are gone.

Day 39 -- We are leaving the city by train. It's four days to the border.

Day 42 -- The country is endless. It seems as though we travel against a current, traversing the same landscape hour after hour. The people here impress me, they are full of life, serious, devout and proud. They are ready and this will be good land when his.

Day 43 -- The town of Nautanwa. We hope to cross the border here tomorrow, and meanwhile collect food and other equipment -- the town has most of what we need.

Day 45 -- Anzalone has yet to find a guide. Quarrie and I said we should go now and find a guide over the border but Delnegro says we must wait, that we can't carry all we need ourselves and Anzalone listens to him. We now think we will have to wait for a caravan to arrive south from Nepal.

Day 47 -- A caravan of Nepalese arrived today. Anzalone talked to them, in his little Nepalese and in Hindi. They'll take us and our loads as far as Pokhara. Now we wait until the leader (his name is Ripa Tendruk) transacts his business here before we can leave.

Day 51 -- Tendruk is not ready. He shows no urgency, he just smiles and he can't be bullied. I am nervous that we will attract attention from the British. We are so close now, I look north and know the clouds hide the mountains where he can be found.