

Handouts from the Armitage Files by Pelgrane Press. Art: Sarah Wroot Layout: Jerome Huguenin Writing: Robin D Laws

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THIS ONE HWILL SAND SEPORE THE OTHERS. THEN THE EARLIER ONES. THEY WILL AUDIVE INTHE ORDER SENT. DEATAN IN FACTORINE MILLISHIGHLY LIKELY GIVENTHE VAGAKIES OF THE AVOCATION THAT SOME WILL BECONSUMEDIN THE HOWLING ARTHERED BUT IF YOU ARE KREWOWNIA MANA BUT IFY MARE NOT READING THIS THEN YOUNDEND DEADING THIS IS WHAT CAN DO BUT ASWINE MARAN CARACTER CONTRACT THAT YOUNCE DEMONISTICUS. GOUGADENMS POG ON COM VORINWERNWING TO ENTRUST IT WITH AT FOR THE WORK THINGHT TO ENOTLATER, APPENDING AWARNING, BUT NW -THENAULE OFIT THE SIMPLER THE BETTER. THIS WILL BETHE ONLY SET OF INSTRUCTIONS. THE STHERS WILLING EXCEPTING TOTAL TOTAL ALRENDY WEITTEN. THERE AND UNITATIONS ON HONTONICAL CONTINUED ON ALRENDY WEITTEN. THERE AND UNITATIONS ON ANY USO TAM NOW CONTINUED ON THE START OF THE START O EMONE ASTHE ONESWHO HAVE STOLEN MY PACE HUNT AND TRACK ME. THERE ARE SO FEW SHELTERS NOW . SO INFERDUENT THE MUNIENTIOF PEST. SLEEP. MUST MARSHAL MY RESOURCES FACHTINE. ALSO: THERE IS THE WARNING THAT THELATER HAVE WEITTEN SOMETHING THELESSSTOREVOU CAN PLACEIN IT AS THE DISTURBANCE MARGIN OF MY MIND INCLEASES AS THE DISTURBANCE THE MOSSILLAS HORNESS HAVESERY FULL EXPUNDED TROM AS THE DIS INTO THE MOSTILLS MOUNT N IBENEVE, HOPE, PLAY THAT THE MOSTILLS MOUNTE COON DE MILESSON ASSUSTING MYCONSCUSNESS MARTINE THAT THEY NO CONTRE COON DE MILESSON ASSUSTING MYCONSCUSNESS MARTINE MOUNTE STORE WHETHER STON ASSUSTING MINOLON GER SURE WHETHER STONESS OF A SSUSTING MINOLON GER SURE STONESS OF A SSUSTING MINOLON GER SURE STONESS OF A SSUSTING MINOLON GER SURE WHETHER STONESS OF A SSUSTING MINOLON GER SSUSTING MINOLON GER STONESS OF A SSUSTING MINOLON GER STONESS OF A SSUSTING MINOLON GER STONESS OF A SSUSTING MINOLON GER SS ETHER IS POSSIBLE LOOK NON ANOTHEADOLESSEEMSPIDER-SCEATE WEANLY IN ON THEMSEWES. BUT BEWARE BENARE! NONETHELESS FOR IF THERE IS A THING THAT IS IN SHOPETS MAPPLY FERM THIS VANTAGE POINT, ITIS HOPE. QUISTBELANDERTHSIS IN A FAMILIAE PHAND, MY DLDEST PRIEND DONOT ASSUME YOU CAN TRUST IT. 15

Document 1

De to put it man precificity DO NOT PROCEED JOINESE

FOR YOU HAVE FAILED MY PRIEND.

VIGILANCE ABOVE ALL

YOU PROCEED

PAILED TO TAKE THE PIGHT POAD WHEN THERE WERE SO MAN OH BESTO TRAVEL CANNIST 40 BACK AND RETEACE MY STER BUT YOU CAN GOND STHERE MHE INEVITABLY CHOOSE STREAD VARIANT PATHSA SEE OTHER PATTERNIN THE PURILE, COME TO DEFERENT CONCLUSIONS.

LOOKING BACK THERE ARE SOMANY DEUSION POINTT. IF BUT ONE ONE SINGLE ONE

WIND BLACKEN THE TAKE CANYONS WWW. AT SUCH AND THE ANOMENT DESTLESS OF ARES

HUBRIS! IT IS HUBRIS YOU WANT ANDID.

ANSO: DONIST PLACE Y MA TOURT IN AUSTIN KUTRELL I BELIEVE THIS WASHAY FREST MASTAKE. WETHER HE MIS LED INTENTIONALY WAS ADUPE OR ACTED IN UITTER GAMPANICE OF THE CONJECTOR DINCES HIS ADUCE WALL PATING MITTIN, ISTUCANNOT DETERMINED (THED TO TRACK HIM BECKWE FIG MEDINDUN HIS FACTE WALLD DOWN THE FACT THAT HE HAS A FACE.

BUT KITTREW. ACI NIMERY AROUND HIM. PERHERIDO NUT APPROACH ATAL. MAYBE THAT IS THE FIRST FORK. IF ANY I HAD NOTENGAGED HIMM CONVERDATION THAT CHUY NIGHT AS HE SMOKED THOSE FITTING IG PETTESUNIOFICITE PORTION AGAIN. THE OTHER PAGES WILL ONLY BE MOTES WILL ARVETO MARE OF THEM WART YMMU.

THERE IS A TERMPING DIMETARDS. I SHITLD PANEL FEADED TO BATER THIS BUILDING AS ITSTANDS ONT MMMG AN OHBRES I MIKET IN AN APPLIFITE CLURCAL GEDNIEWARD THE BASE MENT I THINGHT SECURED.

NO. THERE & NO TIME TO BE WRITING THIS. HERE WHE STHER BETTER

1.

THE WEN SAMATRAIN ON THE EDGE ONTO DUTSKIETS OF TOMA WAS I MAS THERE ! SENSED THAT SMETHING HAD GONE MURY YET WAS PISTRACHED BY MY FOUTURESC ATTEMPTS TO FOND MEN WHICHAD DEED AT THE CLEWS ON THAT OCTOBER NIGHT. THAT IS A DEAD END AMOURE, MATURAST ACMNTER-PRODUCTIVE ONE THE CIRCUS MAY FOURE IN IT BUT OCTOBERS A BUNDAWEY OR RATHER A TRAP IT IS YOUR MINUDS YOU MUST PRESERVE PBNEML.

IF YOU SEE THE RED BOX DO NOT OPEN T. THE CONTROLATION PERMITY MA BOLEF ADVANTAGE, BUT YOU ULL PAVINTHEND. IT IS THE RED BODX THAT ALLOWS THEHORNER

AM SNORY, THEY ARE ATIME MAKING MERTIME OF TELM PREVENTING ME FROM WEITING WHAT MEITE EVERYTHING I WEITE HERE MAY BE A

PELV ON THE NOTES TO CAME LATED DECEPTION

INDWASPOTCANNOTRE PRUSID BEEPT FOR THIS DOCUMENT IS THISTED BY TH GENERAL HONTEXT.

THE SANATORUM THESANATORIUM

THE SANATORIUM.

IT IS NOT THE STATE LIKE I TOMOLIT, IT IS ONE OF THE PATIENT COMTO

ONE OFTHERATIENTS FNONS MURETAN HETTINKHE KNOWS. DE. SHE LOOK FOR THE TOUTMESIGNS. THEFEADS OF SWEAT . THE EYES BEHTWO THE BYES.

THE GUNE

ALSO. THERE WAS THAT TRIPTOTHE KINGSPORT YACHT CUUS DEFINITELY THEY WARE LYING JANAGE DURING TO ME THERE. BUT BY TART TIME I HAD ALBEADY OPENED THE RED BOX TO BUT AFTIE BEDEN OF OWE

KIND , VIEWING ME LODGERLY AS A LABUTRY. DROP THE THE SUDE.

When I SPEAR of the ROBEREDBOXICS NOTABOX NOW IT IS A BOOK THAT IS

When I SPEAR I THE BOX AND THE BOOK THE BOX IS A HAZARD BUT IT IS THE BOOKE THAT THEY

Document 1

IN OWE KIND THERE IS AN AGENDA THERE ASHORTSIGHTED ONE THAT ZCOULD NOT QUITE COMPERTAND. OUVER GARDINER SEEMENTO SEETHEMOHME AND TO BECOMME PEGRESSIVELY MORE PISTANTAS ITALKED WAS IT WHEN IMENTAMED THE V. EDGARL TOYER UNNECTION? WHEELSWITTIN WHEELS I YES IT WAS THEN HE GREW COUD.

WIN A NAME THE BOOK SECTIONS THAT THE FOR ONLY TO A SPECI THAT THE BOOK ONLY EXISTS IN THE MANDENT MOSTOR THESE THAT NAME IT. ITS SECRETS KING NOT TO BE HUMBERS. YOU CANNOT DESTRY THE BOOK

BUT THATENTASSHANDING THE BODE AND HONDUNG IT IS TANKAMMENTE DEDBOX.

AN APPROACH TO GARDINDR THAT DIES NOT REFERENCE THE OCCULT, THE DUD ONES

1100

OR PERHAPS BETTER TO TACKLE IT THENGH DUMINO WAISH. I DONOTBELIEVE HE OCCURS IN THE NOTES. AT THE VERY LEAST OUTBOAN GERING IN THE MUNDANE SONCE. A GANGSTER AND ASMILING KILLER. I THINGHT TO APPRIACH UP, IF CANTLES, AND GAR DINER MUSE THE METTER. BAT ITCAUDBE THAT MY ESTIMATION WAS BETTER. REVERSED ANOTHAT GREDINGE WAS THEORY FARE THE MREDANGEROUS SPECIMEN.

WHAT ARE KIN LOOKING FOR: THE GRINDING WHEELS OF TIME, SURS AND THERES, COLUDING COWARSING INTO ONE ANOTHER THE INTERSECTIONS BETWEEN HUMAN AND INHUMAN DESIRES ARE TOO MANY EDETHE BEON HANDOF NYARLATHOTED TO BE FAR AWAY. ITHOLDS THE DEVERS. IF ONLY I HAD DETECTED ITS MOVEMENTS EXACUTER. IT LOULD AN HAVE BEN FORESTANDED

I THINK THE NOTES WILL APPEAR ANTOFORDER SOTHAT YOU WILLNOT REALCATE MY FAILED PATH BUT RATHER FORGE A NEW ONE THROUGH ALL THING THESE DISPARATE YET CONNECTED SINISTER STANDA POINTS. I KNOW IT IS VERY HAR DTO LEAVE A SECTO BOSE DISPARATE STRUCTURE AND AND ANTI ALL AND DINGT





Document I

· TEARS OF AZAZOTH. INSIST TO THE OTHERS THAT THIS 'DREAD VOLUME IS SO MICH FUM-FLAMMBRY, A NOW- EXISTENT THING . A FEVERISH PUMOUR IN THE GREEDY HEARTS OF CERTAIN LONDON BOOMECLERS. A. RISIBLE WHISPER. AMONTA THE MOST CORRUPTLY SMOUSLIST DILETTANTES OF THE OCCULT ... UNDER GROUND.

"A COVER COMPOSED OF AN UNKNOWN JUBSTANCE, JET-INKY AND YET WITH THE PLIABILITY OF ONION JUN"? THE MESMERIJING ENSIGN ON THE COVER? SURELY IT IS A FICTIONAL IMAGINING FOUND IN THE PAGES OF DUNSANY OR MACHEN, REGURGITATED AS HAVE -REMEMBERED. LEGEND.

MAY BE ONE OF SEVERAL TRAVELING CARNIVALS TENELUNG UP AND DOWN THE EASTERN SEABOARD.

NOT TECHNICALLY & CIRCUS, I SUPPOSE, WITHOUT & DIG TOP AND PERFORMING EVERHANTS, YET SOMEHOW THE OTHER TERM SEEMS COARSE UNSEEMLY. AT ANY LATE I HAVE PLACED DISCREET CALLS TO LAWENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS: THERE VIEW OF ALL SUCH ENTERTAINMENTS IS A DIM ONLE. THIS COLORS MY ATTEMPT TO NARROW THE MERELY DISSOLUTE TO THE TRULY OCCULTIC.

· I HAVE TWO NAMES FOR STRONGMEN [IS THAT THE PURAL?] SUGGESTING SEPARATE ACCOUNTS OF TWO ITINERANT SHOWS:

VLADIMIR KROTKIN AND SERGEI GARKALIN.

FIRST NAME MAY HAVE BEEN GARBLED; WITNESS' COMMAND OF FREIGN NAMES PERHAPS SHAKY. IN EACH INSTANCE OF THE STORY THE OTRONGMAN WAS AN INTIMIDATING FORCE, VIOLENTLY PREVENTING ENTRY TO THE FREAK SHOW TENT WHERE THE 'TRUE SECRET' WAS TO BE POUND.

WINTERING IN NORTH?

Warphenoad NEWBURGERDORT MAFIC BASAT?

EPSWINGE MARICI AMESBURY / GRANTE

BIDDEFORD

RUMIRY, -KillERS mu-comist

· NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE OF AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS ·

[NELAA, PEONOUNCED Neela' AS IN A WOMAN'S NAME. · CLUB FOR STARGAZERS, MEMBERS DRAWN THROUGHOUT GREATER MARKA MISCATONIC RIVER BASIN. MEETS MONTHLY \$2 FULL MEMBERSHIP, \$1 AUXILIARY - NO DOUBT TO MES. PICKMAN'S CHAGEIN, SHOWED THE INQUIRY'S UTMOST LARGESSE, PAYING FULL \$2. -FIELD TICIPS INCLUDE VISITS TO ISOLATED AND CRAGGY HILLTORS "SO AS BEFTER TO SEE THE STARS". HEARD A BIZARCE THEORY OF A CONCEPT OF "LIGHT POLLUTION", WHEREBY THE LUMINESCENCE OF CITIES WOULD GROW EVER BEIGHTER, SO THAT FUTURE GENERATION (WOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE HEAVENS PROPERLY ONLY FROM THE DEEPEST MODEL DE HERMITIC MOUNTAINTORS-THE DNLY PLACES ON BARTH WHERE PUREST BLACKNESS WOULD STILL PULE. - ISSUE A NEWSLETTER (HAVE SO FAR READY 16 ISSUES, ALLOF THEM STULTIFYING AND DEVOID OF ESOTERIC IMBORT). - CHEUSTIMAS SOCIAL ALWAYS HELD ON DECEMBER 21 ST. QUESTIONED OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS (OBLIQUELY) TO ORGANIZATION RESIDENT THOMAS ONGINE . HE LAUGHED AND POINTED OUT OBVIOUS APPEAL OF SOLSTICE TO ASTRONOMERS. "ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN". BIT OF A HAYSEED, PLANS TENDITIONAL MUSIC ON OLD GUITAR. JAYS BAD TIMES LEAVE PEOPLE LITTLE APPETITE TO GAZE AT THE "SAMERES CELESTIAL". - UST FIELD TRIPS? WCATEDY, DATE POCK. KAthon - Athonic HEES?

thysia

Document 2

seculiar incident the other day at time. Doorbell rang to find a man standing there canying sample nume of home encyclopedia. Very vanily For Jos. Late 200, freckled - yet something hard about him, aroud the eyes. As 4 he'd seen too much already. But my prost glipse of him was all smiles as he shapishly looked at my tweed jacket and size and general professorial demeanor and realized that I would not be a condidate to punchase his line of general interest educational volumo. I was about to prifely dismiss him when the horisekeeper spotted the fellow, noted his likely thirst in that damaable maternal faction of hers, and invoted him into the kitchen In lemmade PHILIP was his nine - or perhaps his last name of Was PHILIPS. The housekeeper deven him out on personal matters - his mamage, children. Second lager to change the subject. He eyed my bookshelves hungrily. The man fund out to be quite the autodidact - THERE IS NO personality type more consistently wearsome to the professional nanglettip. INSENSIBLE A my attempts to deflect and deflate him, his rambling discourse quickly encompassed such typics as Atlantis, eugenico, and (it ges without skying) Roosevett's secret Socialist learnings. I waited for, his humbly nords to reach their ineutable conclusion the your lifeny of vinperatino against the Hebrew race - instead this burtings disembarked at the second most likely station: the theat represented by FREEMASONRY.

As I subtly used him toward the door, his accusations tobe an odd ture. He claimed that most masonic groups were ordinary and harmlass, but that a vary very few had been taken over by followers of sature. He mantimed the HELPING HANDS service group (which, unlike <u>CIRCLE RITE LODGE</u> is not in toot associated with the masonic morement). At least 2, perhaps 3 local chapters had given themselves over to more and sacrifice. The involve salesman claimed to have peered acciantally into a meeting held in a barn, where he saw a hobo led in, shacked and bleeding. Her van away before he was deen, but was sure that the poor wroten was destined for the kinife. Sensing my alsobellef, the salesman became intignant. He head an "inhuman chant", he claimed, that he could be det my for the second They to my evident startlement, he gehogd the all-too-familiar summons is The black goat of the woods: "Hat startlement, he gehogd the all-too-familiar summons the yong man seemed to take my shock for guilty knowledge: gasping that I was "one of them" and that he had been led into a trap". Dropping the empty lemnade glass to the floor, he batted for the door. Aband med brochims fluttered in his wake.

-THOUGH IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO CONTACT HIM THEOLOGY HIS COMPANY, WE MUST FIRST DEVISE A MEANS OF APPROACH TO OVERCOME HIS SKITTISHNESS. GIVEN OUR LIMITED RESOLECES I AM ISICULATED TO ALLOW THIS ODD INCIDENT TO LIE MOMENTARILY FALLOW. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN THAT DID NOT SIT RIGHT- I CANNOF DECIDE WHETHER HE WAS SINCERE, SINCERE BUT DELLIDED, OF PLAYING A CURIOUS GAME OF SOME SORT, MEANT TO LURE ME DOWN A DARK ALLEY.

"A WITNESS REPORT SAYS THAT TWO AUTOMOBILES LEFT FOR THE APOREMENTIONED HOSPITAL ON THE NIGHT IN QUESTION. ONE A BLACK ROADSTER, THE OTHER A BATTERED PICKUP TRUCK. THEY WERE LAST SEEN ROLINDING CROWN HILL-IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK WERE LARGE UNIDENTIFIED OBJECTS COVERED WITH A LARGE BLANKET, POSSIBLY OF BURLAP. THE INFORMANT KNOWN INDICATED THAT SOMETHING WRITHED BENEATH THE BLANKET, BUT WHEN PRESSED COULD NOT KULLE OUT THE POSSIBLITY THAT THE WIND BLOWING UPON IT WADE IT LOOK AS IF ANIMATED FROM BELON.

» TEMPORARY OPERATIVE OWSON IS STILL ON SITE AT THE ARMY BASE. REPORTS NO OVERTLY UNTOWARD ACTIVITY.

DELVERS? MASS. PLATE?

Etnerth wathing window that not a

TEARS DE AZAZOTH: DISCUSSION CONTINUES - MELLE INOW HND, FOR 1P31 REASONS THURST I CANNOT NOW EXPRESS AS NORDS ON PAPERperception MORE A MUSICAL TONE A THOUGHT TINGUNG IN THE BACK OF THE PRIMAT BRAIN beard Assach THAT IT DID EXIST. THAT IT DOES EXIST. NONE DEUS CAN RECALL THE WEDVU DEIGNAL REFERENCE - AND IT IS DAMNABLY ANNOYING. THE SENSATION THAT A MEMORY IS TANTALIZINGLY CLOSE, YET WILL NOT SWRFACE FROM THE TURBED WATERS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. RICE BLUETS OUT THAT A REFERENCE TO IT APPEARS IN THE NECKONOMICON AND SUDDENLY IFIND MYSELF IN AGREEMENT WITH HIM. YET BY PORING OVER THAT DREAD VOLUME [The shudders this has arrived in me, the increasing awareness of the pattern of moment in the peramemory -IN MY CONFIDENCE THAT REFERENCE TO THE TEARS WOULD BE FOUND IN THE PERORATION OF THE MAD ARAB, LENTERED INTO A GENTLEMANLY WAGER WITH WILLMARTH, WITH A CASE OF SHERRY AS A PRIZE. HE WAS CERTAIN THAT IT WOULD BE FOUND IN A CASE FILE-SPECIFICALLY, THE INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT WITH THE LATE FORTUNE-TELLER AND EMBEZZIER WOLF-DIETRICH GUPZUHN. NEITHER DE US WILLBE PORCED TO REPLENISH THE DEPARTMENT'S WINE CELLAR, FOR THERE WAS NO REFERENCE TO IT THERE, EITHERE. ASHLEY THINKS HE HEARD IT AROUND THE CAMPARE DURING THE WESTERN AUSTRAUA EXPEDITION, BUT CANNOT RECALL WHO MENTIONED IT. DYER SAYS I TOLD HIM ABOUT IT IN 1928 BUT I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF BOOMSIDE HAVING DONE SO-

LHAVE AN INCREASSING SENSE THAT ALLOF THE THREATISH ARE CONNECTED IN SOME WAY. AN ODD THOUGHT OCCURRED TO ME WHILE PERFORMING MY MORNING ABUTIONS:

THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE CAUGHT IN THE WORKINGS OF A GRIM DESTINY .

BEFORE ALL THE PIECES HAVE MOVED INTO PLACE ... BUT WHAT IF THE PIECES STARTED OUT IN PLACE AND WE ARE LIVING IN REVERSE. THROUGH THE PROCESS OF

	saw as the electron of which be that rights?
Þ	IN ENTROPIC DEVOLUTION? THAT IT BEGINS IN HOERDR AND ENDS
1	N HORROR, AND THAT ONLY FROM OUR VANTAGE POINT
	WE DAY MARKET FAILS & THREAD TRIALS & LOTE, MILLING THE REW
	NO. 1 HAVE LOST THE THREAD.
1	THE BACKWARDS METAPHOR DOES NOT PERTAIN IF IT IS A CONTINUUM
Þ	ND YET THERE IS SOMETHING TO IT THAT IHAVE YET TO GRASP.
1	4
<u></u>	WHEN ASHLEY ASKED FOR THE FILE ON THE AMERICAN PRESERVATION
-	LEAGUE, IT WAS MUSSING. MUST NON JOT NOTES TO RECONSTRUCT
	FRIM MEMORY
	AMERICAN, PRESERVATION LEAGUE.
	-POUTICAL PARTY, FULL MEMOERSHIP C. 20; SUBSCRIBERS TO ITS
-	BULLETIN NUMBER IN HUNDREDS.
-	- LED BY FOUNDER FRED JAHRAUS. (JARASZ?)
	-FINANCED BY SUBSCEIBER DONATIONS.
	- IDEOLOGY PRIMARILY ISOLATIONIST - MOST PLATFORM PLANKS
-	TYPICAL OF THAT CAUSE: AVOID ENTANGLEMENT IN WORLD AFFAIRS,
	ESP. EUROPEAN; LIMITS ON IMMIGRATION, USP. BY NON ANGLO-SAXON,
	non-Northern EUROPEAN.
	- ECLENTERC BELIEFS PREVENT ASSOCIATION WITH ACCEPTED POLITICAL
-	ORGANIZATIONS OF SIMILAR STRIPE: Including CALL FOR CURRENCY
	DEVICE MATION AND A COMPLEX FORMULA TW WANGES TO EVECTORAL
	COLLEGE ENGINEERED TO INCREASE CLOUT OF STATES WITH PACIALLY
-	'PURE POPULATIONIS.
	- JAHRAMS PART OF LARGE HOUSEHOLD CONSISTING OF SELF, HIS MOTHER
	AND MANY FORMER POSTER CULDREN OF this MOTHER - ML
	PREVENT APL SUPPORTERY.
	Standing March 197 Alexandra Provide Standard Alexandra Standard
	- CAME TO SWE ATTENTION AS INCONCLUSIVE AVENUE OF INVESTIGATION
	DURING THE RED HOUDEN CASE., IT WAS PEASLED WHO BRUSHED
	UP AGAINST THEM-DIAGNOSED THEM AS EVIDENCING ODD AFFEC
	OTHERACTERISTIC OF PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDER, MITH PECULIAR
	SPEECH UMARDUMARNON DELAYS REMINISCENT OF, BUT NOT DENTICAL
	TO, INNSMANTH REJIDENTS - ON ACCOUNT OF HIS BEIEF EXPOSURE

TO THEM, PEASLEE CANNOT RULE OUT THE POSSIBILITY THAT THEY & SHARE & MUNDANE DISORDER. WHATEVER THE CASE, THE FEAR OF OUTSIDERS THAT AN MATES THEIR POLITICAL TRACTS MAKES THEM DIFFICULY SUBJECTS FOR INTERACTION. -YET JAHRAUS SEEMED ODDLY TRUSTING AFTER PEASLEE MADE A MODICUM OF EFFORT TO APPEAR SYMPATHETIC TO HIS VIEWS. FOR SIME REASON THE WORD "THOMARITES" or "THOMAR" COMES TO MIND. + TOMBARI, 1926. L.A. WADDELL DS485. HE MZ 1000. BONY Stall STENCTURE -HAIR-COVERED, THE CRESTED TOP OF ITS HEAD REACHED TO TOPSHELF OF MAP JECTION, THEREFORE APPROX. 7 FEET IN HEIGHT - SCALES OR CURIOUS FOLL CULAR PATTERN VISIBLE WHERE HAVE SPARSE OR ABJENT- PATTERNS OF HAIRLESSNESS NOT CONSISTENT, SUGGESTING DISEASE (MANGE?) DE WEAR. -PUNGENT AMMANIA SMELL MIXED WIT BUT SEARING E.P. AT THE MITH SOMETHING LIKE VANILLA BUREFOR BACK OF THE THEORT - PROVOKED SUBSTANTIAL WELLING OF TEARS -SUBSEQUENT TO ENCOUNTER, RICE AND I WERE LEFT COUGHING UP MICH FOR 48 HOURS MUCHS WAS VELLOW-GREEN AND VIEWED UNDER MICEOSCOPE WAS SEEN TO CONTAIN LONG STRANDS OF FLAMENTS OF AN UNIDENTIFIED INORGANIC MATTER, BLACK IN COLOR. THESE HAVE SINCE DRIED AND RESOLVED INTO A FINE POWDER. - MOIST IMPRESSIONS LEFT IN RUG NEAR GARD GATALOGUE. S TO THE EDOM HE CENTED IN A nem bander titte - AS ILOOKEND INTO THE APPARETION'S THE UNBIDDEN EMPTY EXES I WAS UNABLE TO SHAKE IMPRESSION THAT THE THING - WAS LOCKING SOLT OF AT WAS SOMEHIM NOT ACCEPTURE, BUT A GIVEN OMEN OF HARBINGER. A SYMPTOM, APPAREENT SOLIDITY, OF A GREATER ILLNESS INFECTING THE WORLD. SUDDEN SOUD DR. PERHARS A HALLUCINATION GIVEN FORM. A RIP HAD APPEARED IN THE VERY FABRIE OF CONVENTIONAL TIME AND SPACE, MANIFESTING THIS THING -AS THE MEDIUMS OF A GENERATION PAST JUMMONED ECTOPLASM FROM THE BRUNDLESS AETHER.



Document 3

WITHEASES SALL HE WAS ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT THE CONTENTS OF A FRODER WREEHSLIE. ON FOLLOW-UP INVESTIGATION WAREHOUSE WAS FOUND TO BE EMPTY. FRESH SCUFFS IN DUST ON FLOOR POINTED TO RECENT MONEMENT OF CRATES FACTORY MANAGERS MAIN TAIN WAREHOUSE HAS STOOD EMPLY FOR MONTHS. ALDRESS FOUND ON DUR MAN LED TO THE ROOM HE PENTED IN A NEARBY BOARDING HOUSE. ROOM WAS FOUND RANSACKED. NOTEBOOK MISSING. BOARDING HOUSE LANDLORD, MRS. WILMER CALLAHAN, REPORTED SEEING SEVERAL "SWARTHY, EUNUSUALLY?] SHOET FOREIGN MEN ENTER MORAN'S ROOM. SAID SHE WOULD NORMALLY HAVE CHALLENGED THEM, BUT DECUNED TO DO SO DUE TO "AWFUL LOOK" ON THEIR FACES . BASED ON MRS. CALLAHAN'S TESTIMONY, LOCAL AUTHORITIES ARRESTED & TRIDOF CHINAMENFOR THE SLAVING. SCANT EVIDENCE ASIDE PROM HER MENTION OF FOREIGNERS TIES THESE THEEE EESTALICANT WORKERS TO ANY CRIME. F

DYER HAS FOUND A REFERENCE TO THE TEARS OF AZAZOF OWN UBRARY COLLECTION AS LATE AS 1908. HAVE INSTITU FOR IT IN THE RARE BOOK COLLECTION AND THE REGULAR ST STOLEN AS WAS THE NECRONOMICON, BY W. WHATELEY?

EL I.

MORE DEATHS. spared the necessity of attempting frens ic detachment by the nume nature of their mundurs.

PEASLEE GONE, HEAD RAND PULPED BY METALPOLE. FREEBORN MRS. PLACMAN GONE TOO- MASSIVE STRUCE-. PRAY SHE IN FACT SU NAMED NATURAL CAUSES.

LITTLE CHANCE THAT HER HERES WILL CONTINUE INQUIRY FUNDING. ATTEMPTING TO FIND ALTERNATIVE PATRONS, BUT THE EXERCISE MAY BE MODT:

EREBORN DEAD IN QUEICH ON SUPPOSEDLY POUTINE ERRAND FOR UBRARY. ATTEMPTING TO SECURE PURCHASE OF BASEL CODEX DEM RARE BOOK DEADER OFTO VOSSKUEHLER. ACQUISITION WAS TO BE FUNDED BY MAS. PICKMAN. VOSSKUEHLER AND MUSSING; POSSIBLE AHNENDERBE INVOLVEMENT IN SHOSTING/KIDNAMANG. NO SIGN OF CODEX, IF VOSSKUEHLER EVER BOSKESED IT. ==

COLEX EITHER AN ANTHENTIC MAYAN PICTOGRAPHIC TEXT (112 PP; FOLDED PAPER HAND-SOKIBED ON FIG-TREE BARK) OR NOTORIOUS FORGERY. -SEE NEVE MECHAOLOGE SALING 1891 FOR 6 FACSIMME ANGES. CASE AGMINIST MUTHENTICITY BASED ON CONCERNS RE OUTCANIDISH CONTENT OF EVENTS DEPICTED IN CODEX, AS GSMPARED TO ACCEPTED ANALOGUES PER DING IN DRESEN 9 MADRID. BASEL SHOWS WEIRD GREATION MYTH OF NON HUMAN MERIVAL ON FARTH, DEPICTING BEINGS CYLINDRICAL, TENTALLED. BEER APES INTO SLAVE RACE SLAVE RACE REBELS, BECOMES HUMANITY. BAINER SWER (1852-1895, MURDERED IN BASEL ASYLYM) DISCOVERED CODEX, CLAIMAS ENDS WITH PEOPHECY OF FUTURE EECLERENCE. DEPENDING ON TRANSLATION SYSTEM USED FOR MAYAN CALANDER, THE CYLINDRICAL CACE IS PREDICTED TO RETURN TO EVERAL JOMETIME IN THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS. VERA CRIP DEATH



PEASLEES DEATH OHME TWO WEEKS AFTER HE ATTAINED MEMBERSHIP OF MRKHAM CHAPTER OF SOCIETY OF SYNCRETIC INQUIRY. - COLOQUIM OF SCIENTISTS, ACADEMICS AND WRERESTED LAYMEN DEDICATED TO " PROMOTING RESEARCH ACKOSS DISCIPLINARY BOUNDARIES" -UMBEELLA ORG. 1912 LONDON, VIENNA 1913, NEW YORK (1914?) ARKHMM CHAPTER C. 1924. THIS SCIENTIFIC BODY, COMPOSED MAINLY OF TENURED ACADEMICS, PEOMOTES RESEARCH ACROSS DISCIPLINARY LINES. - I was once invited to attend by former CHAPTER HEAD WILFRED WARELING, NOW THREE YEARS DEAD REMEMBER MUCH PIPESMORE AND INVIGORATING SPECILIATION. WAKELING KNEW THE MYTHOU AND OCCASIONALLY ACCESSED THE SPECIAL BOOK COLLECTION. HAD THE IMPRESSION I WAS BEING SOUNDED OUT ABOUT SOMETHING - WE CIRCLED LIKE WARY TIGERS, NEITHER YIELDING HIS SECRETS . SENT PEASLEE IN APTER NEW CHAP, EDWIN GARSDALE, TOOK OVER. MORE THAN A FAINT WHIFE OF BRIMSTONE FROM HIM. WITH HINDOLGHT I NOW REQUIRE SOMETHING ABOUT HIM REMINDED ME OF THE HAVEY PHANTASM RICE AND I HANNE BEHELD IN THE UBRARY. Society of Syn AND NOW PEASLEE IS GONE. Founders' Banquet an. SENT HIM TO HIS END. Sunday February Admit One \$4 -9

GAZING AT A PHOTO REMPH OF EDIMIN CHESDALE, A CUEIDIS CONNECTION SNAPS INTO PLACE. IT'S THE LOOK IN HIS EYES. - GO TO THE NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE. THERE, FRAN THREE YEARS AGO, THE FAMMUS PHOTOGRAPPH OF BANK ROBBER BUSSELL FUSCHARK, USED ON HIS WANTED POSTERS. NEITHER MAN RESEMBLES THE OTHER, BUT IN ESSENCE THE INDEFININGLE CONTINUITY IS IN THE DEAD GLEAM OF THEIR EPES. FUSAHACK TILTS HIS HEAD AS DOEN CHESDALE. THE SINISTER HANTEUR. A SMIRKING KNONLEDGE OF COMINIA CHAOS. FUSCHACK This CAMPANON HMES BOSS DONILAND MERE KILLED GLONG WITH THREE ACCOMPLICES LAST AUGUST. DIED IN A HAIL OF BUCONSTAND FBI BILLET NEAR EMIGRANT, MONTANA HAVE CONTACTED FRIENDLY JUEN ALL TO SOLEMAN PALLY CHEONICLE. THE SAYS RUMOR ATTRIBUTES "SUP ENALIZED ELEMENT TO THE FUSALLE - DONLANDS GANG!" LAMPAGE PINCHACK MUERED TO MATE CONSULTED FORTUNE TEUSOR BEFORE EACH SHUK JOB; SAID TO HAVE FALLEN MIT WITH HER BY REFUSING TO STRIKE AT A PARTICULAR BANK AS HER. DAEMONS GMMANDED. SHE THEN READ THE THEOT FOR HIM - AND SAW HIS DEATHY. LOCAL LEGEND HAS 17 THAT HER CURSE LED TO HIS FATAL ENCLINTER WITH &-MEN A WEEKLATER. OTHER MORE PRACTICAL CUMPARS HOLD THAT THE FORTUNE TRUER. INFORMED ON HIM TO THE FBI COLLECTING A CONSIDERABLE REWARD. 43

- INTERRUPTER JUST NOW BY A USIT FROM EDWIN CARDAGE SHOW WANT ME TO JOIN THE SOSI. QUITE BROKEN UP OVER WHAT HAPPENIED PEASCEE. HE CLAIMED. BLAMED IT ON ANARCHISTS !! MENTIONED THE PEASLEE SITUATION AS IF HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT. SAID LAND IDEOLOGUES OF THE STRIPES 'JOUGHT & MORE BLACKONT NOT ONLY OF KNOWLEDGE, BUT OF CONSCIENTINERS. ONLY MEN OF LEARINING & GOODWILL COMED STEM THE TIDE OF MADNESS. THEN HE SAW THE FUSCHACK-DONLANDS NEWSPAPER CUPPING ON MY DESK AND VISIBLY BLANCHED. SEEMED TO WITHDRAW THE OFFER OF WEINBERSHIP AND ALL BUT TRIPPED OVER HUSSELF ON THE WAY ALT THE Dark-TEMPTED TO FOLLOW HIM, BUT OUR RANKS ARE THINNING. IT IN NOTSAFE TO STAY HERE. CAN RELY ON NO ONE ELSE. I MUIST GO OUT, AS IF I WERE A YOUNGER MAN, AND BECOME A FIELD OPERATIVE. WILL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.

OF 1 INCLUDEDGE THAT I AM BEING WATCHED, I WILL BE PARAYZED. IN OCDER TO ANTIT PORTAND THAT IAM NOT. WILL NOT STOP ME TAKING THENSIVE MEMOURES MINDYM. BUT TO DURUL ON THE ODDS ADMITTME SERVES NO PURPOSE. 4 A.F. (SAN) (MAKA) SIAL DIAL . Et alta -Ŷ, -THE WILL N t_{i}

the protuce teller gives her name as MADAME CLAUDE GOUDY A?? Hersmoky eyes are such that even a profirmed backely might the and fall into them. Were the ciramstonces sitteent and noning of significance hanging in the balance SHE DEALS THE CARDS AND THEY SWILL BEFORE MY EYES . @ @ SHE ARRANGES THE CARDS IN AN IDIOJYNCRATIC FASHTON. SAKS STRE LEARNED THIS IN A SEASIDE TOWN, BACK IN HER HOME COUNTRY. I ATTEMPTED TO MEMORIZE THE NAME AS SHE SAID IT BUT IT SUBFACED ONLY BRIEFLY to DIS APPENR BENEATH THE WHITENEDWATERS OF HER ACCENT. EXOTIC AND IMPENETRABLE. PRESED TO EXPLAN, SHE SAID THAT VILLAGES CLOSER TO THE SEA ARE THOSE THAT PRESERVE THE · OLD WAYS PEST. LAND CULTURES CHANGE BUT THOSE WHO DRAW THEIR LIVES FROM THE DARK WATERS ADELATAA DOMONTO DEAW ON OLDER TRUTHS. SHE TURNED OVER THE HIBROATANT AND SAYS THAT THE TEARS I HAVE SEEN CRYING HULL SOON BECOME LEGIBLE .. MM I FINALLY CLOSE TO FINDING THE TEARS OF ACADOTH? ESSAY ON THE HEROTYPHIC JAHGREPPO (STUARET) BELLEY 1830 SPINETTO 1829, 1845

Document 5

CAN THE UNGULST LARS FAGEBBERG INDEED PRANS ATE THIS SORAP OF RUBBED HERDGWAT IHAVE BEEN GVEN OR IS IT A SIZAPPER ARAFEN FORGERY MEANT TO THEON ME ONES OFE THE TRACK? AND IFSO WHAT CONNECTS HIM TO THE MARCURO CLIME FINILY? SECAUSE HERELING IN THIS ABATTANA BEERE-SMELLING CILIP JOINT WATTING FRETTE DD MONS DEFERENCIEN ARRIVAL THERE IS A FAT BARTENDRESS Smacking her gos abeady asing my ther LERING AT ME KNOW IN G TOO NOT BELONG HERE. A RIMMY DEFECTIVE SITS DOWN AT THE PLAYER PLAND PLAND PLANS IT'S PEDALS OUT SAMUS THE TOTILING CACOPADIC & ALACOTHS PROTOBLASING FORMATISES BROTHER CAN YOU SPACE A DIME. WAS FABOR CORE HOUNDE ME ON? WRING ME HERE PLANNING TO DETACH MY HEAD FRIM MY SOUDERS MUCH A LENGTHE AGAINTE LURING ME HERE WITH TO INTENTION OF COMMENTINGER !! LASE IF THE MARCUIZOS OWN THU PLACE AND AM JUNUNIONON THE BOR ON SENTER UNTU GONDENDUS PAR ENDER ONTON HEAREN GREETED BY JONY SILENCE. I AM HARDLY THE STREETMOETHE FOR THESE CINCENTANICES. BUT :--- IS DEAD NOW. GOULD DOMDER MODINIAND PUMPED FULL OF CYARGIDE the the landante NO SIGN OF FASERAFE METER HTMU ATSCALLESS WALK AND AND HUMAN MUKY OF NOXIAS LIKE SCEND AND DEMANDS COMENTS BACKER AND CALLED AND COMENTS WATTING FOR HOURS IN THIS STINKING DIVE. WHAT NEWOWN ADARTOS BEAUT THE MARCUROS: RUNS APADAMENTAL LITTLE TOUY - ATACATH PATHERELIO AMNG FOUNDER CHURCH BLACK HAND, PRE- COMPANY VOLSTEAD ACT CHARAM ENDID ESPANSION AND ENERGIMENT DEALULADOUTION AS BEER ENDING DEGRAME and from got plast prohibition - since expering musing beaute and the and the POSTFITON HASTOOR SOME RUMANES SAY NARCOTICS, ITAR WAY OTHERS DANY IS CATEMARY TO ENO MACHUZUS ROMANIST PIETIES / MOTHERING DEAL - aboved THAT HIS RELIGIOSITY MARIATINGTER HOLL PERMIT WHITE SLAVERY YET NOT DODE TRAFFIC STUD NIGGUERAUTO HEUTENANTO MENCO the USEROM RECULIES YOUNGER BOTHERS VITCORIO MARCHESE & MAR BEAG ANVIA (614 TILLOUGHAR BEOTHERS IN-LAW). TIGHTLMT FAMILY DEASALHETER NO POLICE INFLICTATION POUSIBLE. 24492 AUG HERE does the islection of A GAMBUNG DEBT EXPLAND AFER POSSESSION OF THE TEARS OF AZA LOTH & due

AT THE VERY LEAST THERE HOD OVER FABEREGG WhO POWESSES IT OV IS 17

SEPARATION EPITHELIAL TISSUE BETWEEN SKULBRAIN ROASTING SMELLINS IDE PERINELLA CANCER BURROWING BURRING LASHING SLASHING INNER BETRAYAL HUNGEN AGAIN MEERDY THOUGHT HUNGER

MY OWN NOTES BETRAYME. FILLED WITH MADNESS.

UNSULE WATY IAM WEITING THESE ABSURD THINGS . GROSSING THEM OUT RETURNS THESENTENCES TO ACCURACY AND CONFERENCE, THEY ARE THE TENTH TISTURT WHICH'S NOT CROSSED OUT THAT IS UTTERLY DECEPTIVE MOBUS SURLINGS

is a lary seasible from but have been a such places before he standt OF THE DEAN THE DAMMARKE DUEAN EVES GALING UPON ME FROM EVERYSHUTTERED WINDOW THE CURTAINS DRAWN TIGHT WITH THEYSLIP OPEN AND AN EVE IS SEENA WATERY EVE ELDERLY EVE A PUPILSUTTED DANS THE MODILE UNBUNGING DAMABLY UNBUNKING SHOE THE SEGIMMUNODETIME THEY CAN SEEME BUT IOWON MY DESTINY LES ELSENNERE MY DEMUSE WILL BE HORRIELE BATITMUNOT OCCUR HERE WITH THE SHELER OF THE GUILS AND THE WINDING LANE DOWN TO THE DUCK AND THE

PREFESTOR DAYS, WHAT IS HE DONG HERE? DID IS EETING OR IS IT A PHONTASM OF MEMORY? IN THAT MUEY I BEHEND HIM RAPT IN ENGINEST COULDQUY WITH THE HOCK HANDED MAN. HIS ONCE PROWS BEARD NO LONGE REMINISCENT OF POSEIDON, BUT MATTED AND PRESSED TO the JAN NIDEJAN BY DEDZING PEAN. OECIL DAW OF ALL PEOPLE NEVER WAS A

RATIONALIST MORE HARD-BITTEN. I REMEMBER THE QUERULOUS RUSE OF HIS

EVERENIS WHEN A MEREINISTENCE DARED QUESTION HIS STAUNCH DARMINIAM MATERIALISM, TO SUGGEST THE PRESENCE OF A DISTANT ANIMATING GOD BEHIND THE

WORKINGS & SUBNCE. VET THERE IS HIS AMBITTON TOD. ALSO I RECALL THE COUGHTWAT SPUTTER WHEN THE 'SLADBELS WERE MUNCLED, THE NAMES OF SHEREINGTON AND

ADRIAN CALLED ONT IN THE FACULTY LOUNGE. EVEN I, IN MY DISTANT FIELD OF EPIGRAPHY

KNEW THAT THEIR WS GOTS INTO THE NEWRON HAD BOTH PREFIGURED AND ECLIPSED HAS. HIS RAGE THAT DAY . THE REONEN OF HIS FACE. NOW THAT I LOOK BACK ON IT THERE

WAS A PURITY TO HIS FURY THAT I BEHOD IN AMORE PRIMAL STATE IN THE EXPRESSION OF THE DAGON CHITISTS WHO POPULATE THIS SLEEPY MURGE

AND THE WINDING LANE TO THE DOCK AND THE BLOOD THERE, THE WEITHING GEARS THE ASYMMETRIC CREATURES BROUGHT UP IN THE NETS THE WEITHING GOD HELP ME. ISEE THE FUTURE AND IT IS THE PAST. 1

DULLE OLSON APPEARS TO BE AN DEPINARY STOREKEEPER BUT IS A LIVONIAN KNIGHT. HE KEEPS AN ANCIENT SWARD IN HIS STORERIOM, MARKING the ANCESTRAL HERITAGE AS A BATTLER AGAINST CTHILTHED EVIL OWE DUSON APPEARED TO BE AN ORDINARY STOREKEEPER BUT KEEPS A MONSTER IN THIS STOREROOM. HE MUST REED PEOPLE TO IT DRIT MUL EAT HIS FAMILY. THAT IS HIW MORAGERAND DIED : DEVOUCED BY THAT THING. QUE OLSON IS AN DEDINARY STOREKEEPER

I HAVE BEEN SPUT INTO THREE PARTS LIVING SIMUTANEOUS LY IN THREE AUTERNATIES. THEY INTERWEAVE, ADMIXING, CANCELING EACH OTHER. EVERYONE DOES THIS.

BUT THEY CANNOT SEE IT.

FOR ORDINARY MINDS, REALITY ELASES ITS OLD TRACKS WHEN IT EXAMINED MINISTERIES

ITSELF. I CAN SEE THE BRASER SHOWINGS, THE FAINT RED MARKS OF THE EDITORIAL HAND REVISING

EVER REVISING.

OF COURSE OCCAM'S EAROR, WHICH HOLDS THAT WHEN PRESENTED WITH TWO POSSIBLE ANSWERS TO A QUESTION, ONE MUST ACCEPT THE ONE REQUIRING THE FEWEST ASSUMPTIONLY WOULD IN THIS CASE PORCE THE CONCUSION THAT MY BERCEPTION IS BUT A NEW STAGE OF MY EVER-ADVANCING MADNESS.



Document 6

PETROMON BRACES ME, LOCKS ME IN HIS STEELY EYES, SWIFFS MITH SUSPICION I ASK HIM ABOUT THE NOPHEN-KA PANEL. HE DENIES ALL KNOWEDGE OF IT. I

INSIST THAT HE KNOWS, GENERAL STOTHMET SAND THAT HE KNOW. THAT HE HAD IT, PERMAND, SQUIRRENED AWAY IN HIS ATTIC.

THE NOPHRY- KA PANEL. INSIST. EVER MORE INVISTENTLY INSIST. ISAW HIM SITTA A PHOTOGRAPHI OF IT AT THE SILVER BALL

INEVER GO TO SWANKY NIGHTCUBS. HE SAYS. I RAAPAND HAM WITH

IF YM HAVE NEVER BEEN TO THE SILVER BALL, HAN POYMKNIW ITISA SWANKY NOATCLUB.

HE AREFERS, CANGHT LIKE A LYING DEER LYING IN THE HEADIGHT OF AN

THE NOPHEN-KA PANEL YM SMNE, 1024. SETUNG HIM BY THE LAPELS. UMESTONE PHNEL, PLVE PEET BY STATEEN. PEUEF OHENING OF A PELEST SLAUGHTERMA, SIX HAPLESS SLAVES.

FOUR HE CORRECTS ME AND LAPPLE HIM AGAIN. GUSSANDO.

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THE PANEL HOW DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY SLAVES HEE BEING SLAVAUTERED?

TALE MAY DAVE AND SMASHITACEOSS AS REPERY VENDUS FOREHEAD.

BLOD JUDITES HE PAUD TO HAS KINEES. CHORING UTUGHTER THUMPTS PAIR HELING PERMITS WHEAT. DEHON LONGLANE TO REAMED OF THIS, PUNISHTON AFTHISE WHAD DEPENDING WAST HAVE PUNISHED AND HUMILLATED THE HUMAN RAGE IT THE WAIMATE EXPRESSION OF HUMANTRY PECCERATION OF RATIONAUTYPHIND FLOEY. NEWERSHEWED IT SUBJUGATE ITSELF TO MORMS TO MENERSHEWED OTOPINTO MASSES OF DOSMAN FILTPH THAT DARE TO DEEM THEMSELVES GODS.

HOW DARE THEY ?? HAIL THE PATHERLAND!

VON HAVENOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHANNES.

THE NOPHEW-KAPANEL. IS EIGHTEONSLY DEMOND-KINDYNASTY ERYPT. DUBLSURMONED ON PRIESTS HEAD, AVEN LANDSACPE-WHAT YEAR WAS IT EXCLUSINED, I EXCLUSION

1927 WE SUBLES THEORY & SEVERA UPS. SPITS NOT BEDGEN TERETH. SEVERAL MORE TIMES I HAVE ALEREDY SMASHED BY PERCHAR GOB), EXCANDED NOT IN EANOT, BUT INTERIOR KERICA. HOW DO YOU EXPLAINT THAT, ORDINARY SOLENCE? , NEMED FOR PERE PREST. FOLLOWERS

FLED TO GUARNIE.

PETRONICH WHIMPES WHY ARE I'V HTTING ME ITIN IN THE BASEMENT OF THE METROPOUTING ME ITIN IN THE BASEMENT OF THE METROPOUTING MI USEW! IN NEW ROVER NOW HERE NEWE ME NOTHING TO DO WITH THE



LOGOSPHERIC UNION.

AGA. AGAIN HE IS TRAPPED IN DECEPTION BECAUS AND AND THEY ARE AT ADMIT IT.

SEVENIA PEREVICIA BY THE SHOWDER OF HIS GOLE-SIMILED JACKET I HEAVE HIS HEADONTO THE SHARP COENER OF HIS MAHOGATWY DESP- HE GROWLS, SHUDCERS BLOCK PRODUCES SOMETHING FROM HIS POCKET. I KICK IT ASIDE I STOMPON HIS FINGER, DELIRIOUS JOY RISING THROUGH MY TENRAKED HEADLAS BONES CRUNCH-REPERCE MARE FONES TO BREAK IN ANY MAN THOND THAN

HNYWHERE EVE ON THE HUMAN BODY.

THEOBLED NA STEANLOR ASSEMBLAGE OF IMPOSSIBLE ANOLES AND WETALLING CALLY IMPOSSIBLE RESIDLES

I STAASH IT WITH A PAPER WEIGHT. REPUTATIONAL PETROLARS DESK VEIND ASMALL PLIJEL AND A SKCKELAKLDREGTER.

HE IS DEAD NOW 17HINK. THE DOOR OPENS LAIM THE PISTOLAND PRE INITIALPATING A TLAATHAK OR STAR HOREOK. INSTEAD IT IS ONE OPTIME CHATTERING TUD LADES PETROVICH JURROWED HERSELF. THE MOMMUNS KNEES BUCKLE ARED BUTCH SPREADS FOR ASHER SILL BROWESTE SMELLY LIKE PRECLAST. 1912 AN DOTTER RAWHD INFOHER TEMPER SIDE GERTAIN SHE IS JUSKICHER - LABORIOUSLY I

DRAG BOTH ORPOES DOWN TO THE UNIONSCOLDANGEMENTON THEWRY RENCOUNTER INVESTIGE SUCKOY

WITH THE SUNCEIFICIAL DAGGER ! WITTHEM IN PRECES. THESE ILDAD INTO A SERVES OF SUICASES. LAXA CREEPLUTD CATEGORISE THE CONTENTS SCIENTIFICATURY. ONE TRUNK FULLOF LEGS, HEMS IN ANOTHER, A THIRD RESERVED EXCUSSION FOR TORSOS AND SO ON ANAFTOMY AND TRANSMAY BEDIER MESSE. THESE ; WILL WIDELY DIFERSE TROUGH THE CONSTRUCTED ON THAT THE FOLL AUTHORITES PARAMIS OF TSATHOGGUA THAT THEY ARE WAL BE CONSURED AND DIFFERED.



SPUCE TO XICUS APPEARATIONS AT THE LOADSPHELD UNDIN HAVE OBLIGUSLY PHISELY BEEN BLAINED ON POURSUS AT THE LOADSPHELD UNDIN HAVE OBLIGUSLY PHISELY BEEN BLAINED ON POURSUNTY IN THE 曲 when the ENTREMACE NOT A LEAST ATE INTERNATION I SETTING AND A MARKET AND THE WAY ON THE TAKE THE AND A MARKET AND A M LONGE ONLY WILLTIN, FIND CHANNEL COLL SUMMENT WITHE ENVIRE MODEN GROWTER, LLINGER, WHI S. WT. N. PR. J. S. D. T. MS MISTLY C. BOLED T. GRUDEL NIKENEE FROM THERE MITTLE Y LINDER BIT WHITH THI THE R. G. WITHER S. U.S. REV. AND BE TO THE SEW NINHERE IN THIS IN DEN TO SUM THE THINT OF THIS THE THE THE THE THE SUMMER SUM THE SUM DEV. & MYSELF, TO: CHARRENG P.R. D. Y. THAT W. KENS GORAT OTHICH. FROM THE DEPTH AND BRINGS "B. T THE RUM F.T. L.C.S. CLYSM D.R. WH-OH . YE RN? FRUES BMOUL WYNN . ND THE TE ON .F. 2.2. TH. TS THE M.BEN M.H. SLR. DT. M.ST. CQ. .RE. UNIC CHARLED MY HOME AGAIN AS & MOLOY TENEMENT IN WHENED BY CONSULE AND DECEMBERTE MEDITELEONER/THES. SOMETIM AS INTHE CREATER TODEL WIG HANAMATE MYD INTENSILE WON ITENES I THANK I MAY HAVE AN IT THESE

HISTORY WILLS NO IDI OF SUP TO EMPSONIES 1 ð The of Angerson of the second NE Mezery -6E 1/2 500 Avaelony Stanny 144 501 3 Strate of Marked Company of the second secon How we we we want to and the second of the s WINDERS STORM THE THIS NOUTRY E AND ST AND UNITED AND THE CARDER NOT TO AND A THE STANDARD CONTRACT OF AND A THE STANDARD CONTRACT OF A DESCRIPTION OF A DESC THE É т. Mile Support of Constraints of Const FINK, DOM TH SE For UNC

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A BERDING MEMBER MORE MINIER GROW MINED MINIER REGUL DESEMBLIC REVIED I BREED DESCRIMINOM GAINED RIME MOR IDEOGRAM THE IRON IDEOGRAM THE IRON IDEOGRAM THE IRON INAMINED ROMAL MEMBED DERE IRON MEMBED DERE IDN MEMBED BON RIGOL

MODENA CREINDIRE.

IT IS AND OLD SOME IN ANTHROND ANCH - CARLES THAT HUMAN PLEAF PARABLY SATES LIKE ONCE AN THE CLOSER, IN FRAT, TO POCK DYBEL ROAN, ON THE REAL AND, CONDING FASILY BE DISTURDED ONCE PROPERLY POEPHEED, PERMIT THAT OF A CALLE I THINK I WILL CLUBE WHAT IS LEDT OF ASHLED I THINK I CAN ACHTER THE PLANER, AND CONSTRUCTOR MEMORY AND A

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RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.

For a4 hams, take fix pounds of fine lair, three pounds of coarle brown fugar, or two pints of molaffes, and one pound of falt petre pounded fine—mix all thefe together, and rub every-ham with the mixture, and pack them down in your cafk ; let them remain five or fix days, then utpack them and thole which were on the top, put at the bottom of the cafk, and fprinkle a little falt over them—fo let them remain for five or fix days, and then make a pickle that will bear an egg, and pour over till it covers them—to let the whole remain for one month and they will be fit for fmoke.

N. B. Twelve Hams, use the half of the above ingredients.

itorial Department.

I HAVE RECOVERED MY SANTCY. BUT NOW THE WORLD IS DEAD. MISKATONIC BURNS THE PARMITIENES, THE SCIENCE HALL ANOTTS ANNOY, CARETER HALL - ME LAZED SHANTAKS ALLAGE THE LOOKSEY BUILDING ONLY THE UBRARY STILL STANDS. FOR THIS LASS MERCY ONE MUST CREOT THE ELDERSIGN WILMARTH HAD INLANDING THE VERTIBULE BOR - NONFERTELESS THE ATOUS HOME SMASTED ITS DOORS - HER CARE MUSY THE TOMES AND SCIENES SO PAINSTAN OR Y GATHERED - TO WHAT IMPERIAL PATION THEY INTERD TO DELIVER THEM, I CANNOT CHIN. I AMIN THE ATTIC, A TRID OF PISTORS WHED UP ON THE FLOOR SESSIONE ME WATTING FOR THE TENP DOVE TO STEN, FOR THE AMPLICANINE FACES TO APPEAR - 1 DO NOT KNOW MEAT I PEAR MURE - THATTALEY WILL DEMUR MR - DELODE LPON ME AND EMBLACE ME IS ME OF THEIR MN. IF I CAMILTO THE WINDIN I CAN SER GARRISON STREET. CORDES, STRIPPED AND RETAIN LE STACLED ON TA CEMBORAR AVEMENT. FUNCTED PALAP FIGURES SUTTLE PERIODICALLY to them to game on AFOR OK SUCK AGUEY ENERAL GENTY PAM TOS SOCIET. THE ANR TO HUM IN THEIR Attoms sometimes conse there shours to THEY KNOW THAT THE WALL IDETER ANGEFUL SADNESS cueres portaly WORLD IS ENDED, AND THAT THE SURFEIT WE FLESH WEPSES REPLESENTS A REPORT THE FAMINE FOR DAYS. THE SUN THAS BEEN OBSCURED BLACK SMOKE LIES ATOPUS LIKEA GLASS . HAD WE SEEN VERSA BLANKET THE MUSPLED PLEES OF bar marcher THAT CALD WANE BOJON, NEW YORK AND PITLADOURINA RAIN ASH ACLOS THE EASTERN SEAB PARD. IT FALLS IN A BLACK SLEET. NOW AND THEN A HUALSTOCH PEUTS THE EARTH. THE ICY PELLETS, LARGE AS MY THUMBS, CIN RED WITH BLOSD .

Document 8

I HEAR THE GOTHLES SNIEDLING BELING THEY NEE TRUSTING ME, I BELIEVE. ALLMING ME TIME TO STEW WERE PAST MASTACES. LOUCING BACK ICAN ANTAIKONLY OF RE ABANDONED LEADS, THE CLUES UNFOLIONED. I AM SULE THERE IS ONE MYSTERY, ONE CONSACALY THAT, HADWE PLUMBED IT, WILLD HAVE REENENTED THE ACRIVAL OF HELL ON EARTH. -ONE SILAND IN THE WAS THAT ONCE TUGGED LOOSE COULD HAVE LEPT THE GREAT ONES IN THERE GRAVES AND PENSOUS-WAS IT THE CLECKE LITE LODGE? THAT COMMENT JONAS STOCKTON MADE AT THE HARCENSEVE BONFICE IMPLIED WAT HE WHEN MORE WAN HELET ON LICE THOUGHT HIM SYMPATHETIC, BUT IF JO WHY DID HE NOT APPEARING THE CRUS APPOSEDLY BASES ITS RITES ON THE ELEMAN MYSTERIES -BUT IP THAT FEITELLET IN THE TO BE BELIERED - AND SET WE KNEW HIM TO BA A HERDIN ADDI CT-AND YES TREASE WAS THE DIAGNOSIS OF TENETIONY SUPPORTS SYAMUS, BUT IF ONLY WE HAD GIVEN HIM CEEDENCE . NON THAT THE SPRECEAST FROM YOCH OTENNY RY ATE SCIES, HIS RAND & NEWT THE CLACKING OFFINGAL CLANS SEEMS ALL TOS RESILENT. Agricultural. From the Trenton True Am RECIPE-TOR CURING AD WAY BID THAT HALF MEDIED GHALL, WHITLE PANKACKING THE STACKS, LINGER WITH MARTERS NOSTAGAA OVER A CAPY OF THE NIGHTINGALE ? PERMAS TURS MERELY THE CRUDE ILLUSTRATION ON ITS MIMBOGRAPHED CONFIC. BENERUY GUMMERO, IT APPEARED TO BE A RAVEN AND A SKORE POSIBLEY THE SKULL IMAGE SMIPLY TRUMERED IT'S CANINIBAL IMPULSES . YET THIS AMATEUR PUBLICATION WAS IN OUR COLLECTION FORA REASON - ITHME ITUMS RICE, 52 WAS IT MORAMN? WHO FOUND IT INTERESTING - BUTWAY? CERTAIN MERDS AND PHRASES WED IN THE POETRY, YES. BUT THERE MAS MORE TO IT. THE RIBUNTER, HE TENGGERED SUSPICIONS. WARTENDO THE MISNER, IT IS NOW INSACCESSIBLE, MR. STATIS FILES NOW SHREDDED AND SCATTERED TO THE CHARNEL WIND.

WHAT EWE SHOWLDI' HAVE SEEN? TOOSE FARMERS THE BUTTON FAMILY. WHER WERE THEY LOCATED - NEAR PEARCE LAKE? OUT BY STON? DENTERBRIDGER THERE WAS A PERFECTINGE TO A MELDERING CHURCH, I REMEMBER THAT MUCH. MOLGAIN THOUGHT THEM CORRUPT, WRITINGED TO THE OLD ONES. RICE ARONDUNCED THEM MERE BACKWOODS IMBELIES. WITH RESOURCES UMATED, WE DEEMED THEM INSUFFICIENTLY PANGEDOUS TO BOTHER WITH BUT IT IS INTERE FOLGOTTEN CORNERS OF THE WORD THAT DARK EXCRESSIONCES CRAW?

DE GROCHE BELING. THE DOOR OF CHLORORDEM ALWAYS ON HIM. THE LEERING INSINUATIONS. HIS ASIATIC TRAVELS. MANY ARE BUINGRAED RUMORED TO HAVE TROD THE PLAINS OF LENG-YEA HE HAD THAT PHOTOGRAPHION HIS DESK-BEPORE HE NOTICED MELODUMIG AT IT AND SWEPT IT CRUDELY FROM SUGHT.

ALTE PIVAR. THE CIRCUS PREAK. SUPERIONE CANYON DIGTOR RUNINIGINITYS VEINIS WAS THAT OF PAGON'S SAWN. THE BRAKELINE OF MY ANDMOBILE WAS CUT THAT NGHT -I CAN EASILY EXANSION HIM CLAMBERING DELOW TO ATTEMPT MURDER AT A REMOVE. HE TRIDLED VISIOLY WHEN I AND MEDING PROBED HOM ON THE GIRL DIGA PREARANCE. IEXPECTED GIVE TO PLARE A HIS NELL.

THE DETECTIVE CHEE MEGRANIC . HE WAS NOT THE THE TO HOW IN A CIRCLE TO GODS UNKNOWN, BUT HE DID EAGERY OBSTRUCT PRESULT OF THE AGREESSIVE, LEARNED WHO HIS CHENT WAS INGHT MUTTER, THAT COULD WAIVE OPENED THE WO GN A SQUIRMING CABAC AMONG THE CITY'S ELTE.

AS I FLED TO THIS COBWEBBED ROOM, I WAS LEFT WITH TIME TO POUCK BUT A SONTARY PRECIOUS VOLUME FROM THE CONECTION · IABANDONED TO THE GHOUS THE NECKONOMICON, THE VON JUNIET. THE THAUMATURGE A PEODIGNES.

AS CLAMDIA THE GYPSY WOMAN SAND, I NOT DUD THE TEARS IN MY HAND THE BUSIGN IN AS DESCRIBED. ISEE IF WHENEVER I CLOSE MY EVEN, A SUMING GREEN IN PROVIDIN THE BLACKNESS - IS IT BECAUSE THE SPELLARS BEEN GALT,

THE TUME SUPPACE BEGINNUMBER?
THE GHOULS REARED FROM ME IN FIND FARE I WAS THERE KING. THAT I KILLED THE FIRST THREE OF THEM THE MAN THE TRUP DOOR TRANSLED THEM NOT SUCH WAS MY RIGHT AS THERE SOVEREIGN. THEY BORE ME THROUGH THE STREET OF ABOLIAM, CHANTING MY NAME ADNG WITH THAT BE THE DIGGIAN, THE CHARNELGOD. ARMITAGE

ACMITAGE!

A CHOICING CLOUD OF FUES OBSCURED THE AIR CORPSE FRAGMENTS LITTERED THE STREETS. JEWYEISH THINGS PROJECTING THE SKIES. THEY DESCENDED ON BURNING HOUSES, LAAPING HUNGRILY AT THE FLATTLES. THE GHOULS HISSED AND REARED AT THEMA BUT THE POLYRS PAID THEM NO HEED THE GHALL THAT HELD MY QUARING

SHOULDER SEEMED FAMILIAR DELATE THE CANINE DIMENSIONS OF HIS DISTUETED CE. THE WHITE-THETS DE HAIR. WIND JAGGED SUME ACROSS HIS SNOUT REMUNDED ME INDELIBLY OF THE UNPORTUNIOTE ANTHROPOLOGIST HENRY PUSSELL IRECALLED PUSSELL'S DISCUSSION OF THE ARUMITWE TRUBES HED STUDIED DEEP IN THE BENIGHTED RAIN Itusal. FORENTS OF BLIRMA AND THE AMAZON . HE ADMIRATION - WHEN I COULD NOT HELP SHUDDERNIG

SPORE OF THEM WITH GREINI AT THEIR DEGENERALIES, HE GREW COUD AND CHANGED THE SUBJECT. I WE GED FEREBORN TO SOUND HIM OUT FURTHER BAT BY THEN RUSSELLHAD LEFT ON ANOTHER EXPEDITION . AND NOW I CONLONOT HELP BUT SUS SAMPOSE HIS FEATURES OVER THIS ODDLY-CONFIGURED GHOUL THE CREATURE SHUTTED MY ENQUILY AND CREATED IN A HARTINGE TONIGHE, AS IF THE ACT OF HUMAN SPEECH PAINED IT TERRIBLY. AT FILL I COULD NOT MAKE OUT THE WORDS, REPEATED, UNTIL LUNDBESTOD FROM AS SAVIOUR PRISEN.". bruch IT THISSED, "IN A REDICULOUS A MET TO CONCEAL MY WORDS PREMI THEREST KUSSEL. OF THE GHOWLISH THEONIG. "HENRY EUSSELL" INCOMPREABLE GLOEV" HIS VOICE, THOUGH THAT IS YM, ISN'T IT? " "BLOOD HALL INWERSION!" THOUGH CHOURN APPAREEN IT RANDOM, I TOOK AS A PEOLY IN THE APPIRMATIVE. THESE WORRS HOW DID YOU TRANSFORM?" WHAT LAMPP ED' TAWIL AT- "UMP " HE CEDAKED. I SAW A JUNGLE PART, A PNAKOTUSH MNKR.

DESCENT INTO A LIGHTLES TUNNEL, FELT AGAIN THE TASTE OF BLOGD AND

HUMAN FLESH IN MY MONTHY. UNCOOKED

RUSSELL AND THE OTHERS LED ME TO THE COMETHONE, ITS PORTICO SHEARED AWAY, ITS COLUMNS TOPPLED. STUMBLING, WE ITS BEOKEN STERS THEY CARRIED ME INTO THE FOYSE. AND DOWN ASETOF STERS I HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN. TO COMPETENT I WAS DREAMING, FOR IN DREAMS AND THE RECHTECTURE OFTEN RECONFIGURES AND MISCONSTRUES ITSELF. YET I COULD PEEL OF AIR ON MY CRAWLING FLESH, AND INTENSELY FEEL THE PRESSURE OF MY SUBJECT. CLANED HANDS AS I BYPWHED ME EVER FURTHER INTO THE DEPITHS. AS THE STEPS CURVED INTO A SERIES INTESTINAL CORRIDORS, AS THE SURFACE CHANGED FROM BRICK TO JADE - CO. MAD STONE, IREALIZED WIDAT HAD HAPPENED. I WAS DREAMING.

I WAS DREAMING AND I WAS AWAKE. THE GHOUS WERE TAKING THE INTO THE

THE APOCALYPSE HAD TORN OPEN THE BULLERS SEPARATING THE THO REALMS.

I WAS TAKEN INTO AN OCTAGONAL CHOMINGER OFT BY VIOLET FIRE. THERE I WAS PLACED ON A THEONE CARRYED FROM THE IRON OF A HEAD THES OF A FANTASTIC BEAST. A GROTESQUELY OBESE CHOWL MAIDEN THRUTH FORMATION & GOLDEN PLATE PILED HIGH WITH GRAPES AND SEVERED FINGERS. GINGERLY I POPPED A RESULTED THE GRAPPES INTO MY STARVING MUTAT-I TRIED NOT TO MIND THE DOTS OF BLODD DIN THEIR GUSTERING SLING. ACRIMIN WAS PLACEDON MY HEAD. THE GHOLD STREWINGED COSSER / RUNSINGAT EACH STARP UKE CHES ON HEAT. A BURGLY SPECIMEN PRESIDENTIED TO ME AS IF ITWERE RIPET OF THE RAMA FRANSLICENT CRYSTAL. THIS WAS INSENTED TO ME AS IF ITWERE RIPET OF THE RAMA REGMULA. VISIBLE THEOMATH ITS GLASSY SIDES WERE ASPRIES DE HUMAN EACES, SKINNED AND

ORREPULLY PRESERVED AS MASKS. EACH OF THESE I DECEMPISED - ETHER FROM PERSONAL ADJUMINTANCE OR FROM PHOTOGRAPHY FOUNDIN OUR CASE FILES. FROMEN IN A RICTUS OF APPAUED SURPRISE WAS THE INVESTIGATOR. THE PROMENTIA.

THE JONLED FACE OF SHERIPE ELISHA CHUBERSON, HIS HOLDNED EVES NOW LACKING

NEXT TO HIS CAN THE FLATTENED VISAGE OF THE HOBD ISAIAH HAVENS, WHO WILMARTY HAD IDENTIFIED AS THE DIRE PIGNEE WHO HAD TELED TO STEANGLE HIM. THOUGH I CILLD NOT BE OBERAND, THE NEXT MAKE APPEARED TO BE THE REMAINS OF

DE BRININ DIEKE, THE NOTED ALIENIST. THE SOLE FEMALE PACE WAS THAT OF THE PORTUNE TEUER WHO HAD SET ME ON THIS PATH.

MY MIND EACED FEVERISHUY, ATTEMPTING TO CORRELATE THE PAST HISTORIES OF THESE DISPARATE INDIVIDUALS, TO WEAVE THEM INTO A SINGLE NARRATIVE TO ACOUNT

FOR MU THAT HAD HAPPENED. INTUITION TOUD ME THAT EACH HAD PLAYED A ROLE IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD. THAT IF THE INQUIRY HAD BEEN BLESSED WITH THE FORESIGNT TO ALTER THE PATH OF A SINGLE ONE OF THEM, THAT THIS WOULD NOT BE HAPPENING. BUT WHICH ONE HAD PROVED CRUCIAR TO R'WEH'S RISE I CUMUD NOT GUESS. ALL SALED 000 DOORS NEVER OPEN ENMONT TOGUMPSE ANTECHAMBER DAIS AND YET SPEN NE MDE. CIDED GODE BOSHE MOGD. THEY AUTER. AS I WATCH CANNOT SEE 7 3 N WITH AN INCREASINGLY INSISTENT CHORUS OF BARKS AND YELPS THE GHOULS COMMUNICATED TO THE THAT I WAS EXPECTED TO PLUCK ONE OF THESE MUMMERED FACES W FROM THE CHEST AND PLACE IT ON BE MYOWN. 2 SEEMILY THAT THE LEWING OPENNED TO THEIR HUMAN KING WAS LESS THAN ANANTELY ELASTIC F LEEUGANTUY COMPLIED. N HANDS TERMINE LEBACHED INTO THE BOX AND WORE THE FACE OF TH MY ESTERMED COLORIAGUE DR. WILLIAM MOORE. p, Stain 18 mar 2

Document 9

PAIN SEERS ALL DEDIND ME - LAMOND AND WET THERE IS A WOUND ON AWY LEA THAT WILL WOT HEAR. THE SEAN BLACKENS SCHARTHAGENS SLOUGHSOFF LIKE A SCAR ABAUS, THEN BLACK THE LAST TIME ILOOKEDIN THE MARCE ISAW THE NASDENT SURVEY TEANING THE MARCH IS THE THE SCILL TEANSFIGURING TISELE ACTERING MY IFACE ROM WITHIN. WHETHER ISTAND TO GROW A GHOLINGH SWOUT OR BECOME ANOTHER ENTYTYY ENTRELY I I AMINA BOOKLYN BASEMENT THE HOUSE ABOVE IT SHEARED CETERENNANTU OF ITS 1 AMINA BOOKLYN BASEMENT THE HOUSE ABOVE IT SHEARED CETERENNANTU OF ITS 1002 PROVIDE A MODICUM OF SHELLER THOUGH ENTRELY LUCID LAND INSAME AGAIN. REMAIN IN CONTROL OF MY THOUGHTS AT ALL IT MESBUT AM IMPELLED TO SUCH MACTION DEAWN TO THIS SLAUGHTERHOUSE OF A CITY, TOTHE HEART OF THE CATASTON BYNIGHT INPACTICULARING ACTIONS NEENOT MINE TO CONTROL. THIS IS MILEN TRANS LAST NIGHT ISAN THE ELDER GOD HUSSELF FEASING ON THE HORDESOF THE STUD-IVING. KIS OBSCENEBELLY BULGING AND GURGUNG ACROSS STHE SOUCHED EXPANSE OF CENTRAL PARE INPNOTISED MEN AND WONE MISTHE MINE IMPULSE IMPULSE THAT SCHOOLET ME DE CHEST DE SED ATT AND STATE VOUEEN WESENERT Phry Becknick OR THE DESTINY THAT CAUSES ME TO TAKE THE IMPLEMENT AND WRITING MEDIA GIVE BY THE MI-GO AND TO WEITE. OES inatoes are specially for flavour and grown on selected is in the Puglia region of southern Italy

Document 10

WRITE THIS DOCUMENTAS & DELAYING MEASURE DONOTHINGE TO COMPLETE MY MAGINUM OPUS. THE TEARS OF AZAZOTH. I AM ITS AUTHOR. THESE ARE THE ROUGHNOEN OR THIS DRAWN WASTERPIECE ERMITICALLY LOBORING THE HIRLINGS REMITEN IMM NON CONVINCED THAT THE BUTCHERETING OF THE RED SASH PLAYED A ROLE IN THE ORSO ADVISES THE FUNGAL COMPUTER NON RESIDENT IN MY DOROTOM DECEBRAN CORTEX. EDINIC ORGANIZATION. FORMER COMPANY OF THED FLORE WARKUP INCITY. NOW PRESUM ABLY DESTROYED TURLO-UGRIC COMMUNITY (BALLAND CVRILLE RATINGET CONNECTED TO THE FUTTRE TEMPLAR MESSIN THEIR OWN DISTINICINELY OBSCHEE EASTERN BURDPEAN WAY. APPEARS INNOCHOUS, AS BOTH CHUT STS AND CHUTIST PLANTERS MUST DO: TEA, ARGUMENTS, POUTICE CARBAGE ROUS. BEHIND ITALL, WHAT? THE LEADER VO. 5 Opus 53 DECSTASY T AGAINAT IT AND FAMILY ZUDRAVKO LINC IS THE NAME OF THE LEADER. DID THEY DO BUIL

Document 10

A CWEIOUS REWON HAS BEEN COMING ACOUNT THE ME. ANOTHER INTERNAL REPUGER DRAWN TO NEW YORK BY THE REPATION ONES HUNGER. LIKE THE TO UNBOTHE TRAIL BUT RESISTS THE CAUSE STOOPED SIDLY SNITHING A VEXING BRASS ART DUMMS ING PRESTORS MUTHATED BY JEALOUS! IDESPISE HIM. VET, WITH MY LEGARDING WORSE, MAYE COMMINDER THE WORLD BE ADDING AND FEAR. MINISTRATION. MA RUSTENANCE NOW DEPENDS LATERLY ON HE MICATCHING SCIENS.

MARTIN AND TRAM ONL

THERE WAS THE TIME IN THE OLD ODSERVATORY OUTSIDE ARCHAM. THE ONE BANDDREW HARE BUILT BY EARCHING CALLON DETERE HE OLICUMBED TO BRAIN CALVER PROFEMBER WHEN WE WENT BACK THERE, HAVING HEND OF THE OUT MUTILATIONS? THAT'S WHEN WE SAW THE BATTLES THAT COULD TURN OLDEWAYS INTO NOW ENCLOSED SPACE VANISHING. WE THOUGHT THEM BESPONSIBLE FOR THE ANIMAL SLAVINGS, BUT NOW IN ONDER IF THEY WEREN'T BENIGN ENTITIES, COME TO HAVE HELP US FROM ANOTHER STRE. I WITH YOU CAUGH WHEN I SAY THIS, FREEBORNI THAT THE SO-CAUED BENIGN ENTITIES TURN OUT TO BE ANYTHING BUT, SEEN CLOSE UP. THAT IS YOUR MARKIST CVINICISM TALKING AGAIN. THESE THINGS WERE SHADOW ANGELS, AND IF WE COULD FIND THEM PERMAPS THEY COULD

IUN

NATURALLY BOLLEEN IS MYTHOS-ANARE. HE REGALES ME WITH STORIES OF HIS ENCOUNTERS DACK BEFORE THE WORLD ENDED. MENTIONS FROME I KNOW BUT HE COULDNOT ROS BUY. [PANSES THE POSSIBILITY OF HIS BEING A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION, BUT I DISMISSIFITS, FOR NO MATTER. HOW RIVEN BY DEMENTIA I MIGHT BECOME, I WOULDNOT DREAM OF BECOMING AN IMAGINARY AWY SO SNIVELING, SO EFFETE]

HE NAMES AS AN INTIMATE THAT FOOR KRETCHED DOTOR OF DIVINITY, GRAHAM BURGESS. TELLS OF A SCRAPE WITH A MAN WHO BAREAD SAYS HE FIXED MY CAR ONCE, A JESSE MCDERMOTT THIS MCDERMOTT APPARENTLY REMEMBERS ME MUCH MORE VIVIDLY THAN I REMEMBER HIM. ANSO THAT OLD SALLOR FELLOW, LEM WHATEVER HIS NAME WAS WHO WAS A LOOSE END IN THE SKIAMPSCOTT BULINESS. ALLOF THESE PERSONS AGURE IMMULTINLY VEILED, IN ANALOUNDUM AN IDIOTIC NOVEL HE CLAIMS TO HAVE WRITTEN. SCIENTIFICATION HE CAUS IT.

NOW HE SAMS HE KNOWS VANCE WHITTNEY. REPEATS THOSE BAJELESS CANAROS ABOUT HIS CRIMINAL CONNECTIONS. TALKS ABOUT HIS CUBAN CAME FIELDS. VET WHEN PRESSED RETREATS FROM HIS ASSERTIONS.

DF

A TELE FABRILIST, HE HAS LOST THE ABLIEV TO DISTINGUISH HIS ENTERTAINING EMBELISHMENTS FROM THEIR UNDERLYING TRUTHS.

Document 10

HE WATES THIS SO PRINCE AND ESPECIALLY THE TIME I SPEND WORKING ON THE TEARS OF AZAZOTE

I PARESAY THE DEPENDENCE HE HAS UPON ME HAS GROWN UNWHOLESOME. IT IS INAPPROPRIATE TO SHYMISPE IBUT I HAVE TAKEN TO BARRICADING MY BE BOOR. SHUT AT NIGHT, LEST I BE PREVED UPONIN UNWAVORY FASHION.

HE SAYS MY COMMUNICATIONIS CHUSE THIS ALL BECALVE I HAVE SPONTANEOUSLY DEVELOPED THE PROPER FORMULAE TO SEND THEM BACK IN TIME TO YOU.

THE INVOLUTION OF NON-BUCUIPEAN TIME.

KNOWING WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU. KNOWING WHAT I DO TO MANY OF YOU. HOW CAN I DO OTHERWISE BUT TO REACH BACK AND STOP 17

BOLLEEN AIMS TO KILL ME I AM SURE OF IT.

I CAN'T MOVE ANYMORE, YET HE UTOUR AND CURSES ME, TELLS ME I MUST TRY TO MOVE. THAT THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH MY LEG. CAN YOU (MAGINE THAT?

WILL SQUEEZE PUS FROM IT AND LET IT SEED INTO THIS PAGE, SO THAT YOU MAY

VERIFY THE TRUTH. TRUST ME AND NOT HIM.

I CONSIDERED CUTTING HIS DOTTION FROM THE MANY SCENT, BUT WILL INCLUDE IT

SO THAT YOU CAN TASTE HIS PERFIDY. AS TO THE DECEPTION ABOUT MY LEG BEING

UNINJURED : THE PURPOSE OF THAT IS CLEAR. HE MERELY MANTS TO LURE ME ONTSIDE,

WHERE ONE OF HIS VAMPIRE PRIENDS WILL SUCK ME DRY

I WILL TRAP AND KILL HIM AS I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO DO WITH SO MANY CTHERS.

HE IS SIMPLY A LARGER SPECIES OF RAT. AND IN MILEATING HABITS I HAVE

LONG SINCE GROWN ADAPTABLE.



Document 10

Document 1

This one I will send before the others. Then the earlier ones. It cannot be guaranteed, given the means of transmission, that they will arrive in order sent. Or at all. In fact, it is highly likely, given the vagaries of the invocation, that some will be consumed in the howling æthers. But if you are not reading this, then you are not reading this, so what can I do but assume that you are? Conundrums, paradoxes... (Conundri? Paradoxisms?)

You will know who to entrust it with. At first I merely thought to send it later, appending a warning, but now — the nature of it... but no. The simpler the better. This will be the only set of instructions. The others will be excerpts from the notes, already written. There are limitations on how much I can send at once. Also, I am now continually on the move, as the ones who have stolen my face hunt and track me. There are so few shelters now, so infrequent the moments of rest... I must marshal my resources each time.

Also there is the warning that the later I have written something, the less store you can place in it, as the disturbance of my mind increases. I believe, hope, pray that the Möbius hornets have been fully expundged from my consequences consciousness. That they no longer colonize my reason, adjust my memories. (Warning: I am no longer sure whether they are metaphorical or literal. Either is possible.) I look now and the notes are spiderscratchy, curving in on themselves. But beware, nonetheless, for if there is a thing that is in short supply from this vantage point, it is hope. So just because this is in a familiar hand, my oldest friend, do not assume you can trust it. Vigilance above all as you proceed. Or, to put it more precisely, do not proceed vourself. For you

have failed, my friend. Failed to take the right road, when there were so many others to travel. I cannot go back and retrace my steps, but you can send others, who will inevitably choose to tread variant paths, see other patterns in the puzzle, come to different conclusions... Looking back there are so many decision points... If but a single one is taken differently, the towers of New York might not sink and melt, restless shapes will not blacken the land, the canyons will not quake and be upthrust--

Hubris! It is hubris you must avoid! Also, do not place your trust in Austin Kittrell. I believe this was my first mistake. Whether he misled intentionally, was a dupe, or acted in utter ignorance of the consequences his advice would put into motion, I still cannot determine. I tried to track him, because if I gazed upon his face I would know-the fact that he has a face—but Kittrell: act warily around him. Perhaps do not approach at all. Maybe that is the first fork. If only I had not engaged him in conversation that chilly night, as he smoked those thin cigarettes on the portico...

Again, the other pages will only be notes. You will have to make of them what you will.

There is a thumping downstairs. I should have feared to enter this building, as it stands out among all others, intact among an architectural graveyard. The basement I thought secured. I should have occupied it, not the attic, but since the—

No, there is no time to be writing this. Here are other better possible places to start:

The new sanatorium on the outskirts of town. When I was there, I sensed that something had gone awry. Yet I was distracted by my fruitless attempt to find men who had been at the circus that October night. That is a dead end, I am sure, or at the very least a counter-productive one. The circus may figure into it, but October is a blind alley. Or rather a trap. It is your minds you must preserve above all.

IF YOU SEE THE RED BOX, DO NOT OPEN IT. The contents will permit you a brief advantage, but you will pay in the end. IT IS THE RED BOX THAT ALLOWS THE HORNETS IN.

I am sorry. They are at me, making me think of them, preventing me from writing what I must write.

EVERYTHING IWRITE HERE MAY BE A DECEPTION. RELY ON THE NOTES TO COME LATER. THIS DOCUMENT IS TAINTED BY THE MIND WASPS. IT CANNOT BE TRUST'D EXCEPT FOR GENERAL CONTEST. CONTEXT.

The sanatorium. The sanatorium. The sanatorium.

It is not the staff, like I thought. It is one of the patients. One of the patients knows more than he thinks he knows. Or she. Look for the telltale signs. The beads of sweat. The eyes behind the eyes.

Also there was the trip to the Kingsport Yacht Club. Definitely they were lying to me there. But by that time I had already opened the red box. They may have been of our kind, viewing me correctly as a liability. Or of the other side.

WHEN I SPEAK OF THE RED BOX, IT IS NOT A BOX AT ALL. IT IS A BOOK. THAT IS, I CONFUSE THE BOX AND THE BOOK. THE BOX IS A HAZARD, YES, BUT IT IS THE BOOK THAT TRULY

Document 1

If of our kind, there is an agenda there, a short-sighted one, that I could not quite comprehend. Oliver Gardiner seemed to see through me and to become progressively more distant as I talked. Was it when I mentioned in passing the J. Edgar Hoover connection? Wheels within wheels. Yes, it was then he grew cold.

I WILL NOT NAME THE BOOK, BECAUSE I HAVE COME TO SUSPECT THAT THE BOOK ONLY EXISTS IN THE MINDS OF THOSE THAT NAME IT. ITS SECRETS ARE NOT TO BE PLUMBED. YOU CANNOT DESTROY IT—though if you can figure out how to destroy it you should—BUT THAT ENTAILS HANDLING IT, AND HANDLING IT IS TANTAMOUNT TO OPENING THE RED BOX. An approach to Gardiner that does not reference the occult, the Old Ones, the forces of authority—in other words, as legitimate members of a boating association...

Or perhaps better to tackle it all through Diamond Walsh. I do not believe he occurs in the notes. At the very least, quite dangerous in the mundane sense, a gangster and a smiling killer. I thought to approach with caution, and Gardiner more my metier, but it could be that my estimation was better reversed, and that Gardiner was by far the more dangerous specimen...

What are you looking for? The grinding wheels of time, ours and theirs, colliding, collapsing into one another. The intersections between human and inhuman desires are too many for the ebon hand of Nyarlathotep to be far away. It holds the levers... if only I had detected its movements earlier, it all could have been forestalled.

I think the notes will appear out of order, so that you will not replicate my failed path, but rather forge a new one through all of these disparate yet connected and sinister stars points.

I KNOW IT IS VERY HARD TO LEAVE A BOX BOOK CLOSED BUT IN THE NAME THAT ALL THAT IS DECENT, IN PROTECTION OF YOUR OWN SANITY —

DO NOT DRINK THE TEARS OF AZAZOTH!

Document 2

Tears Of Azazoth: I insist to the others that this dread volume is so much flim-flammery, a nonexistent thing. A feverish rumor in the greedy hearts of certain London booksellers. A risible whisper among the most corruptly sensualist dilettantes of the occult underground. A cover composed of an unknown substance, jet-inky and yet with the thinness and pliability of onion skin? The mesmerizing ensign on the cover? Surely it is a fictional imagining, found in the pages of Dunsany or Machen, regurgitated as half-remembered legend.

The Circus: May be one of several traveling carnivals traveling up and down the eastern seaboard. Not technically a circus, I suppose, without a big top and performing elephants, yet somehow the other term seems coarse, unseemly. At any rate, have placed discreet calls to law enforcement officials. Their view of all such entertainments is a dim one. This colors my attempt to narrow them down from the merely dissolute to the truly occultic.

I have two names for strongmen (is that the plural?), suggesting separate accounts of two itinerant shows: Vladimir Krotkin and Sergei Garkalin. First name may have been garbled; witness' command of foreign names perhaps shaky. In each instance of the story the strongman was an intimidating force, violently preventing entry to the freak show tent, where the true secret was to be found.

<u>New England League Of Amateur</u> <u>Astronomers:</u> a.k.a (N.E.L.A.A.) — pronounced Neela, as in a woman's name --- club for stargazers — members appeared drawn throughout greater Miskatonic river basin — meetings monthly — \$2 full membership; \$1 auxiliary — no doubt to Mrs. Pickman's chagrin,

the Inquiry's utmost showed largess, paying full \$2 - field trips include visits to isolated and craggy hilltops "so as better to see the stars" — heard a bizarre theory of a concept of "light pollution", whereas the luminescences of cities would grow ever brighter, so that future generations would be able to see the heavens properly only from the deepest woods or hermitic mountaintops, the only places on earth where purest blackness would still rule — issue a newsletter (have so far read sixteen issues, all of them stultifying and devoid of esoteric import) — Christmas social held always on December 21st — questioned occult significance of this (obliquely) to organization president Thomas Ongine. Laughed and pointed out obvious appeal of solstice to astronomers. "Always darkest before the dawn." Bit of a hayseed. Plays traditional music on old guitar. Says bad times leave people little appetite to gaze at the spheres celestial.

Peculiar incident the other day at home. Doorbell rang to find a man standing there carrying sample volume of home encyclopedia. Very young for the job. Late twenties, freckled. Yet something hard about him, around the eyes. As if he'd seen too much already. But my first glimpse of him was all smiles, as he sheepishly looked at my tweed jacket and pipe and general professorial demeanor and realized that I would not be a candidate to purchase his line of general interest educational volumes. I was about to politely dismiss him when the housekeeper spotted the fellow, noted his likely thirst in that damnable maternal manner of hers, and invited him into the kitchen for lemonade. <u>Philip</u> was his name, or perhaps his last name was Philips. The housekeeper drew him out on personal matters-his marriage, children. Seemed eager to change the subject. He eyed my bookshelves hungrily. The man turned out to be quite the autodidact. There is no personality type more consistently wearisome to the professional man of letters. Insensible to my attempts to deflect and deflate him, his rambling discourse quickly encompassed such topics as Atlantis, eugenics, and (it goes without saying) Roosevelt's secret socialist leanings. I waited for his tumbling words to reach their inevitable conclusionthe usual litany of vituperations against the Hebrew race. Instead his blurtings disembarked at the second most likely station: the threat represented by Freemasonry. As I subtly ushered him toward the door, his accusations took an odd turn. He claimed that most masonic groups were ordinary and harmless, but that a very few had been taken over by followers of Satan. He mentioned the <u>Helping Hands</u> service group (which, unlike Circle <u>Rite Lodge</u> is not in fact affiliated with the masonic movement.) At least two, perhaps three, local chapters had given themselves over to murder and sacrifice. The voluble salesman claimed to have peered accidentally into a meeting held in a barn, where he saw a hobo led in, shackled and bleeding. He ran away before he was seen, but was sure that the poor wretch was destined for the knife. Sensing my disbelief, the salesman became indignant. He heard an "inhuman chant", he claimed, that he could not get out of his head. Then, to my evident startlement, he echoed the all-too-familiar summons to the black goat of the woods: "Iä! Shub-Niggurath!" At this point the young man seemed to take my shock for guilty knowledge, gasping that I was "One of them," and that he had been "led into a trap." Dropping the empty lemonade glass to the floor, he bolted for the door. Abandoned

- TRAIL OF CTHULHU L

Document 2

brochures fluttered in his wake. Though it may be possible to contact him through his company, we must first devise a means of approach to overcome his skittishness. Given our limited resources, I am inclined to allow this odd incident to lie momentarily fallow. There was something about the man that did not sit right. I cannot decide if he was sincere, sincere but deluded, or playing a curious game of some sort, meant to lure me down a dark alley.

А witness report that says two automobiles left for the aforementioned hospital on the night in question, one a black roadster, the other a battered pickup truck. They were last seen rounding Crown Hill. In the back of the truck were large unidentified objects covered with a large blanket, possibly of burlap. The informant indicated that something writhed beneath the blanket, but when pressed could not rule out the simple possibility that the wind blowing upon it made

it look as if animated from below.

Temporary operative Olson is still on site at the army base. Reports no overtly untoward activity.

Document 3

Tears Of Azazoth: discussion continues. I now find, for reasons I cannot now express as words on paper—more a musical tone, a thought tingling in the back of the primal brain—buzz, buzz—that it did exist, that it does exist. None of us can recall the original reference, and it is damnably annoying. The sensation that a memory is tantalizingly close, yet will not surface from the turbid waters of the unconscious. Rice blurts out that a reference to it appears in the Necronomicon. And suddenly I find myself in agreement with him. Yet by poring over that dread volume (the shudders this has aroused in me, the increasing awareness of the patterns of movement in the Dreamlands, the thing my weary perceptions thought it saw at the darkened window that night). In my confidence that reference to The Tears would be found in the crazed perorations of the mad Arab, I entered into a gentlemanly wager with Wilmarth, with a case of sherry as the prize. He was certain that it would be found in a case file-specifically in the interview transcript with the late fortune teller and embezzler Wolf-Dietrich Gudzuhn. Neither of us will be forced to replenish the department's liquor cabinet, for there was no reference to it there, either. Ashley thinks he heard it around the campfire during the Western Australia expedition, but cannot recall from who. Dyer says I told him about it in 1928, but I have no recollection of having done so.

Increasing sense that all of the threats are unknowingly connected. An odd thought occurred to me while performing my morning ablutions: that this is what it feels like to be caught in the workings of a grim destiny, before all of the pieces have moved into place.

But what if the pieces started out in place, and we are living in reverse, through the process of an entropic devolution? That it begins in horror and ends in horror, and that only from our vantage point... no, I have lost the thread. The backwards metaphor does not pertain if it is a continuum — yet there is something to it that I have yet to grasp.

When Ashley asked for the file on the American Preservation League, it turned up missing. Am now jotting down notes to reconstruct from memory. Political party, full membership approximately twenty, subscribers to its bulletin number in the hundreds — led by founder Fred Jahraus (Jarasz?) — financed by subscriber donations — ideology primarily isolationist — most of its platform planks typical of that cause (avoid entanglement in world affairs, esp. European; limits on immigration, esp. by non-Anglo Saxon, non-Northern European) - eccentric beliefs prevent their association with accepted political organizations of similar stripe: include call for currency devaluation, and a complex formula of changes to Electoral College engineered to increase clout of states with racially pure populations — Jahraus part of large household consisting of self, his mother, and many former foster children of his mother — all fervent APL supporters. Came to our attention as inconclusive avenue of investigation during the Red Hollow case. It was Peaslee who brushed up against them. Diagnosed them as evidencing odd affect characteristic of possible psychological disorder. Peculiar speech delays reminiscent of, but not identical to Innsmouth residents. On account of his short exposure to them, Peaslee cannot rule out the possibility that they share a mundane disorder. Whatever the case, the fear of outsiders that animates their political tracts makes them difficult subjects for interaction. Yet Jahrauis also seemed oddly trusting after Peaslee made a modicum of effort to appear sympathetic to his views.

For some reason the word "Thomarites" or "Thomar" comes to mind.

Impressions of the thing seen in the library: hair covered, the crested top of its head (bony skull structure reminiscent of yeti of Himalayan folklore?) reached to top shelf of map section, therefore seven feet in height approximately - scales or curious follicular pattern in areas where hair was not present - patterns of hairlessness not consistent, suggesting mangy quality or wear — pungent ammonia smell mixed with something like vanilla, but searing, esp. at the back of the throat — provoked substantial welling of tears — subsequent to encounter, both Rice and I were left coughing up mucus for 48 hrs. mucus was yellowy-green in color — viewed under microscope was seen to contain long filaments of unidentified inorganic matter, black in color — have since dried out and resolved into a fine powder. Moist impressions left in rug near card catalogue.

As I looked into the apparition's empty eyes, I was unable to shake the unbidden impression that the thing I was looking at was somehow not a creature, but a sort of omen or harbinger. A symptom, given apparent solidity, of a greater illness infecting the world. Or perhaps a hallucination given sudden solid form. A rip had appeared in the very fabric of conventional time and space, manifesting this thing, as the mediums of a generation past summoned ectoplasm from the boundless æther.

found dead on factory floor. Regrettable loss of a fine investigator.

Document 3

Colleagues surprised to find him there. Factory worker Will Moran indicated to police that was seen on the shop floor hours earlier.

<u>Condition of corpse:</u> head neatly severed from body. Blood present both in head and in torso, but did not spill from either wound, remaining in the body as if kept there by unknown force. Only when body moved by medical examiners did the remains begin to exsanguinate. Witnesses said he was asking questions about the contents of a factory warehouse. On followup investigation warehouse was found to be empty. Fresh scuffs and dust marks on floor pointed to recent movement of crates. Factory managers maintain warehouse has stood empty for months. Address found on our man led to the room he'd rented in a nearby boarding house. Room was found ransacked. Notebook missing. Boarding house landlord, a Mrs. Wilmer Callahan, reported seeing several "swarthy, (unusually?) short, foreign" men enter Moran's room. Said she would normally have challenged them, but declined from doing so due to "awful look" on their faces. Based on Mrs. Callahan's testimony, local authorities arrested a trio of Chinamen for the slaying. Scant evidence, aside from her mention of foreigners, ties these three restaurant workers to any crime.

Document 4

Dyer has found a reference to the <u>Tears Of Azazoth</u> in our own library collection as late as 1908. Have instituted a search for it in the rare book collection and in the regular stacks. Stolen, as was the Necronomicon by W. Whateley?

More deaths. Spared the necessity of attempting forensic detachment by mundane nature of their murders. Peaslee gone, head pulped by metal pole. Freeborn shot through heart. Mrs. Pickman gone too, of massive stroke. Pray she in fact succumbed to the named natural causes. Little chance that her heirs will continue Inquiry funding. Attempting to find alternate patrons but exercise may be moot.

Freeborn dead in Zurich on supposedly routine errand for the library. Attempting to secure purchase of <u>Basel Codex</u> from rare book dealer Otto Vosskuehler. (Acquisition to be financed by Mrs. Pickman.) Vosskuehler also missing. Possible Ahnenerbe involvement in shooting/kidnapping. No sign of codex, if Vosskuehler ever possessed it. Codex either an authentic Mayan pictogr aphic text (112 p. folded paper, hand scribed on fig tree bark) or notorious forgery. See Spring 1891 Neue Archäologie for 6 facsimile pages. Case against authenticity mainly concerns outlandish content of events depicted in Codex, as compared to accepted analogues resident in Dresden, Madrid, etc. Depicts weird creation myth of nonhuman arrival on Earth. Beings depicted are cylindrical, tentacled. Breed apes into slave race, slave race rebels, becomes humanity. Discoverer of manuscript Rainer Saxer (1852-1895, murdered in Basel asylum) claims codex ended in a prophecy of future recurrence. Depending on which translation system one chooses to render the

Mayan calendar, the cylindrical race is predicted to return to Earth sometime in the next twenty years.

Shortly after Freeborn's death, a telephone call from someone claiming to be Vosskuehler was placed to the library office. Both Llanfer & myself absent; call taken by secretary, Miss Leslie. She reports odd pops and clicks over line, more than you'd expect from Transatlantic call. The caller's accent was also peculiar-not Swiss or German. (Miss Leslie has German cousins and claims she would recognize a true accent.) Voice possessed an odd, halting lilt. Initially she thought the speaker injured. She explained that she was merely a secretary but the speaker continued to interrogate her, demanding to know where the missing pages were. The voice grew stranger and more shrill. It concluded with the words "I can see inside you, you understand," and then disconnected. Miss Leslie took ill shortly after fielding the call and remains bedridden, with a persistent fever.

Peaslee's death came two weeks after he attained membership in Arkham chapter of Society Of Syncretic Inquiry. Colloquium of scientists, academics and interested laymen dedicated to "promoting research across disciplinary boundaries." Umbrella org. 1912 London, Vienna 1913, New York 1914? Arkham chap. started '24. This scientific body, composed mostly of tenured academics, promotes research across disciplinary lines. Once invited to attend by former chapter head, Wilfrid Wakeling, now three years dead. Remember much pipe smoke and invigorating speculation. Wakeling knew the Mythos and occasionally accessed the special book collection. Had the impression I was being sounded out about something. We circled like wary tigers, neither giving up his secrets. Sent Peaslee in after a new chap took over, Edwin Carsdale. More than faint whiff of brimstone from him. With hindsight, I now realize that something about him reminded me of the hairy phantasm Rice & I beheld in the library.

And now Peaslee is gone. I sent him to his end.

Gazing at a photograph of Edwin Carsdale, a curious connection snaps into place. It's the look in his eye. I go to the newspaper collection. There—from three years ago, the famous photograph of bank robber Russell Fuschack, used in his wanted posters. Neither man resembles the other, but in essence—the indefinable continuity is in the dead gleam of their eyes. Fuschack tilts his head as does Carsdale. The sinister hauteur. A smirking knowledge of coming chaos.

Fuschack and his companion James Ross Donland were killed along with three accomplices last August. They died in a hail of FBI bullets near Emigrant, Montana. Have contacted friendly journalist at Bozeman Daily Chronicle. He says rumor attributes supernatural element to the Fuschack-Donlands Gang rampage. Fuschack alleged to have consulted fortune teller before each bank job. Said to have fallen out with her by refusing to strike at a particular bank, as her daemons commanded. She then read the tarot for him and drew the death card. Local legend has it that her curse led to his fatal encounter with G-Men a week later. Other more practical rumors hold that the fortune teller informed on him to the FBI, collecting considerable reward.

Interrupted just now by a visit from

Document 4

Edwin Carsdale. Said he wanted me to join the S.O.S.I. Quite broken up over what happened to Peaslee, he claimed. Blamed it on anarchists. Also mentioned the Peaslee situation as if he knew all about it. Said that ideologues of all stripes sought a worldwide blackout not only of knowledge but of consciousness. Only men of learning and goodwill could stem the tide of madness. Then he saw the newspaper clipping on my desk depicting the FuschackDonlands and visibly blanched. Seemed to withdraw the offer of membership and all but tripped over himself on the way out the door. Tempted to follow him but our ranks are thinning.

It is not safe to stay here. I can rely on no one else. I must go out, as if I were a younger man, and become a field operative. Will get to the bottom of this.

Document 5

If I acknowledge that I am being watched, I will be paralyzed. In order to act, must pretend that I am not. This will not stop me from taking defensive measures, mind you. But to dwell on the odds against me advances no purpose.

The fortune teller gives her name as Madame Claudia. Cloudy A? Her smoky eyes are such that even a confirmed bachelor might trip and fall into them. Were the circumstances different, and nothing of significance hanging in the balance... She deals out the cards and they swirl before my eyes.

She arranges the cards in an idiosyncratic fashion. Says she learned this in a seaside town, back in her home country—I attempted to memorize the name as she said it but it surfaced only briefly, to disappear beneath the whitened waters of her accent, exotic and impenetrable. Pressed to explain, she said that villages closer to the sea are those who preserve the old ways best. Land cultures change, yet those who live from the dark waters draw on older truths.

She turns up The Hierophant and says that the tears I have been crying will soon become legible. Am I finally close to finding <u>The Tears Of</u> <u>Azazoth</u>?

Can the linguist Lars Fagerberg indeed translate this scrap of rubbed hieroglyph I have been given, or is it a bizarre surgery forgery meant to throw me onto off the track? And if so what connects him to the Marcuzzo crime family? Because here I am in this abattoir beersmelling clip joint waiting for the old man's defenestration arrival there is a fat bartendress smacking her lips, already tasting my liver leering at me knowing how out of place I am here. A rummy defecates on sits down at the player piano pumps its pedals out squalls the tootling cacophony of Azazoth's protoplasmic flautists "Brother Can You Spare A Dime." Was Faberberg having me on? Luring me here, planning to detach my head from my shoulders with a length of piano wire with no intention of coming himself?

I ask if the Marcuzzos own this place and am thrown down on the bar and beaten until gangrenous pus runs out my ears greeted with stony silence. I am hardly the streetwise type for these circumstances. But is dead now, reduced to a powder and inhaled by orgiastic tcho-tcho flagellants pumped full of cyanide.

No sign of Fabergerg after a night's congress with an ancient witch woman, milky glue emerging from her pores and mine, intermingling, creating new forms of noxious life, breeding undocumented bactieria hours of waiting for hours in this stinking dive.

What is known Abholos about the Marcuzzos: runs Aphoom-Zhah Little Italy — Azazoth father Elio, gang founder — Cthugha Black Hand, pre-Cthulhu-Volstead act — Cyaegha rapid expansion and enrichment Dagon as beer barons during Dr. Grave Gravenhurst Dust prohibition — since repeal, gambling, Dracula Ghatanothoa prostitution — Hastur some rumors say narcotics, Ithaqua other deny as contrary to Elio Marcuzzo's Romanist pieties Motherhydra — absurd that his religiosity Nyarlathotep would permit white Nyogtha slavery yet not dope traffick Shub-Niggurath lieutenants Domenico & Libero brothers) Marcuzzo (younger Vittorio Marchese & Max Bragannia (both Tsathoggua brothers-in-law) — tight-knit family, Yog-Sothoth no police infiltration possible — Zhar & Lloigor does the collection of a gambling debt explain their possession of <u>The Tears Of Azazoth</u>, or at the very least their hold over Faber Egg, who possesses it, or is it another rabbit hole? Zoth-Ommog

Separation epithelial tissue between skull brain roasting smell inside perineum thought cancer burrowing burning lashing slashing inner betrayal hungry again already

My own notes betray me. Filled with madness. Unsure why I am writing these absurd things. Crossing them out returns the sentences to accuracy and coherence. They are the truth; it is that which is not crossed out that is utterly deceptive. Möbius wasps buzz buzz

is a lazy seaside town but have been in such places before the stench of the ocean the damnable damnable ocean eyes gazing upon me from every shuttered window the curtains drawn tight until they slip open and an eye is seen a child's eye a watery elderly eye a pupil slitted down the middle, unblinking, damnably unblinking since the beginning of time they can see me but i know my destiny lies elsewhere my demise shall be horrible but it will not occur here with the shriek of the gulls and the winding lane down to the dock and the

Professor Davis, what is he doing here? Did I see him, or what it a phantasm of memory? In that alley I beheld him, rapt in earnest colloquy with the hook-handed man. His once-proud beard no longer reminiscent of Poseidon, but matted and pressed to his wide jaw by drizzling rain. Cecil Davis, of all people. Never was a rationalist more hard-bitten. I remember the querulous rise of his eyebrows when a mere instructor dared to question

- TRAIL OF CTHULHU L

Document 5

his staunch Darwinian materialism, to suggest the presence of a distant, animating God behind the workings of science. Yet there is his ambition, too. Also I recall the coughing sputter when the '32 Nobels were announced and the names of Sherrington and Adrian were called out in the faculty lounge. Even I, in my distant field of epigraphy, knew that their insights into the neuron had both prefigured and eclipsed his. His rage that day. The redness of his face. Now that I look back on it, there was a purity in his fury that I behold, in a more primal state, in the expressions of the halfbreed Dagon cultists who populate this sleepy village and the winding lane down to the dock and the blood there, the writhing crabs, the asymmetric creatures brought up in the nets, the writhing

God help me i see the future and it is the past

Document 6

Ollie Olson appears to be an ordinary storekeeper but is a Livonian knight. He keeps an ancient sword in his storeroom, marking his ancestral heritage as a battler against Cthulhoid evil.

Ollie Olson appears to be an ordinary storekeeper but keeps a monster in his storeroom. He must feed people to it, or it will eat his family instead. That is how died; devoured by that thing.

Ollie Olson is an ordinary storekeeper.

I have been split into parts, living simultaneously in three alternaties. They interweave, admixing, canceling each other. Everyone does this. But they cannot see it. For ordinary minds, reality erases its old tracks when it rewrites itself. I can see the eraser shavings, the faint red marks of the editorial hand, revising, ever revising.

Of course, Occam's Razor, which holds that, when presented with two possible answers to a question, one must accept the one requiring the fewest assumptions, would in this case say that this perception is but a new stage of my ever-advancing madness.

As I enter the inner sanctum of the International Logospheric Union, I am confronted with the unmistakable odor of feline urine. Bernard Petrovich greets me, protégé of the organization's late founder, the deceased Finnish philosopher Jukka Lavi. The Logospheric Union promotes the study of Lavi's works. Or studies the promotion of his works. Ha ha. Attemped to read his book Logos Throughout the Ages found it a caterwauling compendium of claptrap. 1875. Universe possesses single underlying truth of which

all religions and philosophies are imperfect mirrors. The effort to find the secret underlying truth uniting all human faiths was, in Lavi's formulation, both a philosophy and a science. He dubbed this field Logospherics. Immensely popular at the turn of the century, Lavian philosophy is now remembered more as an influence on other movements than as a vibrant, growing field. Still, small chapters of devoteers, many of them elderly, are found throughout the industrialized world.

Petrovich braces me, locks me in his steely eyes, sniffs with suspicion. I ask him about the Nophru-Ka panel. He denies all knowledge of it. I insist that he does know, that General Stothart said he knew. That perhaps he even had it, squirreled away in his attic.

The Nophru-Ka panel, I ever more insistently insist. I saw him show a photograph of it at the Silver Ball. I never go to swanky nightclubs, he says. Then I rappando him with "If you've never been to the Silver Ball, how do you know it is a swanky nightclub?" He freezes, caught like a lying deer, lying in the headlights of an oncoming train.

The Nophru-Ka panel, you swine, I cry, seizing him by the lapels. Limestone panel, five feet by sixteen feet! Relief carving of a priest slaughtering six hapless slaves!

Four, he corrects me, and I have him again! Glissando! If you don't have the panel, how do you know how many slaves are being slaughtered!

I take my cane and smash it across his papery, veinous forehead. Blood gushes; he falls to his knees. Chortling laughter erupts painfully from his chest. For how long have I dreamed of this, to punish those who for aeons vast have punished and humiliated the human race! The ultimate expression of humanity, or creation, of rationality and glory. Never should it subjugate itself to worms, to mewling octopi, to masses of cosmic filth that dare deem themselves gods! How dare they? Hail the Fatherland! You have nothing to lose but your chains!

The Nophru-Ka panel, I so righteously demand. 14th Dynasty Egypt! Oval surmoned on priests' head. Alien landscape. What year was it excavated, I exult!

1927, he burbles, through bloodied lips. Spits out broken teeth. (Several more times I have already smashed him in his reeking gob.) Excavation not in Egypt, but in interior Africa! How do you explain that, ordinary science? Named after rebel priest. Followers fled to G'harne.

Petrovich whimpers, why are you hitting me, it is in the basement of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, nowhere near me, nothing to do with the Logospheric Union. Aha! Again he is trapped in deception, because <u>although they</u> will not admit it,

Seizing Petrovich by the shoulders of his gore-stained jacket, I heave his head into the sharp corner of his mahogany desk. He groans, shudders back, produces something from his pocket. I kick it aside, stomping on his fingers, delirious joy rising through my thorax as I hear the bones crunch. There are more bones to break in a hand than anywhere else on the human body. The object is a strange assemblage of impossible angles and metallurgically impossible mineral residues. It glows and festers. I smash it with a paper weight.

Rifling through Petrovich's desk, I

- TRAIL OF CTHULHU L

Document 6

find a small pistol and a sacrificial dagger. He is dead now I think. The door opens. I aim the pistol and fire, anticipating a tlaathak or star horror. Instead it is one of the old chattering ladies Petrovich surrounds herself. The woman's knees buckle. A red blotch spreads across her silk blouse. She smells like pie crust. I fire another round into her temple to be certain she is dispatched. Laboriously I drag both corpses down to the Union's cold basement. On the way I encounter another old lady and pulp her with my dripping cane. With the sacrificial blade I cut them into pieces. These I load into a series of suitcases. I am careful to categorize the components scientifically, so that one trunk is full of legs, another contains arms, a third is exclusively reserved for torsos, and so on. Taxonomy before all else. These I will widely disperse thru the countryside, so that the fool authorities, pawns of Tsathoggua that they are, will be confused and distressed.

Will now seek out Emrys Dorian Wynn's Meditations On an Attic Figure.

Document 7

Spoke to X. Disappearances at the Logospheric Union have (obviously falsely) been blamed on possible activity in the Millbrook neighborhood.

Entering a fugue state in which I temporarily forget that it was I who committed those murders, I travel there to investigate. There may in fact be something fishy there. I suspect it is related to their Business Improvement Association. Neighborhood has been hard hit by ongoing economic difficulties. Several stalwarts attempt to keep it afloat. And are possibly killing hobos for supernatural purposes. Feeding to entity? The usual sacrifices? Head of organ is a Dr. Brophy. Dentist, not a real doctor. There is another fellow, Leon Godtland. We exchanged a moment of mutual recognition. It was then I recalled what I had done to Petrovich and his old ladies. For a moment I thought of alliance but, even if he is the sorcerer I suspect, I couldn't for the life of me conjure a common interest to rally around. When the Inquiry was still extant, we used to speculate that all of these scoundrels were to some extent in league with one another. Now that I have joined their number, it is clear that what we perceived as a movement is but a concatenation of separate maniacs, all shambling toward the same final outcome. We complete pieces in the puzzle but without conscious coordination. It is chaos that guides us—another way of saying Azazoth. But it is not as if we receive concrete instructions from the blind idiot or its emissaries. We merely act, and thus advance the final doom.

Now that the and of, most, I to to to of its,. The has it in, where he was but I they have it. His,, says this has it. Of in, which is too for me to have him. Or to be, I in the for the Of, to the. I to be and that I will do so/have done so. I the to and her and. with the of. for who I with a. how to my self—the through the of those who up their in the—has me. That I still and is an when I with the of a.

increasingly Gainesville authentic origin Great travel speak discoverer Flowers disappearing City think Eugenia city Charles course 1932 killed Flowers' unless finding Invocation Time chronologically claim

cannot complacent Meanwhile opportunity Mrs. family William Ernest Ellie Initial accomplished shotgun Fushack Ernest tire Amazing primal same running veins against Basel appear weak suddenly savage jungle

certain cylinder inhuman likely Race Georgia relatives Earl story Jersey murdered aunt Bridgeman fellow Fort Fort died early Earl murderer succeed formula Non-Euclidean traveling backwards item afford assume take butcher Bridgeman husband, son, granddaughters Cora killings sacred Russell Except slaughter iron connection blood rose creators Codex invigorated old advantage strike force ape

Reg*rd*ng *nv*c*t**n, f*nd chr*n*l*g*c*l element v*l*me kn*wn *s M*den* Gr*m**re. Ll*nfer, wh* s*w *t *n Pr*g*e, s**d *t w*s m*stly c*bbled-t*gether n*nsense fr*m *ther myst*c*l v*l*mes. B*t wh*t *f the **th*r? G**ll**me B*llen* *ppe*rs fr*m n*where *n 1763, *n M*den*, tells *ff*c**ls there he *s t*me tr*veler. S*y he *s fr*m 1930, b*t th*t *lchem*c*l (wh*ch *s t* s*y, sc*ent*f*c) *nq**r*es led t* h*s spl*t *nt* tw* selves, *ne l*ght *nd *ne d*rk. *n f*rst he*r*ng th*s, * *sk myself, c**ld * be B*llen*? B*t my tr*nsf*rm*t**n *cc*rs l*ter

th*n 1930. *n 1930 * *m st*ll *gn*r*ntly v*rt***s, bel*ev*ng th*t the w*rld's s*rv*v*l *s st*ll w*rth f*ght*ng f*r. B*t the p**nt *s—t*me tr*vel. Then g* b*ck *nd wh*t? W*rn myself? K*ll myself? Dev**r myself, tr*gger*ng p*r*d*x th*t *w*kens Gre*t Cth*lh* fr*m the depths *nd br*ngs *b**t the f*t*l c*t*clysm f*r wh*ch * ye*rn? F*rget Emrys Wynn *nd the Te*rs *f *z*z*th. *t *s the M*den* M*n*scr*pt * m*st *cq**re.

Last night I awoke in a crematorium, covered in ash. As best as I can recall, I had a possible location of the MG. I feel the hopes, the fears, the clammy desires, of the dead, as their particulate remains burrow into the crevasses of my flesh.

Have changed my abode again, to a moldy tenement inhabited by coarse and degenerate Mediterranean types. Something is in the basement there. Once inanimate and insensible, it now stirs. I think I may have put it there.

A Eroding Memoir Aide Miner Groom Aimed Omen Rigor Dreaming Romeo I Eared Origin Mom Gained Rime Moor Ideogram Me Iron Imagined Roomer Media Ergo Minor Remade Origin Om Maimed Ogre Iron Mermaid Ogre Ion

Document 7

Maimed Eon Rigor

Modena Grimoire

It is an old joke in anthropological circles that human flesh probably tastes like chicken. It is closer, in fact, to pork. Dyer's brain, on the other hand, could not easily distinguished, once properly prepared, from that of a calf. I think I will cure what is left of Ashley, in an effort to achieve the flavor and consistency of Virginia ham.



Document 8

I have recovered my sanity but now the world is dead. Miskatonic burns. The dormitories, the science hall and its annex, Carter Hall ... all razed. Shantaks pillage the Locksley building. Only the Library still stands. For this last mercy one must credit the Elder Sign Wilmarth had inlaid into the vestibule flooring. Nonetheless the ghouls have smashed its doors. They cart away the tomes and scrolls, so painstakingly gathered! To what imperious patron they intend to deliver them, I cannot know. I am in the attic, a trio of pistols lined up on the floor beside me. Waiting for the trap door to open, for the awful canine faces to appear. I do not know what I fear more. That they will devour me-or look upon me and embrace me, as one of their own.

If I crawl to the window I can see Garrison Street. Corpses, stripped and rotting, lie stacked on its crimsoned pavement. Hunched pallid figures scuttle periodically to them, to gnaw on a foot or to suck a gluey eyeball gently from its socket. The ghouls sometimes raise their snouts to the air to howl. In their wails I detect a woeful sadness. They know that the world has ended, and that the current bounty of fresh corpses represents the surfeit before the famine.

The sun has been obscured for days. Black smoke lies atop us like a blanket. The mingled fires of Boston, New York and Philadelphia rain their ash across the eastern seaboard. It falls in a black sleet. Now and then a hailstorm pelts the earth. The icy pellets, large as my thumb, run red with blood.

I hear the ghouls sniffling below. They are taunting me, I believe. Allowing me time to stew over past mistakes. Looking back, I can think only of the abandoned leads, the clues unfollowed. I am sure there is one mystery, one conspiracy, that, had we plumbed it, would have prevented this coming of hell to Earth. One strand in the web, once tugged loose, that could have kept the Great Ones in their graves and prisons.

Was it the Circle Rite Lodge? That comment Jonas Stockton made at the Hallow's Eve bonfire implied that he knew more than he let on. Rice thought him sympathetic, but if so, why did he not approach? The CRL supposedly bases its rites on the Eleusinian Mysteries. But if that feverish informant was to be believed—and yes, we knew him to be a heroin addict, and yes, there was the diagnosis of tertiary Sisyphus syphilis but if only we had given him credence! Now that the spacecraft from Yuggoth openly ply the skies, his raving about the clacking of fungal claws seems all too prescient!

And why did that half-melted ghoul, while ransacking the stacks, linger with apparent nostalgia over a copy of The Nightingale? Perhaps it was merely the crude illustration on its mimeographed cover. Briefly glimpsed, it appeared to be a raven and a skull. Possibly the skull image simply triggered its cannibal impulses. Yet this amateur publication was in our collection for a reason. I think it was Rice, or was it Morgan?--who found it interesting. But why? Certain words and phrases used in the poetry, yes. But there was more to it. The publisher, he triggered suspicions. - Whatever the answer, it is now inaccessible, our files now shredded and scattered to the charnel winds.

What else should I have seen? Those farmers, the Sutton family. Where were they located? Near Pearce Lake? Out by Stow? Centerbridge? There was a reference to a moldering church, I recall that much. Morgan thought them corrupt, worshippers of the Old Ones. Rice pronounced them mere backwoods imbeciles. With resources limited, we deemed them insufficiently dangerous to bother with. But it is in the forgotten corners of the world that dark excrescences crawl...

Dr. George Belling. The odor of chloroform always on him. The leering insinuations. His Asiatic travels. Many are rumored to have trod the plains of Leng, yet he had that photograph on his desk—before he noticed me looking at it, and swept it crudely from sight.

Alfie Pivar, the circus freak. Surely the ichthyoid blood running in his veins was that of Dagon's spawn. The brakeline of my automobile was cut that night. I can easily envision him clambering below to attempt murder at a remove. He bridled visibly when I probed him on the girl's disappearance. I expected gills to flare at his neck.

The detective, Cliff McGrail. He was not the type to howl in a circle to gods unknown, but he did eagerly obstruct pursuit of the Versatile Glass. Had we been more aggressive, learned who his client was in that matter, that could have opened the lid on a squirming cabal among the city's elitest circles...

As I fled to this cobwebbed room, I was left with time to pluck but a solitary precious volume from the collection. I abandoned to the ghouls the <u>Necronomicon</u>, the von Junzt, the <u>Thaumaturgical Prodigies</u>... As Claudia the gypsy woman said, I now hold the tears in my hand. The ensign is as described. I see it whenever I close my eyes, a shining green imprint in the blackness. Is it because the spell has been cast, the time slippage beginning?

Document 9

The ghouls reared from me in fear. I was their King. That I killed the first three of them through the trap door troubled them not. Such was my right as their sovereign. They bore me through the Arkham streets, chanting my name along with that of Mordiggian, the charnel god. Armitage! Armitage! A choking cloud of flies obscured the air. Corpse fragments littered the streets. Jellyfish things pulsed in the skies. They descended on burning houses, lapping hungrily at the flames. The ghouls hissed and reared at them, but the polyps paid them no heed.

The ghoul that held my quaking shoulder seemed familiar despite the canine dimensions of his distorted face. The white tufts of hair and jagged scar across his snout reminded me indelibly of the unfortunate anthropologist Henry Russell. I recalled Russell's discussion of the primitive tribes he'd studied deep in the benighted rain forests of Burma and the Amazon. He spoke of them with grim admiration. When I could not help shudder at their degeneracies, he grew cold and changed the subject. I urged Freeborn to sound him out further but by then Russell had gone off on another of his expeditions. And now I could not help superimpose his features over this oddly configured ghoul. The creature noted my inquiry and croaked in a halting tongue, as if the act of human speech pained it dreadfully. At first I could not make out its words, which it repeated, until I understood them as "Savior risen!"

"Russell?" I hissed, in a ridiculous attempt to conceal my words from the rest of the ghoulish throng. "Henry Russell?"

"Incomparable glory!"

His voice, though altered, was the one I had heard years before in the faculty lounge. "Russell, that is you, isn't it?"

"Blood hail! Inversion!" Though chosen apparently at random, I took these words as a reply in the affirmative.

"What happened? How did you transform?"

"Pnakotus! Mnar! Tawil At-'Umr!" he croaked. I saw a jungle path, a descent into a lightless tunnel, again felt the taste of blood and uncooked human flesh in my mouth.

Russell and the others led me to the courthouse, its portico sheared away, its columns toppled. Stumbling up its broken steps, they carried me into the foyer and down a set of steps that I had never before seen. It occurred to me that I was dreaming, for in dreams familiar architecture often reconfigures and misconstrues itself. Yet I could feel cold air on my crawling flesh, and intensely feel the pressure of my subjects' clawed hands as they pushed me ever further into the depths. As the steps curved into a series of intestinal corridors, as the surface changed from brick to a jade-colored sandstone, I realized what had happened. I was dreaming and I was awake. The ghouls were taking me into the Dreamlands. The apocalypse had torn open the barriers separating the two realms.

I was taken into an octagonal chamber lit by violet fire. There I was placed on a throne carved from the iron bones of a fantastic beast. A grotesquely obese ghoul maiden thrust out a golden plate, piled high with grapes and severed fingers. Gingerly I popped a few of the grapes into my starving mouth. I tried not to mind the dots of blood on their glistening skins. A crown

was placed upon my head. The ghouls thronged closer, rubbing at each other like curs in heat. A burly specimen parted the crowd, holding before him a chest of translucent crystal. This was presented to me as if it were part of the royal regalia. Visible through its glassy sides were a series of human faces, skinned and carefully preserved as masks. Each of these I recognized, either from personal acquaintance or from photographs found in our case files. Frozen in a rictus of appalled surprise was the investigator . The jowly face of sheriff Elisha Culberson, his hollowed eyes now lacking their rural cunning. Next to his lay the flattened visage of the hobo Isaiah Havens, who Wilmarth had identified as the dark figure who'd tried to strangle him. Though I could not be certain, the next mask appeared to be the remains of Dr. Erwin Dieke, the noted alienist. The sole female face was that of the fortune teller who had set me on this path. My mind raced feverishly, attempting to correlate the past histories of these disparate individuals, to weave them into a single narrative to account for all that had happened. Intuition told me that each had played a role in the world's destruction. That if the Inquiry had been blessed with the foresight to alter the path of a single one of them, that this would not be happening. But which one had proven crucial to R'lyeh's rise, I could not guess.

With an increasingly insistent chorus of barks and yelps, the ghouls communicated to me that I was expected to pluck one of these mummified faces from the chest and place it over my own. Seeing that the leeway granted their human king was less than infinitely elastic, I reluctantly complied. Hands trembling, I reached into the box and wore the face of my esteemed colleague, Dr. William Moore.

Document 10

Rain seeps all around me. I am cold and wet. There's a wound on my leg that will not heal. The skin blackens, hardens, sloughs off like a scab, heals, then blackens again. The last time I looked in the mirror I saw the nascent signs of transformation. The skull transfiguring itself, altering my face from within. Whether I stand to grow a ghoulish snout or become another entity entirely I can only surmise. I am in a Brooklyn basement, the house above it sheared off. Remnants of its floor provide a modicum of shelter. Though entirely lucid I am insane again. I remain in control of my thoughts at all times but am impelled to suicidal action. Drawn to this slaughterhouse of a city, to the heart of the catastrophe. By night in particular my actions are not mine to control. This is when I travel. Last night I saw the elder god himself feasting on the hordes of the stillliving. His obscene belly lay bulging and gurgling across the scorched expanse of central park. Hypnotized men and women, few clad in anything other than rags, shuddered toward him as moths to a flame. It is the same impulse, I am sure, that brought me here from Arkham. Yet something growing in me, something dank and shameful, allowed me to turn back, where others pressed numbly on to be devoured. A benefit of my recent cannibal past, perhaps. Or the destiny that causes me to take the implement and writing media given to me by the Mi-Go, and to write.

I write this document as a delaying measure, so I do not have to complete my magnum opus, <u>The Tears Of</u> <u>Azazoth</u>. I am its author. These are the rough notes for this masterpiece.

Frantically I correlate the churning set of facts before me. Alien analytical tools seep into my mind. The resulting text will be inhuman, abstract, informative. When read, subjective and malleable. I write here to preserve the human truths, the sense of narrative, animating the liquid words scattered across its impossible pages.

I am now convinced that the Brotherhood of the Red Sash played a role in this. Or so advises the fungal computer now resident in my cerebral cortex. Ethnic organization. Former occupants of third-floor walk up in city. Now presumably destroyed. Tuzlo-Ugric community. (Balkan.) Cyrillic alphabet. Connected to the entire Templar mess in their own distinctively obscure Eastern European way. Appears innocuous, as both cultists and cultist fighters must do. Tea, argument, politics, cabbage rolls. Behind it all, what? Zvdravko Ilic is the name of the leader. Did they do evil, or fight against it and fail?

A curious fellow has been coming around. Like me, another internal refugee drawn to New York by the Great Old One's hunger. Like me, followed the trail but resists the call. Stooped, sickly, sniffling, a vexing braggart, always asking questions. Motivated by jealousy and fear. I despise him. Yet, with my leg getting worse, I have grown ineluctably dependent on his ministrations. My sustenance now depends utterly on his rat-catching skills. Wilton Bohleen is his name.

There was the time in the old observatory outside Arkham. The one half-built by Ephraim Callan before he succumbed to brain cancer. Remember when we went back there, having heard of the cat mutilations? That's when we saw the entities that could turn sideways into non-Euclidean space, vanishing. We thought them responsible for the animal slayings, but now I wonder if they weren't benign entities, come to help us from another star. I know you laugh when I say this, Freeborn. That the so-called benign entities turn out to be anything but, seen up close. That is your Marxist cynicism talking again. These things were shadow angels, and if we could find them, perhaps they could...

Naturally Bohleen is Mythos-aware. He regales me with stories of his encounters, back before the world ended. Mentions people I know but he couldn't possibly. (Raises the possibility of his being a figment of my imagination, but I dismiss this, for no matter how riven by dementia I might become I would not dream up an imaginary ally so sniveling, so effete...) He names as an intimate that poor wretched doctor of divinity, Graham Burgess. Tells of a scrape with a man who says he fixed my car once, a Jesse McDermott. This McDermott apparently remembers me much more vividly than I him. Also that old sailor fellow, Lem whatever his name was, who was a loose end in the Swampscott business. All of these persons figure, thinly veiled, in an idiotic novel he claims to have written. Scientifiction, he calls it.

Now he says he knows Vance Whitney. Repeats those baseless canards about his criminal connections. Talks about his Cuban cane fields. Yet when pressed retreats from his assertions. A true fabulist, he has lost the ability to distinguish his entertaining embellishments from their underlying truths.

hello i have to right quickly here and exuedse my usual atrocious speling has never bin my forte despite being a (not)famous author

youy got to know that Armitage is misleading you in many places in this document and cant be trusted

the places and people and groups he is telling you about, that's the fungal half of him

Document 10

and it goes back way sooner than you thig

you think he's bin teling you how to prevent this from happening, giving you hints to go find them all and see how they intraconnect

but rilly he's making it happen by telling you to connect the groups and places and people

it's u who does it

u who ends the world

don't trust him

undo everything you've done

don't go any futher

the real truth is in my book The Short History Of the Future, by me, Wilton Bohleen

find my book and trust in it

don't read The Tears Of Azazoth

if you have it already, destroy it

don't trust Armitage

don't trust him now, don't trust him then

I caught Bohleen scrawling the above nonsense in my journal. A childish prank. He hates the journal and especially the time I spend working on <u>The Tears Of Azazoth</u>. I dare say the dependence he has upon me has grown unwholesome. It is inappropriate to say more but I have taken to barricading shut my door at night, lest I be preyed upon in unsavory fashion.

He says my communications cause this, all because I have spontaneously developed the proper formulae to send them back in time to you. The

Invocation of Non-Euclidean Time. Knowing what happens to youknowing what I do to many of youhow can_I_do otherwise but to reach back and stop it? Bohleen aims to kill me, I am sure of it. I can't move any more, yet he shouts and curses at me, tells me I must try to move. That there's nothing wrong with my leg. Can you imagine that? I will squeeze pus from it and let it seep into this page, so that you can verify the truth. Trust me, and not him. I considered cutting his addition to this page from the manuscript but now include it so that you can taste his perfidy. As to the deception about my leg being uninjured: the purpose of that is clear. He merely wants to lure me outside, where one of his star vampire friends will suck me dry. I will trap and kill him as I have been forced to do with so many others. He is simply a larger species of rat. And in my eating habits I have long since grown adaptable .