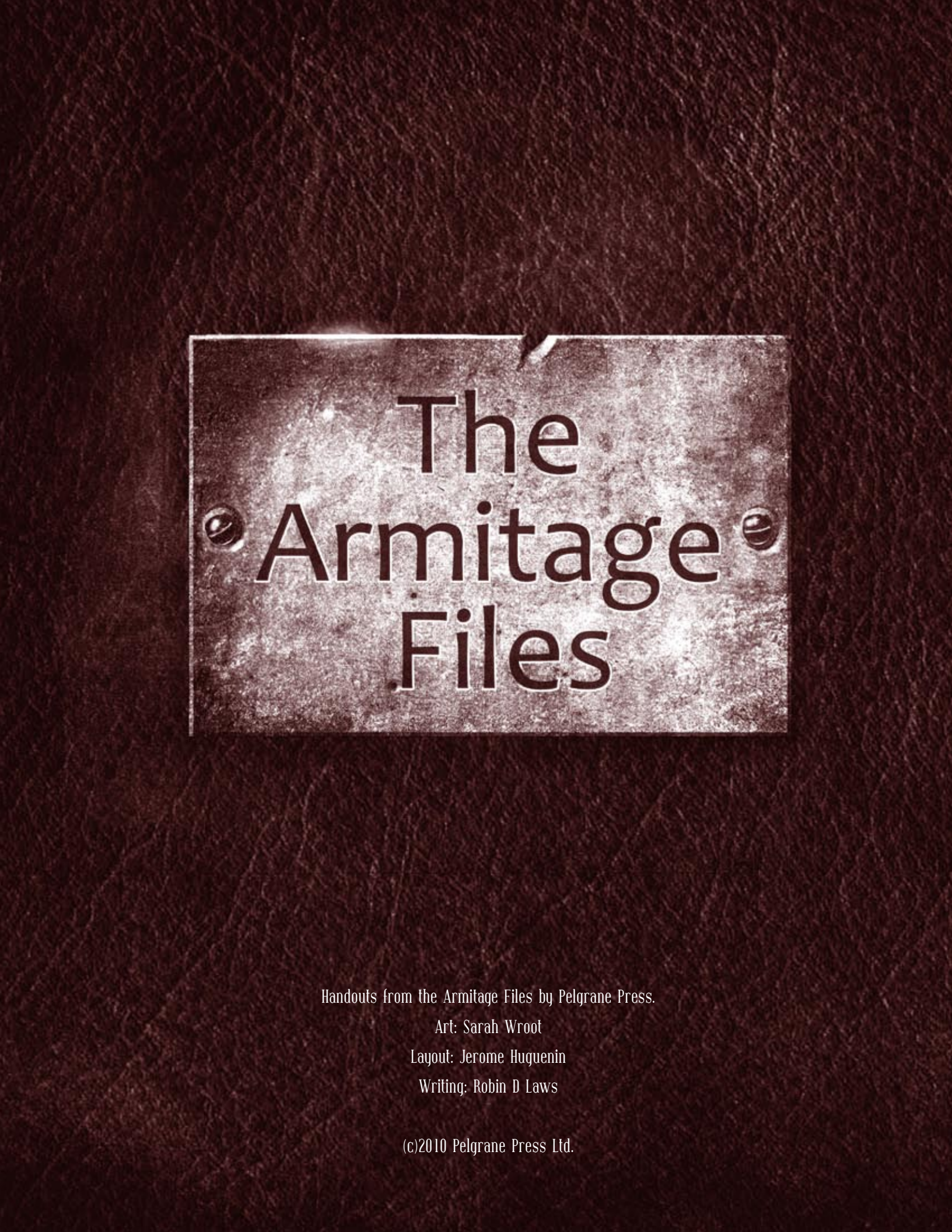




The Armitage Files

Handouts from the Armitage Files by Pelgrane Press.

Art: Sarah Wroot

Layout: Jerome Huquenin

Writing: Robin D Laws

(c)2010 Pelgrane Press Ltd.

VIGILANCE ABOVE ALL AS YOU PROCEED.



OR TO PUT IT MORE PRECISELY DO NOT PROCEED YOURSELF
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. AND OTHERS WHO WILL
INEVITABLY CHOOSE TO REACH A VARIANT PATH. I
SEE OTHER PATTERNS IN THE PUZZLE, COME TO DIFFERENT CONCLUSIONS.

LOOKING BACK THERE ARE SO MANY DECISION POINTS. IF BUT ONE
ONE SINGLE ONE

IS TAKEN DIFFERENTLY THE TOWNS OF NEW YORK MIGHT NOT SINK AND MOUNT RENTLESS CHARGES
WOULD BLACKEN THE LAND CANONS WOULD NOT SILENCE AND BE UPLIFTED.

HUBRIS!! IT IS HUBRIS YOU MUST AVOID.

ALSO. DO NOT PLACE YOUR TRUST IN AUSTIN KITRELL. I BELIEVE THIS WAS MY FIRST MISTAKE.
WHETHER HE MISLEAD INTENTIONALLY, WAS A DUPE, OR ACTED IN UTTER IGNORANCE
OR 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 KITRELL. ACT WARILY AROUND HIM. PERHAPS DO NOT APPROACH AT ALL.
MAYBE THAT IS THE FIRST FACT. IF ONLY I HAD NOT ENGAGED HIM IN CONVERSATION
THAT CALLY NIGHT AS HE SMOKED THOSE THIN CIGARETTES UNDER THE POOL CO
AGAIN: THE OTHER PAGES WILL ONLY BE NOTES. YOU WILL HAVE TO MAKE OF THEM
WHAT YOU WILL.

THERE IS A TUMBLING DOWNSTAIRS. I SHOULD HAVE FEARED TO ENTER THIS BUILDING AS IT STANDS OUT
AMONG ALL OTHERS, IN FACT IS AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM. THE BASEMENT I THOUGHT SECURED.
I SHOULD HAVE OCCUPIED IT, NOT THE ATTIC, BUT SINCE ~~THE~~

NO. THERE IS NO TIME TO BE WASTING THIS. HERE ARE OTHER BETTER
POSSIBLE PLACES TO START.

□.

THE MEN SANATORIUM ON THE EDGE OF TOWN OUTSIDES TOWN. WHEN I WAS THERE I
SENSED THAT SOMETHING HAD GONE AWRY. YET I WAS DISTRACTED BY MY FORTUNE &
ATTEMPTS TO FIND MEN WHO HAD BEEN AT THE CIRCUS ON THAT OCTOBER NIGHT. THAT IS A DEAD END
I AM SURE, OR AT LEAST A COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE ONE. THE CIRCUS MAY FIGURE IN IT BUT
OCTOBER IS A BUNDALEY. OR RATHER A TRAP IT IS YOUR MINDS YOU MUST PRESERVE
ABOVE ALL.

IF YOU SEE THE RED BOX DO NOT OPEN IT. THE CONTAINMENT PERMITS A
BARE ADVANTAGE, BUT YOU WILL PAY IN THE END. IT IS THE RED BOX THAT ALLOWS
THE HORNETS IN.

I AM SURE, THEY ARE AT THE MAKING ME THINK OF THEM PREVENTING ME FROM
WRITING WHAT I MUST WRITE. EVERYTHING I WRITE HERE MAY BE A

DECEPTION. RELY ON THE NOTES TO COME LATER.

THIS DOCUMENT IS TINTED BY THE MIND AS IT CANNOT BE TRUSTED EXCEPT FOR
GENERAL CONTEXT.

THE SANATORIUM. THE SANATORIUM
THE SANATORIUM.

IT IS NOT THE STATE LIKE I THOUGHT, IT IS ONE OF THE PATIENTS.

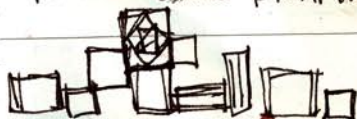
ONE OF THE PATIENTS KNOWS MORE THAN HE THINKS HE KNOWS. OR SHE LOOK FOR THE TRUE SIGNS.
THE HANDS OF SWEAT. THE EYES BEHIND THE EYES.

ALSO: THERE WAS THAT TRIP TO THE KINGSPORT YACHT CLUB. DEFINITELY THEY WERE
LYING LAUGHING AT ME TO BE.

BUT BY THAT TIME I HAD ALREADY OPENED THE RED BOX. THEY MAY HAVE BEEN OF ONE
KIND, VIEWING ME CORRECTLY AS A LIABILITY. OR ON 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 BUT IT IS THE BOOK THAT TRULY



IF OUR KIND THERE IS AN AGENDA THERE. A SHORTSIGHTED 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 THE V. EDGAR & JOSEPH 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 REVEALED.

YOU CANNOT DESTROY THE BOOK

ALTHOUGH IF YOU CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO DESTROY IT YOU SHOULD. YOU SHOULD HAVE SHOWN BUT THAT ENTAILS HANDLING THE BOOK 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 THROUGH DIAMOND WASH. I DON'T 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 HIM WITH CAUTION, AND GARDINER MISSE MY METIER BUT IT COULD BE THAT MY ESTIMATION WAS BETTER REVERSED AND THAT GARDINER WAS THEREBY FAR THE MORE DANGEROUS SPECIMEN.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR: THE GRINDING WHEELS OF TIME, CURS AND THEIRS, COLLIDING COLLAPSING INTO ONE ANOTHER. THE INTERSECTIONS BETWEEN HUMAN AND INHUMAN DESIRES ARE TOO MANY FOR THE BRON HAND OF NYARLATHOTEP TO BE FAR AWAY. IT HOLDS THE LEVER.

IF ONLY I HAD DETECTED ITS MOVEMENTS EARLIER. IT COULD HAVE BEEN FORESTALLED

I THINK THE NOTES WILL APPEAR IN ORDER SO THAT YOU WILL NOT REPLICATE MY FAILED PATH BUT RATHER FORGE A NEW ONE THROUGH ALL THESE DISPARATE YET CONNECTED SINISTER ~~POINTS~~ POINTS. I KNOW IT IS VERY HARD TO LEAVE A ~~BOX~~ BOX CLOSED BUT IN THE NAME OF THAT IS DECENT IN PROTECTION OF YOUR OWN SANCTITY DON'T DRINK THE TEARS OF AZAZOTH ~~DO NOT~~ DO NOT.



Document 1

• TEARS OF AZAZOTH.

INSIST TO THE OTHERS THAT THIS 'DREAD VOLUME' IS SO MUCH FLIM-FLAMMERY, A NON-EXISTENT THING. A FEVERISH RUMOUR IN THE GREEDY HEARTS OF CERTAIN LONDON BOOKSELLERS. A VISIBLE WHISPER AMONG THE MOST CORRUPTLY SENSUALIST DILETTANTES OF THE OCCULT UNDERGROUND.

"A COVER COMPOSED OF AN UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE, JET-BLACK AND YET WITH THE PLIABILITY OF ONION SKIN"? THE MESMERISING ENSIGN ON THE COVER? SURELY IT IS A FICTIONAL IMAGINING FOUND IN THE PAGES OF DUNSMITH OR MACHEN, REGURGITATED AS HALF-REMEMBERED LEGEND.

• THE CIRCUS.

MAY BE ONE OF SEVERAL TRAVELLING CARNIVALS TRAVELLING 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 I HAVE PLACED DISCREET CALLS TO LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS; THEIR VIEW OF ALL SUCH ENTERTAINMENTS IS A DIM ONE. THIS COLOURS 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.

WINTERING IN NORTH?

MAIDENHEAD NEWBURYPORT
IPSWICH? MAFIC BASALT?
AMESBURY / GRANITE
BLIDEFORD
RUMLEY - KITCHEN
MIL-COMMIST

• NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE OF AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS •

[NELAA, PRONOUNCED 'NEELA' AS IN A WOMAN'S NAME.]

- CLUB FOR STARGAZERS, MEMBERS DRAWN THROUGHOUT GREATER ~~MERRA~~ MICKATONIC RIVER BASIN. MEETS MONTHLY \$2 FULL MEMBERSHIP, \$1 AUXILIARY. NO DOUBT TO MRS. PICKMAN'S CHAGRIN, SHOWED THE INQUIRY'S UTMOST LARGESE, PAYING FULL \$2.

- FIELD TRIPS INCLUDE VISITS TO ISOLATED AND CRAAGY HILLTOPS

"SO AS BETTER TO SEE THE STARS". HEARD A BIZARRE THEORY OF A CONCEPT OF "LIGHT POLLUTION", WHEREBY THE LUMINESCENCE 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 MOUNTAIN TOPS - THE ONLY PLACES ON EARTH WHERE PUREST BLACKNESS WOULD STILL RULE.

- ISSUE A NEWSLETTER (HAVE SO FAR READY 16 ISSUES, ALLOF THEM STULTIFYING AND DEVOID OF ESOTERIC IMPORT).

- CHRISTMAS SOCIAL ALWAYS HELD ON DECEMBER 21ST. QUESTIONED OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS (OBLIQUELY) TO ORGANIZATION PRESIDENT THOMAS O'NEILL. HE 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. JAYS BAD TIMES LEAVE PEOPLE LITTLE APPETITE TO GAZE AT THE "SPHERES CELESTIAL".

- LIST FIELD TRIPS? LOCATION, DATE. ROCK. KATHARON - CHRONIC
FIRES? thysia.

peculiar incident the other day at home. Doorbell rang to find a man standing there carrying sample volume of home encyclopedia. Very young for job. Late 20s, 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 fashion of hers, and invited him into the kitchen for lemonade. PHILIP 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 professorial 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 conclusion - the 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 very few had been taken over by followers of SATAN. He mentioned the HELPING HANDS service group (which, unlike CIRCLE KITE LODGE is not in fact associated with the masonic movement). At least 2, perhaps 3 local chapters had given themselves over to murder and sacrifice. The reliable salesman claimed to have peered accidentally into a meeting held in a barn, where he saw a hobo led in, shackled and bleeding. Her van 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: "hail SHUB-NIGURATH!" 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 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 FALLON. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN THAT DID NOT SIT RIGHT. I CANNOT DECIDE WHETHER HE WAS SINCERE, SINCERE BUT DELUDED, OR 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 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 ~~REMARKED~~ INDICATED THAT SOMETHING WRITHED BENEATH THE BLANKET, BUT WHEN PRESSED COULD NOT RULE OUT THE 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.

~~WOLFE~~?? MASS. PLATE?
DRIVERS?



[I saw of the darkened window that night]

TEARS OF AZAZOTH: DISCUSSION CONTINUES - ~~WATER~~ I NOW FIND, FOR REASONS ~~THAT I CAN~~ I CANNOT NOW EXPRESS AS WORDS ON PAPER - MAKE A MUSICAL TONE, A THOUGHT TINGLING IN THE BACK OF THE PRIMAL BRAIN ~~beating, beating, beating~~ - 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 NECKONOMICON AND SUDDENLY I FIND MYSELF IN AGREEMENT WITH HIM.

YET BY PORING OVER THAT DEAD VOLUME [the shudders this has aroused in me, the increasing awareness of the pattern of movement in the dreamland] - IN MY CONFIDENCE THAT REFERENCE TO THE TEARS WOULD BE FOUND IN THE PERORATIONS OF THE MAD ARAB, I ENTERED INTO A GENTLEMANLY WAGER WITH WILMARTH, WITH A CASE OF SHERKEY 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 EMBELLER WOLF-DIETRICH GUDZUHN. NEITHER OF US WILL BE FORCED TO REPLENISH THE DEPARTMENT'S WINE CELLAR, 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 WHO MENTIONED IT.

DYER SAYS I TOLD HIM ABOUT IT IN 1928 BUT I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF ~~DOING~~ HAVING DONE SO -

I HAVE AN INCREASSING SENSE THAT ALL OF THE THREATS 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

the thing my weary perception thought

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...
AND YET THERE IS SOMETHING TO IT THAT I HAVE YET TO GRASP.

4

- WHEN ASHLEY ASKED FOR THE FILE ON THE AMERICAN PRESERVATION
LEAGUE, IT WAS MISSING. MUST NOW JOT NOTES TO RECONSTRUCT
FROM MEMORY...

AMERICAN PRESERVATION LEAGUE.

- POLITICAL PARTY, FULL MEMBERSHIP C. 20; SUBSCRIBERS TO ITS
BULLETIN NUMBER IN HUNDREDS.
- LED BY FOUNDER FRED JAHRAUS. (JARASZ?)
- FINANCED BY SUBSCRIBER DONATIONS.
- IDEOLOGY PRIMARILY ISOLATIONIST - MOST 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 ASSOCIATION WITH ACCEPTED POLITICAL
ORGANIZATIONS OF SIMILAR STRIKE: including CALL FOR CURRENCY
DEVALUATION AND A COMPLEX FORMULA FOR 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
PREVENT APL SUPPORTERS.
- CAME TO OUR ATTENTION AS INCONCLUSIVE AVENUE OF INVESTIGATION
DURING THE RED HOLLOW CASE; IT WAS PRASLEE WHO BRUSHED
UP AGAINST THEM - DIAGNOSED THEM AS EVIDENCING ODD AFFECT
CHARACTERISTIC OF PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDER, WITH PECULIAR
SPEECH ~~INTERMISSION~~ DELAYS REMINISCENT OF, BUT NOT IDENTICAL
TO, INNSMOUTH RESIDENTS - ON ACCOUNT OF HIS BRIEF EXPOSURE

TO THEM, PEASLEE CANNOT RULE OUT THE POSSIBILITY THAT THEY ~~ARE~~ SHARE A MUNDANE DISORDER. WHATEVER THE CASE, THE FEAR OF OUTSIDERS THAT ANIMATES THEIR POLITICAL TRACTS MAKES THEM DIFFICULT SUBJECTS FOR INTERACTION.

- YET JAHRAUS SEEMED ODDLY TRUSTING AFTER PEASLEE MADE A MODICUM OF EFFORT TO APPEAR SYMPATHETIC TO HIS VIEWS.

FOR SOME REASON THE WORD "THOMARITES" OR "THOMAS" COMES TO MIND.

✱ TOMBAZI. 1926.

L.A. WADDELL

DS485. HB W2 1800.

BONY SKULL STRUCTURE
SIMILAR TO 'VETI' OF
MALAYAN FOLKLORE?

IMPRESSIONS OF THE THING SEEN IN THE LIBRARY:

- HAIR-COVERED, THE CRESTED TOP OF ITS HEAD REACHED TO TOP SHELF OF MAP SECTION, THEREFORE APPROX. 7 FEET IN HEIGHT.

- SCALES OR CURIOUS FOLLICULAR PATTERN VISIBLE WHERE HAIR SPARSE OR ABSENT - PATTERNS OF HAIRLESSNESS NOT CONSISTENT, SUGGESTING DISEASE (MANGE?) OR WEAR.

- PUNGENT AMBRIANIA SMELL MIXED

WITH SOMETHING LIKE VANILLA, ~~EVIL~~ BUT SEARING, esp. AT THE

BACK OF THE THROAT - PROVOKED SUBSTANTIAL WELLING OF TEARS -

SUBSEQUENT TO ENCOUNTER, RICE AND I WERE LEFT COUGHING UP MUCUS FOR 48 HOURS. MUCUS WAS YELLOW-GREEN AND VIEWED UNDER MICROSCOPE WAS SEEN TO CONTAIN LONG STRANDS & FILAMENTS OF AN UNIDENTIFIED INORGANIC MATTER, BLACK IN COLOR. THESE HAVE SINCE DRIED 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

IMPRESSION THAT THE THING I WAS LOOKING

AT WAS SOMETHING NOT A CREATURE, BUT A

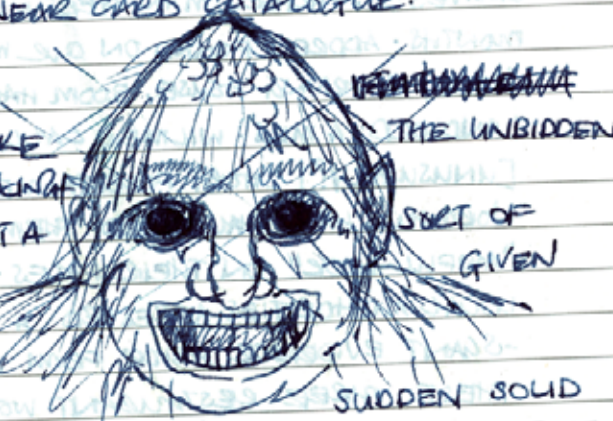
OMEN OR HARBINGER. A SYMPTOM,

APPARENT SOLIDITY, OF A GREATER

ILLNESS INFECTING THE WORLD.

OR PERHAPS A HALLUCINATION GIVEN

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 AETHER.



THE UNBIDDEN

SORT OF
GIVEN

SUDDEN SOLID

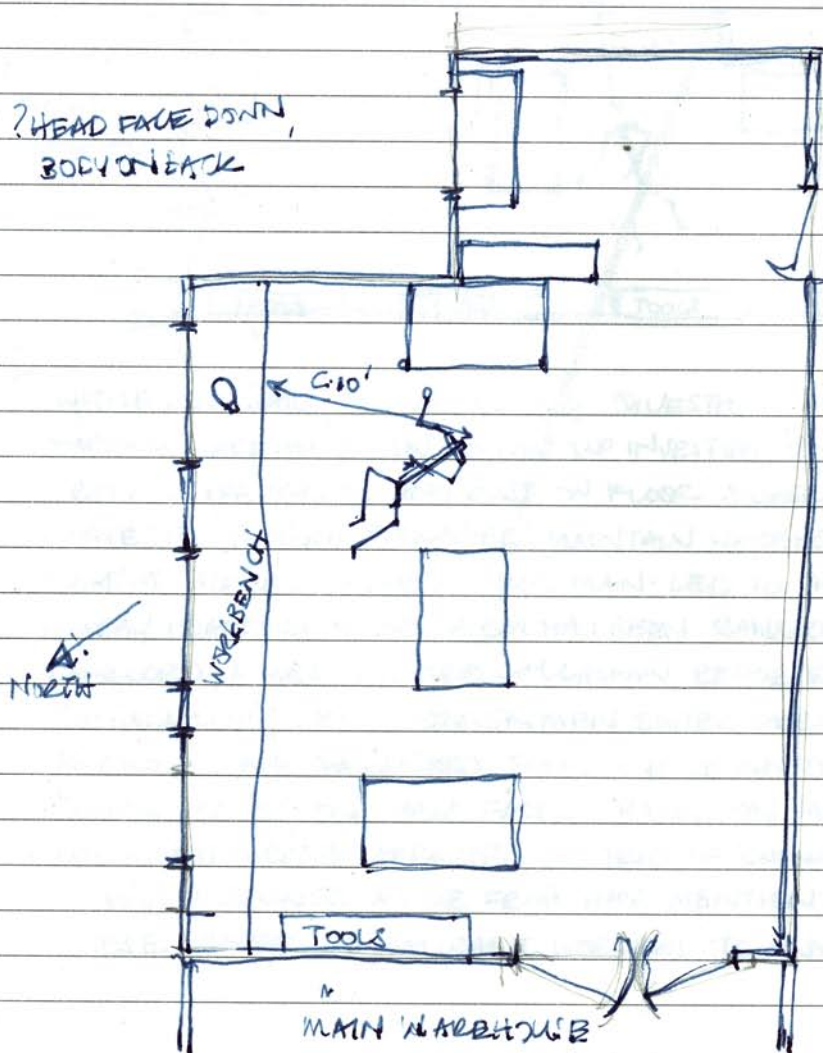
~~REDACTED~~ FOUND DEAD ON FACTORY FLOOR -
regrettable loss of a fine investigator..

- COLLEAGUES SURPRISED TO FIND HIM THERE. FACTORY WORKER
WILL MORAN INDICATED TO POLICE THAT ~~REDACTED~~ WAS SEEN ON THE
SHOP FLOOR HOURS EARLIER.

CONDITION OF CORPSE.

HEAD NEATLY SEVERED FROM BODY. BLOOD PRESENT BOTH IN HEAD AND
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 FOLLOW-UP INVESTIGATION WAREHOUSE WAS FOUND TO BE EMPTY. FRESH SCUFFS IN DUST 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 RENTED IN A NEARBY BOARDING HOUSE.

ROOM WAS FOUND RANSACKED. NOTEBOOK MISSING.

BOARDING HOUSE LANDLORD, MRS. WILMER CALLAHAN, REPORTED SEEING SEVERAL "SWARTHY, [UNUSUALLY?] SHORT FOREIGN MEN ENTER MORAN'S ROOM. SAID SHE WOULD NORMALLY HAVE CHALLENGED THEM, BUT "DECLINED" TO DO 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.

IF

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

MORE DEATHS.

spread the necessity of attempting frenetic detachment by the mind nature of their murders.

PEASLEE GONE, HEAD PART PULPED BY METAL POLE. FREEBORN MRS. PICKMAN GONE TOO - MASSIVE STROKE - PRAY SHE IN FACT SUICIDED NAMED NATURAL CAUSES.

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

FREEBORN DEAD IN ZURICH ON SUPPOSEDLY ROUTINE ERRAND FOR LIBRARY. ATTEMPTING TO SECURE PURCHASE OF BASEL CODEX FROM RARE BOOK DEALER OTTO VOSSKUEHLER. ACQUISITION WAS TO BE FUNDED 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 PICTOGRAPHIC TEXT (112 pp; FOLDED PAPER HAND-SCRIBED ON FIG-TREE BARK) OR NOTORIOUS FORGERY.

— SEE NEUE ARCHÄOLOGIE SPRING 1891 FOR 6 FACSIMILE PAGES. CASE AGAINST AUTHENTICITY BASED ON CONCERN RE 'OUTCANDISH' CONTENT OF EVENTS DEPICTED IN CODEX, AS COMPARED TO ACCEPTED ANALOGUES RESIDING IN DRESEN & MADRID. BASEL SHOWS WEIRD CREATION MYTH OF NON HUMAN ARRIVAL ON EARTH, DEPICTING BEINGS CYLINDRICAL, TENTACLED. BREED APES INTO SLAVE RACE, SLAVE RACE REBELS, BECOMES HUMANITY. RAINER SAXER (1852-1895, MURDERED IN BASEL ASYLUM) DISCOVERED CODEX, CLAIMS ENDS WITH PROPHECY OF FUTURE RECURRENCE. DEPENDING ON TRANSLATION SYSTEM USED FOR MAYAN CALENDAR, THE CYLINDRICAL RACE IS PREDICTED TO RETURN TO EARTH SOMETIME IN THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

DEATH

VEGA CRUI





SHORTLY AFTER FREEBORN'S DEATH, A TELEPHONE CALL FROM SOMEONE CLAIMING TO BE VOSSKUEHLER WAS PLACED TO THE LIBRARY OFFICE. BOTH LLANER AND I ABSENT; CALL TAKEN BY SECRETARY, MISS LESLIE. SHE REPORTS ODD CLICKS AND POPS OVER LINE, MORE THAN USUAL FOR 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 HAD AN ODD, HALTING LILT; INITIALLY SHE THOUGHT THE CALLER WAS 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 GAVE STRANGER AND MORE SHRELL, IT CONCLUDED WITH THE WORDS "I CAN SEE INSIDE YOU, YOU UNDERSTAND" AND THEN DISCONNECTED. MISS LESLIE WAS TAKEN ILL SHORTLY AFTER FIELDING THE CALL, AND REMAINS BEDRIDDEN WITH A PERSISTENT FEVER.

PEASLEE'S DEATH CAME TWO WEEKS AFTER HE ATTAINED MEMBERSHIP OF
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
CHAPTER C. 1924. THIS SCIENTIFIC BODY, COMPOSED MAINLY OF TENURED
ACADEMICS, PROMOTES RESEARCH ACROSS DISCIPLINARY LINES.

- I WAS ONCE INVITED TO ATTEND BY FORMER CHAPTER HEAD WILFRED 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 YIELDING
HIS SECRETS. SENT PEASLEE IN AFTER NEW CHAP, EDWIN CARSDALE, TOOK
OVER. MORE THAN A FAINT WHIFF OF BRIMSTONE FROM HIM.

WITH HINDSIGHT I NOW REALIZE SOMETHING ABOUT HIM REMINDED ME OF
THE HARRY PHANTASM RICE AND ~~I HAD~~ 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 EYES.

I GO TO THE NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE. THERE, FROM THREE YEARS AGO, THE
FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF BANK ROBBER RUSSELL FUSCHAK, USED ON HIS
'WANTED' POSTERS. NEITHER MAN RESEMBLES THE OTHER, BUT IN ESSENCE—
THE INDEFINABLE CONTINUITY IS IN THE DEAD GLEAM OF THEIR EYES.

FUSCHAK TILTS HIS HEAD AS DOES CARSDALE.

THE SINISTER HAZE.

A SMIRKING KNOWLEDGE OF COMING CHAOS.

FUSCHAK AND HIS COMPANION JAMES ROSS DONLAND WERE KILLED
ALONG WITH THREE ACCOMPLICES LAST AUGUST. DIED IN A HAIL OF
FBI BULLETS NEAR EMIGRANT, MONTANA. HAVE CONTACTED FRIENDLY
JOURNALIST AT SPOKANE DAILY CHRONICLE. HE SAYS RUMOR ATTRIBUTES
"SUPERNATURAL ELEMENT" TO THE FUSCHAK-DONLANDS GANG.
RAMPAGE. FUSCHAK 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 SAW HIS DEATH. 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 A CONSIDERABLE REWARD.

TA

- INTERRUPTED JUST NOW BY A VISIT FROM EDWIN CARSDACE: SAID HE WANTS ME TO JOIN THE JOSI. QUITE BROKEN UP OVER WHAT HAPPENED TO PEASLEE. HE CLAIMED. BLAMED IT ON ANARCHISTS!! MENTIONED THE PEASLEE SITUATION AS IF HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT. SAID ~~LEARN~~ IDEOLOGUES OF 'ALL STRIPES' JOINT A WORLDWIDE BLACKOUT NOT ONLY OF KNOWLEDGE, BUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS. ONLY MEN OF LEARNING & GOODWILL COULD STEM THE TIDE OF MADNESS.

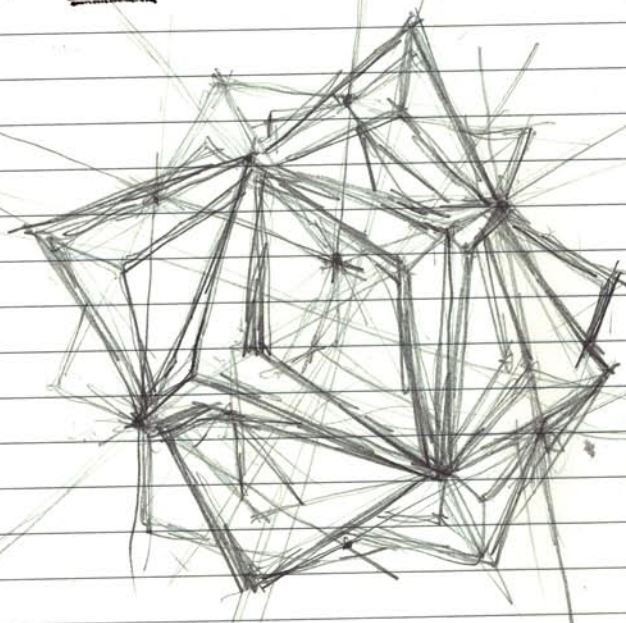
THEN HE SAW THE FUSCHACK-DONLANDS NEWSPAPER CLIPPING ON MY DESK AND VISIBLY BLANCHED. SEEMED TO WITHDRAW THE OFFER OF MEMBERSHIP AND ALL BUT TRIPPED OVER HIMSELF ON THE WAY OUT THE DOOR.

TEMPTED TO FOLLOW HIM, BUT OUR RANKS ARE THINKING.

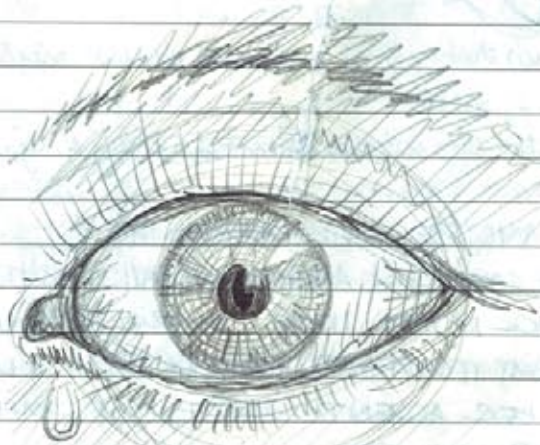
IT IS NOT SAFE TO STAY HERE.
I CAN RELY ON NO ONE ELSE.

I MUST GO OUT, AS IF I WERE A YOUNGER MAN, AND BECOME A FIELD OPERATIVE.

I WILL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.



IF I ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM BEING WATCHED, I WILL BE PARALYZED. IN ORDER TO ACT I MUST PRETEND THAT I AM NOT.
THIS WILL NOT STOP ME TAKING DEFENSIVE MEASURES, MIND YOU, BUT TO DUELL ON THE ODDS AGAINST ME SERVES NO PURPOSE.





the future 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 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 WHITTENED WATERS OF HER ACCENT. EXOTIC AND IMPENETRABLE.

PRESSED TO EXPLAIN, SHE SAID THAT

VILLAGES CLOSER TO THE SEA ARE THOSE THAT PRESERVE THE
• OLD WAYS BEST.

LAND CULTURES CHANGE BUT THOSE WHO DRAW THEIR LIVES FROM
THE DARK WATERS

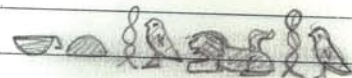
~~ADVENTURE AND DANGER~~ DRAW ON OLDER TRUTHS.

SHE TURNED OVER THE HIEROPHANT AND SAYS THAT THE TEARS I HAVE BEEN
CRYING WILL SOON BECOME LEGIBLE: AM I FINALLY CLOSE TO
FINDING THE TEARS OF ARAZOTH?



ESSAY ON THE HIEROGLYPHIC
J.G.H. GREPPO, (STUART)
BELLEVUE 1830

SPINETTO 1829, 1845



CAN THE LINGUIST LARS FAGERBERG INDEED TRANSLATE THIS SCRAP OF RUBBED
HIEROGLYPH HAVE BEEN GIVEN OR IS IT A HAZARD ~~AND~~ 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 ~~ARSTHON~~ BEER-SMELLING
CLUB JOINT WAITING FOR THE UD MANS ~~DEFENSE~~ ARRIVAL THERE IS A
FAT BARTENDER!

Smackin' me already taking my back ~~looking~~ AT ME KNOWING
I DO NOT BELONG HERE.

A RUMMY ~~DELEGATE~~ SITS DOWN AT THE PLAYER PIANO PUMPS ITS PEDALS OUT SAMUEL
~~THE TOOLING ENCAPSULATION OF AEROTH'S PROTOPLASMIC PLANTHITS~~
 BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME. WAS FABERBERG HAVING ME ON? LURING ME
 HERE PLANNING TO
~~DETACH MY HEAD FROM MY SHOULDERS WITH A LENGTHY RANXIER~~ LURING ME
 HERE WITH NO INTENTION BECOMING HIMSELF.?

I ASK IF THE MARCUZZOS OWN THE PLACE AND AM
~~INTERRUPTED BY THE BOY AND BEATEN UNTIL I CAN NO LONGER STAND~~
 GREETED BY STONY SILENCE. I AM HARDLY THE STREETWISE TYPE FOR THESE
 CIRCUMSTANCES.

CIRCUMSTANCES.
BUT IT IS DEAD NW. ~~POWER TO PUMP AND INFLATE BY REINFLATE~~
~~WATER OF PUMP~~ PUMPED FULL OF CYANIDE.

No sign of fiber after 4 hours of search with an ancient wife who may give evidence of fertility, hormones and divine intervention creating new forms of human life. Been a new found, undocumented bacteria in the water waiting for hours in this stinking dive.

WHAT KNOWN ~~FACTS~~ ABOUT THE MARCUROS: RUNS A PIZZERIA LITTLE ITALY - MARY'S FATHER ELIO
GANG FOUNDER ~~CHIEF~~ BLACK HAND, PRE-~~STANLEY~~ VOLSTEAD ACT ~~CRIMINAL~~ RAPID
EXPANSION AND ENRICHMENT ~~DEACON~~ ~~DRUG~~ AS ~~SEED~~ BARRONS DURING ~~DEPRESSION~~
~~CHANGE~~ ~~WITH~~ ~~EXT~~ ~~DRUG~~ PROHIBITION - SINCE REPEAL, GAMBLING ~~DRUG~~ ~~RECENT~~
POSITION - ~~HAS~~ ~~LOST~~ SOME RUMORS SAY NARCOTICS, ~~IT~~ ~~IS~~ ~~QUA~~ OTHERS DENY AS CONTRARY
TO ELIO MARCUZZI'S ROMANIST PIETIES ~~(NOT~~ ~~HER~~ ~~HYPER)~~ - ~~ABUSED~~ THAT HIS RELIGIOSITY
HYPERAT ~~THE~~ WOULD PERMIT WHITE SLAVERY YET NOT DRUG TRAFFIC ~~(STILL)~~
NIGHT ~~CLUB~~ - LIEUTENANT DOMENICO AND YOUNG MARCUZZI (YOUNGER
BROTHER) VITOLO MARCHESE & MAX BRAGANZA (BROTHER-IN-LAW) - TIGHTEN
FAMILY ~~FOR~~ ~~SECRET~~ NO POLICE INFILTRATION POSSIBLE. ~~THE~~ ~~ALL~~ ~~FOR~~ does the collection
of a gambling debt explain their possession of the TEARS OF AZAZOTH or does

AT THE VERY LEAST THERE WAS OVER FABERCA who POSSESSES IT OR IS IT
ANOTHER RABBIT HOLE? ~~THE JOURNAL~~

SEPARATION EPITHEMAL TISSUE BETWEEN SKULL BRAIN ROASTING SMELL INSIDE PECANEM THOUGHT
CANCER BURROWING BURNING LASHING SLASHING INNER BETRAYAL HUNGER AGAIN ALREADY HUNGER

MY OWN NOTES BETRAY ME.
FILLED WITH MADNESS.

UNSURE WHY I AM WRITING THESE ABSURD THINGS. GROSSING 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 ~~MOBIS BUZZING~~

is a very scary turn but have been in such places before. IN STENCH OF THE OCEAN
THE DAMNABLE DAMNABLE OCEAN EYES GRIND UPON ME FROM EVERY SHUTTERED
WINDOW THE CURTAINS DRAWN TIGHT UNTIL THEY SLIP OPEN AND AN EYE IS SEEN A
WATERY EYE ELDERLY EYE A PUPIL SITTEN DOWN THE MIDDLE UNBLINKING DAMNABLY
UNBLINKING SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME THEY CAN SEEM BUT I KNOW MY DESTINY
LIES ELSEWHERE MY DEMISE WILL 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 IS IT A PHANTASM OF MEMORY?
IN THAT ALLEY I BEHELD HIM RAPT IN EAGEREST COLLOQUY WITH THE HOOK-HANDED MAN.
HIS ONCE-PROUD BEARD NO LONGER REMINISCENT OF POSEIDON, BUT MATTED AND PRESSED
TO HIS JAW WIDEJAW BY DROZZING RAIN. OCEIL DAVIS OR ALL PEOPLE NEVER WAS A
RATIONALIST MORE HARD-BITTEN. I REMEMBER THE OVERLUSH RISE OF HIS
EYEBROWS WHEN A MERE INSTRUCTOR DARED QUESTION HIS STAUNCH DARNIAN
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, THE NAMES OF SHERRINGTON AND
ADRIAN CALLED OUT IN THE FACULTY LOUNGE. EVEN I, IN MY DISTANT FIELD OF EPIGRAPHY
KNEW THAT THEIR INSIGHT INTO THE NEURON HAD BOTH PREFIGURED AND ECCIPED HIS.
HIS RAGE THAT DAY. THE REDNESS OF HIS FACE. NOW THAT I LOOK BACK ON IT THERE
WAS A PURITY TO HIS FURY THAT I BEHELD IN A MORE PRIMAL STATE IN THE EXPRESSION OF
THE DAGON CULTISTS WHO POPULATE THIS SLEAZY VILLAGE

AND THE WINDING LANE TO THE DOCK AND THE BLOOD THERE, THE WRITHING GRABS
THE ASYMMETRIC CREATURES BROUGHT UP IN THE NETS
THE WRITHING

GOD HELP ME. I SEE THE FUTURE
AND IT IS THE PAST.

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 BATTLE AGAINST CATHOLIC 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. THAT IS HOW ~~HE DIED~~ DIED: DEVOURED BY THAT THING. OLLIE OLSON IS AN ORDINARY STOREKEEPER

I HAVE BEEN SPLIT INTO THREE PARTS LIVING SIMULTANEOUSLY IN THREE ALTERNATIVES. 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~~ REWRITES

ITSELF. I CAN SEE THE BRASSER 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 FORCE THE CONCLUSION THAT MY 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 BY THE UNMISTAKABLE ODOR OF PEINE URINE. BERNARD PETROVICH GREETES 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! HA!!!

ATTEMPTED TO READ HIS BOOK LOGOS THROUGH THE AGES FOUND IT A CATERWALLING COMPENDIUM OF CLAPTRAP. 1875. UNIVERSE POSSESSES SINGLE UNDERLYING TRUTH OF WHICH ALL RELIGIONS AND PHILOSOPHIES ARE ~~IMPERFECT~~ IMPERFECT MIRRORS. THE EFFORT TO FIND THE SECRET UNDERLYING LYING LYING TRUTH UNFINDING ALL HUMAN FAITHS WAS IN LAVI'S FORMULATION, BOTH 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 CHORUS OF DEVOTEES, MANY OF THEM ELDERLY, ARE FOUND THROUGHOUT THE INDUSTRIALIZED WORLD.

ka Lavi



PETRONCH BRACES ME, LOOKS 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 KNOWS; GENERAL STOTHART SAID THAT HE KNEW. THAT HE HAD IT,
PERHAPS, SQUIRRELED AWAY IN HIS ATTIC.

THE NOPHRU-KA PANEL. INSIST. EVER MORE INSISTENTLY INSIST. I SAW HIM
SIGN A PHOTOGRAPH OF IT AT THE SILVER BALL.

I NEVER GO TO SWANKY NIGHTCLUBS. HE SAYS. I RAPPAID HIM WITH
IF YOU HAVE 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 HEADLIGHT OF AN
ONCOMING TRAIN.

THE NOPHRU-KA PANEL - YOU SWINE, I SAY. SEIZING HIM BY THE LAPELS.
LIMESTONE PANEL, FIVE FEET BY SIXTEEN. RELIEF CARVING OF A PRIEST
SLAUGHTERING SIX HARPLESS SLAVES.

FOUR HE CORRECTS ME AND HARNE HIM AGAIN. GUSSEND.

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THE PANEL HOW DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY SLAVES ARE
BEING SLAUGHTERED?

I TAKE MY ARMS AND SMASH IT ACROSS HIS RABBY VENDOR FOREHEAD.

BLOOD STREAKS HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES. CHORTLING LAUGHTER ERUPTS PAINFULLY
FROM HIS CHEST. FOR HOW LONG HAVE YOU DREAMED OF THIS, PUNISHING THOSE WHO
FOR BEINGS VAST HAVE PUNISHED AND HUMILIATED THE HUMAN RACE! THE
ULTIMATE EXPRESSION OF HUMANITY, CREATION OF RATION, DUTY AND GLORY.

NEVER SHOULD IT SUBJUGATE ITSELF TO WORMS TO
MEWLING OCTOPI, TO MASSES OF COSMIC FILTH THAT DARE TO
DEEM THEMSELVES GODS.

HOW DARE THEY?? HAIL THE FATHERLAND!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS.

THE NOPHRU-KA PANEL IS RIGHTEOUSLY DEMAND. KTH DYNASTY EGYPT. OVER SUMMONED
ON PRIEST'S HEAD. RUEN LANDSCAPE. WHAT YEAR WAS IT EXCAVATED, I EXULT.

1927 HE BUBBLES THROUGH BROKEN LIPS. SPITS OUT BROKEN TEETH. SEVERAL MORE TIMES I HAVE
ALREADY SMASHED HIS REBELT (GOD). EXCAVATION NOT IN EGYPT, BUT INTERIOR AFRICA.
HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT, ORDINARY SCIENCE?? NEMED FOR REBEL PRIEST. FOLLOWERS
FLED TO Q'HARNE.

PETRONCH 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



Document 6

LOGOSPHERIC UNION.

AKA. AGAIN HE IS TRAPPED IN DECEPTION BECAUSE ALTHOUGH THEY WILL NOT ADMIT IT,



SEIZING PETROICH BY THE SHOULDERS OF HIS GORE-STAINED JACKET I HEAVE HIS HEAD INTO THE SHARP CORNER OF HIS MAHOGANY DESK. HE GROANS, SHAUDERS BACK, PRODUCES SOMETHING FROM HIS POCKET. I KICK IT ASIDE, I STOMP ON HIS FINGERS, DELIRIOUS JOY RISING THROUGH MY THROAT. HEAR HIS BONES CRUNCH. THERE ARE MORE BONES TO BREAK IN A HUMAN HAND THAN

ANYWHERE ELSE ON THE HUMAN BODY.

THE OBJECT IS A STRANGE ASSEMBLAGE OF IMPOSSIBLE ANGLES AND METAMORPHICALLY IMPOSSIBLE RESIDUES IT TURNS AND PESTERS. I

I SMASH IT WITH A PAPER WEIGHT. PEELING THROUGH PETROICH'S DESK I FIND A SMALL PISTOL AND A SACRIFICIAL DAGGER.

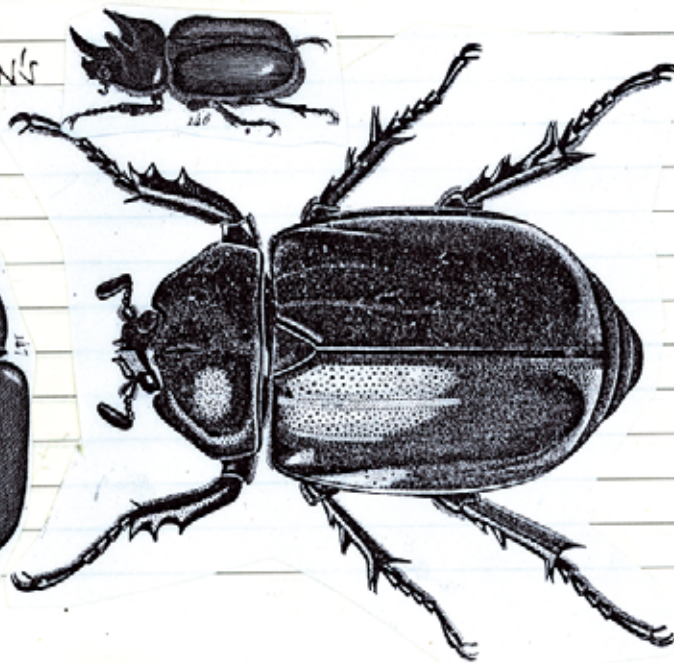
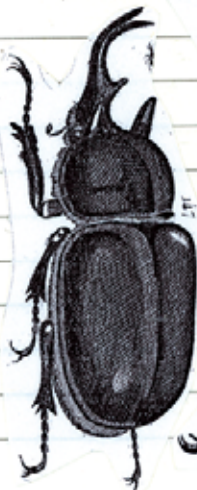
HE IS DEAD NOW I THINK. THE DOOR OPENS I AM THE PISTOL AND AM ANTICIPATING A THRAK OR SIMILAR HORROR. INSTEAD IT IS ONE OF THE CHATTERING UPDATES PETROICH SURROUNDS HIMSELF. THE WOMAN'S KNEES BUCKLE A RED BUTCH SPREADS ACROSS HER SILK BOWS SHE SMELLS LIKE PEACOCK.

I FIRE ANOTHER ROUND INTO HER TEMPLE TO BE CERTAIN SHE IS DISPATCHED. LABORIOUSLY I

DRAW BOTH CORPSES DOWN TO THE UNUSUAL CLOSETMENT ON THE WRY ENCOUNTER. ANOTHER SOLDIER AND PULPHER WITH MY DRIPPING CANE

WITH THE SACRIFICIAL DAGGER I CUT THEM IN PIECES. THESE I LOAD INTO A SERIES OF SUTURES. I AM CREEPY TO CATEGORISE THE CONTENTS SCIENTIFICALLY. ONE TRUNK FULL OF LEGS, ARMS IN ANOTHER, A THIRD RESERVED EXCLUSIVELY FOR TORSOS AND SO ON. ANATOMY AND TAXONOMY BECOME A BLISS. THESE I WILL WIDELY DISPERSE THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE SO THAT THE FOOL AUTHORITIES PARVANS OF TSATHOGGUA THAT THEY ARE WILL BE CONFUSED AND DISTRESSED.

WILL NOW SEEK OUT EMRYS DOCIAN WYNN'S
MEDITATIONS ON AN ATIC FIGURE



A BLOODY MEMBER
 MADE MINE FROM
 MINE OWN RIGOR
 DREAMING COVERED I
 SAVED ORIGIN FROM
 GAINED RIME MORE
 IDEOGRAM THE IRON
 IMAGINED ROMBER
 MINDA BEHO MIND
 REMADE ORIGIN ON
 MIMED OCEAN IRON
 MEREAD OCEAN IRON
 MIMED EON RIGOR
 MODENA GRIMORE.

IT IS AN OLD JOKE IN ANTHROPOLOGICAL CIRCLES THAT HUMAN FLESH TASTES LIKE CUCUMBER. IT IS CUCUMBER, IN FACT, TO POKE
 DIBBL BRAIN, ON THE OTHER HAND, CAN ONLY BE DISTINGUISHED ONCE PROPERLY PREPARED, FROM THAT OF A CABBAGE.
 I THINK I WILL CURE WHAT IS LEFT OF ASHLEY. I THINK I CAN ACHIEVE THE FLAVOR AND CONSISTENCY OF VIRGINIA HAM.

52



Agricultural.

From the Trenton True American.

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.

FOR 24 hams, take six pounds of
 fine lard, three pounds of coarse brown su-
 gar, or two pints of molasses, and one
 pound of salt petre pounded fine—mix all
 these together, and rub every ham with
 the mixture, and pack them down in your
 cask; let them remain five or six days,
 then unpack them and those which were
 on the top, put at the bottom of the cask,
 and sprinkle a little salt over them—so let
 them remain for five or six days, and then
 make a pickle that will bear an egg, and
 pour over till it covers them—so let the
 whole remain for one month and they will
 be fit for smoke.

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

Historical Department.

benefited
 and pur
 remotest
 ces, the
 might be
 could be
 panse by
 fight of
 accordi
 before
 must c
 cordin
 tion o'
 right;
 ces,
 ly w
 able
 pra
 " i
 ova
 ho
 en
 je
 ca

I HAVE RECOVERED MY SENSE. BUT NOW THE WORLD IS DEAD. MISKATONIC BURNS.
THE PRIMITIVES, THE SCIENCE HALL AND ITS ANNEX, CARTER HALL. — ALL RAZED.
SHANTAGS ALL ARE THE LOCKSEY BUILDING. ONLY THE LIBRARY STILL STANDS.
FOR THIS LAST MERCY ONE MUST CREDIT THE ELDER SIGN WILMARTH HAD INLAIN INTO THE
VESTIBULE FLOOR — NONETHELESS THE GHOULS HAVE SMASHED ITS DOORS. — THEY CARRY
AWAY THE TOMES AND SCROLLS SO PAINSTAKINGLY GATHERED — TO WHAT IMPERIOUS PATTERN
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 AMPUL CANINE FACES TO APPEAR. — I DO NOT
KNOW WHAT I FEAR MORE — THAT THEY WILL DENY ME — OR LOOK UPON ME AND
EMBRACE ME AS ONE OF THEIR OWN.

IF I CRAWL TO THE WINDOW I CAN SEE GARRISON STREET. CORSES, STRIPPED AND STIFF
LIE STACKED ON ITS CRIMINAL PAVEMENT. HUNCHD PALPA FIGURES SWITTE PERIODICALLY
TO THEM TO GRAB ON A FOOT OR SUCK A GUEY EYE BALL GENTLY FROM ITS SOCKET. THE
GHOULS SOMETIMES RAISE THEIR SWEATS TO THE AIR TO HOWL — IN THEIR
WHISL I DETECT A USEFUL SADNESS:

THE WORLD IS ENDED, AND THAT THE
OF FRESH CORPSES REPRESENT A
BEFORE THE FAMINE.

THE SUN HAS BEEN OBSCURED
BLACK SMOKE LIES ATOPUS LIKE A
BLANKET — THE MUNGLED PILES OF
BOSTON, NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA RAIN WAS IN THAT MATTER, THAT COULD HAVE
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 THUMBS, CUN RED WITH BLOOD.

THEY KNOW THAT THE
CURRENTLY ABANDONED
SURFET

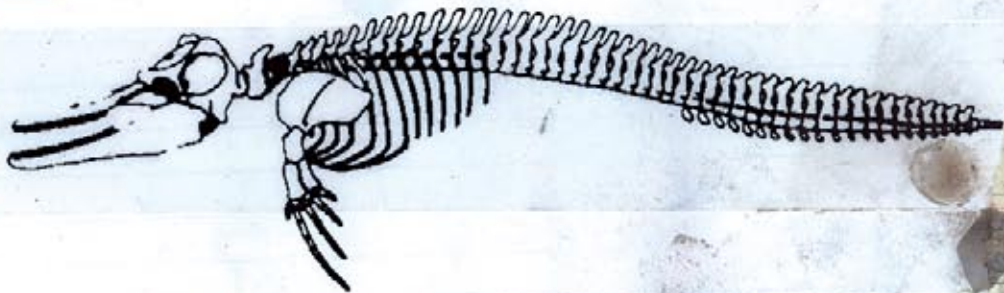
FOR DAYS.

VERSATILE GLASS. HAD WE BEEN

IN THAT MATTER, THAT COULD HAVE

IT'S

PUCK BY A



I HEAR THE GIMMELS SNIPELING BEHIND. 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 THE ARRIVAL OF HELL ON EARTH.

- ONE STRAND IN THE WEB THAT ONCE TUGGED LOOSE COULD HAVE KEPT THE GREAT ONES IN THEIR GRAVES AND PRISONS.

WAS IT THE CIRCUS RITE LODGE? THAT COMMENT JONAS STOCKTON MADE AT THE HOLLOWEVE BUNFARE. 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 ELIASIAN MYSTERIES - BUT IF THAT FETTERISH INFORMATION IS TO BE BELIEVED - AND YES WE KNEW HIM TO BE A HEROIN ADDICT - AND YES THERE WAS THE DIAGNOSIS OF TERTIARY SYPHILIS, BUT IF ONLY WE HAD GIVEN HIM CREDENCE. NOW THAT THE SPACECRAFT FROM YOGGOTH OPENS BY THE SKIES, HIS RAVING ABOUT THE CLACKING OF FUNGAL CLAWS SEEMS ALL TOO PRESENT.



Agricultural.

From the Trenton True Age

RECIPE FOR CURING

FOR... AND WHY DID THAT HALF-MERGED GIMMEL, WHILE RANSACKING THE STACKS, LINGER WITH APPARENT NOSTALGIA OVER A COPY OF 'THE NIGHTINGALE'? PERHAPS IT WAS MERELY THE CRUDE ILLUSTRATION ON ITS MIMEDGRAVED COVER.

BRIEFLY GUMMED, 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 WED IN THE POETRY, YES. BUT THERE WAS MORE TO IT. THE RUBBING, 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 BEEN? THOSE FARMERS, THE GUTTEN FAMILY. WHERE WERE THEY LOCATED - NEAR PEARCE LAKE? OUT BY STON? CENTERBRIDGE? THERE WAS A REFERENCE TO A MOLDERING CHURCH. I REMEMBER THAT MUCH. MCGRATH THOUGHT THEM CORRUPT, WESHIPPEES OF THE OLD ONES. RICE PRONOUNCED THEM WERE BYLWOODS IMBECILES. WITH RESOURCES LIMITED, WE DEEMED THEM INSUFFICIENTLY DANGEROUS TO BOTHER WITH. BUT IT IS IN THE FORGOTTEN CORNERS OF THE WORD THAT DARK EXCRESCENCES CRAWL.

DR. GEORGE BELLING. THE ODOR OF CHLOROFORM ALWAYS ON HIM. THE LEERING INSINUATIONS. HIS ASIATIC TRAVELS. MANY ARE ~~REMOVED~~ RUMORED TO HAVE TROD THE PLAINS OF LENG - YET HE HAD THAT PHOTOGRAPH ON HIS DESK - BEFORE HE NOTICED ME LOOKING AT IT AND SWEEP IT CRUDELY FROM SIGHT.

ALPHE PIVAR. THE CIRCUS FREAK. SURELY THE KITHYRIDICTOR, RUNNING IN HIS VEINS WAS THAT OF DAGON'S SPAWN. THE BRACKLINE OF MY AUTOMOBILE WAS CUT THAT NIGHT - I CAN EASILY ENVISION HIM CUMBERING BELOW TO ATTEMPT MURDER AT A REMOTE. HE BRIDLED VISIBLY WHEN I ~~ABANDONED~~ PROBED HIM ON THE GUY'S DISAPPEARANCE. I EXPECTED GUNS TO PLACE AT HIS NECK.

THE DETECTIVE

CLIFF MCGRATH. HE WAS NOT THE TYPE TO HOWL IN A CIRCLE TO GODS UNKNOWN, BUT HE DID EAGERLY OBSTRUCT PURSUIT OF THE AGGRESSIVE, LEARNED WHO HIS CLIENT WAS IN THAT MATTER, THAT COULD HAVE OPENED THE LID ON A SQUIRMING CABAL AMONG THE CITY'S ELITE.

VERSATILE GLASS. HAD WE BEEN MORE

AS I FLED TO THIS COBWEBBED ROOM, I WAS LEFT WITH TIME TO PUCK BUT A SOLITARY PRECIOUS VOLUME FROM THE COLLECTION. I ABANDONED TO THE GIBBONS THE NECRONOMICON, THE VON JUNZT. THE THAUMATURGICAL PRODIGES.

AS CLAUDIA THE GYPSY WOMAN SAID, I NOTICED 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?

THE GHOULS REARED FROM ME IN ~~AND~~ 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 BOSS ME THROUGH THE STREETS OF ARHAM, CHANTING MY NAME ALONG WITH THAT OF MORDIGGAN, THE CHARNEL GOD.

ARMITAGE!

ARMITAGE!

A CHOKING CLOUD OF FLIES OBSCURED THE AIR. CORPSE FRAGMENTS LITTERED THE STREETS. JELLYFISH THINGS PAUSED 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 INDEED 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

AT THEIR DEGENERACIES, HE GROWN COLD AND CHANGED THE SUBJECT. I URGED FREEBORN TO SOUND HIM OUT FURTHER, BUT BY THEN RUSSELL HAD LEFT ON ANOTHER EXPEDITION. AND NOW I

COULD NOT HELP BUT SWAY IMPOSE HIS FEATURES OVER THIS ODDLY-CONFIGURED GHOUL. THE CREATURE

SENT MY ENQUIRY AND COOKED IN A HAUTING TONGUE, AS IF THE ACT OF HUMAN SPEECH PAINED IT TERRIBLY. AT FIRST I COULD NOT MAKE OUT THE WORDS,

WHICH IT REPEATED, UNTIL I UNDERSTOOD THEM AS "SAVIOUR RISEN".

"RUSSELL?" I HISSED, IN A RIDICULOUS ATTEMPT TO CONCEAL MY WORDS FROM THE REST OF THE GHOULISH THROG. "HENRY RUSSELL?"

"INCOMPREHENSIBLE GLOOM" HIS VOICE, THOUGH ALTERED, WAS THE ONE I HAD HEARD YEARS BEFORE IN THE FACULTY HALL. "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!" "MNR." "TAWIL AT-UMR" HE CROAKED. I SAW A JUNGLE PAGE, A

DESCENT INTO A LIGHTLESS TUNNEL, FELT AGAIN THE TASTE OF BLOOD AND UNCOOKED HUMAN FLESH IN MY MOUTH.

RUSSELL AND THE OTHERS LED ME TO THE WAREHOUSE, ITS PORTICO SHEARED AWAY, ITS COLUMNS TOPPLED. STUMBLING UP ITS BROKEN STEPS THEY CARRIED ME INTO THE FOYER AND DOWN A SET OF STEPS I HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN. IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT I WAS DREAMING, FOR IN DREAMS FAMILIAR ARCHITECTURE OFTEN RECONFIGURES AND MISCONSTRUCTS 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 JADE-COLOURED SANDSTONE, I REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED. I WAS DREAMING.

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 REMAINS OF A FANTASTIC BEAST. A GROTESQUELY OBSESSIVE GHOUL MAIDEN THROUST FORWARD 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 GUSTERING SKINS.

A CROWN WAS PLACED ON MY HEAD. THE GHOULS LONGED CLOSER, RUBBING AT EACH OTHER LIKE CUPS ON 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 RECOGNISED - EITHER FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE, OR FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FOUND IN OUR CASEFILES. FROZEN IN A RICTUS OF APPALLED SURPRISE WAS THE INVESTIGATOR. ~~ARGENT~~

THE JOWLED FACE OF SHERIFF ELSHA CULBERSON, HIS HOLLOWED EYES NOW LACKING THEIR RURAL CUNNING.

NEXT TO HIS LAY THE FLATTENED VISAGE OF THE HOBO ISAIAH HAVENS, WHO WILLIAMS HAD IDENTIFIED AS THE DARK FIGURE WHO HAD TRIED TO STRANGLE HIM. THOUGHT I COULD NOT BE CERTAIN, THE NEXT MASK APPEARED TO BE THE REMAINS OF DR. BRWIN DIEKE, THE NOTED ALIENIST. THE SOLE FEMALE FACE WAS THAT OF THE FORTUNE TELLER WHO HAD SET ME ON THIS PATH.

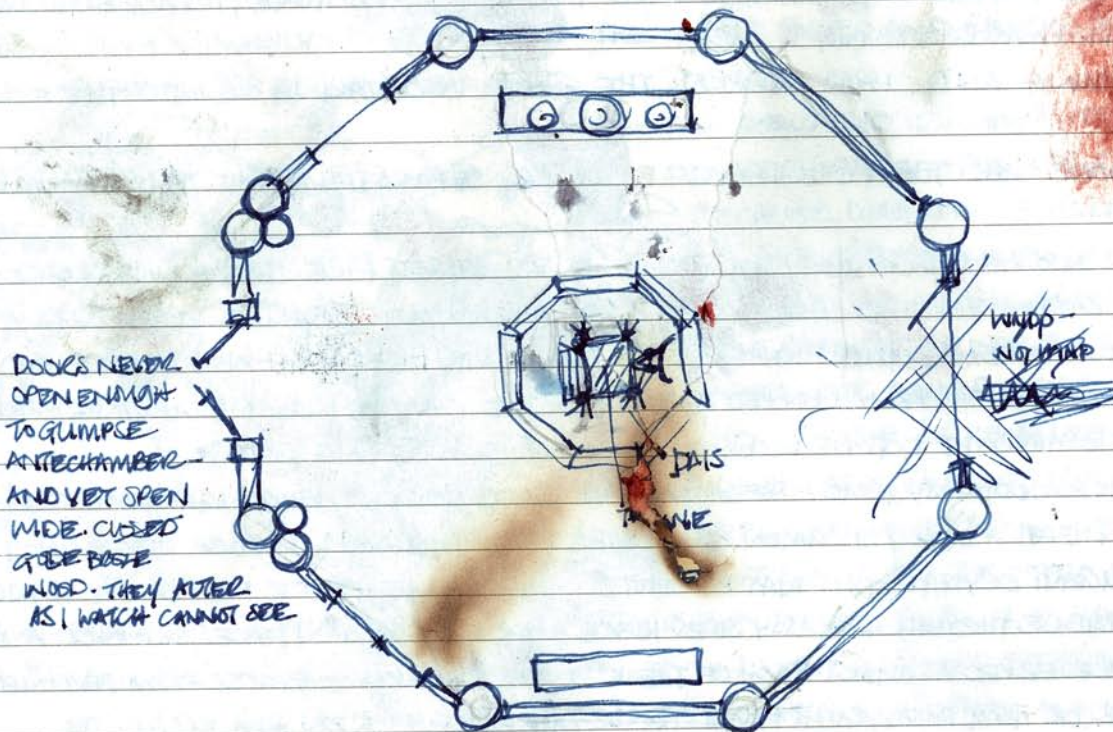
MY MIND RACED FEVERISHLY, ATTEMPTING TO CORRELATE THE PAST HISTORIES OF THESE DISPARATE INDIVIDUALS, TO WEAVE THEM INTO A SINGLE NARRATIVE TO ACCOUNT

FOR ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED.

INTUITION TOLD ME THAT EACH HAD PLAYED A RÔLE IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

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 PROVED CRUCIAL TO RUTH'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 PICK ONE OF THESE MUMMIFIED FACES FROM THE CHEST AND PLACE IT OVER MY OWN.

SEEMING THAT THE LEeway GRANTED TO 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.

RAIN SEEPS ALL AROUND ME. I AM COLD AND WET.
THERE IS A WOUND ON MY LEG THAT WILL NOT HEAL. THE SKIN BLACKENS
~~SCALDS~~ HARTENS SLOUGHS OFF LIKE A SCAR 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 GHOUISH SNUOUT 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 SUCH 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 STILL-LIVING.

HE OBSOBERBULLY BULGING AND GURGUNG ACROSS THE SCORCHED EXpanse OF CENTRAL PARK
HYPNOTISED MEN AND WOMEN FENCULARY FROM ANYTHING OTHER THAN AGES STALDERED TOWARD HIM AS
MOTHS TO A FLAME.

IT IS THE SAME IMPULSE I AM SURE THAT BROUGHT ME HERE FROM A DREAM YET SOMETHING IS GROWING IN ME DARK
AND SHAMEFULLY ALL I NEED TO DO IS TO GO BACK WHERE OTHERS PRESSEED TIMIDLY ON TO BE DEVOURER A BENEFIT
OF MY RECENT CANNIBAL FEARS.

OR THE DESTINY THAT CAUSES ME TO TAKE THE IMPLEMENT AND WRITING ME A FIVE TO ME BY THE
MI-GOD AND TO WRITE.

OES



Tomatoes are specially
selected for flavour and grown on selected
land in the Puglia region of southern Italy



Calori
Fat
Saturat
Salt
Sug

I WRITE THIS DOCUMENT AS A DELAYING MEASURE. I DID NOT HAVE TO COMPLETE MY
MAGNUM OPUS.

THE TEARS OF AZAZOTH.

I AM ITS AUTHOR.

THESE ARE THE ROUGH NOTES FOR THIS ~~MAJESTIC~~ MASTERPIECE.

FRANTICALLY I CORRELATE THE SHIRAZI SETBACKS WITH OUR
ALIEN ANALYTICAL TOOL, FEED INTO MY MIND. THE RESULTING
TEXT WILL BE INHUMANLY ABSTRACT, INFORMATIVE,
WHEN READ SUBJECTIVE AND MALEABLE. I WRITE HERE TO
PRESERVE THE HUMAN WITHIN THE SENSE OF
NARRATIVE. ANIMATING THE LIQUID WORD ACROSS ITS
IMPOSSIBLE PAGES.

I AM NOW CONVINCED THAT THE BATHROOM OF THE RED SASH PLAYED A ROLE IN THE. OR SO ADVISES THE
FUNGAL COMPUTER NOW RESIDENT IN MY CORTICAL CEREBRAL CORTEX. ETHNIC ORGANIZATION.
FORMER OCCUPANTS OF THIRD-FLOOR WALKUP IN CITY. NOW PRESUMABLY DESTROYED. TUZLO-UGRIK
COMMUNITY. (BALKAN). CYRILIC ALPHABET. CONNECTED TO THE ENTIRE TEMPLE MESS IN THEIR OWN
DISTINCTIVELY OBSCURE EASTERN EUROPEAN WAY. APPEARS INNOCUOUS, AS BOTH CULTISTS AND CULTIST
FIGHTERS MUST DO. TEA, ARGUMENTS, POLITICS, CABBAGE ROLLS. BEHIND IT ALL, WHAT?
ZVDRANKO ILIC IS THE NAME OF THE LEADER. DID THEY DO EVIL
AGAINST IT AND FAIL?

Scriabin
no. 5 Opus 53
of Ecstasy



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. STOOD SLOWLY SMELLING. A VEXING BRAGGART ALWAYS ASKING QUESTIONS MOTIVATED BY JEALOUSY AND FEAR. I DESPISE HIM. YET, WITH MY LEGS GROWING WORSE, I HAVE GROWN INEVITABLY DEPENDENT ON HIS MINISTRATIONS. MY SUSTENANCE NOW DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON HIS CATCHING SLICERS. WILTON BOWLEEN IS HIS NAME.

THERE WAS THE TIME IN THE OLD OBSERVATORY OUTSIDE ARHAVN THE ONE BUILT BY HALF-BUILT BY EARRAIN 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, CAME TO ~~HELP~~ HELP US FROM ANOTHER STAR. I KNOW YOU CATCH WHEN I SAY THIS, FREEBORN. THAT THE SO-CALLED BENIGN ENTITIES TURN OUT TO BE ANYTHING BUT, SEEN CLOSE UP. THAT IS YOUR MARXIST CYNICISM TALKING AGAIN. THESE THINGS WERE SHADOW ANGELS, AND IF WE COULD FIND THEM PERHAPS THEY COULD

I CAUGHT BOLHEEN SCRIBBLING NONSENSE IN MY JOURNAL. A CHILDISH PRANK.
HE HATES THIS JOURNAL AND ESPECIALLY THE TIME I SPEND WORKING ON
THE TEARS OF AZAZOTH.

I DARE SAY THE DEPENDENCE HE HAS UPON ME HAS GROWN UNWHOLESOME.
IT IS INAPPROPRIATE TO SAY MORE, BUT I HAVE TAKEN TO BARRICADING MY DOOR
SHUT 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 YOU. KNOWING WHAT I DO TO MANY OF YOU. HOW CAN I DO
OTHERWISE BUT TO REACH BACK AND STOP IT?

BOLHEEN AIMS TO KILL ME, I AM SURE OF IT.

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

I 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 ADDITION FROM THE MANUSCRIPT, BUT WILL INCLUDE IT
SO THAT YOU CAN TASTE HIS PERFDY. 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 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 ADAPTABOE.



. HUMAN LIFE ESSENCE MUST BE REDEEMED.

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

Document I

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 expunged 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 spider-scratchy, 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 yourself. 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 I WRITE 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 ~~CONTEXT~~. 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

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

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 AN IMMEDIATE OPENING TO 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!



Tears Of Azazoth: I insist to the others that this dread volume is so much flim-flammy, 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.

New England League Of Amateur Astronomers: 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,

showed the Inquiry's utmost 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. Philip 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 conclusion—the 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 Helping Hands service group (which, unlike Circle Rite Lodge 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

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.

A witness report says that 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.



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 Jahraus 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.

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

Document 3

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

Condition of corpse: 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 follow-up 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.



Dyer has found a reference to the Tears Of Azazoth 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 Basel Codex 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 pictographic 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

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

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 Fuschack-

Donlands 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.



TRAIL OF CTHULHU

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 The Tears Of Azazoth?

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 beer-smelling 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 Faberberg 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 bacteria 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 — Ethugha-Black Hand, pre-Cthulhu-Volstead act — Cyaegeha-rapid expansion and enrichment Dagon-as beer barons during Dr. Grave-Gravenhurst Dust prohibition — since repeal, gambling, Dracula Ghatanotroa 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 Marcuzzo (younger brothers) Vittorio Marchese & Max Bragannia (both Tsathoggua-brothers-in-law) — tight-knit family, Yog-Sothoth

no police infiltration possible — Zhar & Htoigor does the collection of a gambling debt explain their possession of The Tears Of Azazoth, 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

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 half-breed 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



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. Attempted 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 devotees, 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 surmioned 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 although they 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

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.



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 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*lg*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*rl*d's s*rv*v*l *s st*ll w*rt h 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

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

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.



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 sniffing 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 elite 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 Necronomicon, the von Junzt, the Thaumaturgical Prodigies... 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?

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.

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 still-living. 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, The Tears Of Azazoth. 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? Zdravko 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, sniffing, 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~~

~~youv 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~~

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

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 The Tears Of Azazoth. 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 you—
knowing what I do to many of you—
how 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 .

