

April 12th: Hello diary, my new friend. I write this on English to practice. It was a strange day in this new house, so differently to the small dwelling in New York. It is, thus calmly out here, misses the noises of the roads.

April 15th: Mr. Jacob and Mrs. Harriet seem very friendly, but not the kind of the people, which would be friends with Jerry Grant. I do not trust Jerry Grant, it have cruel eyes. Old eyes have the Corneliszys, like deep wells.

April 25th: They never seem like my cooking. I know that I am a good cook and they eat whatever I set before them. They say even that they like it, but it never each possible joy in their voice gives.

2 maja: Boże, czym sobie na to zastużyłam? Tej nocy on wtargnął do mej sypialni i zrzucił mnie z łóżka. Gdy zerwał ze mnie koszulę, byłam pewna, że chce posiadać mnie siłą. Zamiast tego, zaciągnął mnie na zewnątrz do ogrodu. Gwiazdy były takie dziwne, a na niebie cudem jakimś widniał drugi księżyc, który po chwili zbliżył się do mnie i...

May 10th: I feel very sick today.
September 16th: I can feel it kicking inside me. When mother was pregnant with Ela, she did not feel the baby kick until much later. The baby is very healthy.

October 31st: I heard them leave the house. I tried to run away, but I am too big to move. I crawled as far as the top of the stairs before the pain was too much to ensure.

December 3rd: Today it is my birthday. I wrote a letter home, telling them that I would not be coming home because I have too much work. It makes me laugh. I miss work. I miss walking. I miss being able to leave this bed, this room. My back is covered in sores.

December 5th: Mother visited me, and brought Ela with her. She is a whore now, and the whole city has her. I screamed at mother, and woke Jacob. He did not strike me, but he looked at me with eyes of fire, and it was the inside of my head was on fire.

January 10th: There are one hundred and seventeen stars on the wallpaper on the wall. There are sixteen panels in the wardrobe door.

January 15th: I have read all the books they will give me a dozen times. Mother visited me again, and we talked for a long time. She told me that all this was because I was a disobedient girl, and that God was punishing me. I am in hell. Jesus said, in my father's house there are many rooms, and it is like that in the Devil's house too. In the night, I hear all the other sinners whispering through the walls.

February 20th: I decided today that I would kill myself. It won't let me.

March 12th: I think it's coming. Jacob haunts me, never leaves my side. I beg him to cut it out of me, but he wants it born naturally! Naturally! As if anything about this unholy abomination was natural!

March 15th: Free.

March 16th: Jacob brought me a bitter tea to drink. Harriet came in, and she had the child with her. My child. She has named him Adam. He is perfect, beautiful, the child I always dreamed of.

I am very tired. Too tired to write.
Goodbye, goodbye.

I am so sorry.

Dear Sir

We have your son.
You will pay 50000\$ dollars
or you will not see him alive
again.
Bring the money in a suit case
to the 45th st. station Brooklyn
in 2 days time at 5 sharp.
Stand in front of the lucky
strikes poster and we will
tell you more then.
Come alone. If you go to the
polis or make anything public
we will kno.

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate
Telegram or Cable-
gram unless its de-
ferred character is in-
dicated by a suitable
symbol above or pre-
ceding the address.

WESTERN
UNION

SYMBOLS
DL=Day Letter
NL=Night Letter
L.C.=Deferred Cable
NLT=Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

Form 1204

Received at: Downsville

Ambrose Wisner, Shavertown, NY

Ambrose, they have delivered it.
You can both come back now.
Ray.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICES

Alaquin Hirt

Writer & Historian

*Apartment 302,
Shaller Building
Tribeca, Manhattan
New York*

HIRT IS A DEAD MAN AND SO ARE HIS
FRIENDS. BURN ANY NOTES OR LETTERS FROM
HIM, FORGET EVERYTHING HE TOLD YOU,
FORGET HE EVER EXISTED AND MAYBE YOU
WILL BE SPARED HIS FATE.

DO NOT THINK WE ARE A JOKE. DO NOT THINK
WE ARE NOT REAL. OUR HAND IS AT YOUR
THROAT. BURN HIRT'S NOTES AND DENY YOU
EVER KNEW HIM. IF YOU PUBLISH ANYTHING
ABOUT THIS, WE WILL KILL YOU. WE ARE WAT-
CHING.

In days when there were two moons in the sky,
the void-folk of ????? descended the moon-bridge
and taught the lore of the gods to our father's
father's father, the men of Irem. In time, the pleas
and offerings of the men of Irem reached the ears
of mighty ??? on his throne in distant Kadath, and he
walked among our people and showed them wonders.
The void-folk of ????? were gleeful at this sight,
and black diamonds and ????? were strewn beneath the
feet of ?????.

A curse issued from the mouth of the fish, and the
moon-bridge could not endure, and our fathers were
left without the protection of the void-folk.
Our enemies were many, and encamped in the hills
beyond Irem, and they called on ?????.

????, Father of All opened the casket of the shi-
ning stone, and the radiance of ????? struck the land.
Our enemies were burned like dry sticks, and Irem
was hidden in the shadow of the moon. Our father's
fathers are those who left the city before it was
hidden, and we remember their fathers, who died and
live eternally in the city.

This is the secret lore of Irem, and the curse of
???? be upon he who speaks it to the uninitiated
or to the servants of ?????. Speak the words Iytakya
Cthyin when you stand on the threshold of the
moon, and you shall come to Irem and walk with
our father's father's fathers.

E



To the reader

HE WATCHED THEM CRAWL ACROSS A
RED SKY IT IS HIS DREAMS THAT I
DREAM AND IT IS HIS WORDS THAT
CONSUME ME LIKE TONGUES OF PENTA
COSTAL FLAME I AM NOT WHAT I WAS
AND I AM NOT WHO I WAS WHEN I
BEGAN THIS BOOK IS EVIL AND EVIL
DWE

LHS WITHIN IT
I WRITE THIS AS WARNING AND I
WRITE THIS AS TESTAMENT SOON I
WILL BE DEAD AND I WOULD BURN
THE BOOK HAD I THE WILL IF ONLY I
COULD FORGET HIM BUT EACH NIGHT
I DREAM OF A RED SKY
DO NOT READ THIS
J R SMITH 30th October The year of our
lord nineteen hundred and twelve

The Invisible Path
Martin Bellgrave, 1870, Privately
Published, Octavo, Unknown Print
Run

- Lewis Holland, Providence, RI
(private collection, multiple
copies)

- Society of Modern American
Poetry, RI

- Fordham University Library, NY

- Miskatonic University Library,
MA

- New York Public Library, NY

- Buster Locke, Providence, RI

- Arrived Kingsport and gave the
crew twenty-four hours liberty

- Made good time; loaded cargo.

- Paid ?300 from Wilcox account
for special

- Secured special hold before em-
barking crew.

- Departed Kingsport late ? vaga-
bond attempted to stowaway.

- Storm blowing up from SE, heavy
seas

- lights

Babylon Estate,
East Fire Island

To Whom It May Concern,

I am given to understand that a terrible tragedy has befallen one of the proud ships that brave the wild seas, and that the ship in question is the Star of Mauritius, engaged by my company to perform certain tasks. There are certain matters that must be attended to, matters of both art and considerable urgency, and I believe they would best be discussed in person. You are invited to visit me at my private estate on East Fire Island? please contact the Atlas Industries office in New York and Mr. Boyle will arrange transport immediately.

Yours,

H. A. Wilcox

Postscript: In addition to its normal cargo, the Star was, I understand, carrying a peculiar and valuable piece of modern art that is most dear to my heart. It is, of course, of no relevance in any criminal investigation, so if you could bring it with you to my estate, I would consider it, shall we say, the price of your passage.

Arkhamme, the 3rd of October

To his Honour, Governor Stoughton,

As per your Honour's orders, we proceeded most directly along the road from Kinggesport to Arkhamme and took lodging with Mr. Browne, who was most voluble on the need for our presence in the village, for it was much beset by sundry Evils of all sorts and was in his wordes most ill-favoured of late. Of the soldiers entrusted to my Command, I have ordered Henry Faberight and James Carroll to remain with Mr. Browne, while your humble servant puttes an end to whatever Foes trouble the village, trusting to the courage of my own heart and that of my companions Dyer, Smith, Talby, and Adams.

I remain ever your Honour's most loyal man,

Charles Mullady, Captain

#1

#2

Arkham Historical Society

Great Grandfather apprenticed to New York tailor.
1839. father Arkham

Orne Library, Miskatonic University, 4pm

Fennell, 14 River Street

Mullady, Dyer, Smith, Talby, Adams

Dearest Phillipa,
I don't know what to write. I don't know how to make
amends for what I have done. The things we quarrelled
over are so small compared to what I've seen now. I feel
like a prisoner, like I'm buried alive by my own secrets.

I don't know what's happening, but I have to stop them.
That ~~terrible~~ house had a fierce shadow. In the woods!

Forgive me. It's here

#4

Arkham Ad

Sunday, August 30, 1933

Search Begins for Missing C

The police have begun to search for a local child who disappeared from his home. Simon Winslee, the six-year-old child of Peter Winslee of Boundary Street, was last seen playing in the garden of his home. It is believed that the boy wandered into the woods just west of town and became lost. A search party is being organised by the police and citizens are urged to present themselves at St. Mary's Hospital on Crane Street if they wish to aid in this effort. At the time of writing, the police do not suspect foul play of any sort, although this writer for one cannot put the spate of child kidnappings that ended in 1928 entirely from his mind.

Ren
follo
imp

The
that
rela
the
beh
of a
exp
in li
its
beh

Arkham

Dearest Granddaughter,

I cannot express the pride I felt on reading your last letter. Your cleverness knows no bounds, and I am confident that you have chosen your man well. I beg of you, hurry back home as soon as circumstances allow so I can smell him for myself and make sure his scent is familiar. Perhaps some night soon you and I will stand on that lost and long-sought hillside by the carved stones and learn such things as we have both dreamed of.

Forgive an old woman her fancies! Patience, granddaughter! Let that be your watch-word. Prepare the way carefully, and do not let him misstep. We have searched for a long time, but I can wait a few years longer if needs be.

Your loving Grandmother

#3

Arkhamme, the 2^d of November

To his Honour, Governor Stoughton,

I write to you, sir, to inform you of the Great Tragedy that has befallen our Expedition. I am oblig'd to report that two of our number, Adams and Dyer, both Perished in most unfortunate circumstances. Samuel Dyer, formerly of Albrich, was slain by brigands on the road to Aylesberry. In giving persuit, our companion Nathan Adams was caught in a fall of rocks from a high cliffe and was most certainly killed outright.

What troubles there were here are now gone, as I shall tell you further in the fullness of time. Lay no heed to the prattles of such gossips and shirkers as our former hoste, Mr. Brown, for he is afraid of his own shadow and is naught but a lited mouse.

I remain ever your Honour's most loyal man,

Charles Mullack, Captain

#5

Herein I do set down the Events of our Mission to Arkhamme, also I do swear by Almighty God that they are true in all particulars, may He strike me down if I do write One Word of a Deceit. We arrived in Arkhamme as Ordered by his Honour Governor Stoughton of Massachusetts Bay and spake to Goodman Providence Browne, a man of good standing in the town. He told us that it is the Custome of certain Rogues and Witches to meet on the Island on the River Misscatomic, and that there they hold traffic with the Devil. On learning this, we were much Afear'd, but being of Stout Hearts we resolv'd to press the Matter to its Close.

We held watch on the Island for many nightes, until the Moonless Night that the locals call Hallowmass, when we saw a goodly number of persons a-gathering on the shore. We dared not assault them directly, but made it our plan to waylay the stragglers. This being accomplished, we carried our prisoners back to the home of Mr. Browne and demanded they give account of their doings.

They told us that they worshipp'd gods older than the verie Earth we stood upon, and that their rites were celebrated since Adam's day. They shared these rites with the Dead, who they claimed would rise up from Tunnels under the Towne and dance with them. They worshipp'd not the Devil, but a whole Hoste of demans, chief among whom was one called Shubbe Niggerat and another who they called the Black Manne or Nihar Lath Otap. When asked how they learned of such strange names, they claimed there was an evil spirit or genius, who they named a Mighty Messenger. This Messenger is a being of ghostly form, but by a blasphemous rite could become incarnate in the person of the coven's leader and, so embodied, would proceed to take carnal knowledge of the witches there assembled.

From these we learned also of a Secret Place in the Woodes, where the leader and certain chosen followers met at other Times, and they said the last most curiously. Emboldened by our success, we decided to essay an attack on these cult leaders. Forcing one of our captives to serve as Guide, we set off into the Woodes North-West of the towne, crossing the river out of sight of that island lest any of the devils be watching from that vantage point.

We fell upon them at twilight and - may my spirit not shirk from this remembrance - they were not alone. Samuel Dyer, loyal and commendable to the last, was slain by that Horror that crashed through the trees and crushed him. I saw him stabbe at it as he died, and pray I have as much courage when Death comes for me. We left three of the Villains dead, giving a good account of ourselves in battle.

Nathaniel Adams, too, is Dead. He perished most bravely, sacrificing himself to put an end to the greatest of our foes. We found the body of Dyer in the woods, and carried it back to Arkhamme for a Christian burial. The bodies of the Witches we left for the crows.

I ask permission to return to the Woodes in the Spring to erect a marker at the spot where Adams lies.

Arkham

Dearest Granddaughter,

Did I not counsel patience? When I dandled you on my knee and whispered your true and secret name to you all those years ago, did you think nothing of it?

Your accomplishments are to be applauded and admired, certainly, but do not lose sight of what must be done. The Messenger is returned to us, but They have yet to awaken. The surface hordes may still drive us away, and there is no place for you here, not yet. You must tie up all loose ends. Your mother has come to visit us, but what of her fool of a husband? Your sister, too - where is she? Are you so enchanted with the Messenger's whispers that you forget your own family?

Your loving Grandmother

#7