

Dear Friends,

In the years after the nightmarish events of that night in my youth, I have seen many strange things. Only now do I begin to grasp the truth of reality, and the scope of what is happening in the world. I've tried, in my small way, to combat the horrors and make amends for my part in bringing one to our plane of existence. What I have left to offer, what riches and wealth I have, I will put to good use in dealing with these abominations. It is the very least this old coward can do.

I could never make myself go back to that little farmhouse and put those events to rights. I too gravely feared that which my friends and I loosed upon this countryside. Nothing of consequence has yet taken place, but with my death I fear the bonds will be broken and that horror freed to come and go as it pleases. Lives not yet taken already weigh heavy on my conscience.

The method of delivering the thing out of this world is still in that accursed house—the translations made by Marion from the book, *De Vermis Mysteriis*. I was never strong enough to take on the task, but I have hop that you are. In ridding the world of this, perhaps you will save my soul from Hell. For I fear that my deeds have not been enough to release me from this heavy burden.

I do not expect your forgiveness for what I ask of you.

Rupert Merriweather