

23rd March 1877

I don't know why I'm putting this down on paper. It's probably a bad idea, but I feel the need to leave some kind of explanation for my actions and intent.

When I took the sarcophagus from my uncle, I did not think it would be missed. I expected to be able to research it and return it later. I was such a fool. Despite believing in the powers we tried to summon, I grossly misunderstood the consequences. Now Robert is dead, and Harold a madman.

I am going back to the farmhouse to organize our things. I dread stepping foot again in that place, but I must make sure that our materials will be available again when we need them.

Since the others are too shaken to attempt a banishment of the creature, I can only hope that the thing hasn't the power to remain in our reality more than a few hours or days. At least it's bound to the house itself. I shall search for a means to destroy it before the last of us passes from this world its release from the house, if it is still there. I believe I know where I can find the knowledge I need to drive the creature away without assistance from others. I hear tales of mystics in New Orleans that know much of the true magicks of the world.

I am leaving the gold box in Rupert's care. I told him not to sell it or have it appraised by anyone, but did not tell him why. He also seemed puzzled by my insistence not to live in Boston, but I believe he trusts my judgement not to go into danger unwittingly. My uncle does not know about our "Dark Brotherhood," so Rupert and the others will be safe from anyone looking for it. All be back to put things right again.

Marion Allen

P.S. - I write this before I close the lid on the trunk. The thing is still in the attic of the house. It seemed to recognize me, and spoke foul curses at me. I will carve protective wards on the trunk to prevent any tampering with its contents, just in case.

