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April 9, 1876



Our Dark Brotherhood has convened its first meeting. This entry is to let it be known that our brotherhood consists of the following founding members:

President and founder,

Marion Allen,

Recording Secretary,

Rupert Merriweather.

Other members are as follows:

Harold Copley,

Crawford Harris,

Cecil Jones,

Robert Menkin.



October

I gravely fear that which I and my colleagues have loosed upon this countryside. Nothing of consequence has yet taken place but with my death the bonds will be broken and the thing then freed to come and go as it pleases.

Lives and souls not yet taken already lie heavy on my conscience. The method of delivering the thing out of this world is that accursed house, the translation made by Marion Allen from the horrid *De Verumis Mysteriis*. I am not strong enough to take the task, but I know of those who perhaps are.

Should they fail me, may God have mercy on my Soul.



June 17, 1876

I still can't believe we are actually doing this. Today we finalized the purchase of an old farmhouse outside Ross's Corner; a place where Marion suggests we can conduct our "experiments" in private. Harold heartedly agrees as does Robert.

This should be a harmless adventure.

The farmhouse purchase is final now. We had to represent ourselves as a literary fraternity in order to seal the deal with the broker in Arkham.

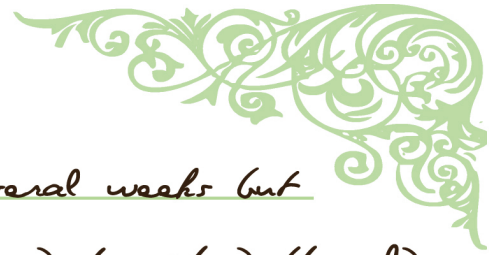
The adventure continues...



July 11, 1876

We arranged for a seance in an effort to contact the deceased former owner of the farmhouse. We placed candles in a circle around us and at the stroke of midnight began to chant some incantation. Marion swore was authentic. Our efforts were in vain as Harold continued to piddle and Marion grew ever more discontent and impatient with such antics.





It has taken us several weeks but we have cleaned and furnished the old farmhouse. Crawford and Cecil did most of the painting. Robert and I laughed as Marion made such a fuss over carving special warding signs of protection over the wooden doors and windows - All of them. I thought he was going to throttle Robert for laughing at this so much.



October 31, 1876

All Hallows Eve - We prepared ourselves for a summoning on the darkest day of magick of the year. We inscribed a pentagram inside a circle in chalk on the center of the floor in the living room and lit candles at each point of the pentagram. We all sat cross-legged as Marion attempted, what he said was an old Indian chant used to commune with the spirits of the dead.

A cold breeze blew a shudder door open and blew out half of the candles.


We relit them and tried again, but with no success.





September 15, 1876

We have spent the past few weekends at the farmhouse listening to Marion read from his small collection of books on the Occult. It has been fascinating, but I almost wish the Seance had worked. Cecil said he felt that we have come so far and committed to these investigations that we should delve a little deeper than we have. For once Harold did not giggle or mock Marion and I think Marion felt inspired to do more that night as well.



February 27, 1877

We may be close this time.

Alarion writes that he has acquired an artifact, purportedly Egyptian in nature.

It is described as a small sarcophagus of gold with a hinged lid.

Inside there is a large piece of amber entrapped specimen of some unknown species of creature. It appears to be an anthropod. Allen is quite excited.

The box is bizarrely similar to the description of an occult item found in a reference volume in the Aliskatonic University Library. I believe he found it under Egyptology and Dead Gods.

This is very promising indeed!





Robert Wenkin, March 1877

Harold Copley, August 1877

Marion Allen, August 1877

Crawford Harris, January 1915

Cecil Jones, March 1919

Rupert Merriweather -



March 19, 1877

We began the ceremony as Marion instructed, according to that described in his book *De Veriis Aegyptiis*.

A fire is set in the fireplace and a pentagram chalked on the floor, marked with the appropriate symbols and illuminated by two black tapers placed near the center flanking the piece of amber with its entrapped spirit. The others sit in a circle while I, the designated "watcher" who guards for malevolent spirits, sits in the far corner of the room.

Marion throws a handful of powder in the fire, producing an evil-smelling smoke and dampening the flames which now now burn a sputtering green and brown.

Those seated begin the Latin chant Marion Allen has transcribed from his book.

October 14, 1877

I just discovered that Marion Allen is dead, and has been for some months now. He was murdered in New Orleans this past August. I suspect that he spoke to the wrong sort of people about the things he has seen, and they killed him. The newspaper mentions the sarcophagus, so they may have been after the gold.

That is three of us gone now. I must do something. I've already begun ancient history classes at the university, so I believe I will try to research the problem at the farmhouse in that manner. Perhaps I will uncover an ancient secret of how to rid our world of that beast.



Allen says that in another book, a thick Latin tome titled 'De Veris Mysteriis,' is an explanation of some purported powers of the box. More importantly the small animal trapped in the amber is said to contain a friendly spirit and guide to the spirit world.

The Brotherhood is in agreement and we have set a date to conduct a ceremony intended to summon the spirit creature.

Sunday night, the 18th of March - the night before the New Moon.

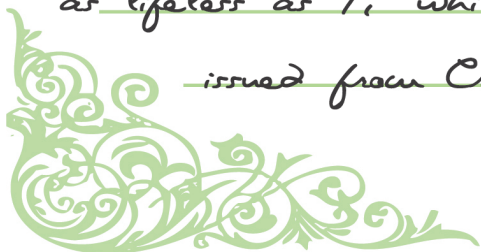
Allen feels confident that this will give us enough time to properly prepare for the ritual using the Latin tome.



carriage rolled. Would it be that it was only that. For the rest of us, we will be forever changed of what we experienced that night. The thing formed in the center of the pentagram, shapeless, nearly invisible.

Its terrible voice should have given us a clue but we were foolish. It spoke, then Marion cast that damned powder on the spirit, the Dust of Nun-Ghazi he calls it, and that's when we could see it.

Words cannot describe the faceless thing with a thousand maws. It roiled and bubbled, never fully revealing itself. So Terrifying was its aspect that I sat as though frozen to the floor, the pen falling from my nerveless fingers. Cecil and Marion seemed as lifeless as I, while a short, sharp cry issued from Crawford's mouth.





After nearly two hours I see a trail of smoke circling up from the piece of amber. Its surface seems to be bubbling, melting. Could this be it? Have we finally achieved success? I can see a form -

It is the following day. We have finished with our plans and have sworn a pact to never speak of what happened last night. We have satisfactorily explained the death of Robert, and in some manner the madness of Harold.

The sheriff accepts the explanation of a carriage accident - we planned it well. Robert's neck was broken in the fall, we told him. Harold struck his head on a rock when the horse's leg broke and the



its effectiveness. Releasing that binding symbol, the thing - with a screech that could only have been unholy satisfaction - fled the house, disappearing out the window as a roaring, screaming wind of boiling color.

Marion believes that the thing could still be destroyed, or at least dispelled, but none of us who remain, have the stomach for such an undertaking. It is believed that the spell we cast inextricably binds the thing to the house and it is true that when we went back a few days later to retrieve our things, we heard it lumbering about the attic over our heads. The warding signs so cheerfully carved by Marion Allen during better times - times that seem so long ago - apparently our effective and bar the thing entry except to the attic of the house.



March 24, 1877

Allen intends to leave Arkham and travel to find a solution to this crisis. He said that he intends to seek out occult scholars in New Orleans. I pray he is successful, but my hopes are not high at this point. He insisted that I be custodian of the gold sarcophagus, and not show it to anyone. What's even more odd is that he instructed me to not visit or even live in Boston. I can only guess as to why, as he will not tell me his reasoning, apart from his insistence that it is for my own safety. He confessed to me with great fear and much trembling that he heard it in the attic, cursing him all the while. He said that it also told him that it only has to wait us out. When we who were present are all dead, it will roam the Earth freely, slaughtering



and feasting. Thankfully the warding signs still seem to be effective and bar the thing entry except into the attic of the farm house. I might be able to sleep a few hours tonight knowing it is bound to the attic and cannot harm anyone else.

Confering with Allen, I am hopeful for the first time since we stupidly released it from the amber. If it told him the truth, then we have time to seek the answer. God be with you in your search, my friend.

Robert, however, rose to his feet and before anyone could stop him, stepped forward as though to embrace our horrible guest.

With its arms, or the appendages that seemed most like arms, it took hold of Robert and twisted his head around as though it were a doll's head. His lifeless corpse was then thrown back in Harold's lap and that's when he began that damnable shrieking - the shrieking that hadn't stopped even after we handed him over to the sheriff's men.

We still had a chance, apparently. Marion now believes that if we had kept our wits, we could have reversed the chant and eventually forced back the creature to where ever it came from. But Crawford panicked and, mistakenly believed it would dispel the creature, reached forward and destroyed part of the pentagram, breaking

