

SUBJECT: Excerpts from pp. 2 (book XXII) from the personal notes of Dr. Joseph Camp, Ph.D. (item #101012, dated 12 JUN 89).

RHODE ISLAND (vacation)

I had a talk with it, again, tonight. It seems more active at night. Too many times in a row, now I've gone down there. In any case, I'm back in the district on Saturday, so I can't keep doing this. But I have so many questions. Too many. Can I believe it? No. Of course not. But it hints at so many things. . .

Let me describe its voice and mannerisms, if not its form. That might be . . . difficult, and in any case, I'm not a zoologist. My job is intel. Human intel? Certainly a portion of it is human. (Inhuman intel? haha.)

Its voice is small, and sounds winded all the time, like its lungs are ill-equipped to speak. But it is a capable speaker, and uses idioms appropriate to the later 18th century. Its accent is of New England, with lost 'r's on the far end of words, and just the hint of something older, an English accent perhaps.

The team found it while investigating the "Croft House" a well-known haunted house in Providence, thought to have been built in 1768 by a Mr. Joseph Curwen, an 18th century personage involved in shipping, alchemy and the occult (Curwen's work on The Clavicule of Solomon mirrors my own. He managed to break the p'nath cypher for the underlying meaning, a startling achievement for a man born in 1662.) The team was alerted through the death of the principle owner and landlord, Devan McMillan, who was found in his locked office bleeding from the eyes and mouth, on his desk, a hand-written copy of De Vermis Mysteriis; Prinn's last horror. It was in McMillan's handwriting, but where did the text come from? Was it dictated to him?

After a cursory inspection of the property, team members reported the feeling of "being watched." They ingeniously seized control of the property under the auspices of the CDC, as a possible virus outbreak carried by vermin. They then sealed the property with a plastic exterminator tent, and "bug bombed" it with CS gas (o-chlorobenzylidene malononitrile - C10H5ClN2). A cursory search later revealed this creature incapacitated in the upper level study. Team member Ionescu sedated it, and it was—under orders—brought to Rory.

Rory has it in a locked down plexiglas terrarium at his home in Uxbridge. He's dealt with all manner of invasive animal, so I trust his precautions, though to me at first, they appeared somewhat overblown.

The subject and I had multiple conversations that moved swiftly between subjects.

It told me about the city of Irem—my current obsession—though it would not say where it was, precisely.

"Ten centuries gone, the library at Irem, built by less than human hands," it said.

I asked it to show me on the map.

"There are maps and there are maps, and neither will show the way," it laughed.

What are you?

"I am a man that shall live for ever. When you are bones, I shall still be in the places between."

How did you become like you are?

"Another like me showed me the way of the change. It took some time. Some time and some blood. Yes."

How old are you?

"I was born in Derry-town in 1781. The year of our LORD."

What was your name.

"A name implies ownership of a thing. You do not own me. I am bound only to one by name."

Who is that?

"You call him parayan, I call him master."

I told it I had read the book he was transposing with McMillan.

"Ah, but have you read the book inside?"

Yes, I replied, and uttered the secret name of Yog-Sothoth found there.

It seemed startled.

"I can help you," it said, finally.

We spent an hour more bargaining. It sought freedom (unsurprisingly). Little progress was made. It did not permit me to ask questions "on credit" and instead indicated knowledge in areas I had interest in, as well as "access" to a "cache

of books and spells the likes of which you have never seen. They are here, yet they are not here for you. Only me."

Later, the term "parayan"—sounding familiar to me—came back. It is a Malayalam word (Indian), and is the source of the word "Parai" in Tamil, which, in turn is the source of the word "Pariah". And it was well-known to me then who the creature was speaking of, though I will not write the name here.

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Back again on the night before my flight, and Rory answers the door of his masoleum-like home holding a shotgun and wearing night-vision goggles in his bath-robe. I don't need to ask what has happened.

A moment later, he hands me a pair of goggles.

"Are you packing, Joe?"

Vacation life.