

"Cries from Insanity"

-Deliver to William Arnold, Chief Publisher of The Arkam Gazette-

William, I am sad to say this will likely be the last thing you will ever receive from me. Thank you for all you have done for me over the years, enclosed below are my journal entries from the past few weeks after Allison's death. Since her passing life has been different the odd circumstances of her death has led many to the assumption I killed her, but I swear that is not the case. I awoke one morning to find her pale and cold, lying next to me. I will admit the mystery behind the passing of a healthy woman in her 30s is strange. Yet the more I look into her death, the greater the distance from the truth, I have found myself. I believe what I have uncovered to only be the beginning, I venture into the forest tonight to uncover the last piece of this mystery, may god help us all.

-AndrewAugustus

-11/4/1923-

I was called on by the morgue yesterday. During the autopsy of Allison's body, a number of anomalies were discovered. Her nails were scratched and torn with black wood under them, showing signs of a struggle, as well as scratches all over her body. I was summoned to the crematorium to allow a deeper search of her body. The doctors asked me to leave the room before they performed the autopsy. I did not argue I had no interest in watching my wife's body opened up. Once they finished they spoke with confusions of their discoveries. In her stomach branches of this black wood were found along with a large amount of bark. They were unable to provide any clear cause for this.

With this news, I was rattled with agonizing questions concerning her final hours. When I returned to our house, I began to recall with clarity our final moments together. I had been out late following a man into what was discovered to be an affair. After money had exchanged hands and pictures had been burnt. I returned home richer and the wife none the wiser. At home there was our bed untouched. Allison had said she was going to her sister's, and it was not unlike them to talk late into the night. So I went to bed alone. I had no knowledge of what was to come when I awoke that morning discovering her pale, lifeless body. I now hold firm in the belief Allison's death was no act of god, she was murdered. The truth will come out and whoever has murdered my wife will pay in blood.

-11/5/1923

I went to Allison's sister, Suzanne who told me that Allison left surprisingly early. The sun had barely gone down when she left, saying she had "other" business to attend to. Alison didn't tell her sister why; just that it was something important. So with a picture of Allison in hand I took to the streets of Arkam, to discover where my wife had ventured that night.

-11/9/1923

After four days of searching the business district of Arkam, I have found where she went that night. My wife was visiting an occult shop, an odd place for a woman who believed so firmly in science. The "oracle" took some bribing to reveal what my wife had been doing there. It seems she was having waking dreams of eyes watching her in the forest, yellow eyes. It seems whatever happened to my wife, is connected to the forest. I plan to venture into the woods next to town in hopes of finding anything leading back to her.

I awoke hours before the sun rises hearing Allison's soothing voice call out to me. When I opened my eyes I saw her face as she sat on the edge of our bed looking down on me with a smile. I scrambled to stand up but I was hushed when I felt her hands lay against me. The eyes of my love mesmerized me and I could do nothing but stare

“I’ve missed you so much, my love,” she whispered to me softly.

I felt all my fears disappear and the sadness fell from my body. I took her in my arms, holding her tight, but as I did my arms held nothing. Then she was gone and I was alone. My wife is dead, and there's nothing I can do.

-11/13/1923

After nights of searching the forest for the yellow eyed creature I have discovered something else. Deep in the forest I saw torch light shining softly from the ruins of some old church long forgotten. What I discovered may well change the course of humanity. Attempting to avoid getting noticed, I scaled the outside wall. The ceiling had fallen in so I was able to peer in on the events transpiring below.

Inside the forgotten chapel was what appeared to be some form of religious meeting. Crude disturbing imaginations were scrawled over the walls and floors depicting abominations I cannot fathom. Yet what was even worse was what lay on a stone table in the center, the desecrated body of a young woman. Branches of wood were stuffed forcefully into every orifice of her body and the branches continued to twine around her body. The sight made me feel sick, was this what was done to Allison? The men around began chanting soon after my arrival calling for “The widow of the woods,” “Gardner of the dark forest,” but the name they seemed to call for most was “Aylith.” Many of their chants were a language unbeknownst to me, but were

guttral and seemed to penetrate into my head. The chants called to something, something that should not be spoken about. The sounds of the forest were silenced and the branches surrounding the women crawled deeper into her and soon a face emerged from the branches.

The once human women was now something I did not understand. The branches and the women had become one and now yellow eyes stared through the darkness at me. I stepped back and felt myself collide with the ground below. I scrambled away running toward the town wishing for any light to bring me back to a world i understood.

As I ran for home my mind was invaded with images of this monster and her voice called out to me. I have silenced these invasions long enough to write this final entry. The sun is setting now and she will come for me. I pray this reaches someone before then, that they may be able to do something to save us. Allison is here with me, as we both wait in fear for the monster that is coming. I await death, knowing I will leave this world with Allison at my side. Our investigation into the yellow eyed creature concluded.

-Andrew Augustus