Homosidious Nefarious:

Being a profound anatomical archaeologist and having garnered a worthy reputation for both adventure and genius, I recently found myself called to the questionably remote Diablo mountain range in response to a dubious and unsound paleontological discovery. The well-renowned Dr. Garcia had contacted my expertise in hopes of defining what he called a “maddeningly mental replicatory relic of phenomenological terror.” On the basis of curiosity I responded that I would help and in ten days’ time found myself in conversation with that very Dr. Garcia on that very mountain range.

Dr. Garcia licked his dry desert lips and told me the likes of which he had found. “I shouldn’t like to sugarcoat, nor advance a monotonously large preamble upon you, so therefore I intend to send you a direct message of what my team and I have found.”

“We were working—excavating—in the Southwest quadrant of these ridges.” He pointed, “right over there if you can imagine. Suddenly, the rock got quite hard and we quickly realized that it most certainly was not a rock. In fact, what it was, represented the core of psychoticism and seemed to patronize everything we found holy in this world—whatever that means to you.”

I couldn’t imagine what could possibly have been found that would shock such a stolid man as Dr. Garcia. “May I take a look, then?”

“Why of course, yes. That’s why I invited you here!” He pointed again towards the Southwest ridge. “It’s just a quarter of a mile up that way. A bit rocky, but you’ll see where my team and I have traversed, it’ll lead you right to it.”

“You’re not coming, then?”

“Oh, god, no! I’ve seen it once, not again.” A look of indiscernible squeamishness took hold of Dr. Garcia. I gave him a hard look and it seemed to send him back a step. “Well, I…I suppose you should know, since you’re going up there.”

At this, he wrung his hands together and ushered me over. “What you’re walking towards, I discovered with a team of four about twelve days ago: Buchanan, Dr. Marsh, Kirkland, and Grady.” He peered over the rims of his glasses and stared deeply into my eyes. “Buchanan was found at the bottom of the ridge two days ago under unknown circumstances; Grady hasn’t been seen in seven days and is now presumed dead. I don’t mean to give you the willies, but I do intend to give you a warning: Whatever that thing is, it wasn’t meant to be found.”

“Two of the five dig members dead? Surely it’s just a coincidence.” With this in mind my curiosity rose to the max. Now I *had* to see what was responsible for Dr. Garcia’s madness. I looked down the path as Dr. Garcia started back towards the base. I could sense a troubling aura winding its way down the mountain; a terrible mysticism that both repelled me and hooked me. I shouted back down the mountain towards Dr. Garcia just as he was rounding the bend out of sight. “Hey, what did you find, anyways?”

He turned his wild eyes towards me just before disappearing down the bend, “We call it: *Homosidious Nefarious.*”

Many a large rock crumbled beneath my step as I made my way toward the dig site. As Dr. Garcia had warned, the trail was rather strenuous due to the immense rock deposit from surrounding cliffs and I found myself huffing and puffing from the altitudinal climb. However, although my legs strained and although my lungs shriveled, my mind remained in a prolonged sequence of uneasiness and mental misgiving. *Homosidious Nefarious—*what kind of hominid could be responsible for such iniquity and peril? My mind wandered off in several evil directions of unexplained imagination, but none realistic. It wasn’t until I found myself in a clearing that I realized I must have made it to the dig site.

It was a dry rocky area of diameter around twelve fathoms and harbored a multitude of tools that seemed to have been uncared for. Most of the upper level had been dug out so that I was to stand one foot beneath surface level. However, one area towards the center of the site appeared to have been dug in quite a bit deeper—it was to here that I ventured.

The hole stretched down around five feet and as I peered in I caught a glimpse of a blurry object down at the bottom. This was what Dr. Garcia had been referring to. As I cautiously made my way down the hole I came in close contact with the “phenomenological terror.”

The object proved to be nothing short of what Dr. Garcia had described it as. Upon first glance, and second realization, I was plummeted into virtuous emesis and encapsulated by vile imaginings of forgotten lore; what lay before me was a skull unlike any man or creature ever discovered—incongruent jawbones that protected malevolent molars and a non-euclidean scalp line. Each individual piece of the skull seemed to be normal, but when taken altogether resounded in an uncannily ethereal product.

And above all this lay the most rigorously grotesque detail: a third eye socket lodged in the middle of the forehead. The innateness fell nothing short of reasonable oddity, but the inherentness sent a skeletal shiver through my bones and course corrected my inner morals to a much more enigmatically enhanced path. It took all my love for life to keep from spasming out; it sacrificed all my hope for the world to back away from the hole; it ate all my gratitude and inspiration to turn back down the path; it burned all my joy away as I ran as hard as I could.

*It wasn’t meant to be found.*

Dr. Garcia’s words lay all too clearly in the front of my mind. Even after minimal observation it was obvious that the skull of *Homosidious Nefarious* was unlike any archaeological extraction found to date. I’d seen knuckle walkers, primitive hyperdontia, tails…but never a third eye. *What could they have known? Could they have harnessed mystical powers that reached beyond death?* Suddenly the unexplained deaths of Buchanan and Grady seemed much more plausible in my bewildered mind. I had to find Dr. Garcia.

I ran down the quarter-mile path to where I had departed from him and kept going. Down the ridge line I descended and about half a mile from the bend did I find Dr. Garcia—lying face down on the ground soaked in blood, spit, and bile.From the looks of it I deduced it to be a highly unwonted caustic aneurysm. *But he seemed fine the entire day.* I kept running. I had to find Dr. Marsh and Kirkland, they had been at the original dig.

Down at base camp I hurried to ask around for Kirkland. I received several warnings that the young stoic had been acting quite spooked the past couple days and had retreated into his private on-site office. My mind was haunted with trouble and expecting the worst as I found his office on the outskirts of the camp. I jimmied the lock and crashed inside. What was revealed to me was an ordinary desk and low ceiling space which boasted a not so ordinary man dangling from a rope in the middle of it. It seemed the skull had driven Kirkland to utter madness—and he wasn’t able to fight it off.

By now my nerves were prickly and my steps were hurried. *Four of the five dig members dead?* And I had seen the specimen too. Could I be next? Only one more man remained—Dr. Marsh.

Tearing and screaming through the camp did I raucously make my way towards Dr. Marsh. I was told he was out on a smaller side expedition in a neighboring wood. After a maddening half hour sprint, along the way spotting the grim remains of Quartz Company Colorado, I intercepted a group of archaeologists digging around a profoundly knotted oak.

“I’m looking for a Dr. Marsh. It’s extremely urgent!” The workers looked at each other and then to an older man off to the side. The man turned his hard hat and clipboard towards me and answered in a gravelly voice.

“A Dr. Marsh? That’s me, can I help you?”

My harrowings were instantly lambasted and my fear driven out by a downpour of relief. Dr. Marsh was alive, it was all a coincidence. “Thank god! It’s just that, well, where do I start? I found Dr. Garcia victim to a brain aneurysm and just found Kirkland who was, well, you see they’re all dead. Dr. Garcia, Kirkland, Buchanan, Grady, the team you found *Homosidious Nefarious* with, they’re all dead. But you’re still alive! And that’s wonderful, of course, because, well, I don’t know what’s gotten into me but I thought it may have been cursed or something.”

Dr. Marsh kept his bushy eyebrows focused on me as I recounted and rambled like the madman I was. “They’re all dead? But that means…Sir, how do you know about *Homosidious Nefarious*?”

“Well I just saw it. Dr. Garcia asked me to take a look at the dig site. But it’s all good and well now, well, as best as it can be with four dead men…What I mean to say is that we’ve seen it and we’re still here so that’s a blessing.” Dr. Marsh continued to stare at me just long enough to make my innards uneasy. *Why is he staring like that? Is something wrong?* My body began to move queasily and my brain became distorted as I heard the words come out of his mouth.

“Son, I was at the dig site, but I never saw *Homosidious Nefarious.* The others warned me against it.”

The weight of the words crushed any hope I had of salvation. I was yet a slave to the hominid curse once again. In placebo or not, I felt a sickness begin to take over my body. I fell to my feet and gasped for air. I had seen the skull and was doomed to die. The world spinned around me. Hard hats circled my body and words flooded my ears; shouts and screams, but one gravelly voice rang clearest in my ear. “Son, I need you to start from the beginning and write down everything you know.” A pen and paper was shoved into my shuttering hands and here I lie writing this manuscript for you, Dr. Marsh. Lay me to good rest when it’s all over. Close down the site and never tell of the Diablo mountain range again. Evil imaginings and vile misgivings float around and through my detrimental brain. Visions of horror and sculptures of wicked clutter my thoughts, but none so tantalizingly tortuous as the three socketed sight of *Homosidious Nefarious.*