Diary of Death:

Yukon Expedition Journal Log Entry #15, December 30, 1997

I am writing down this log in fear it might be my last. I am about to write about how I got here because I do not know what will happen once I close this journal and travel on. I hope to find people, possibly natives, that could help me with my way back to town. I mustn't waste time, but with the memories fresh in my head I feel a duty to record them.

My story takes place on the eve of the new year. It had been a bone chilling day filled with blustery winds and unforgiving snowfall. I was coming back from an exploration in the Yukon with friends. When I saw the weather predictions on the radar I had decided to turn back. I desperately tried to coax my friends into journeying back, but they didn’t take notice and kept hiking on.

After an hour or so of trudging through the snowstorm, (I couldn’t tell for sure as the storm had severely disabled my visibility and I was starting to mentally drift off), I saw it. From far away it looked like a huge mountain, but as I got closer I noticed a darker area tucked away at the bottom of the cliff face. Usually I would’ve thought nothing of it, except that a part of my expedition training had surprisingly kicked in. My mind rolled back to a lesson from our guide about caves.

*Caves are natural insulators. When it’s warm out, caves will be naturally cooled off, and when it’s extremely cold, the caves might even be warmer than outside. Caves can be useful for natural shelter against the elements, and you can usually distinguish them from the surrounding rock face because they tend to be darker due to the lack of light.*

I knew that it was a long shot, but I also knew that if I stayed out in this weather I risked frostbite or hypothermia. With these perilous thoughts swirling around in my head, I took my chances and abandoned my course home, heading for the looming shadow on the blurry rock face.

The snow was nearly knee deep by the time I arrived at the entrance of the cave. From this close I could see the inky blackness of the passage leading into the mountain. After taking a moment to build up the nerve to walk in, I noticed strange patterns through the snowy haze. At first I thought I was hallucinating, but as I ventured nearer I could make out the eerie silhouette of a trail of footprints.

After spending so much time wandering in the desolate and lifeless expanse of the Yukon wilderness, seeing the footprints ignited a flame within me, creating a heat of hopefulness that reverberated throughout my chilled body. Not long after this brief dash of optimism did a thought occur in the back of my mind. It was always there, I suppose, from the moment I saw the prints. Only then, realizing how alone and vulnerable I was, did the thought creep through me, infecting the poise of my stature like an unknown poison flowing through my blood. My body went rigid as I considered the uncanny likelihood of an unwanted visitor.

My mind told me to leave, but my exhausted body, drained from the day's journey, told me otherwise. *There’s nothing out there. If you go, you die. If you enter the cave, you stand a chance.* After my pensive considerations of my dire situation, I settled on entering the cave.

Cold was nipping at my fingers and toes when I arrived in the mouth of the cave. *Hello!* I tried to shout into the cave but it came out no louder than a hoarse whisper, brought on by a combination of fatigue and hesitancy of what could lie before me. Nevertheless, I kept trudging forward. The further I walked the easier it got as the layer of snow slowly decreased to the state of gray slush.

After walking for some time the narrow passage abruptly opened into a large, rocky rotunda. I snuck a peak around the corner, hoping to see what was in there before I entered, but the gruesome sight inside paralyzed my body.

What I am about to describe to you you will most certainly not believe it. The first thing my eyes locked to was the simple yet hideous structure of a wooden table in the middle of the cavern. The seemingly innocent table, unnaturally located here was itself unnerving, but exponentially increased my shock when my eyes drifted to what was being harbored on top. A distorted figure lay atop the table. As I squinted and looked closer I started to notice the horrifying details as to what the figure possessed. His stomach, ripped open and gutted, entrails and organs spilled out onto the hard slab of floor beneath it. The bloody limbs, detached from the torso, were brutally placed around the body. Bones stuck out everywhere from the mangled alien form. I felt a retch coming from deep within the gut of my own stomach, causing my eyes to peel away from the hideous sight. Only then did I notice dark shapes at the bottom of the table, looking to me as if they were drinking something. Not a second passed when I realized they were drinking the blood of the dead body, sadistically slurping the vital juices and muscles strewn across the floor.

At first I was rigid, but after watching for a minute I started to shake. I quickly turned back the way I came from and swiftly ducked into a small pocket of the cave on the side of the passage. I took a moment to catch my breath and talk myself out of what I had just seen. *It’s been days without much food or water. You haven’t seen people for weeks. You’re hallucinating these images in response to what your body feels. This cave might not be real. What if I’m dead?*

Thoughts like these scurried around in my brain as I tried to make sense of where I was. In order to ease the unforgiving conjuring of these grim thoughts I decided to take another look inside the cavern. This time, I brought along a small camera I had brought with me on the expedition to take photographs with. I started to record on the camera hoping to capture the scene I had witnessed before. I didn’t dare look with my eye again but instead placed the camera off to the side so it would record the area I had previously seen. After taking slow breaths to ease my still shaking body I returned to the smaller pocket of cave where I had been earlier.

And so my story catches up to the present as I write these words. I have been waiting here for quite some time now writing my endeavors down. I notice that it is in fact warmer here than outside, but I have not yet thawed out from the unforgiving weather outside.

I plan to write more, but for now I am convincing my mind to believe that what I saw was false and will try to sleep it off.

Yukon Expedition Journal Log Entry #16, December 30/31?, 1997

Help.

They’re here.

The small compact camera that the man had placed near the entrance continued to whirr. The monotone hum of the camera continued on despite its macabre surroundings. The lense captured everything. It saw the alien forms, clumped in a group of 20 or so, quietly enter the small cave pocket the man was sleeping in. It heard the screams of unmatched torture that erupted from the prisoner as a small knife dugs its way to the middle of the thigh bone. They dragged the body towards the center of the cavern, leaving a bloody trail to the center of the table.

The camera recorded the tearing of skin as the captive’s stomach was ruthlessly torn open by the hands of the killers. Their sharp nails dug deep into the belly and continued to empty it of its guts, like the hollowing of a pumpkin. The hand-held machine saw the cutting and ripping of the man’s blood soaked limbs as they got stuffed into the hollow torso.

It heard the sinister chants of the killers mumbling unrecognizable words as they continued to lacerate the butchered heap of dead meat. The room filled with the thick air of death as the inhabitants danced and chanted around the sacrificial “offering.” Their heads angled up and arms stretched towards the top of the cavern.

And the camera saw that at the very top of the huge chamber was the bloody painting of Helios in his chariot.