***Journal Entry of Lady Hana Aurora d'Cannith***

12 Olarune 994 YK

*On an improvised dissecting-table in the old farmhouse, by the light of a powerful acetylene lamp the specimen was not very spectral looking. It had been a sturdy and apparently unimaginative youth of wholesome plebian type - large-framed, grey-eyed and brown-haired - a sound animal without psychological subtleties, and probably having vital processes of the simplest and healthiest sort. Now, with the eyes closed, it looked more asleep than dead; though the expert test of my friend soon left no doubt on that score. We had at last what Arkenen had always longed for - a real dead man of the ideal kind, ready for the solution as prepared according to the most careful calculations and theories for human use. We knew that there was scarcely a chance for anything like complete success, and could not avoid hideous fears at possible grotesque results of partial animation. I, myself, especially apprehensive concerning the mind and impulses of the creature, since in the space following death some of the more delicate cerebral cells might well have suffered deterioration… Into the still veins we injected the elixir which he thought would to some extent restore life’s chemical and physical processes. It had ended horribly - in a delirium of fear which we gradually came to attribute to our own overwrought nerves - and Arkenen had never afterward been able to shake off a maddening sensation of being haunted and hunted.*