

My Dearest love,

I wish I could escape this horror. I came to serve a friend whose wife had given birth to a beautiful baby girl named Bela. But my friend, it seems, has ventured into madness.

The younger boy, Boris, remains locked in his room and I endeavor to keep him well. But madness has befallen him too, and I fear far more have run afoul in this ungodly place. Screams of horror echo through the night. I have requested to be taken back to Vallaki, but the caretaker has seen to other matters, including a new servant girl, who has recently gone missing.

The time has grown late, my health has weakened, and I am barely able to walk. I have not seen the count or Elizabeth in days. The nursemaid and baby Bela are missing. I have hope they have fled far from this horror. I grow fearful of what may become of me. I have ventured behind the iron door to the crypt and have witnessed unspeakable horrors deep in that hellish place. I have failed in my duties as a doctor and have failed a friend in need. I have failed in my protection of the child. I am far too weak to leave and have concluded I have but one method of escape. To remain is to face a fate far worse than death.

Goodbye.  
Lovingly,  
John

