

THE NORTHERN DARK



PROOFREADER
COPY

READ AT YOUR OWN PERIL

THE SIGIL OF AHTU

BY DENNIS GUSTAFSSON

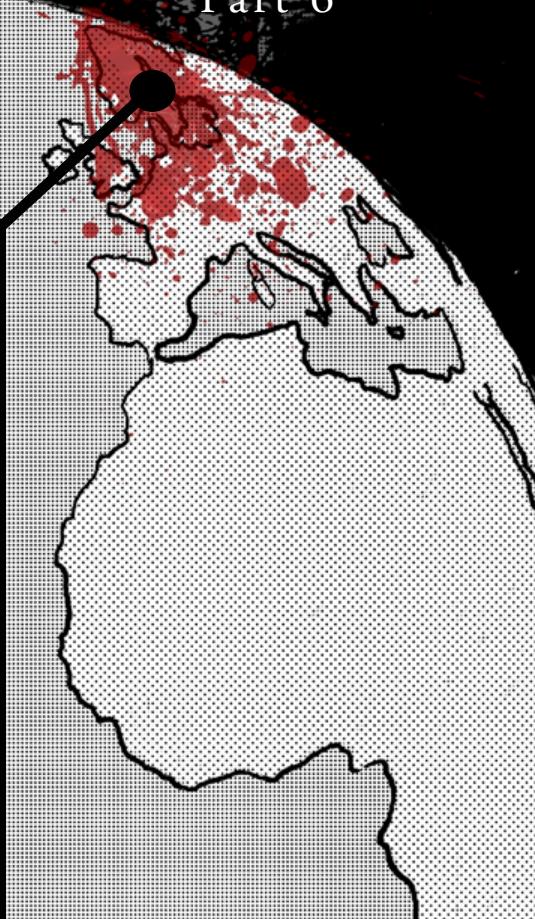
The Northern Dark

Part 6



It's the 1920's. The western world is ripping through "The Roaring Twenties" in wild abandon. Unnoticed by the blight of "The Great War" the black forested backwaters and bleak poverty stricken cities of Sweden must soon face up to it's own terrors.

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The Sigil of Ahtu / Dennis Gustafsson

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Chief constable,

Rosendahl

Helsingborgs'
detective police



Dr Mats-Ludvig

Berger,

city pathologist



Viktor Kasparrson

years before he
made his fame as
Sweden's reluctant,
yet most prolific
detective of
supernatural cases



Göran Fransson

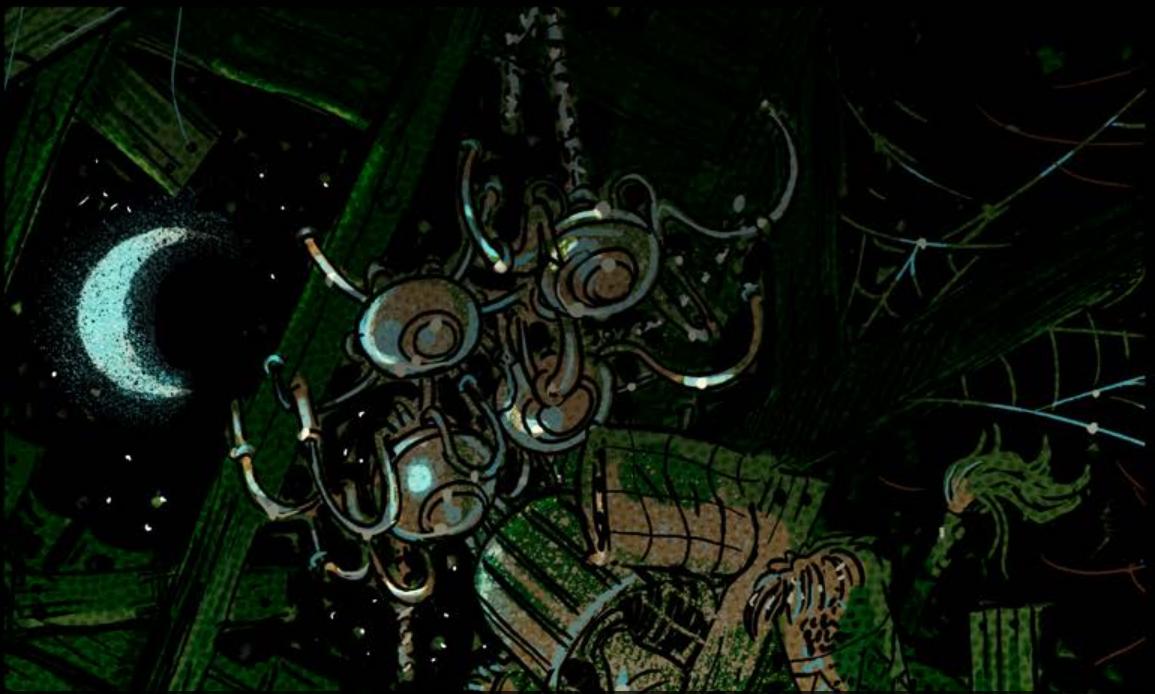
Specialist- and
dealer of antiques



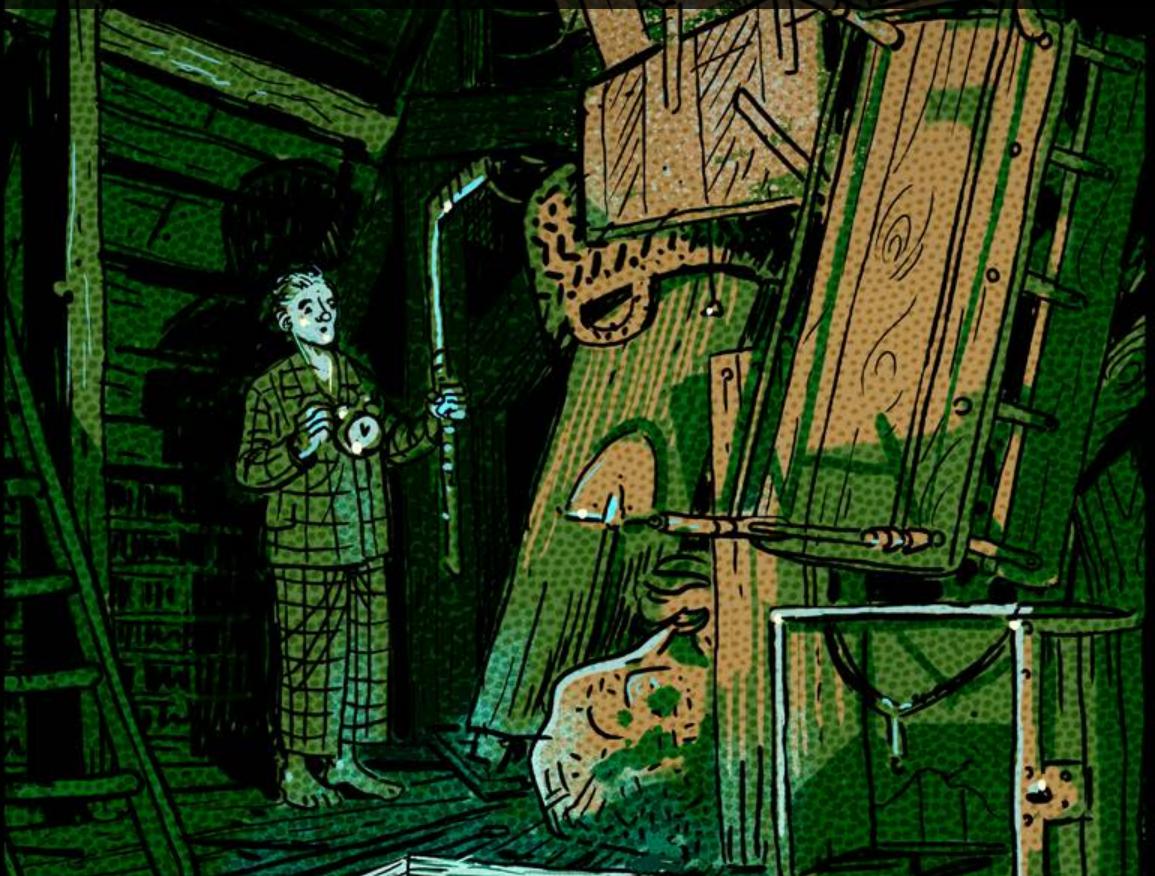
Birgit Mattson

collector of rare
manuscripts

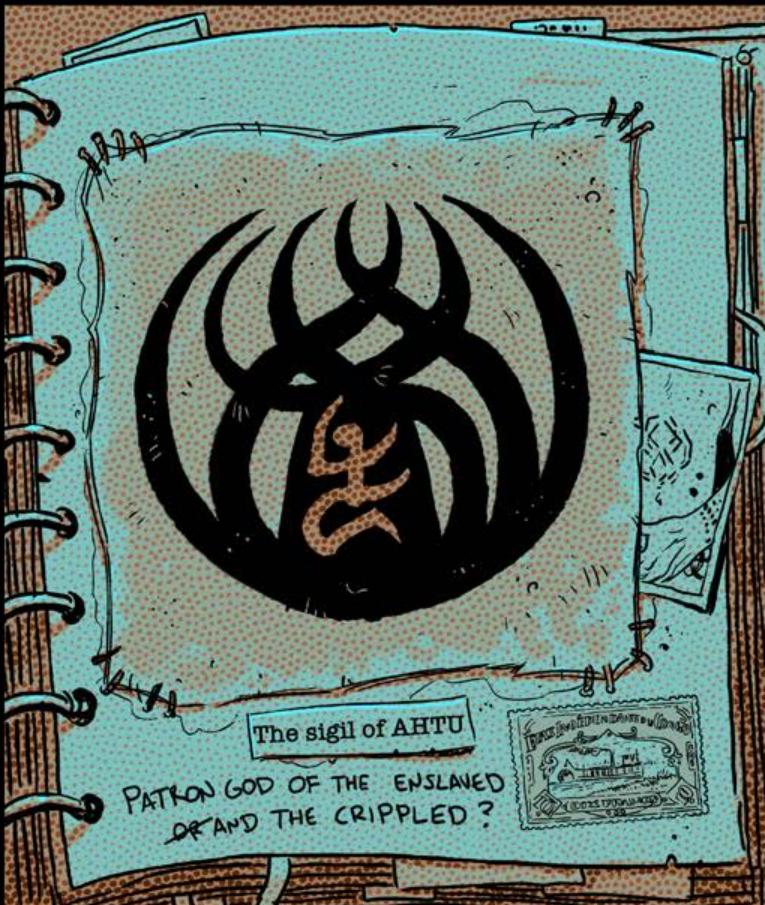




THE SIGIL OF ΦΗΤΥ



AUGUSTINE'S
OLD JOURNAL*...
I DON'T REMEMBER
LEAVING THAT LYING
ABOUT...?





IT IS DIFFICULT
ENOUGH AS IT IS...

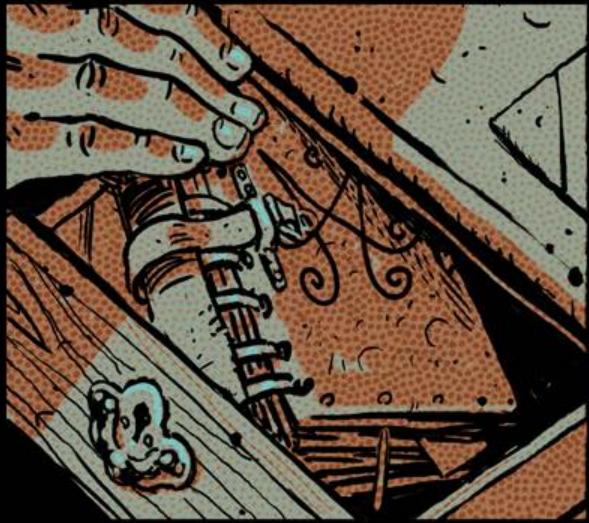


I READ SOMEWHERE
THAT IT WAS THE
BLESSING OF
MAN THAT THEY
CAN FORGET...



SO WHY
CAN'T I...?





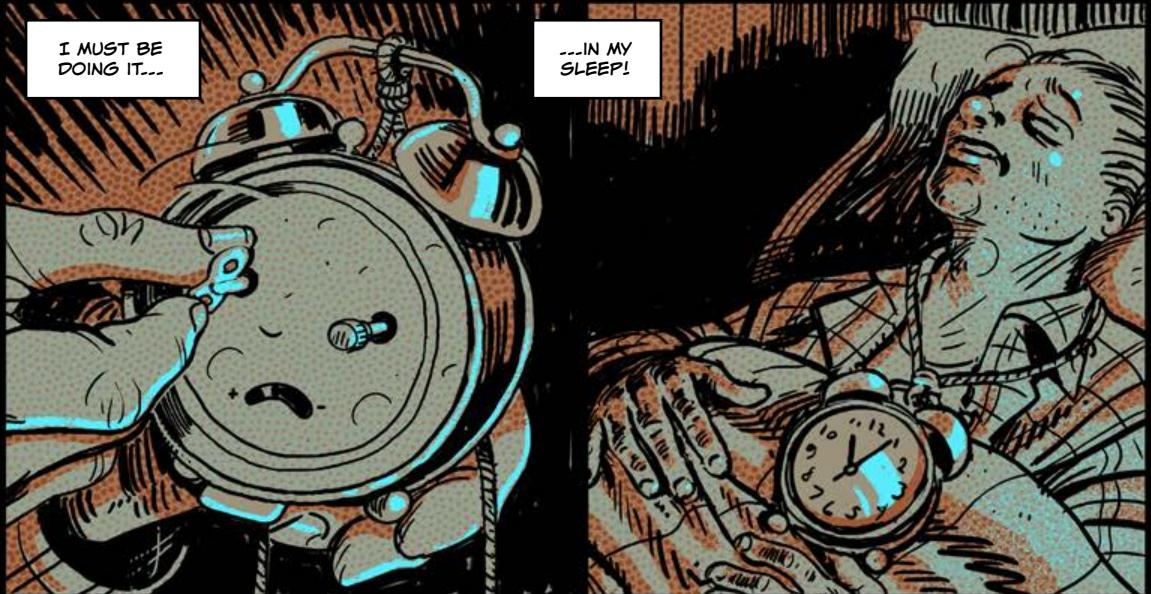
IF IT WASN'T A
WEEKEND I COULD AT
LEAST TRY TO DISTRACT
MYSELF WITH WORK...

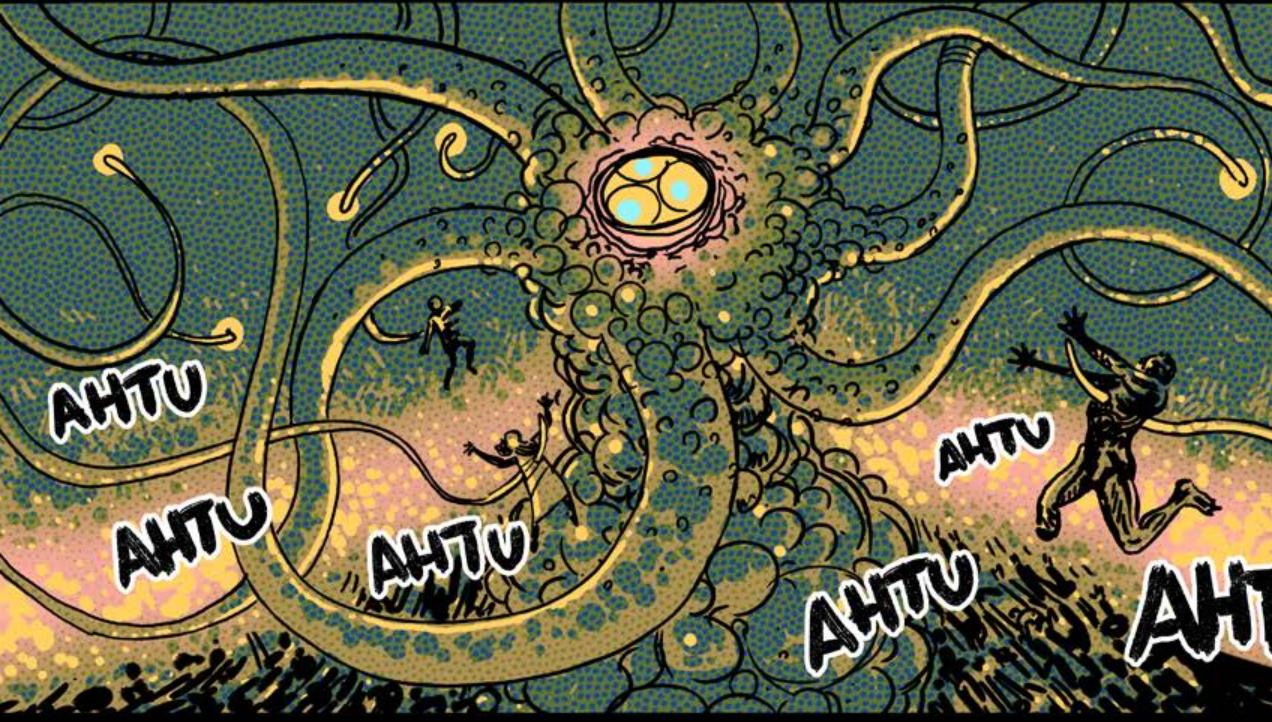
LUNDONIST FOTO

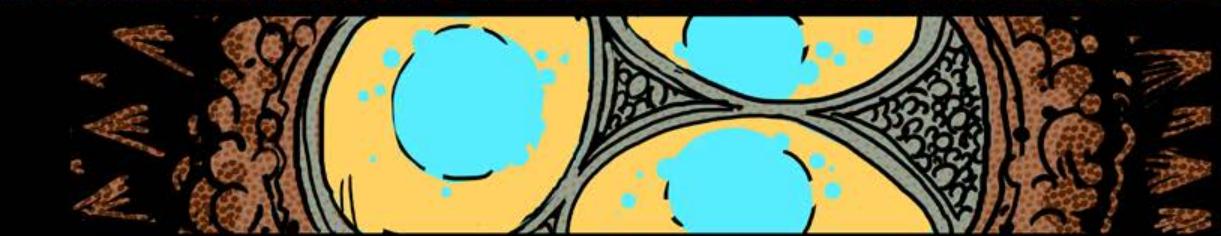
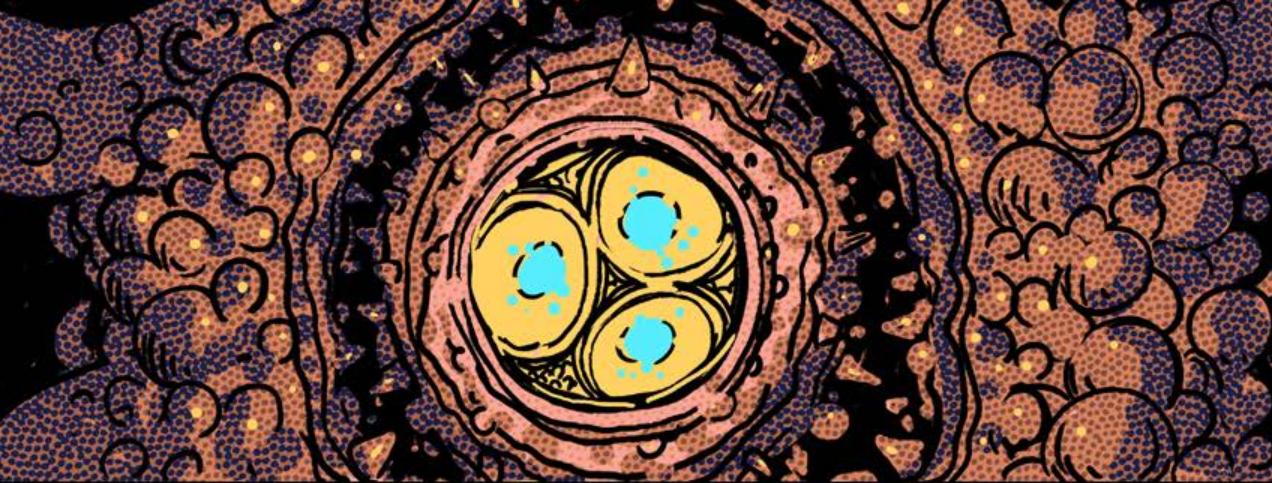


ONE MINUTE
AT A TIME...







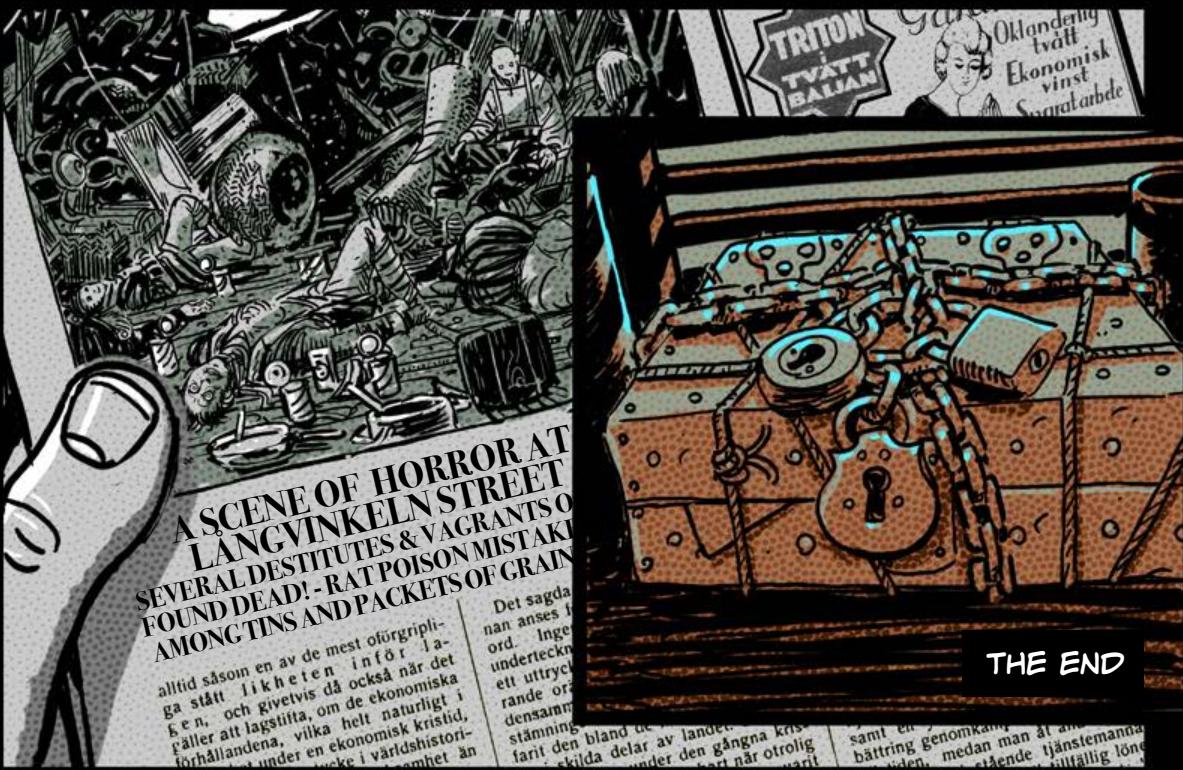












Det sagda
nan anses
ord. Inge
underteckn
rande or
densamm
stämning
fari den bland
skilda delar
samt en
bättring genomk
under den gängna kris
tartar när otrolig
medan man är
stående tänkemanna
tillfällig löne

THE END

THE SILVER



Hello Viktor!

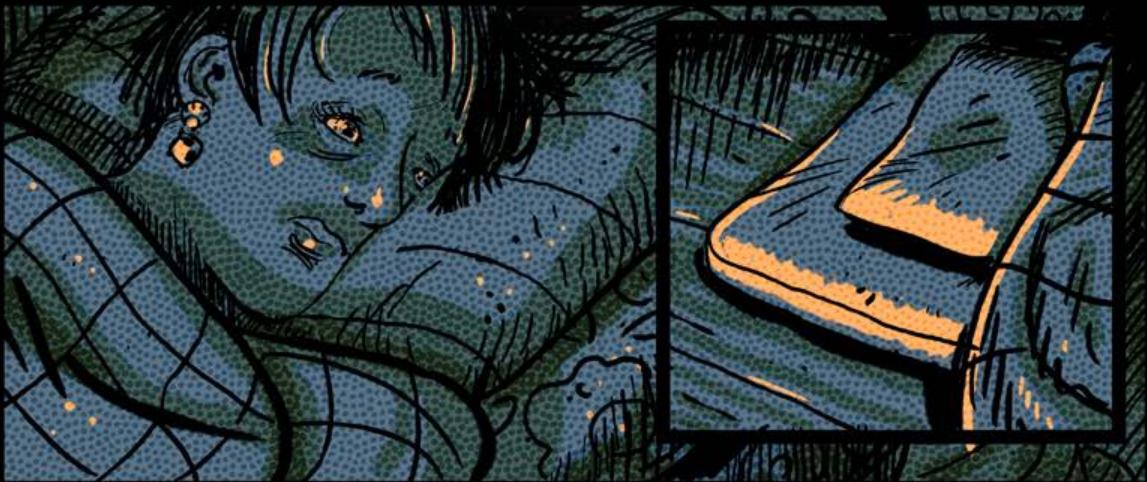
We have not seen you for a while! I hope you're not trying to break our tradition! This year me and Fredde will host our New-Year's at his uncle Harold's cabin! You remember, the tree nut? Harold had the good sense of timing to go missing recently and Fredde's family is looking after the place. Be at the railway station tomorrow at 9.30. See you there!

Jönsson

PS: Don't forget your camera.

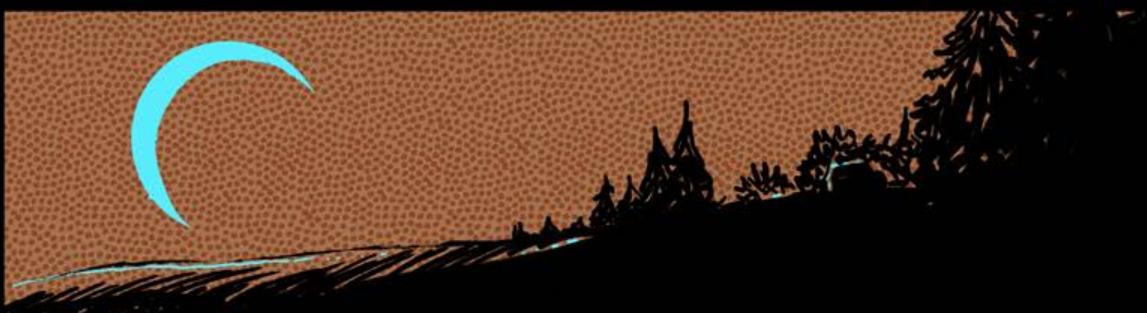












THE END

THE TOME

DAWN, APRIL 30, 1924
RÅ FISHING HARBOUR
12 KM SOUTH OF HELSINGBORG.

IT WAS IN THE LAST TREMBLING MOMENTS OF VALPURGIS NIGHT THAT THE TOME ALLOWED ITSELF TO BE REDICOVERED...

WRAPPED IN STAINED OILSKINS, NESTLED IN THE BLOATED ARMS OF THE UNSAVOURY CORPSE OF A FOREIGN SAILOR...

--WAS A THING OF OTHERWORLDLY BEAUTY, OF UNQUESTIONABLE ANTIQUITY, AND OF SOMETHING ELSE...

AN UNFATHOMABLE SINISTER ALLURE RADIATED FROM IT THAT COULD TURN EVEN THE MOST UNLETTERED OF MEN MAD WITH POSSESSIVE LUST.

SHORTLY AFTER IT'S DISCOVERY THE TOME DISAPPEARED. THE SPECIALIST TASKED WITH INVESTIGATING THE BOOK TO ASCERTAIN ITS VALUE AND RIGHTFUL OWNER ALSO VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH...

IT WAS BY RUMOUR WE FINALLY DISCOVERED HIM, THE SELECT CIRCLE OF SPECIALIST COLLECTORS OF WHOM I AM ONE...

WE ALL GAVE HIM OFFERS. KINGS RANSOMS ALL...

HE WOULD NOT SELL OR TRADE EVEN WHEN I OFFERED HIM MY ENTIRE COLLECTION. NOT CONSIDER MAKING A SINGLE FACSIMILE COPY NOR LET ANY OF US GET EVEN A GLIMPSE OF IT.

HE WAS GENEROUS ONLY TO DESCRIBE THE MIND-ALTERING QUALITIES OF THE TOME'S INDESCRIBABLE BRUSHWORK...

...IT'S ALIEN SCRIPT, IN-DECIPHERABLE BY THE MIND BUT SOMEHOW READABLE BY SOME WYRDING WAY. I HAD TO POSSESS IT!

THE MYSTERY OF WHY NO RECORD EXISTS OF THE TOME EVER HAVING BEEN BOUGHT OR SOLD BECAME PLAIN TO ME...

IT'S OWNER WOULD NEVER, PERHAPS COULD NEVER, PART WITH IT. THE ONLY OPTION FOR ME TO AQUIRE IT THEN BECAME HORRIBLY YET SEDUCATBLY OBVIOUS.

I HAD TORMENTED MYSELF WITH BITTER SWEET FANTASIES OF READING THE TOME FOR LONG ENOUGH.

FINALLY!

IT BELONGED TO ME!

I HAD MADE PAINSTAKING PREPARATIONS. COMMITTED A MOST EHINOUS CRIME. HOW CAN I EXPRESS MY FEELINGS AS I OPENED THE TERRIBLE VOLUME...



--ABSORBING THE BLASPHEMOS SECRETS OF EACH PAGE SLOWLY AND WITHOUT INTERRUPTIONS. IT WAS...



--EACH UPTURNED PAGE WAS... ECSTASY.



I KNEW FULL WELL OTHERS WOULD COME FOR IT. BUT AS I PREVIOUSLY STATED; I HAD PREPARED MYSELF WELL...



THE PATH MOST SUITABLE FOR AN INDRUDER TO USE TO REACH MY STUDY UNDETECTED I HAD DELIBERATELY LEFT UNLOCKED AND ACCESSIBLE...





--EXCEPT FOR ONE SMALL DEADLY DETAIL AT THE VERY FINAL STEP ON THE WAY:

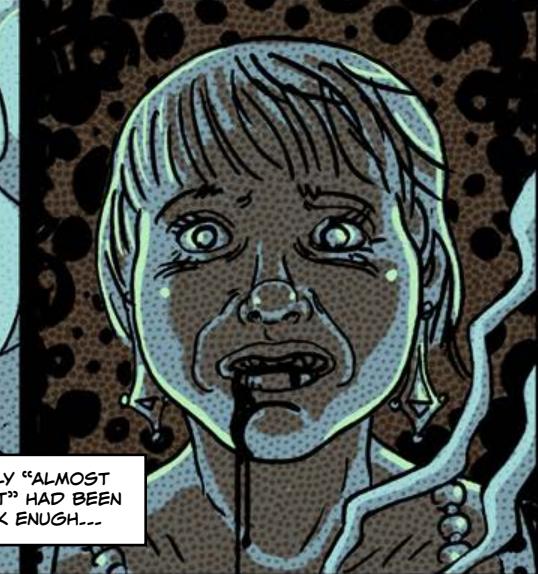
A WIRE-SPRUNG TRAP OF MY OWN MAKING--



A PUFF OF CYANIDE GAS FROM A DEFTLY RIGGED SODA SIPHON. DEATH WAS ALMOST INSTANT. IT ALLOWED ME TO SEE AND ENJOY THE BURGLAR'S DEATH THROWS...

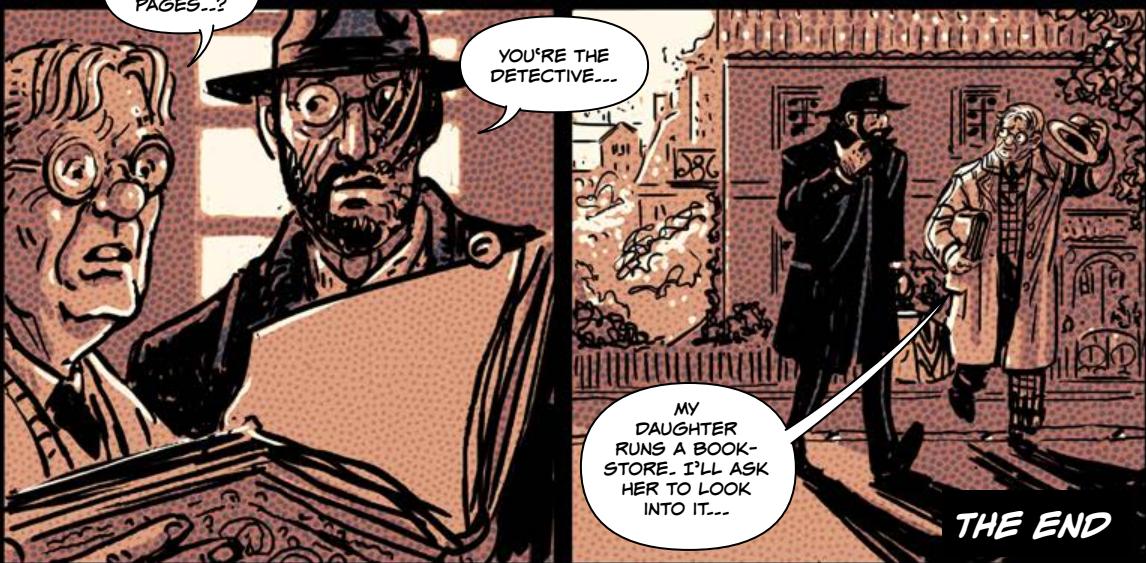


IF ONLY "ALMOST INSTANT" HAD BEEN QUICK ENOUGH...



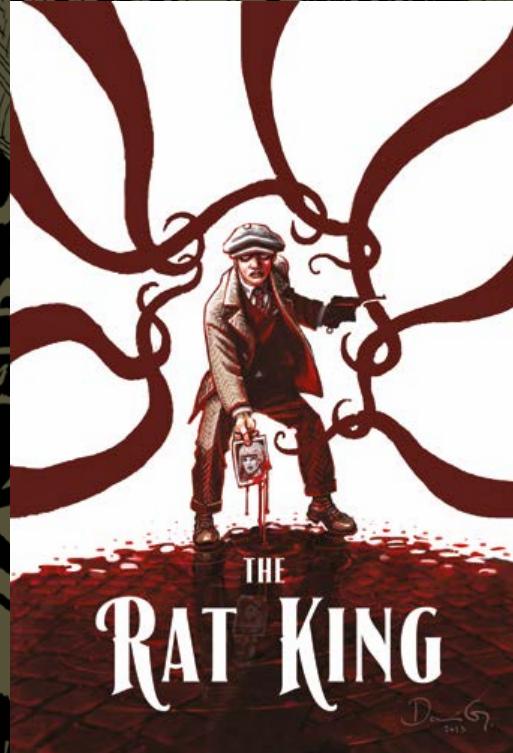
THE TOME...
AS THE FOG RISES...
MY TOME...





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OUT NOW!

COMING
2020



thenortherndark

