

# THE NORTHERN DARK



# 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.

The Sigil of Ahtu .....	4
The Sliver .....	18
The Tome .....	26



The Sigil of Ahtu / Dennis Gustafsson

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Typeset in Alter Ego BB & LHF Signmaker / Blambot.com

ISBN:978-91-985625-5-2

**Chief constable,  
Rosendahl**

Helsingborg's  
detective police



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

**Dr Mats-Ludvig  
Berger,**  
city pathologist



**Göran Fransson**  
Specialist- and  
dealer of antiques



**Birgit Mattson**  
collector of rare  
manuscripts

**Helsingborg**, Sweden's  
gateway to the continent

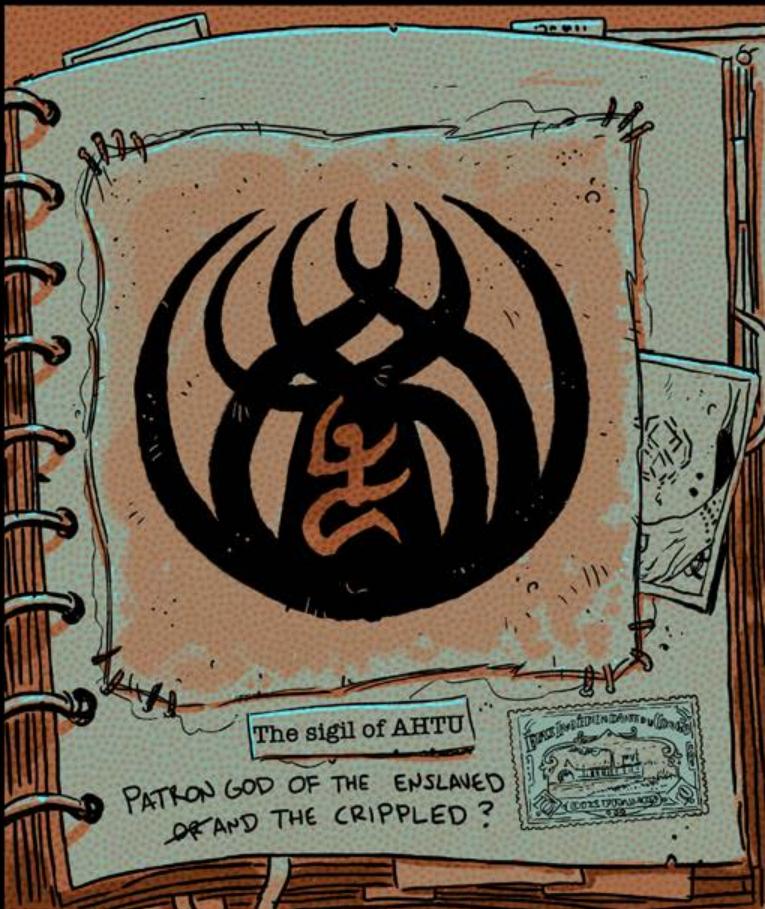




# THE SIGIL OF АНТУ



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





REMINDERS ARE THE  
LAST THING I NEED  
LYING AROUND...

IT IS DIFFICULT  
ENOUGH AS IT IS...



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

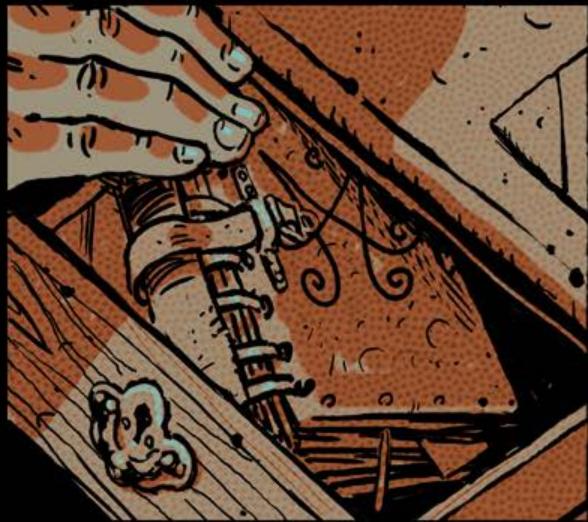


TWEEEEEE E



SO WHY  
CAN'T I...?





I COULD HAVE  
SWORN I...

HAVE I NOW  
LOST MY MIND  
COMPLETELY?

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

# LUNDONIST FOTO

YOUR GROUNDS  
FROM ABOVE  
INQUIRE WITHIN

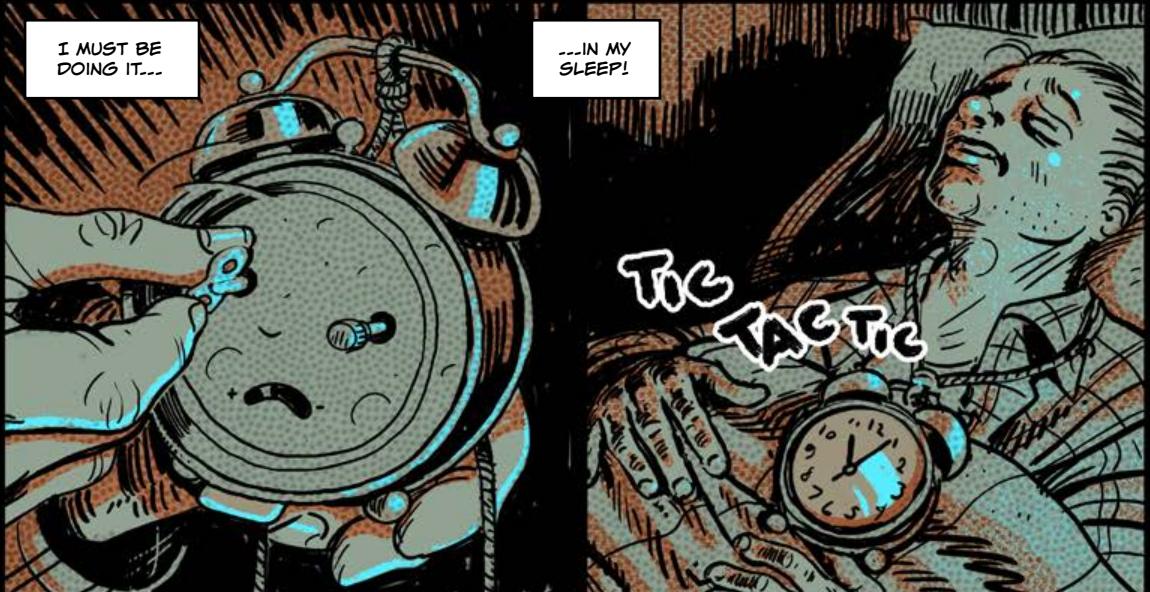


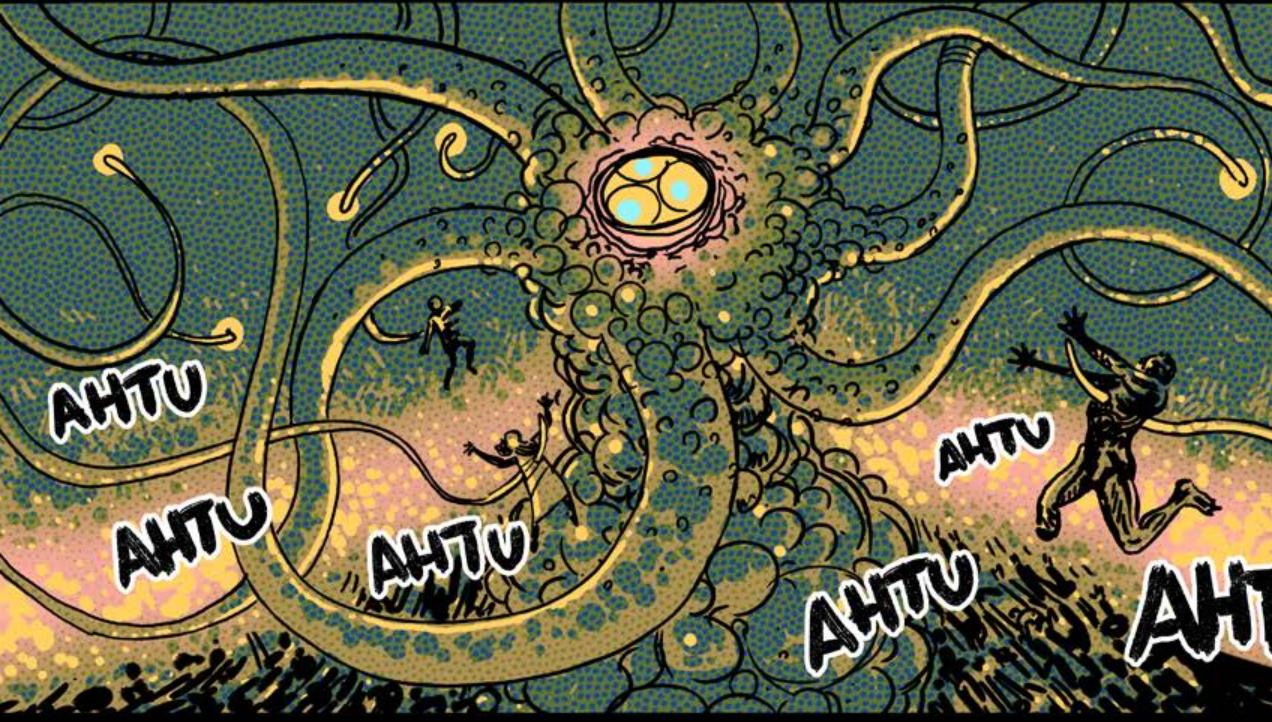
ONE MINUTE  
AT A TIME...

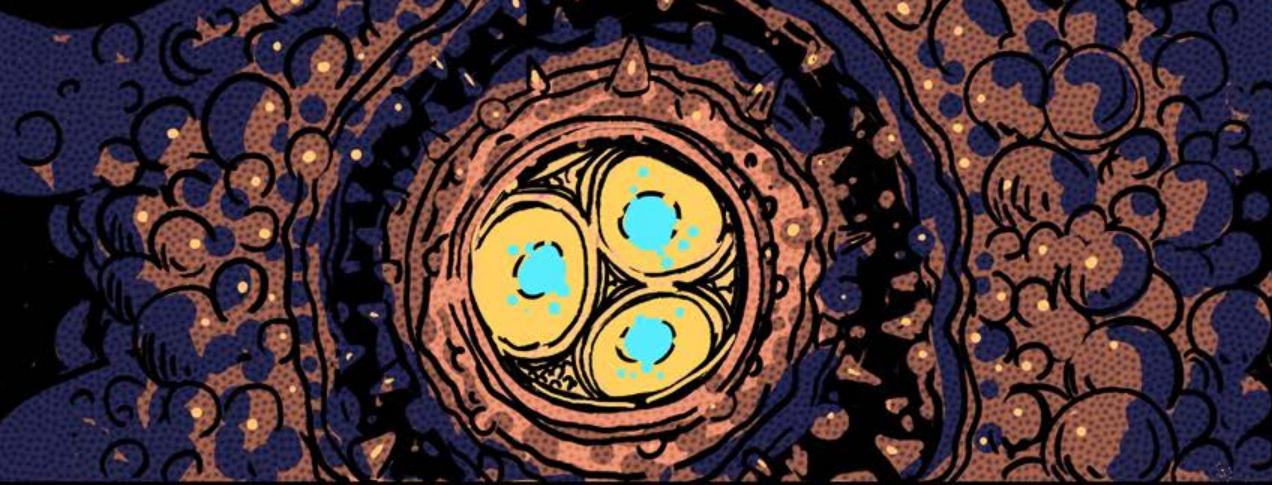


...THAT'S  
THE TRICK  
OF IT.









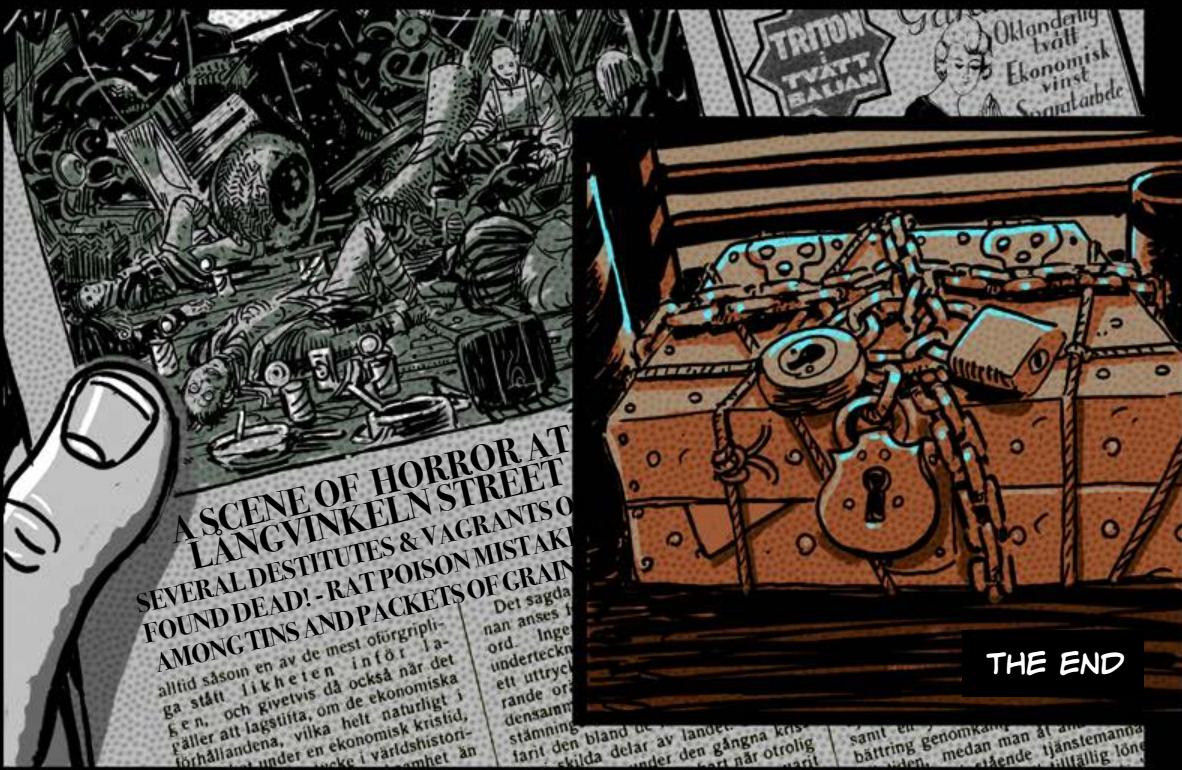
RRRRRRRING











A SCENE OF HORROR AT  
LANGVINKELN STREET  
SEVERAL DESTITUTES & VAGRANTS  
FOUND DEAD! - RATPOISON MISTAKEN  
FOR GRAIN

alltid såsom en av de mest oförgripliga ställ likheten inför lagen, och givetsvis då också när det faller att lagstifta, om de ekonomiska förhållanden, vilka helt naturligt i samband med en ekonomisk kris under en världshistorie, kan komma att

Det sagda  
nan anses  
ord. Ingen  
underteckna  
rande or  
densamma  
stämning  
fari den bland  
delar av landet.

samt en  
bättring genomk  
under, medan man å  
tjänstemanna  
ställig 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!

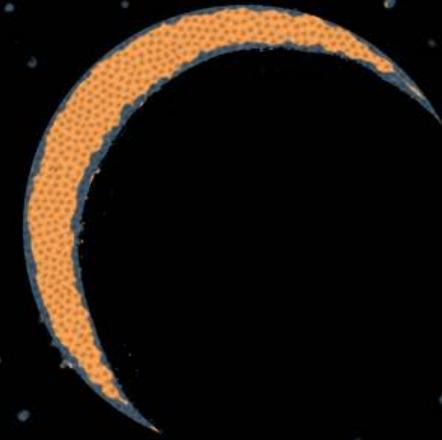
Jönsson

PS: Don't forget your camera.



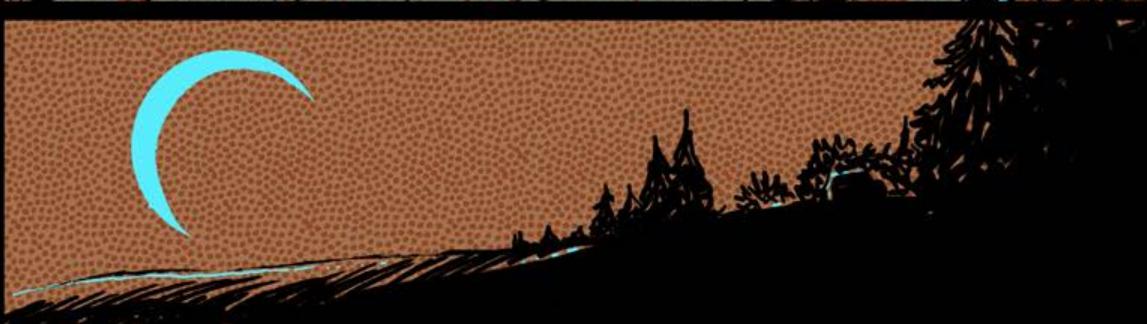
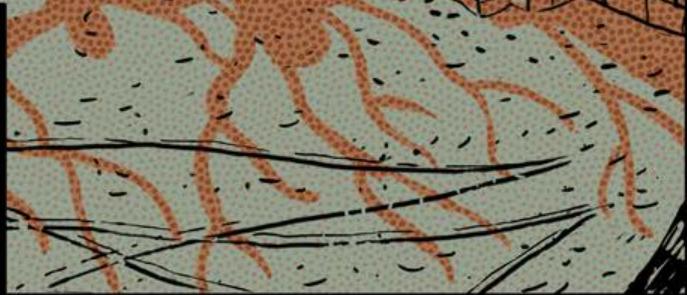






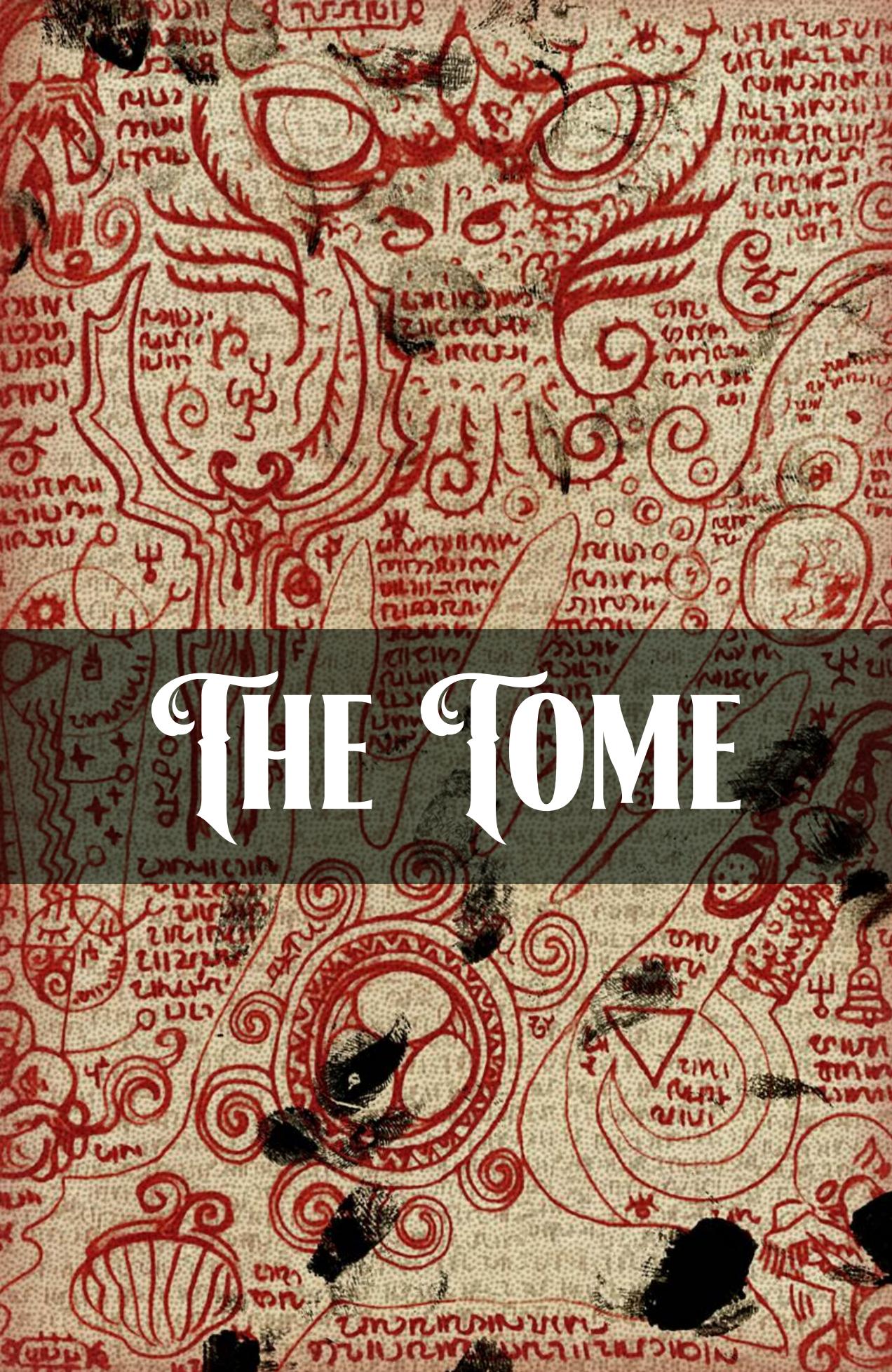




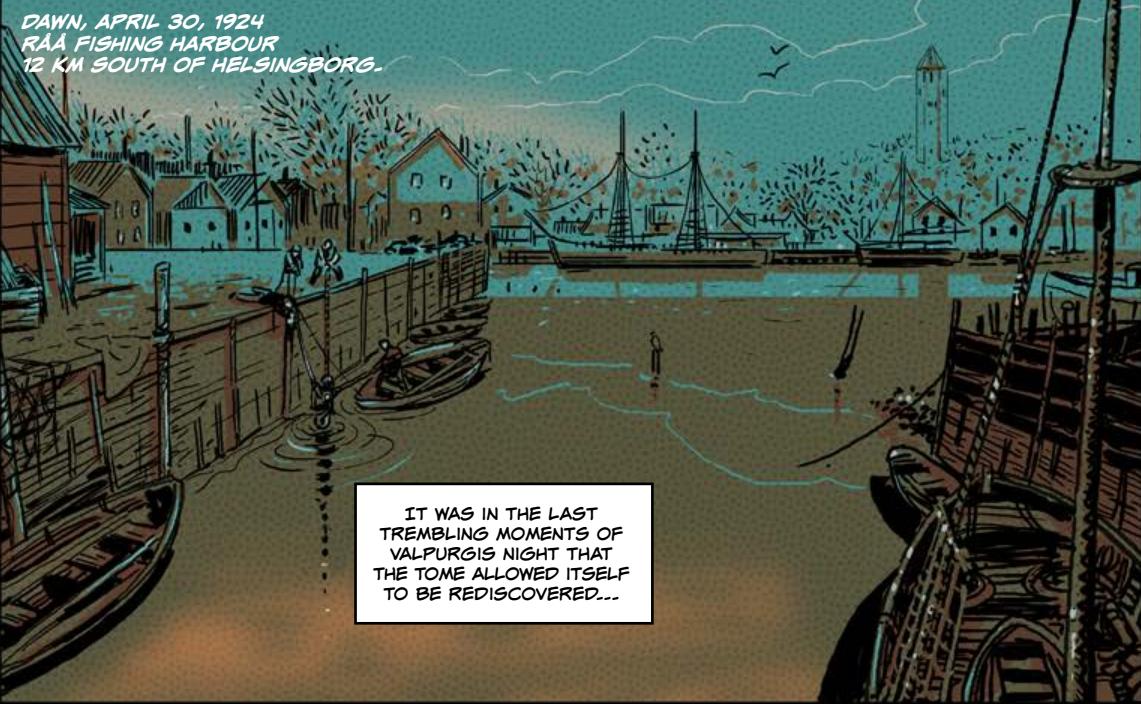


THE END

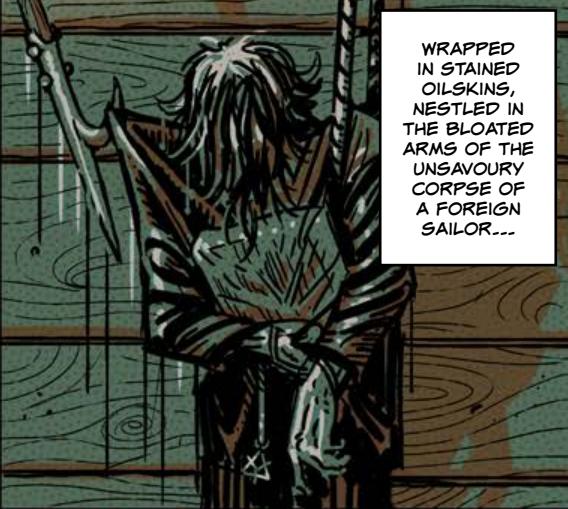
# THE TOME



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 REDISCOVERED...



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  
MADE HIM  
OFFERS.  
KINGS  
RANSOMS  
ALL...



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.

YET SOMEHOW  
READABLE BY  
SOME WYRDING  
WAY...



NO RECORD EXISTED  
OF THE TOME EVER  
HAVING BEEN BOUGHT  
OR SOLD. IT SOON  
BECAME PLAIN TO ME...

IT'S OWNER WOULD  
NEVER, PERHAPS  
COULD NEVER, PART  
WITH IT. THERE WAS  
ONLY ONE WAY FOR ME  
TO ACQUIRE IT THEN---



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

I HAD TO  
POSSESS IT!



FINALLY!

IT  
BELONGED  
TO ME!

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



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



--EACH UPTURNED PAGE WAS... ECSTASY.



THE PATH MOST SUITABLE FOR AN INTRUDER 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...



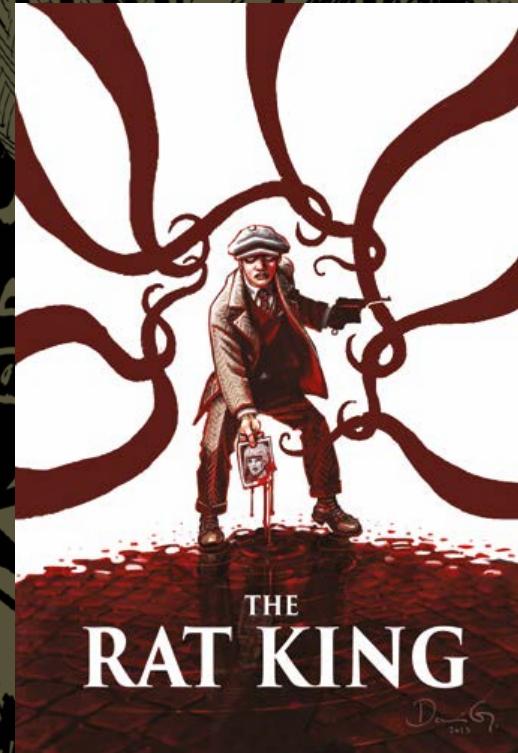
THE TOME...  
AS THE FOG RISES...  
MY TOME...





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