



FROM THE DESK OF JAMESON ROOK, AUTHOR
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So I'm writing this from the comfort of my study in New York, I can't wait to get to bed to be honest but this is my first proper chance to get my thoughts down after what happened earlier in the week.

I was staying in this hole of a town, I forget the name of the place. We'd been filming a couple of the action scenes from 'The Iron Maiden', most of the cast weren't there, just the stunt men and some of the camera crew. The locals were nice enough, but there wasn't a great deal going on - that is until a town gathering was called.

Apparently "there be bandits in them hills", bandits who had seized a local's daughter - seems like they watched a cliché movie. There was a shooting during the money exchange, two of the bandits went down but the rest of them got away with the money and kept hold of the girl as well. I doubted I could offer much practical help but I of course offered to pay any volunteers for their time and effort in the hope that with enough people looking we could find and rescue the poor girl.

Anyway, I got kitted up and met up with the search parties. My companions were Wade, one of the stunt men; Ted, some sort of hunter or explorer or something; Dick, a wet blanket of a book collector and Amelia, a British bird here on exchange with Arkham University.

So our search party was following a planned route to a nearby lake, apparently there was meant to be a cabin on the shore of the lake and the mayor suspected this could be a possible base of operations for the bandits - he was wrong, but we'll get to that later.

The exact order of events is a bit of a blur but we were out there for a few days; as best I can remember on evening one we bumped into a father and son who were on a hunting trip, we told them of the bandit situation and suggested they headed back to town which they were happy to along with - they did tell us about another father and son who they'd been with who were still out in the woods somewhere.

Had a bad night's sleep, even with two bed rolls I could still feel rocks and branches poking me all night long. Even when I managed to close my eyes I had some pretty messed up dreams. Lets just say I'll be glad to be back in my own bed when I'm done typing this up.

So, onto day two. We stumbled into the remains of a camp. Won't go into too much detail since I'm pretty sure it'll stay a vivid memory for a while. It looks like the camp was set up by artists, and there was enough blood that it was a safe bet they were killed. I saw some of their paintings ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ lets just say that at least one was eerily similar to my bad dreams - probably just a random weird coincidence but in the woods surrounded by a murder scene it wasn't pleasant.

It gets even better, we followed a trail leading out of the camp and it led to a big bloody knife, a little after that we got shot at - fortunately by an injured and incompetent shooter who turned out to be one of the bandits; once he was subdued we questioned him but frankly he was out of his mind. The end result was us splitting up - Dick wanted to leave the bandit to die from his injuries so he carried on to the lake with Wade and Ted while Amelia and I decided to take the prisoner over to the quarry where the other search parties were meant to be meeting up and where there should be medical supplies and the like.

So it was something of an unpleasant trek through the woods but as we got closer to the quarry we heard a loud explosion and the sky over in the direction of the quarry was lit up like the fourth of July. So we pressed on, seemed worrying enough to skip sleep and truth be told I wasn't really looking forward to more nightmares.

On the way we found another search party who were heading back to town and though they couldn't offer us much help or advice we were able to hand the bandit over to them for escort while we carried on to investigate the quarry unburdened.

We continued onward to the quarry where things seemed suspicious so we hatched a plan to investigate. Amelia remained in hiding while I snuck into the camp, allowing the watchman to spot me I led him on a merry chase around the camp - eventually I let him catch me and throw me in their makeshift prison where I found none other than Brian and Arthur, the father and son who had disappeared along with the young kidnap victim, Miss Victoria Strong.

Now of course while the watchman was distracted dealing with me Amelia proved herself to be more than capable of sneaking into the camp, requisitioning some tools and breaking us out of the prison. From there we withdrew from the quarry into the woods, putting some distance between us and the quarry before we joined back up with the road to town.

Camp for 4, only 2 bodies

Bennington

Should've asked if she knew Alexis
How many delinquents can there be at one Uni?

Alistair and George

Brian and Arthur

Yellow Leaves Cabin



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The road certainly made things a bit easier but the poor girl was wearing an indecent amount of clothing and no shoes to speak of; we were fortunate however that we heard a truck approaching from the direction of town. Better safe than sorry I got the rest of the group to hide in the trees while I waved it down and explained that I'd been separated from the search parties and was making my way to town. Unfortunately the driver was on his way to the quarry and we couldn't risk that he was with the bandits so I drew my derringer on the fellow - he wasn't too impressed but it proved enough of a distraction for Amelia to knock him out from behind.

We tied up the maybe-bandit commandeered the truck and returned to town where we reunited Victoria with her father and rounded up a posse with the sheriff to go back to the quarry.

Fortuitous timing meant that our missing companions arrived at the quarry just a minute or two after us - their tale was ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ interesting but difficult to follow, I'll make note of what I remember at the end of this document.

Descending on the main pit of the quarry we found most of the workers there, gathered around some weird blue crystal formation. From there a gun fight broke out between us (and our posse) and the bandits. I've written about them plenty, I've witnessed them on a smaller scale but actually being in the middle of a gunfight was exciting, terrifying and at points disgusting. I remember there being a lot of confusion, I guess with the sheriff's men shooting at people they knew it made the whole situation even more chaotic.

There was some guy who seemed to be leading the group (although he was mostly just yelling something from behind them all). I managed to get a pretty solid hit on him and he went down; unfortunately just as I closed to try and restrain him Dick shot him in the head with that rifle of his ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ lets just say I was close enough for it to be messy. *Leaving a prisoner to die? Killing a helpless injured man? Shell Shock? Crazy?*

From there it was a case of rounding up survivors and getting everyone back to town. I exchanged contact details with my companions and spent another two days in town before heading back to New York.

Now I guess it's time for a quick glass of whiskey and a long restful sleep.

Forgot to mention the other trio's adventures.

Apparently they eventually found the log cabin and since it was empty they thought it would be a good plan to spend the night there.

During the night they were woken by an eerie glowing light that came from beneath the house and led them to a trap door going into a basement - in the basement there were apparently a bunch of glowing coffins. — Have they been reading too much Dracula?

Next day they carried on to the lake sure where they supposedly found a handful of people impaled on big metal spikes just in the shallows of the water. They couldn't help them without causing more severe injury so they started heading back towards the quarry.

They stopped at the cabin again where they bumped into some deranged and aggressive locals who tried to kill them. They managed to seal them in the basement and run away.

They got to the quarry at about the same time as us.

None of this was evident afterwards?