



FROM THE DESK OF JAMESON ROOK, AUTHOR
P. O. BOX 9984, NEW YORK CITY - TELEPHONE: (718) 087 3566

Well this has been a wild ride. The past week has been hectic and this has been my first chance to get it down on paper so it's possible I've missed something but I swear that to the best of my knowledge everything written here is on the up and up.

As mentioned in the Ross's Corners case file I was in Arkham visiting Alexis and had met up with some old friends, we met up a couple of times - I guess the weird capers we've had together have been something of a bonding experience.

About two weeks had passed since we'd finished up at the old Merriweather farm when Amelia gave me a call, apparently her creepy boss had asked her to investigate a disappearance in Boston - not really sure what's up with him but from what she said he's been tracking our activities and seems to think we're some sort of ghost hunters or something - maybe she caught me when I was still half asleep or something but for whatever reason it sounded like it could be a fun little adventure.

Paranormal Investigators, Occult Researchers?

So we contacted our friends Ted and Wade were still staying in Arkham and Dick obviously lived there so it was easy enough to meet up and plan a course of action. I also took the opportunity to give Mags a ring, she'd been pestering me for a while so it seemed like a good idea to arrange a book signing while I was in Boston - she was happy to oblige.

Off we set in two cars, the plan being to meet up properly at Boston, Dick had arranged lodgings and the drive was pleasant couple of hours in the sun with the top down.

The person we were being sent to find was one Andrew Keatling, the brother of Sarah Keatling a friend and former student of Amelia's boss. Visiting the Keatling household was the obvious first port of call.

Sarah Keatling was a bit ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ eccentric but pleasant and helpful enough. Anyone could tell that she was genuinely concerned for her brother. He'd apparently fallen in with a bad crowd and his behaviour had been strange, though he'd always been an art lover he had recently taken to paying extortionate amounts of money for some rather unusual paintings - the artist was a local 'talent' by the name Josephine Garceti and some deft detective work in his study turned up a concealed love letter from one J.G as well as pointing us in the direction of the Sailors' Club.

The Dweller in the Void, The Sylvan Night and The Watching

Now at this stage I had a book signing to attend - turns out it was at none other than the local branch of Armitage Books. I'm pretty sure Dick must have known about it, maybe he deliberately arranged it but whatever, let the wet blanket have his fun where he can I say.

After the signing Dick and I were headed back to the hotel when it became apparent that we were being followed; as best we could tell it was a lanky fellow in a trench coat and wide brimmed hat - not the most subtle of tails. We decided to detour to a restaurant and have a meal, give the fellow plenty of time to move on but sure enough after we were finished he was still stood outside waiting. He followed us all the way back to the hotel but made no move to speak to us.

So now that we'd met back up with our friends they recounted what they'd managed to uncover and our next port of call was the Sailor's Club.

Dockside Juice Joint

This place was easy enough to track down, a local speak easy cunningly enough located in the docks area. We understandably had to hand over our weapons at the door but it was much the same as any other speak easy. After acquiring coffee for me and my companions we mingled.

Amelia and I danced for a bit and on the dance floor we met a young woman named Bobbi, a font of information this woman was not but she did at least confirm that Andrew and Garceti were patrons of the club - she seemed to remember Garceti's European fashion sense in particular. Meanwhile Ted, Wade and Dick seemed to have more luck speaking to the barkeeper and they were able to obtain an invitation to the back room.

Here we were introduced to Zeke Crayder, a local entrepreneur and the owner of the speak easy, he was interested in why we were asking about Garceti and was able to provide us with a lot of interesting information. Garceti was apparently the leader of a cult named the Sylvan Night, she had kidnapped and murdered people in the past and just two weeks ago her cult gathering had been raided by the police - she however had escaped and was presumably no longer in Boston.

Zeke's interest was a bit more personal, apparently at a party in the past she had stolen an object from him - a carved, brown stone - and he wanted it back. He was willing to pay us if we were able to find and return this stone, he warned us that people who hung onto it for long tended to start feeling uncomfortable.

Now aside from his compelling story I noticed bulges under Zeke's suit - Dick told me afterwards he'd seen them too and assumed they were weapons - he didn't see them move though, I did. Twitching and shifting shapes around his stomach and chest, like some kind of mandibles or talons or something.

Suffice to say the whole experience gave the impression that Zeke was not necessarily the most trust worthy and upstanding citizen of Boston.

Visitor in the Night

We got back to the suite late in the evening and headed off to bed, only to be woken up by a commotion in the main room. Ted had been woken up by a rapping at his bedroom door and stood in our suite was the ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ thing that had been following Dick and I earlier in the night. It was laughing and giving cryptic warnings that didn't make much sense at the time.

Josephine is in her true home, dreaming and obeying the one in the void ?

Keatling wants our help ?

The one in the void wants our souls ?

It is the dream ?

Don't remember word for word but this is the general gist of what it said.

Eventually the thing vanished like it had never been there to begin with but Dick, Ted and I all saw it and spoke with it - Ted even kicked the thing. Even creepier was that the next day when we thought to actually acquire a photo of Andrew Keatling we discovered that the creature bore more than a passing resemblance.

The Dark Stone

Amelia is clearly a fine librarian; based on a vague description of "a brown, carved, translucent stone" she was able to gather a vast amount of information on Zeke's rock.

Apparently it's called the Dark Stone in the literature and it was last recorded in the possession of the Von Shern family in Europe but that was close to six centuries ago. A book by some guy named Eibon discusses the stone and specifically states that it grants power to the one who holds it; checking the library card it seems that the book had previously been checked out by one Ezekiel Crayder.

There were a number of references to a Latin book called The Kingdom of Shadows which holds a great deal more information on the stone, unfortunately the library's copy had been stolen. It's worth pointing out that during our previous meeting with Zeke I did note he had in his possession a large, ancient looking book with some kind of Latin name - I have no idea what the Latin said but I don't think it's too big of a leap to think he may have acquired the book for his own nefarious ends.

A Not So Intrepid Reporter

After hearing about the whole cult business it seemed like a good plan to look into what had been reported about the raid. Dick rummaged through newspaper records and found an article reporting the deaths and arrests of the cult members - apart from Garceti of course. Specifically the police were tipped off by a former member of the cult; during the confrontation twelve cult members died, as did the kidnap victim. Josephine herself escaped but two of the cult members were arrested - unfortunately these two somehow burnt to death in their cells a few days later.

Self Immolation? Assassination? Spontaneous Combustion?

Wade went to the newspaper offices directly, he wasn't able to speak with the reporter directly but he left his details and later in the evening the Brendon O'Shaw phoned us at the hotel. Turns out certain details were being kept out of the article, the police had apparently balled up the whole raid, there was a lot of confusion and a lot of the police ended up injured - specifically they ended up covered in human bite marks.

Detective Sergeant Patrick Devlin

Knowing that the police had been treating the cult and Andrew's disappearance as separate issues we



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thought we might find a link in their information that they missed and so I employed the services of one Joseph Pineapple as a private investigator to speak with the police on our behalf.

The newspaper article that Dick and Wade had investigated named the officer in charge of the case as Patrick Devlin, and it just so happens that the questioning of Joe Pineapple had prompted him to come and speak to us - he obviously wanted to know what we were doing nosing around the cult/murder case. He was familiar with the disappearance of Andrew Keatling though apparently the police had assumed he was just some rich guy deciding to spend money wildly and live the high life, when we explained the link to Garceti however he became more interested.

We were able to convince the sergeant that we were respectable people just trying to help out and he reluctantly confirmed that Andrea Pentargon, the form cult member, was the informant to the police. She was now in hiding under the name Myra Smith but he shared her address and told her would phone ahead to let her know to expect us.

Talentless Tramp

Back when I was signing books Amelia had the bright idea of visiting the local museum, Keatling was meant to be an art lover after all so it made sense that he'd spend a fair bit of his time here. She tracked down one of the curators - Madeline - who knew Andrew, and also seemed to know Garceti but she clammed up at the mention of her name.

I took a visit to the museum myself the next day and found Madeline, turns out she wasn't keeping quiet to be a problem, she didn't like the woman and I guess thought that Amelia may have been friends with her. "Talentless tramp" was the phrase she seemed most fond of with regards to the drug dealing Garceti and a little more questioning revealed that Madeline was romantically involved with Andrew until the tramp got her claws into him.

So a little more helpfully she was also able to tell me that Garceti had graduated from Boston University fairly recently. I took a quick trip to the admissions office and explained that I needed to contact Garceti and her Boston address was no longer correct, leaving enough of my story vague the clerk proved to be very helpful and she was able to provide me with a mailing address in Muskrat Rapids in Pennsylvania.

Myra Smith and the Giggling Ghoul

With the information kindly provided by Devlin we decided to visit Andrea - or rather Myra. Dick, Ted and I took an indirect route to our house and changed taxi on the way to try to make sure we weren't followed. It didn't work though. I spotted the weird vampire, ghoulish thing that we'd seen before, it was obviously watching us but back in our hotel room it hadn't seemed hostile so I thought maybe the direct approach would work - boy was I wrong.

I greeted the thing as 'Andrew' which seemed to enrage it and it swung its savage claws, knocking me to the ground. Between us we managed to drive the thing away, but not before it tore into me a few more times, I was sure I was a goner but once the thing had disappeared Ted had a look at my injuries and pointed out that though I was bloodied up a bit most of the cuts were superficial - I guess I've not really been clawed before but it felt more than superficial at the time. Obviously I didn't want to turn up at the door of a woman in hiding while covered in blood so I thought it'd make sense for me to head back to the hotel and clean up while Dick and Ted carried on to see her.

From what I'm told she couldn't provide much on the whereabouts of Garceti though she did mention her family home in Muskrat Rapids. She was also able to confirm that she and Garceti were friends, that they used to go to some wild parties at Zeke's place and that amongst 'other things' Zeke used to sacrifice chickens over the stone. It seems that's what spurred Garceti to steal the stone and start committing human sacrifices. Andrea supposedly joined the Sylvan Night cult thinking it was just a chance to party like at Zeke's place but as soon as she discovered the kidnapping and murder she went to the police - Dick and Ted didn't seem particularly convinced by her claims of innocence however.

Muskrat Rapids

So with most of our leads exhausted or pointing at the same place we booked a train to Muskrat Rapids; a long journey to be sure so I made sure we had an opportunity to sleep - though I admit I didn't get all that much rest.

*I normally sleep well on trains but I had wierd dreams.
Can't remember the details but they messed with my sleep.*



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First thing when we got there I headed to the town hall to find out what I could; one of the locals was able to tell me that Garceti's father Phillip had died many years ago and that her mother Maria came into town every few weeks to pick up groceries, he also confirmed the address I had written down and pointed me in the right direction.

Dick, Ted and Wade headed to the house itself for a bit of reconnaissance, they reported that the house was pretty normal looking, it didn't match the house in her painting 'The Watching' and it was surrounded by a thick hedge. More interestingly was the fact that in the hedge they had discovered a weird little effigy made of bones that had been gnawed into shape and bound together - we later determined there were four of these effigies at each of the cardinal points of the house.

Protection? Containment?
The locals at the Pelt Trappers' Tavern weren't too helpful or friendly but we did find out that old lady Garceti hadn't been seen for around two weeks which tied in with her daughter's disappearance from Boston. We finished up our drinks, retired to our rooms and headed out to the house in the morning.

Amelia and I went straight to the door and knocked but there was no answer, obviously given the fact that no one had seen Mrs. Garceti we did our civic duty and looked in all the windows to see what we could find out. There didn't seem to be anyone around downstairs and the house was in a filthy state but obviously someone was still making use of the kitchen so when the others joined us we broke a window pane and let ourselves in to investigate. Aside from the sorry state of affairs on the ground floor we headed upstairs and started checking the rooms up there, it didn't take us long to find Andrew, bound, gagged and filthy with his own waste.

It was clear that Keatling was in some sort of psychogenic fugue state but he was compliant enough. Once we knew he had no immediately life threatening injuries we thought it would be prudent to check the rest of the house, it was empty apart from one other room. Me and Amelia were checking it when we realised that Dick was staring open mouthed at the ceiling, perhaps foolishly we looked up and things are a bit hazy there, I remember a blinding light and then Amelia had shoved me back out onto the landing. Though my recollections are that I was speaking quite clearly - I am told that I was babbling incoherently for at least a few minutes afterwards; Dick on the other hand was completely mesmerised by the ceiling for a good long while before he was forcibly removed from the room.

Obviously our priority was to get Keatling to safety we guided him out of the house and thought it would be best to keep him away from town; we cleaned him up and got him a change of clothes before getting on the next train back to Boston. Ted and Dick stayed behind in Muskrat Rapids to keep an eye out for Garceti, obviously when she found out Keatling was gone we didn't want her disappearing again. Leaving Dick behind to keep tabs on Garceti may have been a mistake but we didn't think about it at the time.

We got back to Boston without any further issue - our plan had been to take Andrew to the hospital and collect his sister Sarah on route but she insisted we bring him inside and allow the family physician - Doctor Thorogood - to have a look at him. Now I'm far from an expert on medical matters but his diagnosis of 'malnutrition' with a prescription for 'plenty of bed rest' seemed only a step up from leeches really; still Thorogood is the Doctor and I'm sure it can't do Keatling any harm.

So from there we stopped in to see Devlin and let him know what we'd discovered at the Garceti residence, he was happy that Keatling was alright but suggested we contact the local law enforcement at Muskrat Rapids and cautioned us against taking matters into our own hands. Amusingly enough it was just after leaving Devlin that we received a telegram from Ted and we jumped in the car and made our way back to Muskrat Rapids.

So turns out while we were away Ted and Dick had been confronted by two of Zeke Crayder's goons who had made it clear that the stone was to be handed over to them as soon as it was recovered.

Taking the initiative Ted and Dick headed back to the Garceti estate and made a search of the grounds; investigating an old covered up well they discovered the body of an elderly woman had been dumped within, it has since been confirmed as the corpse of Mrs. Maria Garceti. The two then followed a trail and discovered a path through the undergrowth and into the woodlands.

From what we're told they found "a big tree in the forest" and realised that Garceti was at the top of the tree - since she wouldn't come down Ted decided to climb up and fetch her.

Now I'd normally discount this bit of the story but I've encountered enough weird stuff to take his word for it - apparently Garceti started speaking strange occult words and the tree came to life, grew some

For future reference - don't leave Dick with any suspects in the future.



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sort of tooth filled maw and tried to take a bite out of Ted. He managed to dodge the teeth by cunningly letting go of the tree and falling to ground below.

Dick being Dick opened fire at Garceti with not one but two guns - apparently one of the shots connected and was enough to end the woman's life. *I know it was self defence but this guy keeps shooting people!*

The most surprising part of the tale is that Dick then went and turned himself in to the local sheriff; they had to drop the part of their story where Garceti was a magic wielding witch and instead told the police that she was a knife wielding maniac who they'd killed in self defence.

Dick was obviously detained for a while but given that Garceti was wanted for murder and that the body of her mother was found - seemingly killed in the same way as Garceti's other victims - they let him out on bail with permission to return to Boston. By now Amelia and I had made it back to Muskrat Rapids, we obviously backed up the story up until the point that we'd returned to Boston and we were able to pass on Detective Sergeant Devlin's details to confirm our story.

So that pretty much ties up the case. Dick will have to visit court for a hearing but I think the circumstances will ensure he doesn't suffer any severe punishment. It seems that Zeke has recovered the Dark Stone and I'm sure that's going to be a problem so I've asked Joe Pineapple to keep a discrete eye on his activities - while he's at it I've asked him to keep me informed of Keatling's health.

Since it seems we're destined to keep getting involved in these cockamamie situations and I think getting an investigators license could help out. I'll speak to Stanley about it and see what he thinks.