

26313
Madness, all is madness. Where is my typewriter? I had written a longish creed of my life from birth to 1918 using it but it seems to have vanished from my room. I remember sending poor Otto Kunst to his maker like it was yesterday but what happened after that seems hazy. As I had last typed I awoke in Bethlem Hospital on February 14, 1932! Almost 14 years had passed none of which I could remember. I thought my obsession with Codrington's plaques had subsided but it seems it had taken total control of me. Card 1.

26313
Knighted? I was knighted by Queen Louise herself and I remember none of it. How proud my parents would have been to see me become Sir Clarence Cartwright! Alas my poor mother departed this Earth not long after my father. They were always terribly close. Too close I suppose! I have tried with some small success to track my whereabouts and doings after the war. It seems that after I recovered from the wounds I received from the explosion I left immediately for America! After retrieving the Codrington plaques. Card 2

329794

I ended up in Arham, Mass. at an American university called Miskatonic. Apparently I joined the faculty and taught chemistry to undergraduates. When I called the university after my proper awakening it seemed they had been impressed by my wealth, my knight-hood and my Victoria Cross! (Where is it now??? How could I lose such an honour!!!) By all accounts I was a good professor, much beloved by my students. I spent every free hour in the library studying the writing, yes I had become convinced it was such Card

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45340

I was there for over ten years in total. Ten long years. The rest of the world would have thought I had fallen off the edge of the earth if I had not made arrangements to draw on my family's wealth to supplement my salary. I made no attempt to contact anyone back home and ignored any attempts to contact me. Even to the extent of rudely ~~spurning~~ spurning poor, sweet Grace when she came to see me!!

Card 4

L. R. B. 271854
I made little head way in all that time. My obsession kept me from sharing the plaques with anyone. But finally I was careless and left a copy of the variant text lying on a study table. When I realized my error I returned to the library in a frenzied haste. The paper was gone! (Wait, do I remember this or do I just imagine my response?) I asked at the reference desk and the girl on duty pointed at one of the antiquarian professors, Dr. Little who looke up somewhat...

Card 5

SIRAB Arshag

236167

surprised at my vehemence. "Why do you have Hyperborean text," they asked, "I thought I was the only one at Miskatonic studying it." I was flabbergasted. I did not even know what Hyperborean was. Dr. Little explained that it was the oldest known human language predating any others by millennia. Most scholars did not believe that it was a real tongue! at all since so few examples survive. Dr. Little was one of the few scholars who could read it!

Card 6

Dr. Little helped me translate the Hyperborean text and then we worked at a concordance for the other syllabary found on the plaques. It was hard and Dr. Little became increasingly uneasy at what we seemed to find. They claimed that the text was written by some non-human species and that the words and thoughts seemed blasphemous in the extreme! With my permission a third professor was brought aboard. A specialist in some antediluvian species he claimed walked the earth long before man. (Only at Miskatonic University would such topics be encouraged. Elsewhere such un-Godly nonsense would be dismissed or at least discussed in whispers!) Prof. Osborne struck me as more than a little mad.

Card 7

The text spoke of such horrible things in such a cold-blooded manner. Things I cannot repeat here! My only consolation was the sheer antiquity of the text. It spoke of the end of an ice age, the last one? Or a previous one? But it also spoke of a rising threat, humanity, so it must be the most recently ended one! They, and it is hard to determine what they were, stated that they were safe in their fortress somewhere in the middle of a great ocean (Pacific?). I thought the matter might have ended there but Prof. Osborne claimed he had deciphered their system of co-ordinates based on the position of the stars. I gasped thinking surely the stars would be different now!

Card 8

I left the hospital a changed man. Most of my wealth was gone and all I had to show for my trials was a set of blasphemous plaques the size of a Henderson's directory. Year's lost, love lost. I returned to Papeete to attempt to trace my tracks but all I found was a hostile maritime community who remembered the SS Fleming and her crew. It took me weeks but I finally hired a boat to steam to the site of where the island had been but all I found was a plume of steam and a tiny island. I disembarked and found fresh tracks of three toed feet! I fled to the ship and vowed to leave the ocean behind me. Drawn by a memory of better times I headed to Assiniboia where I knew Edith now lived.

Card 23