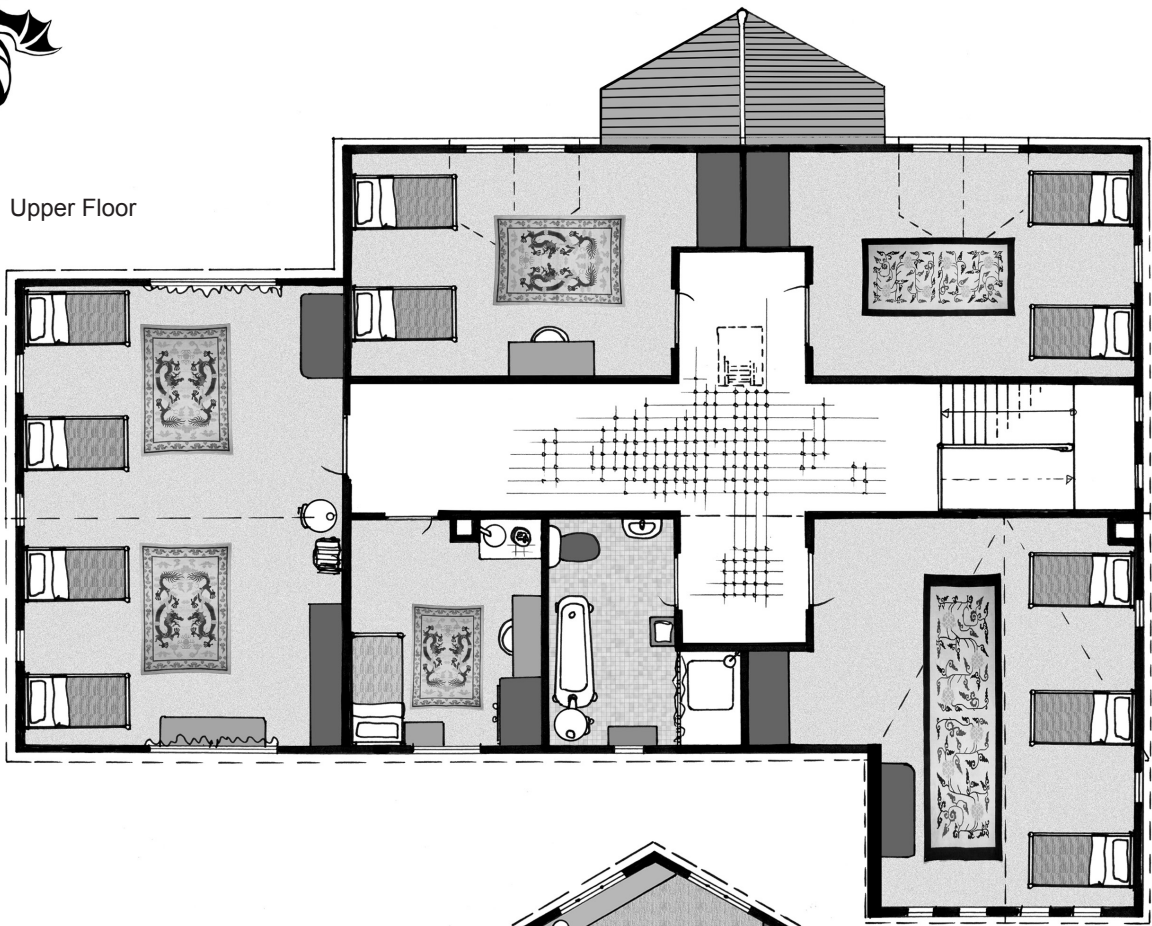




Upper Floor



Ground Floor



Göttingen, 9 March 1925

As I wrote in my last letter: Since I started my studies here, I finally feel alive for the first time in my life! I can't thank you enough for convincing me (and even more, my parents) that studying history would be perfect for me.

Once the first semester was over and everything didn't seem so new, I really started to feel comfortable and I no longer miss the small-minded friends I surrounded myself with a year ago. Everyone is different here.

My new friends, though it is improper to admit, are mostly men. But that's not surprising, since my studies take up most of my time, and am I not the only woman studying in the Department of History? So it would not be too unbecoming if I admitted that among these friends, there is a man whom I see as more than just a classmate. But it's probably too early to say more about it.

Imagine that this special friend, like me, is also interested in the spiritual and has offered, "although I am a woman," as he has emphasized, to participate in a magical ritual.

Oh, I'm so excited! I hope it goes without saying that you had better not mention any of this to my parents, especially my friend and my spiritual interests, if they invite you over for another one of their boring dinner parties.

For me, you remain the only person I can really open myself up to, apart from maybe Bertha, a German Studies student who has become my only female companion here.

Anyway, I have to go to a lecture on religion in ancient Egypt, they say our Professor wants to show us a real mummy!

With great trust, I remain yours,

Clara

Göttingen, 04.03.1925

Herr Schenbrink,

On behalf of the board of our Foundation, I must inform you that your scholarship for 01.07. is terminated.

You did not fulfill the great expectations that we set for you. Members of the Julius Schreiber Convent, in addition to outstanding academic achievement, must also demonstrate a high degree of integrity. In both of these points you do not seem suitable for the purposes of our association.

We wish you all the best for your future life.

Signed,

JS

Julius Schreiber

*Tsathoggua, implorimus te
Tsathoggua, oramus te
Tsathoggua, exaudite nos*

*Emus pedisqus tuam,
et vitam et mortis
Audemus vocatus tuam
Cantates nominus tuam*

*Tsathoggua
Tsathoggua
Tsathoggua*

*Tsathoggua, implorimus te
Tsathoggua, oramus te
Tsathoggua, exaudite nos*

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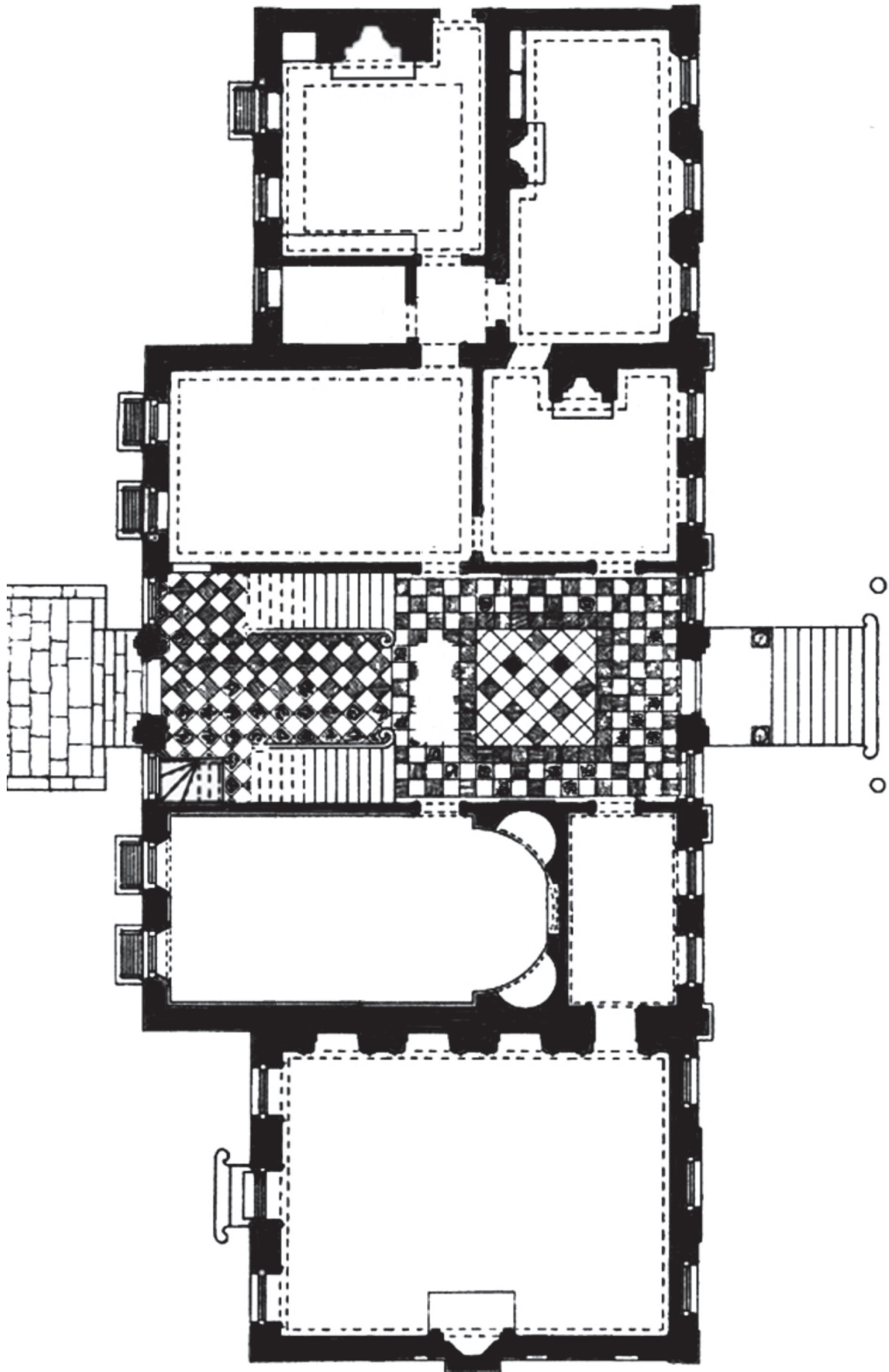
*Emus pedisqus tuam,
et vitam et mortis
Audemus vocatus tuam
Cantates nominus tuam*

*Tsathoggua
Tsathoggua
Tsathoggua*

*We'll leave Saturday at 4 from the
town hall.
We'll take Ferdi's car.*

Arthur

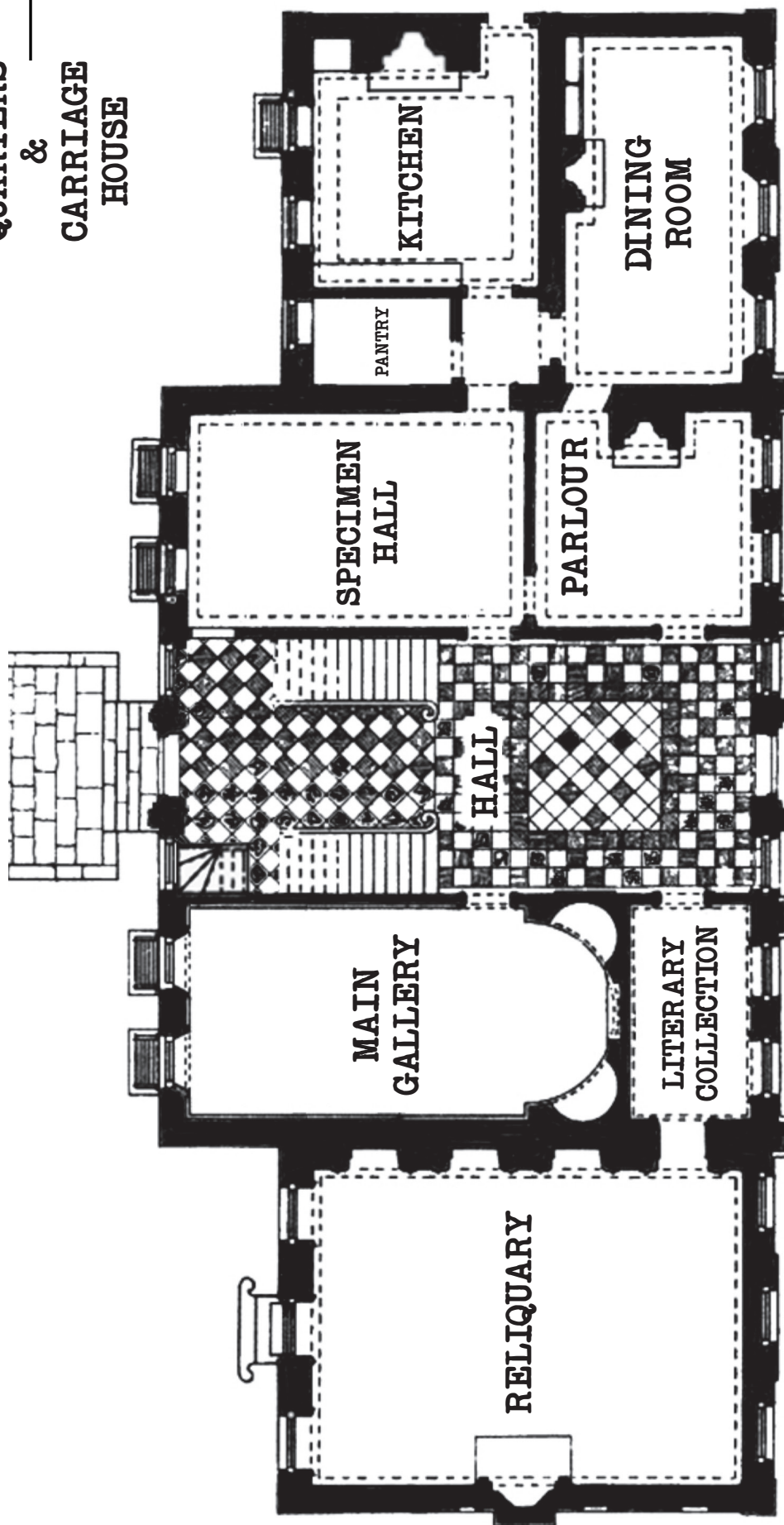




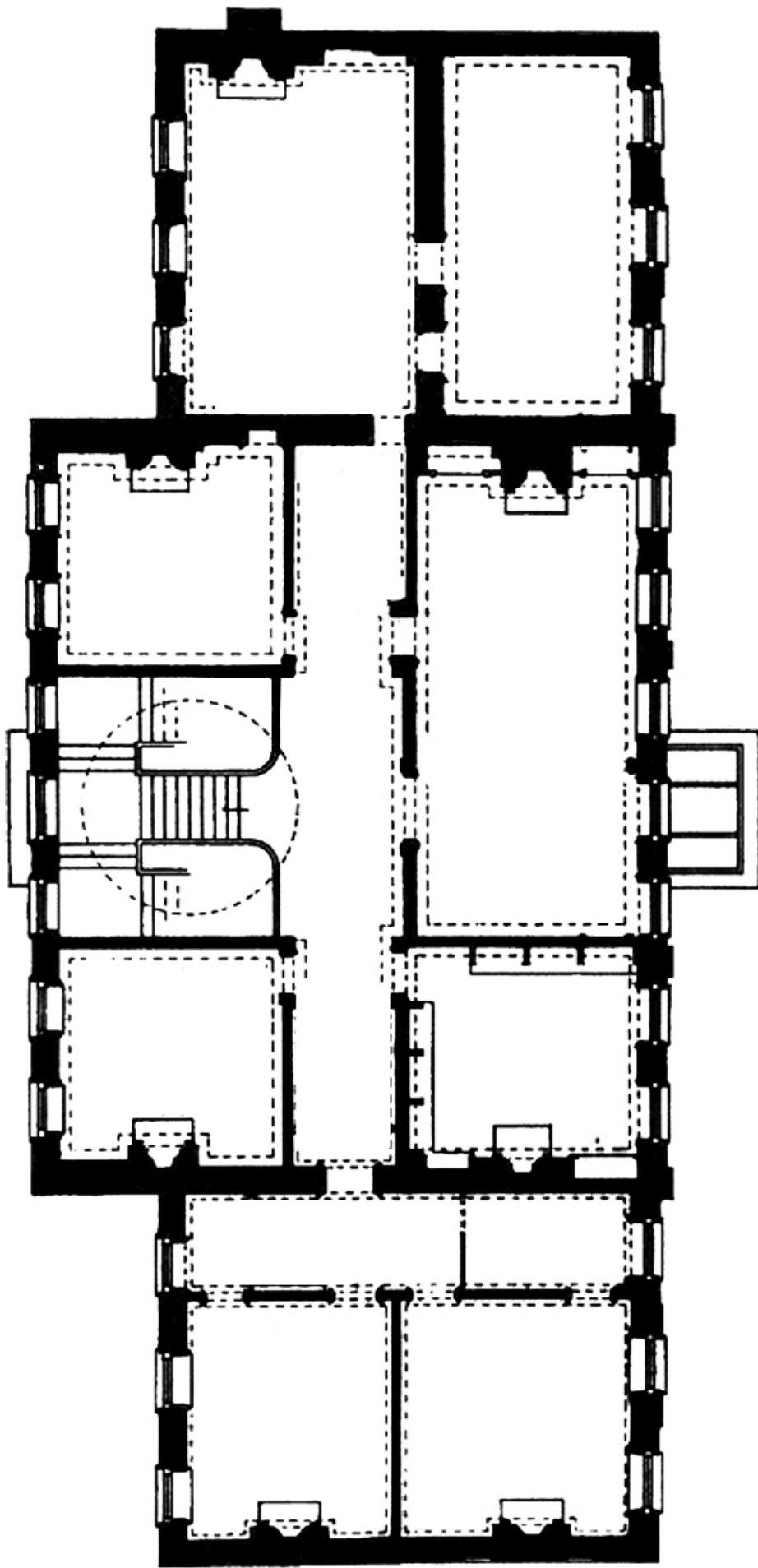
GROUND FLOOR PLAN

GARDENS

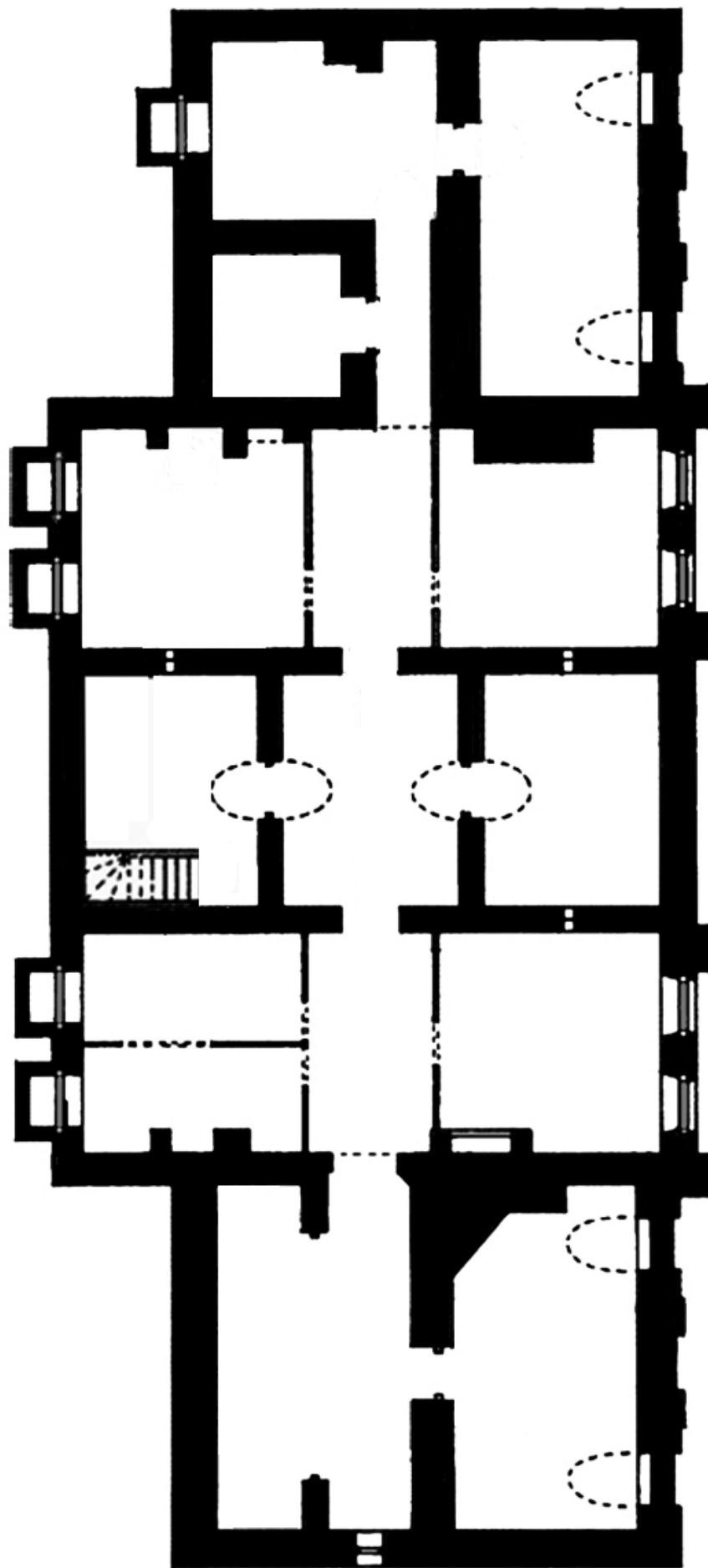
to
SERVANTS'
QUARTERS
&
CARRIAGE
HOUSE



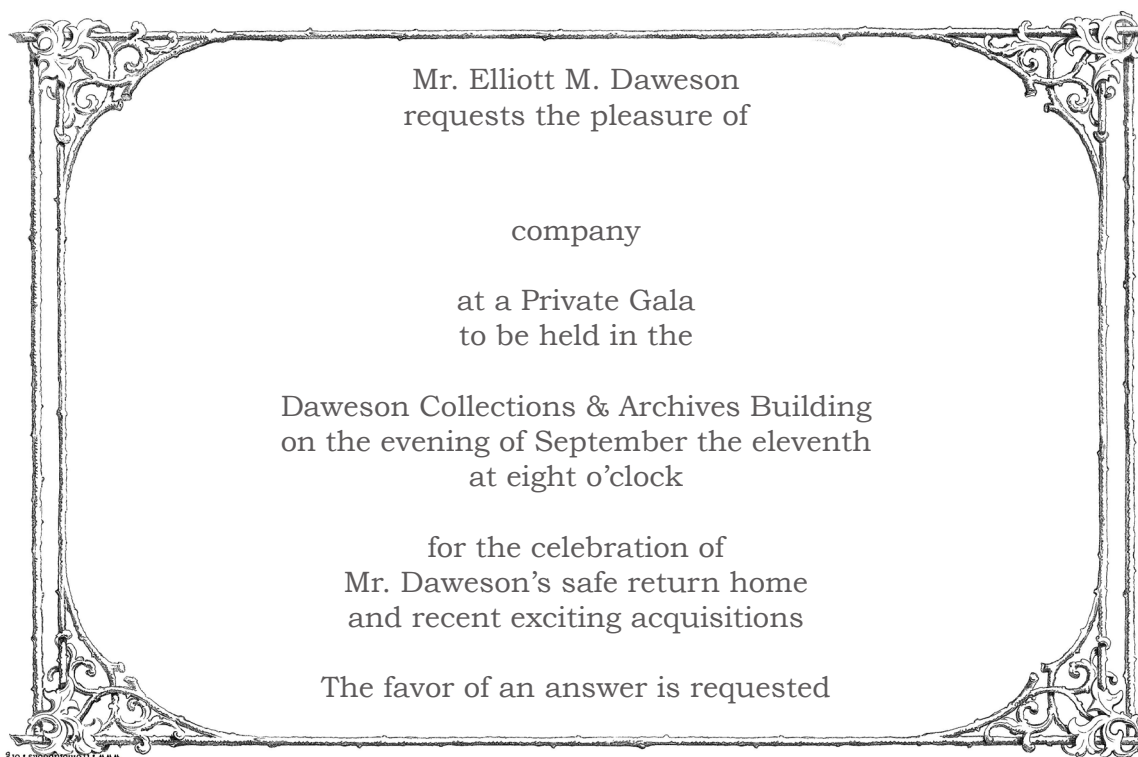
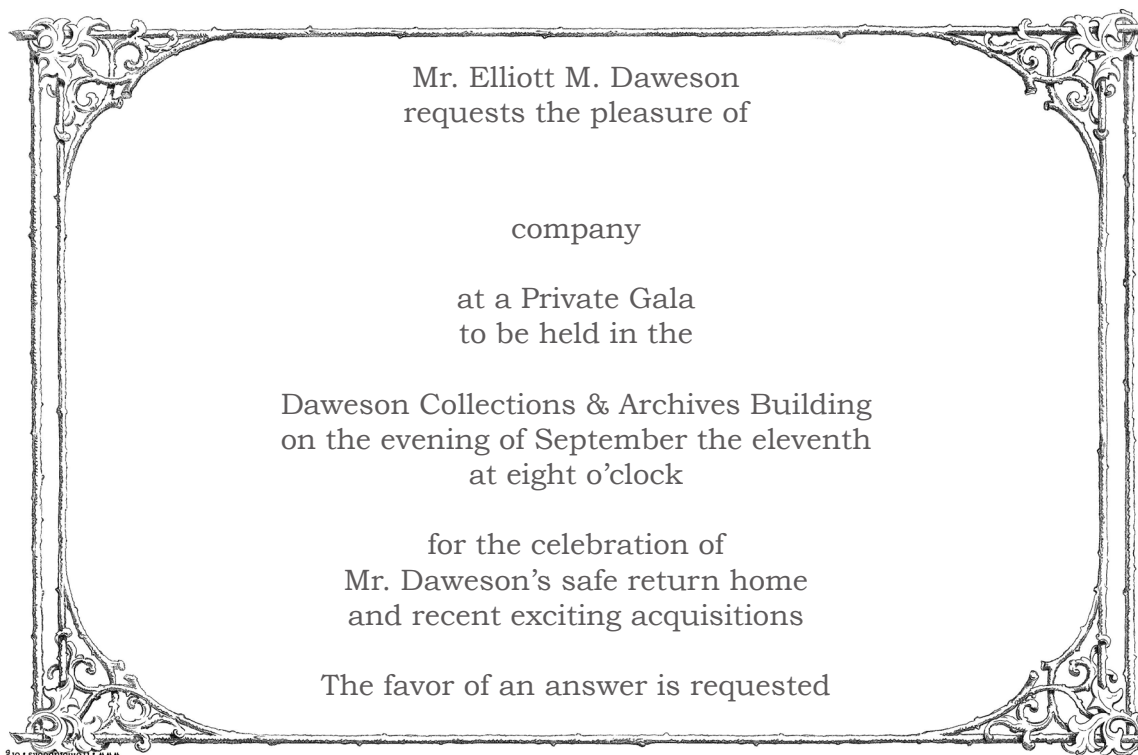
GROUND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



BASEMENT PLAN



Set 1

1	Your eyes feel a bit sore, as if you had been straining them at great length.
2	You see a fleeting shadow out of the corner of your eye. It's probably nothing.
3	Your vision flickers. It's as if all the lights around you slowly fade out for seconds at a time, then dimly return, only to fade out again. After a few moments, your eyes feel normal.
4	The edges of your eyes begin to burn and water, as if diluted soap had been splashed into them. You instinctively shut your eyes. When you open them again, everything is still dark. After several seconds, your vision returns.
5	The shadows bleed into your vision – at first, a steady vignette, darkening the edges of your sight, and then, after several minutes, total darkness. You are now blind.
6	Your vision returns and your eyes move with predatory determination – every bit of movement locks your attention. Your body begins to shake. You can feel it changing, inside. Your teeth feel too big for your mouth, your body too small for its bones.
7	Your eyes burn. Your skin curls, each ripple forcing new hairs from new follicles, new muscles breeding new shapes beneath your skin. Your knees crack backwards and your fangs claw out of your blackened lips. You smell blood for miles, and you hunger. You are reborn.

Set 2

1	Your eyes feel a bit sore, as if you had been out in bright sun for too long.
2	You keep noticing movement at the corner of your eyes, but nothing seems to be there. You probably need a bit of tea.
3	You feel your eyes dilating and contracting, as if they are struggling to adjust to the light. All shadows seem abnormally large. Their edges, fuzzy and pulsating, continue to grow.
4	Your eyes flare white, as if you had stared directly into the sun. You instinctively shut your eyes. When you open them again, everything is still white. After several seconds, your vision returns.
5	As if through muddy water, your vision blurs. Your eyes feel like they're widening in their sockets. As they expand, almost burrowing, your lids retract into folds of skin and cartilage. You are now blind.
6	Your vision returns and your eyes move with predatory determination – every bit of movement locks your attention. Your body begins to shake. You can feel it changing, inside. Your teeth feel too big for your mouth, your body too small for its bones.
7	Your eyes burn. Your skin curls, each ripple forcing new hairs from new follicles, new muscles breeding new shapes beneath your skin. Your knees crack backwards and your fangs claw out of your blackened lips. You smell blood for miles, and you hunger. You are reborn.

Handwritten musical notation on a single page, featuring a large, dense, and somewhat illegible script. The notation is written in a dark ink on a light-colored paper. The script is highly stylized and appears to be a form of shorthand or a specific dialect of a language. The text is arranged in several lines, with some lines being more prominent than others. The overall appearance is that of a historical manuscript or a page from an old book.

o' soft embalmer of still midnight;
to down mine eyes, to pale mine stare

o Shepherd hushed, embowered from light;
our eyes run black in yours, aware

asleep the house/
asleep the wild
asleep the wandered, woken child

asleep the Fox, the Faun, the Feathered,
asleep the Hireine and Howl, togethered,
asleep the Deaf, the Mimic, the Ram,
all beasts asleep, all souls undamned

/

July 17, 1895: I have spent the last year – and nearly all of my personal funds – on the hopes of redeeming the expedition to India last year. The forces we saw at work there were... unnatural, and to have any hope of returning Alistair's soul – and the rest of them – from wherever dark place they were dragged by those beasts... is worth all resources at my disposal.

August 6, 1896: I've found a drawing, obscure and incomplete, of what I am sure is the mask we uncovered in India. The text describes it as gilded flesh, golden on the exterior and wet with the blood of sacrifice inside – when worn, it makes a marriage of human and beast, skin on skin, a relic of sinister power created by some called the Cult of Blind Beasts, The Watcher Wolves, used to create bestial conversions of willing ... and unwilling ... sacrifices into abominations like themselves.

They call the monstrosities Sightless Servants – lupine, bipedal creatures of insatiable thirst and white, hollow eyes. These pages... they claim that one must first commune with the unnamed God, the Blind to Lead The Blind, for blessing before the change can take place. First, a prayer must be read aloud, then a sacrifice given, then the presence of the demon beckoned through the ethereal plane by his true name.

February 15, 1897: I've received word from the crewmen hired to investigate the ruins in India. The structure appears to remain untouched from our last expedition – that is, the rubble and howls remain. The villagers will not think of attempting pillage and most have moved across the river, reporting howls in the night close to the huts and half-eaten bodies of familiar villagers found chewed and mangled after full moons. It may be the mask lies safely in those ruins still. The men have returned to me a portion of scroll, to which the first lines correspond to the portion of the page I uncovered previously, and although this is clearly a re-written copy, no translation accompanies the text.

June 13, 1899: I leave for India in the morning. I've given the prayer scroll to Zhang to look after, to keep secret and safe until the time is right. Until I return with the mask. And then, then we may, together, complete the ritual. To bring the demon here, to us, to cement this slice of hell far away and forever. There need only be five of us, but, may there be merriment in our redemption, and joy in the peace of mind of friends, so I will ask those dearest to me – and to those lost those few years ago – to join me in atonement.

September 6, 1899: I have returned from India with the mask and know what I must do. For Alistair. For everyone. I have that dreadful scroll, I have the talking board, I have that damned mask. I will bring him here, to us, and we will treat him as the horrific animal he is. Like he did to Alistair. Like he threatens to do to me as I dream.

I have almost all the pieces now. All that remains is learning his name – and I've found where the Cult of Blind Beasts meet. I will discover his name there, in two night's time.

The mask beckons from the bag. It is every bit as grotesque as words have described, yet somehow inviting in its disgust.

September 7, 1899: I find myself reaching into the bag, unknowingly, idly running my fingers along the edge of the mask's metal exterior and oozing, interior flesh. I live somewhere between repulsion and attraction to it.

I wondered how I might look with it on and, trying it before a mirror, I was horrified to see a version of myself bent and wicked and hairy, with glossy white eyes and hardly a face to resemble my own so much that I tore the mask from my face, yet I fear a bit of my own self came with it. Perhaps some strange adhesive aged poorly over the years. I'll need to be sure that Riggsby fixes me up before Celeste sees.

September 9, 1899: I woke this morning after last night's feverish, underground convention, grasping for the mask – and finding it already around my face.

Imagine seeing a familiar, well, nearly famous face in the underworld grottos last night – he seemed quite out of place. Can you imagine, a dandy fashioned architect, in the midst of black-robed sacrifices? A grim and glorious sight for certain –

I will invite him to our soirée. Would you be pleased, little mask?

September 10, 1899: It scratched at first. Deep, and under the skin, like something settling in, getting comfortable with spiny fingers. I saw it in the mirror at first, and then out of the corners of my eyes, my beautiful, beautiful eyes, so round and perfect and ready to be shared, little mask. Can you see through me, like I see through you? Soon you will. Soon we will share our blind, infinite vision. I can feel myself changing, little mask, deep inside – a call of the wild, a call to The Hunt.

But I need this worldly sight a small while longer, little mask, for I must prepare for tomorrow. I must carve your symbols and write your name. I long not to wait, little mask, for your dark embrace, but there is work yet to be done.

September 11, 1899: All is prepared. All hours of the night I spent, scratching, carving, ruining my wooden floor to ready our five sacrifices. We only have to give up one each, although I wonder if it's better if we give two?

The mask seems to fit more precisely today. I hope the ones I've fashioned for our guests are just as empowering, in their own way. Oh yes. We are all very ready, little mask. This party is all for you, The Shepherd.



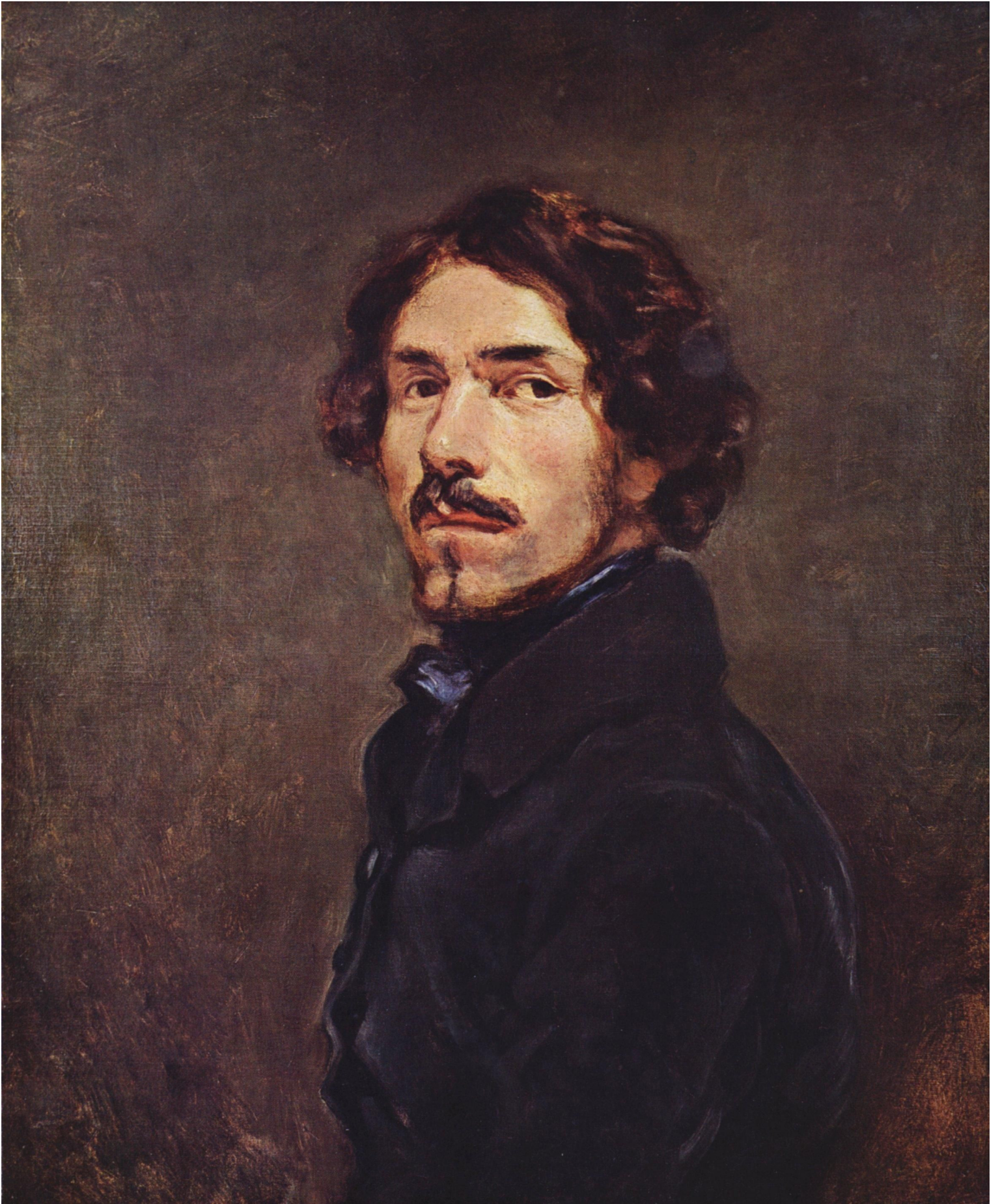














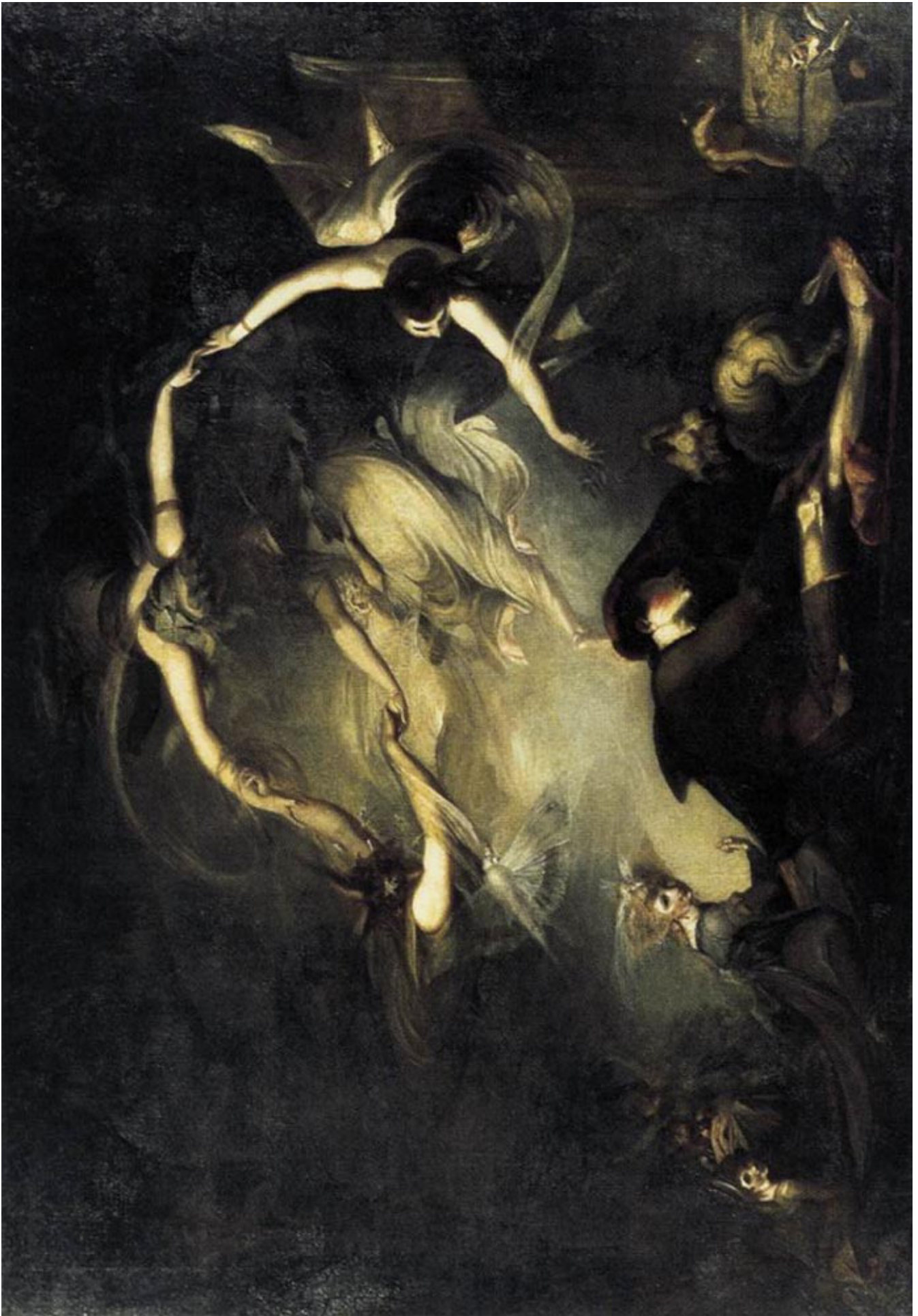












*Figure du Monstre, qui desole le Gevaudan ,
Cette Bête est de la taille d'un jeune Taurau elle attaque de préférence les Femmes ,
et les Enfans elle boit leur Sang, leur coupe la Tête et l'emporte .
Il est promis 2700^{fr} à qui tuerait cet animal*



Unto His Gracious Majesty, the King of France.

Raphael deLong, Your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subject, sends his greetings.

As per your instructions, I have delved tirelessly into my investigations in regard to this Beast of Gévaudan.

I have compiled a list of all deaths that have occurred since the Beast arrived almost three years ago.

Your Majesty, I say that these initial deaths are neither senseless nor random. I have, with an undeniable amount of certainty, concluded that the first four deaths were orchestrated, calculated and executed by the Beast at the control of someone, or something else.

I have my suspicions, however, dare not bring ink to paper for fear of discovery.

I should have this matter sorted out within a matter of weeks, and to Your Majesty's great pleasure, will deliver the Beast that has so haunted Your Majesty's realm.

Your Majesty, I beg please send no further troops to Gévaudan. This Beast will not be tamed by force, but by cleverness and cunning.

Your Majesty, it is also with a heavy heart that I ask to prepare for a most wicked unveiling, to include some of Your Majesty's most powerful, yet disloyal, servants here in Gévaudan. Those responsible for the grievous crimes in which I will report are all dead, however, those who knew and did nothing... may need to be examined.

Your Majesty's humble and most loyal servant,

Raphael deLong

Directives from the Duke (in the name of the King)

- Travel to the town of Javols and check in with the ruling authority of the Gévaudan region, the Marquis de Leon
- Discover what happened to the Royal Inquisitor Raphael deLong
- Re-investigate the scenes of the first four murders to pick up where Raphael deLong left off
- Slay the Beast

Children Rescued from the Orphanage Fire on the Night of the 5th of June, 1764

1. Denis; boy; 7 years of age
Adopted by Claudette, seamstress
Currently resides in Javols
2. Francis; boy, 10 years of age
Deceased (sickness of the lungs) 9th of December, 1764
3. Diane; girl, 7 years of age
Adopted by Bernard Family
Relocated
4. Chloé; girl, 8 years of age
Adopted by Victor, blacksmith
Currently resides in Javols
5. Antoinette; girl, 5 years of age
Adopted by Martin family
Relocated
6. Thomas; boy; 8 years of age
Adopted by Beaumont family
Relocated

Information About the First Four Victims

1. Mademoiselle Emelie de Claire
Beautiful, kind, soft spoken and gentle
Youngest headmistress ever to run the orphanage
Phenomenal with children
Found dead in the gardens behind the orphanage, brutally slain by the Beast
Her body was found by citizens who were gathering water from a well to put out the fire that had engulfed the building
2. Jacques de Monet
Elderly man and longtime resident of Javols
Binder of books
Body was found in his home office, brutally slain by the Beast
3. Father Jean-Pierre Aulneau
Jesuit priest
Honest man
Slain in the chapel
Surviving acolyte is Father Montreux, a known Jesuit
4. François de Menac
A noble of low standing
Landlord who owns and rents lands in the area
Known to be a malicious and unapologetic businessman
Slain in his home in town