



Very Old Things

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Recently, we detained a professor from Miskatonic University who his peers claimed had gone mad. After an investigation, we retrieved a diary from his bedroom with accounts from his dreams, and strange drawings. Can you figure out what we need to do to recover this man's psyche?

I awake at this ungodly hour in a cold sweat, as I have had a nightmare as vivid as I can remember. I stood in the central square of Arkham. Staring down at me was a horror still etched into my waking mind. I had read of Cthulhu in my studies, but today I can put an image to the tales. A terrifying image. I sprinted out into a back alley, but the beast moved with surprising speed. I awoke just before it crushed me underfoot.

The nightmares continue. Tonight's was located in a barn outside of Arkham. I had to drive there and feed the animals, but when I opened the barn doors, the livestock was gone. Filling the barn was the hulking mass of Shub-Niggurath. Thousands of indescribable horrors suckling from her teats. It snarled, and its young turned in my direction. I awoke just as the masses charged. I pray these nightmares cease soon.



Perhaps I require a vacation. The late nights I spend pouring over Sumerian texts may be causing these nightmares. This past slumber brought me to a royal court, where I was a jester performing for Hastur himself. When I finished my performance he made no noise, no movement. Just a penetrating glare from a face with no eyes. I ran out of the room, awaking when I cross the threshold of the door.

I will consult a doctor today. The nightmares have not ceased, and it is impeding my work. Tonight, my subconscious brought me underground to a burrow underneath Arkham. A figure stood before me but all I heard was hissing. As my eyes adjusted I saw that I was faced with Yig. He hissed at me again, and then a chorus of rattles erupted from around me. Snakes! Thousands of snakes! I awoke just as the evil reptiles bit into my skin.

I am unsure if this is a nightmare. I felt afraid, and can still feel the sweat on my brow, but in retrospect I am unsure what I was afraid of. I sat in a bedroom, where a Azathoth was sleeping soundly. And through a portal in the wall, I could see the man's dream. He dreamt of me sleeping. He dreamt of Arkham, of the world and the spirits in it. I am glad I was able to awake, because I am unsure he ever will. A soul doomed to sleep.



