

Scratching at the Surface

As much as it is to my dismay, those who live under the yoke of the Old Ones are blinded; blinded from the truth by their day-to-day problems that they face with such relish. In actuality they need only to widen their view, as I have, to visualise their fear that is innate within all of man who dwells on this land. The fact that this is how the world revolves is something that I have deliberated over time and time again. I have arrived at the conclusion that we should all remain ignorant to the true owners of this basin. It's believed we could achieve transcendental greatness should only we reach out and touch those who cannot be described would drive any man mad. I cannot say how such an event would play out, only that the gift of consciousness would vanish. The sorry truth is that we're starting to pull back the veil of mystery that the great Old Ones have shielded themselves in and this greatness may not be such a dream. Despondently as more truth is uncovered, the less we should progress, for the day we learn where to find such beings, is the day I end my unfortunate life. In the least so as to save myself from the desperate torment that will become reality. They see the Old Ones as beings of goodwill and prosperity, when in actuality they would only bring death and destruction.

In my times as an archaeologist, I have uncovered untold truths that have expanded my reasoning to what it is today. When the tomorrow dawns and we have unearthed what should have been left alone ... that is the day I send myself to hell to escape what would become of the challenged world. I have uncovered an exponential number of discoveries, many of which would send a man to the depths of an asylum. But nothing was more terrifying than the day I exposed the undeniable fact that is the great Old Ones.

I had with me a company of four strong, brave men. They are dead. Their souls driven from their minds by the discoveries that I wish still lie beneath the ground. When I made the first discoveries that sent me onto the unknown story of the great Old Ones, I too ... was foolish. I gazed further and deeper as I thought as others may think. Yet I ultimately understood the true ... horrific nature of the Old Ones.

Whence I returned I hunted for one to unheave my dishevelled woes upon. Against my word he took my findings and fled. To where? I shan't know, but I understand that in the following months word was spread of my expedition. And the secret? Unveiled.

I had tried to warn my family of what was coming. I struggled to inform them. They paid no attention. They just looked at me with their sorry faces and tired expressions and saw my words as ramblings of a dishevelled, foolish man. My family betrayed me. Sent me to the asylum that saw most of my wasted youth. Despite all my attempts to cover up and stop the growing truth of the anomalies that I encountered; it was inadequate. They are ignorantly discovering what shouldn't be.

Now the last option for me is to wait. Anticipate for the inevitable end.

I have tossed and turned the idea of ending it all now. I cannot voice what I will do.

But I ensure this.

Some things are best left alone.