

The train's rattling makes it difficult to pen this, but I feel I must chronicle the events leading up to my appearance in the town of Arkham. My name is Calvin Wright. I was, until recently, a high school teacher. I had a home, a career, and a family. Now all I have is what I managed to shove in my rucksack and dash out of town with. My town is gone, the very air tainted with the stench of evil and corruption. Something came in the night, and took my Ella. I woke to the sounds of her screams. I dashed about my house, but could not find where the screams were coming from. I ran back to our room, and saw her in the reflection in the mirror. My gaze was ripped to where she should be, but my eyes could not find her. Looking back at the mirror, I sat paralyzed with horror as a hideous beast faded from view with her. I ran to the nursery, but found myself back in my own room. Every time I tried to leave, I ended up back in my room. Clutching my head I fell to the ground and passed out. When I awoke, the house was silent and still. I called out for Ella. No answer. I ran to the nursery, and found it utterly empty. The room was as bare as when we moved in. I walked back to my room sobbing. I couldn't feel the floor under my feet. Then I heard the sounds outside. Terror fueled howls and horrible growls resounded through the night. I crept to the window and peeked outside, and the visions before me almost rendered me unconscious once more. Hideous monsters, with the same grim visage as the beast that stole Ella, were running through the streets. Each had hands that ended in long claws, maws dripping with gore. These creatures had come to feed, and we had no defenses. I grabbed some clothes, shoved them in my sack and snuck out the back door. I headed north through the woods, until I reached a nearby town. I went to the authorities, and told them everything that had happened. They laughed! I could not believe that these men would be so callous as to ignore another human beings plea for help. They said they would "get around to it." I begged them to send someone to my home. I pleaded, and railed against them. They threatened to throw me in jail. They dismissed my accusations as the ravings of a lunatic. I have never been so enraged. I left the station with murder in my eyes. As I was leaving a man grabbed my sleeve. "I know you was telling the truth." Startled, I looked at him imploringly. "They came to my home to. Two nights ago they came and they took the town. I hear they are from Arkham." Arkham. The very name sends chills up my spine. "I know what you need to fight them is in Arkham. You go there, you might get your Ella back." Her name tortures my soul. The tears begin flowing, and I falter. A thought jumps through my mind, I never told him her name. I look up, but there is no one there. I look about the street, around the station, but see no evidence of the strange man. Compelled, yet horrified, I find myself heading to the train station. Arkham is where I am headed. So I find myself here, on this train bound for a city I have never been to. The other passengers seem quiet, as if ensnared in a spell. As long as they pay me no mind, I shall do the same. My stop is rapidly approaching, and I can't help but wonder if I shall find my Ella, or my demise.