

Dear Hills,

I write to tell you how I fare and how I feel. I don't expect you should care on either point - you may not have read this far - but I still feel so close to you Hills. You are my equal, my better, my other half. I would come back to you and ask to be with you again but I am deeper than ever. Deeper than ever and so far out from shore that I cannot hope to make it back. I write this to inform you, to provide you with facts that may assist you. I seek no sympathy or approbation.

When I moved to London I met with someone who Atkinson had heard of as a scholar in the field. I spent time with him and others and I came to know better the other like Shub-Niggurath who is anchored to our stars. Hastur, Herta, or Kariwan, it has been known to many cultures and civilisations. It is no legend. On New Year's Eve 1925 it was called to Earth so that we could learn from it. I will not describe the event, just say that we each learnt something different and that some did not survive the night. Hastur possesses avatars and that which was called was not in its element and I believe had been promised the lives it took - perhaps had to take them. It was an appalling night but I must admit that as I later reflected the immediacy itself meant much to me. It was not old words in old books - it was very real, much more real than our world I think. I broke with most of the others after that. They are committed to a course that will fail. It is coloured by petty-mindedness and a lust for personal gain.

There are links between Hastur and the Black Boat. It is talked of in more than one text of a union between the two, though the texts conflict over whether this will happen in the future or has already happened. The first source says that the Dark Young came from this sire but I think this text suspect. The more authoritative source says that there will be a union after humanity is forgotten and that two offspring will result - one is Yeb and the other is Nung, and that Yeb and Nung in turn produce two more entities: Cthulhu and Tsathogqua. As you know I am inherently suspicious, even dismissive, of the notion of applying our own concepts of procreation and generations to pantheons, but I know the names will interest you.

I have left the Society. I could not continue to bother my mind with what others found important. To return to my analogy, I float on waves thrown up by forces out of our sight. I guess a course and try to steer it but I am at the mercy of those forces.

I have joined a circle whose goals are, I think, correct and will certainly be furthered. My knowledge complements their own, and we call our endeavour 'The Pilgrimage of Grace', you can imagine who came up with that name. I hope it is not conceited to think our ideals as pure as theirs were. There are still questions we need to answer, but things are very close now. How lucky we are to live in this time, for the stars do not repeat their patterns but once in a thousand years or more.

I could come for you, Hills. For you both. Dare I hope you don't laugh at that? I am in Milan now and cannot easily guess my immediate movements, but write c/o Thomas Cook & Son at 7 Via Manzoni and I will respond.

I suffer to think of how I have changed our lives. I lost both of us to this course all those years ago when I let the photograph of you fall out of my wallet before Atkinson.

One just doesn't match up against things like this.

All my love to you,

Maher