

Dear Man of Science -----

Soon you will go down far away to the cold and the WHITE ice and the cold old things that wait and move and work and plan. Do not! Blessed Mary hears me beg you to stay! Do not wake the Sleeping One there. Do not pass the prison walls of black and WHITE cold ice and time. The cage must not open! Let the dead and the dying hold closed the doors. I have listened to his dreams. I have seen its form within His mind, for He has seen it and He knows it must be free and He will stop you if you go. Turn back or we all die.

-----A Friend

Dear -----

You must listen to this warning. There will be no others. After this, only action remains. I do not expect any of you to understand my reasons, but all that is necessary is that you act. Consider this a threat if you like. A most earnest threat. The expedition must not sail south. Captain Douglas was only the first to die. If you persist in your brave blind hopes you will all perish. Only those who turn back are safe. I hope that you will be among them. Let the dead lie peacefully with their secrets. They are the only ones who are beyond pain. Nothing awaits upon the WHITE ice but suffering and a bitter ending that I will do everything to help you avoid. Yes, help: even death is a blessing compared to what lies in wait. I suppose you will blame me for everything. I don't mind, even though it's not true. There are forces at work here that you do not understand, and I have to be content with that. The deadliest sin, sometimes, is in the understanding and the most damned are those who explain. Please. I urge you. Turn away. Tell the others. For your own sake, for all of us, turn back while you can. There is nothing more that I dare say.

Most Sincerely,

-----A better friend than you will ever know.