

Montgomery. I could not carry through my duty. Oh Christ, the poor man, I am certain I killed him. Blood everywhere. I was not expecting him to speak—I used ether, you see—but speak he did, and I finally understood. I wish I hadn't! Oh God, I wish I hadn't.

I have a few moments of lucidity remaining. Comes and goes. Talking to ghosts again.

Montgomery. You must see the body. I do not know where they shall bury poor Salva, but you must see the body. They will try to hide it, so you must not seek permission. They hide everything here.

You must leave a message at the Old Powderhouse. Use the red right hand. Address it to Mr. Lovejoy, and indicate you have need of Bishop Butcher's unique services. As in the olden days, scholars such as us must make occasional use of men such as these. I trust you take my meaning. It is imperative you see the body. I am so sorry.

I would write more but it has become difficult to see. I know what must be done. The Talbot Curse. That is what they'll say—another victim of the Talbot Curse.

May God have mercy on my soul. May He have Mercy upon us all.