

The last entry in Byron Merton's journal...

October 14th, 1936

The first part of my plan worked. I trapped the thing in the steel-lined room upstairs, then sealed the door with the sign of warding I found in the Necronomicon. I used another lamb to lure the creature inside, and once locked in, it did make an awful ruckus, but now, as the room is directly overhead, I hear only that obscene laughter. I don't know how long the 'Elder Sign' will hold, but I hope it will contain the beast long enough for me to find a way to send it back to the stars, or kill it outright.

I wonder why the thing doesn't attack me; it certainly goes after everyone else with gusto. It won't obey my commands, which negates the whole purpose of bringing it here in the first place! And I can't even see the damn thing without the dust of Ibn-Gazi, although given what it looks like, that may be a blessing in disguise.

The first light of dawn is visible through the window, and I am woefully tired. A little sleep, a little food, and I will get back to work, although I'm not sure just what to do next. Perhaps I could try the dust of Hermes again? It didn't work last time, but I have no way of knowing if I mixed it correctly. I know I have the ingredients right, it's all spelled out clearly in the book. I must be missing something somewhere — maybe the portions? Nothing to do for it but throw out the wasted batch and try again.

It was a grievous error to call that thing. Sending it away will not make up for the innocent lives it took, but will at least be a step in the right direction.