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Accidents, Anguished Artists, Apparitions, and Amaretto

By Nathan Piché

(Content Warning: alcoholism, language, death, violence, mentions of suicide, mentions of homicide, potentially-disturbing imagery)

Foreword: *The following excerpts were recovered from a leatherback journal believed to have once been in the possession of Gerald A. Parrish (adult male, 5'11", age 42). All text has been transcribed as it was written in the journal. The journal was found in a mostly-vacant motel room in Rhine Springs, WA, the last recorded location of Gerald Parrish. A majority of the pages appear to have been damaged or removed forcibly. The events described in the journal have been deemed relevant in the ongoing investigation regarding Case #85-CF-63963.*

February 3rd, 1985

I've come to an epiphany today: I have a perfect life. I know that sounds like I'm stroking my own ego, but hell, what's so wrong with that? The gods have graced me with a damn good drawing hand, a damn good brain, and you'd be stupid if you think I won't use them.

Carmichael Cartoons was practically saved today, thanks in no small part to me and Alan. All I'm saying is that the new investors love us. Never again will our little studio from downtown Nowhere fear unemployment. All those semesters spent in communication and public speaking courses really feel worth it right about now. We'll probably be able to hire some more staff now. Here's hoping for an actual janitor who can actually clean up around the studio. I never was one to keep anything tidy for too long.

But today is the beginning of something momentous, I just know it. All my life, I've been waiting for an opportunity to make my mark, and with Alan's help, I think I've got a pretty good chance.

I'm jumping in with both feet here, but I decided to start keeping a journal. The one you are reading right now. ~~H~~When I reach the top and people from all around begin to learn my name, I want them to be able to follow my story, all the way from when everything took a turn for the better. I am, as Polly says, ecstatic (she always had a way with the big words, being an English major and all). I definitely want to write down more, but I feel like that'd be too much too soon, and Alan and I are going out for drinks anyway. This is something to celebrate, after all. I will dedicate more time to writing more entries down the road, but in the meantime, it's time that the world gets ready for Gerald Parrish.

February 4th, 1985

I am absolutely ~~hammered~~ ~~hammered~~ ~~hammm~~ ~~hammered~~ hung-over. We couldn't find a decent bar that wasn't an ~~nour~~ hour-long drive away, so me and Alan and a few other boys from the studio drove to my place instead. At least there I can count on some damn good alcohol. I had a case of old amaretto up in the attic, so we make some good use out of that. Let me tell you, you've ~~never~~ never in your life had liquor so sweet. The old reliable, as I always say. It's a good thing we don't have work tomorrow.

I'm guessing Polly didn't appreciate five near-drunk men stumbling around our house at what was well near midnight. I could tell, judging by her constant toe-tapping this morning. Tap tap tap tap. That's what you hear when Polly gets mad. Tap tap tap. I figure it's just a way to voice her contempt without actually voicing it. She's always been great about putting up with me, which is no small task, I'm sure. It just doesn't help that her taps sound like goddamn gunshots. ~~God my head is killing me.~~

She is truly wonderful and I am lucky to have her. All I can do is hope that I can be the man she deserves. Maybe one of these nights after work, I can take her out for dinner. It's the least I can do.

Maybe she'll finally try some of that good ol' liquor. Who knows.

{**Note:** The case of Saronnesi amaretto liqueur detailed in this entry, along with future entries, has been recovered from Gerald Parrish's residence by Recovery Team Absil-04 and is now in containment. See [here](#) for further information.}

February 5th, 1985

Work seemed...different today. Not in the sense that anything has changed. It just doesn't feel like work anymore. I can't quite put it into my own words. It's like that one quote by Confusionous (or whatever his name was): "If you love your job, you'll never work a day in your life." I am now inclined to agree with that statement.

I realize now that I haven't given any context as to what I, and by extension Alan, do for work. Soon, people won't even have to ask. They'll know of Carmichael Cartoons, they'll know of Cal Calico, and they'll know of ~~me~~ us. It'll be one of those big names, like the Warner Brothers and Hanna-Barbara. Another icon for the ages. But until then, I guess I wouldn't mind giving some backstory to our little operation.

It couldn't have been earlier than '71. Maybe '72? Alan D. Carmichael was but a simple car repairman, and I was all by my lonesome in Seattle. Seattle wasn't as much of a bustling city back then. Cold War had already reached its peak, and things had begun to de-escalate somewhat. I was out and

about, trying to make the most of my thirties. I didn't get as much out of college as I thought I would, and I knew for a fact that I didn't want to stay with my father in Winthrop and let that town hold me down with its rural backwater bullshit. Dad was always a bit of a hard-ass, but if he didn't want to deal with me or my art, then I didn't want to deal with him or a whole town of like-minded morons. **(Note for future Gerald:** Make this part less snark and more charismatic. Don't want Dad to have a heart attack over this.)

Despite that, it probably wouldn't have hurt to take some of Dad's advice, specifically his automobile maintenance tips. Who could have guessed that an automobile mechanic would know when his son's Volkswagen Beetle has reached peak performance? Well, I found out around the time that my car began to spew black smoke all down Main Street. Being in ~~a large big~~ an unfamiliar city four hours away from ~~home~~ my family with no means of transportation, I knew I was in some potentially-deep shit.

I must have walked around Seattle for nearly two and a half hours before I found a cheap enough auto-repair shop. CARMICHAEL CAR REPAIR was what the marquee letter sign displayed, but judging by the state of the garage, I started to feel skeptical about whether or not this place could actually fix anything. Tools were thrown about all willy-nilly, there was a distinct kind of ~~filth~~ grime on the walls, and I'm pretty sure any place harboring more than four cockroaches at a time shouldn't be priding themselves in service of any kind. The only good thing I can really remember was the smell of cheap booze practically wafting out of the garage.

It was at Carmichael Car Repair (no, the play on words is not lost on me) that I met Alan Dalziel Carmichael. Obviously, it was a family business, specifically belonging to Alan's father. Archibald "Archie" Carmichael was a better mechanic than a father, as Alan has told me many times before. Something along the lines of "never wanting kids" and "paternal entrapment". I mean, I could see that right off the get-go. Archie's entire image was more indicative of someone who had once had a driving passion and aspirations but has since been mucked down by ~~troubles struggles life~~ unforeseen complications. Plus, I found it hard to believe that the auto-repair shop wasn't always a scum-filled shithole. **(Note for future Gerald:** Gotta watch the animosity, man.)

Archie, in his 'infinite' compassion and wisdom, told me that I would be better off scrapping the Beetle and getting something that wasn't made by krauts, his words not mine. I insisted that the car was worth keeping around and that he should just do his job. He didn't like that, I'll tell you what. Alan got a kick out of it, though. I could hear him snickering from behind a set of roller toolboxes. Something about having cold/cruel fathers really brings people together. Me and Alan got to talking, mostly about my car, and how I was now sans transportation. I was genuinely caught off-guard when Alan offered to let me stay at his place for the night. It was nice, albeit probably stupid to trust a stranger in Seattle's downtown district.

It was that first night that sealed the deal, I think. I took the couch, just finding out that the guest room was already occupied; Violet was there for almost a year when I first got there, and I could tell she wasn't the type for leaving. Anyways, I had several sketches that I had neglected during my downtown adventure earlier that day. I guess Alan took notice of the numerous sketchpads practically spilling out of my case, and told me that he drew as well.

With that, we started talking some more, indulging in some old-fashioned alcohol this time. The idea for a cartoon studio was always situated in my brain, although I don't quite know why. I mentioned this to Alan, and he practically leaped at the notion. We discussed the logistics over the next few months, which turned into a few years, but as our friendship grew, so did our shared dream. Eventually, we scraped enough money together to kickstart Carmichael Cartoons.

It was bumpy at the start and stayed bumpy for the first few years, but things are shaping up now. I've started enjoying work again, and Alan has started humming along with the radio again, rather than pacing about his office like a pansy. Alan and I have always made a great team. We've stuck it out, and now we shall reap what we have sowed (is that how the phrase goes?). To put it simply: we are unstoppable.

February 9th, 1985

I'm getting used to this. The past few days have been some of the best days ever. That is, of course, including Alan and Violet's wedding day, the day I left my dad's raunchy repair shop in Winthrop, and ~~my wedding~~ me and Polly's wedding day. Weddings are always ripe for happiness, I've always said.

For the past four days, I've clocked in and did nothing but draw. That's not different than literally any other day at work, but now that we've evaded foreclosure for the foreseeable future, my brain has hit a creative high.

I lose track of all time, tune out all noise, and even forget to eat. I just sit at my little corner desk with a trusty bottle of gin and watch the pictures flow from my mind, through my ~~hand fingers~~ pen, and onto the paper. Nothing else matters when I draw. It isn't just work anymore. It's like heaven.

{Note: Several areas of this page were stained with what is assumed to be some kind of alcoholic beverage. Although most of the text remained legible, this was deemed noteworthy considering future entries.}

February 25th, 1985

We had an exploratory budget meeting today and good Lord. How can anything be so boring?. All talk about the property mortgage, sponsorships, and other related items. It only dragged because we didn't have any personnel with much history in finance, so most of us were racking our brains to make sure we were making smart decisions.

I pulled Alan aside after the meeting and told him what I thought: we were focusing too much on the technical side of things and we're forgetting about why we started this place in the first place: to make cartoons and distribute those cartoons for the whole world to see. Mucking about with all this practical

B.S. was not what we should be focusing on. Don't get me wrong, Alan is a lot more creatively-inclined than most men our age, but he's always been the business side of our business, and that much was readily apparent when he was trying to explain stuff like how we probably can't afford to hire more animators or rent any more billboards.

However, he did tell me that this was probably the only chance we have to make Carmichael Cartoons work, and we have to tread lightly to make sure everything stays afloat. He seemed to understand why I was upset, and I understood where he was coming from too. He said that it's only a matter of time before we'll be in the clear and that I just need to trust him. He trusts me, so I guess the least I can do is give him the benefit of the doubt.

Looking back on today, I guess I have been a bit ~~of an ass~~ irritated "prickish". I have just been a little under the weather lately. Polly doesn't like to talk about work with me, and I don't really want to talk about her job either, to be honest. I just got to take it one day at a time. Boy, do I need a drink.

March 5th, 1985

I was digging around the house today and found a lot of my sketches from college. I had almost forgotten about those. They were laying in a lockbox up in the attic. I was looking for that case of amaretto, but I guess I got distracted. The pages were all nearly yellowed, a likely indicator of their age, but still depicted the stylized objects I had spent so many hours printing onto the paper.

So many of the pages were filled with half-assed attempts at drawing fruits or flowers layered over calculus equations and word problems. My teachers always did complain that I had a "doodling problem". There were a few that featured bipedal animal characters. I was certain that these were from when I really started to get into cartooning and wasn't just drawing as a hobby. I saw dogs, bats, deer, even a whale at one point (how I made that bipedal, I have no idea). All of them had that distinct 'bendiness' and shit-eating grin you'd expect from any old cartoon.

One character did catch my eye more than the others, however, being a stout scruffy-looking cat with a gap in his teeth. This was the earliest incarnation of what would soon become Carmichael's Cartoon's foremost character: Cal Calico. I don't remember much regarding how I came up with the idea for Cal, but I knew that once I had him written out for the first time, I had something with potential sitting in front of me.

Funny how that worked out, huh?

March 7th, 1985

Finding those old sketches has given me the boost I've so desperately needed. Anytime I feel down and don't have any alcohol around, I just look at those papers. They're a little reminder of where I came from, what I've done to make this dream become a reality. Of course, some things still need to happen before Carmichael Cartoons can become legitimate.

Alan keeps reminding me that we have another meeting with the investors coming up on the 13th. I think what he's trying to tell me is "this is important, so please don't get drunk, don't show up hungover, don't mess this up". I will admit, each time he brings up the upcoming appointment, it becomes that much more daunting. I'm sure everything will be alright, but still.

March 9th, 1985

I've been looking through the old sketches again. For one, it's therapeutic in a way. Secondly, Polly hid most of my liquor. ~~I've been looking for it all day. I don't have any other option.~~ Regardless, something weird happened. Each time I've looked before, I've seen the same few pages. Fruit, flowers, smiling animals, and Cal Calico. I could've sworn that was the extent of what I had found in the attic. I may have been wrong, however.

In the middle of the pile was a page notably larger and ~~whiter cleaner~~ somewhat fresher than the others. Like it was drawn recently. The whole paper was covered in a heavily-detailed pencil drawing depicting what I assumed was a rural backroad, like the ones in Winthrop. A gravel road dominated the middle of the page, forking off in the distance. Clouds filled the space above the road, no doubt a road. Silhouettes of thin trees towered over the sides of the road. Needless to say, I couldn't quite grasp what I was seeing. The whole thing looked like it could have been a black-and-white photograph.

Shortly after Polly and I got married, I did try to make a few "realistic" drawings for her as a gift. She always talked about wanting to have custom covers and illustrations for her stories, and I certainly tried. But I don't remember ever finishing any that I had started. Maybe I did finish one but just forgot it.

It's not like it was a bad drawing or anything. The only thing off about the image was what should have been a yield sign on the road's shoulder. The sign's features were absent, as the entire thing was stark black. Looking at it gave me chills, but I attribute that to nervous jitters.

The meeting with the investors is this Thursday, and we have no room for error. Maybe Alan was right to worry.

{Note: *The drawing described in this entry was not found among Gerald Parrish's belongings and has yet to be recovered. Its properties appear to correlate with Item #198_3458. See [here](#) for further information.* }

March 12th, 1985

Today, everyone at the studio was talking about what might happen if the investors aren't impressed with what we've come up with since our first meeting in February. The appointment with them tomorrow has everyone on edge. Even Alan wasn't in his office today. I don't know where he went, but I figured he had the right idea. I needed something to ease my nerves.

I called up Polly and asked if she wanted to take today off and just drive about town. She couldn't have sounded any happier than she did right then. We took the Beetle (yes, the same one I had in the 70s) and drove throughout Seattle up until noon. We had ended up in the downtown district by then, and we drove by what was left of Carmichael Car Repair. I guess Polly wanted to experience some nostalgia of her own because she suggested that we go to Victor Steinbrueck Park and have lunch there.

Polly and I first met at that park in March of 1982, back when it was Market Park. She was working on her first manuscript: a short story about a man who finds himself in an endless field of blooming flowers and relives his favorite memories before returning to reality. The universe must have a sense of humor, because just like Alan once did, Polly's eyes caught my sketch pads laying in the grass. On that day, I was looking for inspiration, and Alan was out with Violet and his children for his son's birthday. Looking out over Elliott Bay seemed like a good idea at the time, and I still think it was. I happened to be drawing flowers and other plants, and Polly really liked them. And well, the rest is history.

When we got there today, it was a lot more crowded than it's ever been. I know that's probably because of the spike in popularity regarding the Pike Place Market, but still. It was a bit jarring. Anyways, there were a good number of stands situated in the park, and you could smell everything. Burgers, hot dogs, popcorn, etc. There was one stand, though, that had a wide selection of fresh fruits.

The smell had made its way to where we were sitting and I remember getting a whiff of the fruits, cherries specifically. I didn't have any issue with that. It smelt just like my liquor back at home, and I was more than familiar with that smell. After a few seconds, however, the fragrance of ripe cherries faded and transitioned into something...different. It was almost as if something was burning, but it wasn't food. I remember keeling over as the smell turned sulfurous (I don't care what Polly says. It smelt like burning hair!). The smallest hints of an iron-y scent slowly entered my nostrils before Polly pulled me off of the ground.

A small crowd had joined by then, but I was too busy looking for the source of such an awful smell. And you know what? Nothing. I spun around, looking for anyone else who had doubled over in disgust. No one else seemed to smell what I did, and probably thought I was either high, drunk, or both. Polly certainly did. We got home, and she told me that I was being crazy. She said something about keeping the alcohol hidden for even longer now, but I didn't care. I would find it sooner or later. I'd have to. Something weird is happening, and I need to numb myself.

March 12th, 1985 (continued)

~~Found~~ Found it. Step up your game Pauline

March 13th, 1985

Investors visited the studio today. Wasn't the best meeting. It wasn't BAD, per se. It certainly wasn't GOOD either. What is it with people and tapping their goddamn feet when I'm hungover? My head's splitting, and that wrinkly old bat Mr. Sakowitz was n o t giving us a break. They aren't going to give us as much ~~money~~ money this month, and I guess making remarks on hygiene was on the table, because they had something to say about my smell and looks. As did I, but no one ever wants my input. **(From future sober Gerald to past Gerald:** What the hell is wrong with you. Christ.)

Alan got mad at me. Rightly so, i guess. He asked me to not get drunk~~k~~, and then I did. He told me that he could smell it on me before I even sat down. I guess I'm getting ~~predictabl~~ ~~predictibl~~ ~~predictabl~~ to hell with it i'll fix it later. He stormed off and left me at my desk in the corner. Just as well. I needed a laydown, and he wasn't helping with my hangover.

March 13th, 1985 (continued)

He came back to the studio a little bit later. He swung by to grab some paperwork; his arm was linked with Violet's, and their two children trailed behind. I've seen Violet a lot less since work got serious (the last time I saw her was Christmas I think), but I could still tell that she was disappointed. In me, probably. Their kids were less disappointed. Just bored and wanting to get something to eat.

Christine, their oldest, is ~~ten eleven~~ ten(?) and turning eleven(?) in May. But let me tell you something: she's the brightest kid you'll ever meet. Takes after her mother, I'm sure.

Vincent, their youngest, was more of the rambunctious energy ball that his dad claimed he once was. Typical of a nine-year-old. I've never seen any kid go through a pack of crayons as quickly as Vincent, regardless if they were using them the right way or eating them.

When Christine and Vincent finally did make eye contact with me, I felt a familiar "chilling" sensation. Violet's family had a history of hereditary heterochromia, and Alan's had a history of hereditary albinism. Violet has two blue eyes and Alan isn't quite as white as his other family members, so they both missed out on those peculiarities. But their children got the best of both worlds - if you catch my drift. Pale skin complimented by contrasting vibrant orbs that gave me a shudder. I'm not bothered by Christine or Vincent, I just cannot help feeling a tad uncomfortable. I only see them a few months at a

time, and no matter what, Christine's flaxen-yellow left eye and Vincent's rust-red right eye stay the same. It's chilling, to say the least. I didn't even think people with heterochromia could get those colors.

Still, having two kids such as them must be great. Polly doesn't really agree.

March 14th, 1985

I've tried talking to Polly about kids before, but she never even wants to entertain the idea. ~~She doesn't want to talk to me as much anymore.~~

I feel fucking awful about ~~yesterday the past few days~~ everything. I've never known how to handle myself. I want to blame my father for that, but I can't, can I? It's my fault. I can never find ways to express my emotions. As soon as something goes belly-up, I drink. I drink until my goddamn [REDACTED].

{Note: The lower half of this page appears to have been ripped out and disposed of, rendering partial amounts of the previous text illegible. The entry continues on the next undamaged page.}

I don't want to be a nuisance. Or an irritant. Or anything that people don't want. I just want people to realize that I want to help and that I mean well. I don't mean to get drunk all of the time. It's just the only thing that works in keeping me numb long enough to ignore my thoughts. My mind is very mean to me. I have no one to talk to.

Alan's always too busy keeping the business afloat, and on top of that, he has Violet and his kids to worry about. Plus, he's kind of mad at me right now. Polly would probably think I'm a self-destructive drunk if she knew about yesterday. Regardless, she's no doubt realized that I found my liqueur. If you can believe it, I even considered calling my father. I didn't, but I considered it.

No one will listen, and I think I'm going crazy. I keep seeing something. It's in my attic sometimes, just beyond the treeline at night other times. Is it a person? Am I crazy? I think I may be crazy. Or drunk again.

I hate myself sometimes. I need help. Help me.

March 19th, 1985

If you haven't already, I'm sure you'll hear about it soon. So here you go. Another black splotch on my record. Like I don't have enough of those.

{Note: *The following appears to be a portion of a newspaper distributed by the Apeth Herald in both Apeth, Washington, and Seattle, Washington. The piece has been taped, stapled, and adhered via glue to this page of the journal. Any information regarding this event has been expunged in outside records per Protocol #26_030.* }

LOCAL UP-AND-COMING CARTOONIST HARRASES HOBO OUTSIDE DOWNTOWN PUB!!

Written by Ransom Kedney

Forty-two-year-old Gerald Parrish was detained outside of Walton Pub and Grill last Saturday evening (March 16th, 1985) following an altercation between himself, one Mr. Alan Carmichael (44), and one Mr. Gage Elam (unknown age). Elam, a vagrant frequenting the downtown Apeth/Seattle area, was harassed and assaulted by Parrish, whom eyewitness accounts claim was highly intoxicated.

One such witness, college junior Charlotte Timson, stated: "Ya know, one second, he was doodling on the bar napkins. The next, he was crying and slamming down bourbon like there was no tomorrow. I hope he's doing alright in the, ya know, upstairs department." Another witness, local father Damien Silverstine, recounted: "The poor guy was definitely not in the right mind. I think that in between sobs, he kept saying that he smelt burning hair or something. I don't know what to think of it."

Parrish seemingly insinuated the fight when he reportedly threw an empty bottle of liquor at Elam, who was smoking in the parking lot. Several minutes into the fight, Alan Carmichael, business partner to Gerald Parrish, arrived at the scene and attempted to intervene. He was successful in restraining Parrish before the Seattle Police Department arrived and absolved the situation.

Gage Elam was largely unharmed, having only suffered minor bruising and a broken nose. Alan Carmichael was also unharmed, save for an epidermal laceration on his left eyebrow dealt by a flailing Gerald Parrish, who was still gripping a now-shattered bottle. Elam, Carmichael, and Parrish have all declined further requests for follow-up interviews.

Surprisingly, Parrish and Carmichael are no strangers to making local news. Parrish has been arrested no less than three times in the past two decades for minor infractions carried out while intoxicated. More recently, the pair have ended their crowdfunding campaign for their new anim-

March 22nd, 1985

I'm not addicted. That's complete horseshit. I appreciate Alan and Polly's attempts to help (if it's even that), but I won't stand for this. He should not be here.

I'll take the time to admit now that, yes, I've had issues with drinking in the past. Even before what happened at Walton Pub, I've had...episodes. The article said there were three other times before Saturday's incident, but those were just the *public* ones. I don't think we've had a single layer of wallpaper stay up for longer than a few months before getting a 375 ml bottle hurled at it, staining and ruining whatever color Polly decides will 'facilitate her creative spirit'.

I can't help it. I grew up with it. Essentially in my genes, as far I'm concerned.

It might be a bad thing, I've just started considering a part of who I am. No medicine or talk is going to help, I feel. Oh, which brings me to Alan and Polly.

They staged a damn intervention in my fucking living room today. In my living room, in my house. Alan brought Violet, who didn't look like she wanted to be there. I don't know whose idea it was to bring Christine and Vincent along, but they were sitting on the floor at their mother's feet. They had a sorry look in those eyes of theirs. The chills returned, as expected. I could make out a few faces from the studio in the room, but they were ~~faded~~ blurrier than everyone else's. I'm guessing Polly was the one to organize the whole thing, but I still don't know who invited my father.

Matthew Parrish looked even more brittle than I last saw him. Winthrop sunlight will certainly do that. I don't know what I expected to see when I looked at him.

Actually, no. I expected disappointment in his sunken eyes, threefold since I told him I wanted to leave the family business and make a living off drawing cartoons. I wanted him to be disappointed in me, just so I could push back. He was never there for me, he made Mom leave, and he has nothing left to offer me. I wanted to remind him of that. I still do. But he didn't look disappointed. Instead, his face never displayed an emotion I've seen from others, like Polly and Alan, but never from him. It was...pity.

He didn't say anything during our little meeting. I didn't say anything either. Polly did most of the talking. She said that we have a difficult road ahead of us, but she's willing to face it. ~~That makes one of us.~~ Alan said he wanted to continue working on our dream, but that he needed me in the right state of mind. I have no comment regarding that. Violet looked genuinely concerned, which surprised me. Never really talked to her much.

I was glad when the intervention finally wrapped up. I guess my father was as well. He just got up and left without saying hello, goodbye, or anything. I hope the four-hour car trip gives him a knot in his neck.

March 22th or 23rd, 1985 (it's like midnight, I don't know)

I've been thinking about the intervention. It's still fresh in my mind, and probably will be for a while. I was arrogant, yes. Prickish, absolutely. Angry, no doubt. I was too wrapped up in myself to see what I've got around me. Alan and Polly got a room full of people, one of which being my father, to come together and try to correct my course, so to say.

They did it for me. Me, of all people. If they went through the effort, that's gotta say something, right?

March 23rd, 1985 (it's definitely past midnight at this point)

In the morning, I'm going to apologize to Polly. It's time I get my life back on track. I'm going to promise her. I can't let ~~her~~ any of them down.

When I wake up, I'm disposing of everything: the amaretto, bourbon, vodka, everything. No more black splotches. No more episodes. No more stained wallpaper. Heed my words, today is a new day for Gerald Parrish.

March 23rd, 1985 (continued)

I know what I said, and I'm not going back on my word. Not really. I just needed one last swig. For old time's sake. A single drink can't hurt anyone, after all.

The cherry smell of the amaretto turned bad again. It's been doing that since the park. Something burning, almost definitely hair, followed strongly by something iron-y. This time, however, it felt like I was the one burning. Uncomfortably hot. It felt the strongest on my hand. My ears started ringing. I finished the bottle by then.

I can tell you what, I won't miss that.

March 25th, 1985

Work's back to normal, I think. We're gearing up for the next meeting with men in suits. Hopefully, one of these meetings gets us a timeslot on the TV. No one gave me any weird looks or glances, and Alan welcomed me back to my corner desk with a firm handshake and one of those smiles that belong in a toothpaste commercial. Day ~~three~~ two of sobriety has its comforts. Today just has a cozy feeling, which is weird for a Monday. Maybe it's that new sense of security and support. (**From future Gerald:** That was incredibly sappy. But I like it. Let's keep it)

I spent today working on some of the test animation frames. Alan had begun the process by creating the storyboard for the scene and sketching out a few frames. He's better at making more detailed illustrations than I am, so most of the background is usually established by the time I get to work. All I need to do is create the in-between frames and trace the background according to how Alan drew them.

It felt good returning to my element. It's a rough while, but knowing that I am creating something new helps me feel that much better. I'm pretty sure that's why those old sketches were such a mood-lifter. When I'm drawing, I am the master of my domain, and nothing is there to confuse or impede me. I missed feeling this good about myself. So much so that I actually took work home with me today. I didn't want to stop. I want to prove that I'm not a weak link. Alan and Polly deserve as much.

*{**Note:** Through the efforts of Agent Gate, who was embedded in the Seattle Police Department following Gerald Parrish's disappearance, the animation frames referenced in this entry have been recovered and brought into containment. Properties correlate with exposure to Item #198_3458. Notably, each recovered frame depicts what appears to be the stark-black silhouette of a standard yield road sign in the upper left-hand corner. Parrish either didn't know of this abnormality's presence or did not find it to be unusual.}*

April 8th, 1985

Hello again. I've been gone for a few weeks, and I'm happy to report that I'm two weeks sober. I never would've thought that I could do it, but here I am.

Through the combined efforts of everyone down at the studio, we have about forty minutes of total animated content, complete with voice work, partially done by yours truly. I was more than happy to do some of the smaller stuff. Lately, I've gotten smaller animation assignments from Alan, so I've got some time to kill. I've even used some of that free time to look back on what I've written in this journal so far. And I've got to say: yikes. There is a good amount that I should probably go back and fix. Right about now, I wish I would've used a pencil. Regardless, I think having a record of what's happened is a good thing to look back on. Excluding all of the weird things that I was writing about.

I'm attributing that to being drunk, no surprise. What else is causing me to smell burning hair and see people in my attic? Hallucinations brought on by (**for future Gerald:** put whatever it is in alcohol that causes people to hallucinate. I'm not an alcohol-ologist.) In any case, I'm trying to clean myself up. In a figurative sense, that is. Try to be a better husband and all that.

I guess that's all for today.

April 13th, 1985

Withdrawal has been killing me. I'm always feeling nauseous, I always feel anxious, and my hands keep shaking, which isn't a particularly good thing to have in my line of work. It's a good thing that Alan managed to get the attention of a few aspiring animators. What's even better is that they're pretty damn good at what they do. Helps me feel like I'm taking on such a big load, you know?

Polly's still getting used to 'sober' me, I guess. She's a tad apprehensive and we still haven't gotten back into our usual routine. It'll just take time, I'm sure. It doesn't exactly help that I'm still irritable, on account of the occasional vomiting and panic attacks.

In other news, I tried to call Dad today. I know, I know. Why would I ever call him, especially after how I've trashed him so far. Like I said though: I'm trying to clean up. I want to try and - I don't know - catch up with him. Tell him that I'm sorry. He was probably just busy.

April 20th, 1985

im a liar im a liar im a liar im a liar

April 21st, 1985

Can I confess something? I'm not quite...sober. Not like Alan and Polly think I am. But it's not like it was last time. No, not at all. I'm going about it a lot more responsibly than last time; only a sip or so every other day. I know they would flip their shit if they found out, so I intend on not telling them. Ever.

I mean, I couldn't handle the withdrawal, and just a little bit every so often has been helping me out. It's not hurting anyone, and if it did, I would stop. That goes without saying.

Yes, I feel awful for lying (is it lying?) to Polly. I just needed a win for myself.

April 23rd, 1985

Dad still hasn't got back to me. I'm trying my best here to reach out, and nothing. Is he okay? Did he even make it back to Winthrop? I don't know, because he doesn't pick up the phone!

April 23rd, 1985 (continued)

I've gotta calm down. Dad and I haven't talked in a long 13 (or so) years. Being an older man who lives by his lonesome, I wouldn't doubt it if he had a damn heart attack because of the ringing phone. It'd make sense.

Is it bad that I'm nervous to patch things up with my own father? I feel like that's one thing that no one should have to ask. Fathers are supposed to be this guardian angel figure. A rock to stand upon when you feel low. A warm blanket to keep you, well, warm. Seeing that, why would anyone be nervous around their father? Let me rephrase. Why should anyone be nervous?

Speaking of nervousness, Polly keeps giving me a weird look. It's always when I try to start a conversation, make her dinner, or just smile at her. Any attempt to be a good husband just elicits that look on her face. It's a look of confusion, but not whole confusion. I could pick up a little bit of annoyance or

something like that in there. In all fairness, my transition from being a ~~raging~~ alcoholic to a man who's actually trying his best is probably jarring. Especially for Polly, who's seen the worst of it.

But still. I can't help but feel like she's hiding something. Or knows something. She couldn't know about me ~~and my~~. Could she?

I wouldn't think so. She's recently got a promotion at the newspaper down the street (yes that one) and isn't home that much. Not even on weekends. Maybe I'll ask her about it one of these nights.

April 24th, 1985

Yeah, that wasn't a really good idea. I asked Polly about her hours, and if anything is wrong. Needless to say, she got defensive. She told me that it was none of my business and that I was being intrusive. Understandable, but dug a little deeper than that. She went off about how Carmichael Cartoons has been "getting there" for years now, how nothing has come of it, and she's bringing in the brunt of our money.

This isn't the first time we've discussed this dynamic. It still hurts. At this point, I thought we had moved past that. I've noticed lately that Polly likes to dig up arguments from our first few years together. I don't understand. I'm making an effort to get better than I was before as she asked me to. Now, she lashes out any chance she gets.

I don't think I can let her find out about my drinking. Not yet.

April 27th, 1985

Christine and Vincent called me Uncle Gerald today. I sure as hell didn't expect it. Didn't think it would ever happen, to be honest. Of all the adult figures in their lives, I never made my presence known as much. Not as much as I should have anyway.

I took today off, seeing that when I walked into the studio, three of the newer animation guys were already hard at work. They were cranking out animation frames left and right, and I'll tell you what, they got Cal's design down pat. It was so surreal. Getting back on topic, I figured that they could handle today's workload, so I decided to leave.

As I walked out the door, though, Alan stopped me. I tried not to look at the new eyebrow scar he donned, ~~courtesy of me~~. He asked if I could babysit Christine and Vincent. He said it was more for Vincent's sake, but Christine is a little troublemaker as well, by the sound of it. I told him I would. It was about time that I connected with my best friend's kid a little.

I brought the kids back to my house and, honestly, was at a loss for what to do next. Luckily, the kids felt comfortable enough that they just went about their usual activities. Christine must have inherited her father's creativity because all she wanted to do today was draw. She drew all sorts of vehicles, animals, and even people. Not like cartoon people, which is probably the extent of my artistic ability. Like some sort of conveyor belt, I kept supplying her with blank sheets of paper, and she kept churning out more and more illustrations and doodles.

My favorite one that she made depicted a bipedal cat, complete with scruffy hair, pie-cut eyes, and a distinct tooth gap. It was Cal Calico. Christine said that she made it for me. I'm going to keep it in my wallet from now on.

April 28th, 1985

Christine and Vincent wanted to spend another day with me. I don't know why they've taken a liking to me, but I'm not complaining. They asked if we could drive around town today. Alan once told me that the kids like to look at all of the buildings and imagine themselves bouncing from one rooftop to another, like superheroes. Who would I be to deny the kids their creative outlets?

I'll make sure the car is gassed up.

April 28th, 1985 (continued)

Is Alan trying to replace me? I don't like the thought, but it wouldn't leave my brain while I was out. The gas station I went to is just a few blocks from the studio, and something about the assignments I've been getting is worrying me. Since the intervention, Alan has been giving me less and less work to do. Yes, that might be because we have more helping hands this time around, but even that seems suspicious to me. Am I good enough? Is Alan just gearing up to let me go?

Another thought I had, which made itself apparent to me on the drive back home, has to do with Polly's supposed new schedule. She works at the Apeth Herald, which is halfway across the freakin' county. If she was at work like she's supposed to be today, then why did I see a blue Audi parked in front of some legal consultation office? I didn't see the license plate number. I wanted to get back home before Violet dropped off the kids.

I can't be the only one that thinks something is going on, right?

April 30th, 1985

Dad sent me a letter today. I guess this explains why he didn't want to talk.

{**Note:** The following appears to be a type-written letter, supposedly written by one Matthew Parrish. Much like the newspaper in the March 15th entry, the letter was stapled no less than seven times to the page. Notably, the letter smelt of ash and burnt hair. This page and the attached letter have been moved to the Archived Correspondence Wing.}

Dear Gerald,

I must ask that you stop trying to contact me. Do not mistake this news for my trying to ignore you more than I have during these past thirteen years. That is the last thing that I want to do to you, Gerald. But I can't reconnect with you. Not right now.

Something is going on with you. And it's not anything that I can chalk up to being rebellious or wanting to get back at me. You're too old for that. No, this issue that you've been dealing with is a product of our own human failures; not just yours, but everyone's. Pauline, Alan...and me. We weren't there when you needed it, and I am not convinced that we've remedied your affliction much.

Take it from an old man who possesses his own past with the liquid courage: you aren't going to get better. Not for a while, and not until you put effort into it. Don't take this the wrong way, Gerald, but you were never the kind to try very hard. It's a small miracle that that small studio of yours was brought into fruition. Just don't try fooling anybody, because you aren't fooling me. That young lady who brought me out there last month was worried about you and just wants you back. I do too.

Until "you" come back, do not try to inflate that ego of yours anymore. For your sake.

- Sincerely,
Your very concerned father

May 1st, 1985

He won't pick up the phone. I need to talk to him. I don't care what the letter says. There's so much we need to talk about. This can't be it. No.

~~Why won't he talk to me?~~ He's not picking up the phone, per goddamn usual.

May 2nd, 1985

What is wrong with him? This is how he says bye? That he never plans on talking to me again? Absolute asshole. That [REDACTED] better pick up the [REDACTED] next time I call I swear to god.

May 3rd, 1985

Pick up the phone. pick up pick up pick up pick up pick up pick up pick up pick up pick up.

May 5th, 1985

I called again yesterday, and someone picked up. It wasn't Dad. It was a nurse from the Mid Valley Hospital.

He's dead.

Heart attack. But his livers were also almost entirely scarred, so it was *that* close to being liver failure.

I don't know when the funeral is, or if I'm even invited.

May 7th, 1985

i don't what else to do. This feels ~~approp~~ ~~apropiact~~ ~~appropriate~~ appropriate. So many things he's yet to owe me. Never said "I'm proud, son!" or "I know you can do it, son" or one goddamn "sorry".

He never said, "I love you, son".

I hope hell isn't too warm for that cold heart of his. ~~Bastard~~ Bastard.

May 8th, 1985

i decided to stay home for a day or so. I'm too drunk to do anything. Polly watched me haul a new case of amaretto into my home. She didn't say anything. her face said it all: "I knew you couldn't do it."

Head hurts.

May 8th, 1985 (continued)

~~I'm too far gone. Yes I am. No I am not.~~ I've only had ~~two three four~~ five today. No big deal.

My ears are ringing. My hands are burning. I feel an intense warmth. In my vision, I see someone looking back. I've seen those eyes before.

May 8th, 1985 (continued)

Someone keeps banging on the door. I wish they would just leave. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

{**Note:** This page, along with the four consecutive sheets after it, appears to have been stained by an alcoholic beverage of some kind. Any text throughout the affected pages has been rendered illegible. The entries continue on the next unaffected page.}

May 10th, 1985 (continued)

God himself gave me this hangover. Absolute punishment or some shit like that. Imagine having your skull sliced right down the middle by a rusty, dull cleaver. It takes numerous swings to reach the base of your neck, and you feel every reverberating wave of pain and bodily trauma. Hacking away at your soul. Yeah, it's that bad.

I haven't gone to work yet. Not ready. I don't think I should be carrying around a belt with me anymore. [REDACTED]

Enough self-pity. Time to be productive. I got a letter about my father's funeral a few days ago. I haven't read it, of course. Reading with triple vision is very tricky.

May 22th, 1985

Funeral's tomorrow morning. I plan on arriving in Winthrop today and touching base with whoever decided to waste their time and attend. The ride there is about four and a half hours, so I'm leaving as soon as I'm done writing this down. I just wanted a ~~reminder~~ record of how I felt before going because I know that everything's just going to go downhill like it always does.

I feel...angry. I've been robbed of something I've been missing since forever ago. An actual, caring father. I just need to see him one ~~last~~ final time. I'll probably write some more when I get to the hotel.

I've already packed, but I think I woke Polly up. She sat up as I hauled my duffel bag out of the bedroom and into the living room. I was surprised she hadn't left the house at that point. She doesn't know about my father or the funeral. She doesn't need to know.

Okay, I'm leaving now.

May 22th, 1985 (continued)

I forgot to let Alan (or anyone else at the studio) know where I would be. I hope he didn't need me to babysit again. ~~Christine's a bright enough kid. She can handle both of them.~~

The drive over to the Winthrop was uneventful. Not many cars were on the road today. I like to imagine that their lives are also coming apart at the seams and that they just gave up on whatever expectancy was levied their way. I occasionally saw trees, none of which were green. Some kind of blight, I'm sure. Or perhaps, a projection of my emotional state on the very fabrics of the universe. Wouldn't that be something.

I finally reached Winthrop, and immediately checked into some two-star hotel. I needed a rest and some time to eliminate the knot in my goddamn neck. The hotel will suffice, I guess. It's better than staying with any of my relatives.

Speaking of which, I met up with everyone today. On its own, that was draining enough. But once they started discussing the funeral, I lost all will to function. I did not, and still haven't forgotten why I left. Almost immediately after I stepped out of my car and walked into our designated meeting place, a dusty old pub owned by some one-eyed moonshiner, mostly everyone (being my various aunts and uncles) turned and just stared at me. I could tell that, in some small way, they blamed me for all of this. They would blame me, wouldn't they? None of them thought art was a good enough career to devote an entire life to. They didn't try to stop me when I left Winthrop all those years ago.

My aunt Webbie told me that since I was my father's only child and next of kin, I should give the eulogy, especially if I had anything I wanted to say about my father. I almost took this journal and shoved it into her chest. Let her see if there's anything worth talking about in there. Instead, I declined, much to everyone's chagrin. ~~Forget those losers.~~ We went over the itinerary and that was that.

Just gotta get through tomorrow. Then I return to my trainwreck of a life.

May 23rd, 1985

The funeral wasn't as bad as I thought it was going to be. It was held inside of a really big church that doubled as a large echo chamber. Every footstep on the vinyl composition tiles rang out tenfold. Good thing I'm not hungover, or that'd hurt. There were about four different sections, each holding about ten pews facing the center altar, and each pew can seat about six people (if you squish together, that is). That makes for a space that can accommodate about two hundred and forty-something people. Well, come time for the funeral, and only about three pews were being sat in, much less filled.

I presume that most of the attendants that weren't related to my father were old friends of his. They all had balding heads, white hair, and could barely stand out of their pews. I didn't even know my father had friends.

The priest started with the usual touchy-feely crap and carried on for a while before calling my Aunt Theresa to the podium. She was my father's eldest sister, which only really means that she was the only one of their siblings that he didn't pick on during their childhood. She started spinning tales of a man who had so much love in his heart; a man who was "truly" a light in everyone's life. Funny that she chose not to look at me when she said that.

You know how when you really don't like someone and you have an encyclopedic knowledge of every single thing they've ever done that's either completely screwed you over or added weight to the tipping end of a shaking scale, and people start talking about how great that person is, or just ignore anything that person's done that's hurt you specifically? It's the kind of feeling that constantly edges closer and closer to a complete breakdown. The only thing that can mitigate it is that one voice in your head that says "It's too much energy. It's not worth your time". Well, I am very familiar with that sensation.

Luckily, the funeral procession started shortly after. When I made my way up to the casket, I admittedly froze. Not because this was the last time that I'd get to see my ~~dad~~ father, but because on the little side table holding some of his possessions was a cardboard box. Inside the box, there were enough looseleaf paper sheets to fill about three notebooks. Each one that I could see depicted a small doodle or sketch I had drawn out during my childhood. The topmost sheet showed a rough pencil sketch (likely completed in less than two minutes) of a cat with a disproportionately-sized head wearing a bowtie. It was Cal Calico.

Confusion fuelled me. He opposed my art, the one thing that I pride myself in being good at, to the point where I left him. He was alone with no wife and child, all because he kept pushing me. And yet, he's kept my drawing since...when? I don't understand him. I don't think I ever will. I'll never get the chance. It's not fair.

Instead of seating myself after the procession, I walked straight out the door and got into my car. I do not, and will never, want anything to do with Winthrop, Washington.

May 23rd, 1985 (continued)

I almost crashed my car on the way home. I didn't drink enough champagne at the funeral that'd make me drunk, so I don't think I'm hallucinating. Or at least, not because of any alcohol. I swear to God, there was ~~someone somebody~~ something on the road. I didn't see it right away, given that it was near 9 o'clock at night. The headlights only illuminated the road to the point where I could make out a few yards of asphalt immediately in front of me, the very edge of the road's shoulder, and the occasional road sign. That's what I thought the thing was at first. It was standing right where one would expect a roadsign to be.

It looked like a really tall man. No, not even that. It looked like a man's silhouette. Stark black, but I could still make out what I believe to be its arms and legs. It was tall enough that the cone of light projected from my car didn't even reveal its face. There was a single fraction of a second where I could partially make out the shape of its head. It had edges and vertices, more so than a human would. It looked almost triangular in shape. I wouldn't know for sure, because as soon as I rapidly approached the figure, I freaked and jerked the wheel.

No cars were on the road at the time, so thank God for that, but I was still shaken up. Naturally, I tried to see whatever the hell was standing on the shoulder of the road, but when I climbed out of the ditch, it was gone. If it was even there in the first place. I've got to tell someone about this in the morning. I just have to.

May 24th, 1985

Me and Polly got into a ~~bad~~ bad fight. I told her about what I saw on the highway last night; the man-like thing with a distorted head. I told her that I wasn't sure if that was the first time I had seen it. While I was at it, I tried to tell her about the weird things that happen when I ~~drink~~ when I do anything associated with drinking. I shouldn't be smelling burning hair anytime I eat candied cherries or suddenly undergo a ~~fever~~ an intense wave of heat whenever I drive.

She knew that I'd been drinking since the intervention, after I promised her I wouldn't. I think she just chalked up everything I said as drunken hallucinations. I mean, she yelled that at me, so probably. She called me a drunk loser and said that she hates me. I couldn't think of any excuses. Still can't. I don't think there are any excuses left.

She grabbed one of the amaretto bottles and waved it in my face, yelling that I should choose between her and the alcohol. I tried to tell her to stop, but I couldn't form words. My arm felt like it was on fire. I raised it.

I don't think she was expecting me to snatch the bottle from her. I guess I made my choice. I tried to say that I was sorry. She told me not to call her Polly anymore. She's moving her stuff to the guest bedroom right now. I think I fucked up.

May 27th, 1985

What kind of idiot am I to think that word wouldn't make its way to the studio. I walked into the studio for work, but Alan met me at the door. He wouldn't let me pass, but I could see enough to understand what was happening. They had more people in there than usual, some of them being the new animators, others being other staff from the subsidiary departments, and about three of them being official-looking guys in suits. I recognized one of them. It was Mr. Sakowitz. I wasn't even aware we were still meeting with him.

I think the moment Alan started to try and remove me was when I saw one of the new animation guys sitting at my corner desk. I was fuming, I'm sure. Alan told me that, until I stop seeing supposed shadow men and start keeping my promises, he'd let me back in. Until then, I was effectively fired from my own business. He pretty much threw me out onto the street.

I drove home afterward. I let the reality of being right for once wash over me.

It doesn't feel worth it.

May 29th, 1985

I had a nightmare last night. While I don't remember the entirety of it, I remember that it felt more like a tour through hell rather than a bad dream.

I still have a few images etched into my brain. I saw the man from the road. Still couldn't see its face (if it has one). I could make out the dashboard of a car at one point, a gravel road visible through the windshield. Before I knew it, a line of trees filled my vision, and the sound of crashing metal had already sounded. The ringing and burning hair returned, this time joined by screaming. Loud, painful screaming. The last thing I remember seeing was a pair of eyes. ~~They looked familiar. Why did they look familiar?~~

I was crying, both in the dream and when I woke up. I heard Pauline move into the guest room. I haven't cried in forever. Not even when everything went to shit the last time.

I need to get drunk. And fast.

May 29th, 1985 (continued)

Pauline can have the main bedroom. That's what I told her this morning. I'm going to sleep on the couch from now on. Hopefully, it keeps me from getting too comfortable and having another nightmare. ~~Will that even work? I have no way of knowing.~~

Polly ~~tried~~ attempted to dissuade me from doing so. I think I told her to go away. She didn't try to talk to me after that. Good. I don't want her to see me when I get shit-faced.

May 30th, 1985

i went up into the ~~attic attic~~ attic to get more alcohol this morning. It was up there waiting for me. The thing from the road.

It stood over the case of ~~amretto~~ amaretto, and it was still a silhouette. I could see ~~its head~~ where it's head should have been. Instead, there was a triangular shape. I don't think anything was really there. It was more of an area of ~~sidortion~~ distortion that hung above its neck. No eyes, no mouth, nothing. Looking at it made me feel...frozen. A single word hung in my mind. But I couldn't grasp it. ████████

It was gone the next time i went up there. I don't think it wants to hurt me.

May 31th, 1985

Pauline left sometime today. I slept in until noon today (for obvious reasons) and all of her stuff was gone. She left a note. I can't show it because I burnt the fucking thing into a crisp. She said that she would be staying with one of her friends. She left her ring on the countertop.

I'm sorry.

June 1st, 1985

I re-read my first journal entry again. What a joke.

June 1st, 1985 (continued)

I don't think she's in Apeth anymore. Or Seattle. Or Washington at this point.

I drove around trying to find her car somewhere. I want to at least say I'm sorry in person. I couldn't find her anywhere. I don't know what to do anymore.

June 2nd, 1985

Violet swung by the house today. She'd never just drop by of her own volition. We don't know each other like that. She only came by to grab a few of Vincent's things. In particular, he left behind one of his favorite toy cars and was dying to get it back.

Before she left, she asked if everything was okay. I didn't answer. She told me that if I ever wanted to talk, I could call her or Alan. Maybe she was genuine. She's always been nice to me before.

That's why I just closed the door. Save her the trouble, you know?

June 3rd, 1985

I don't have anyone anymore.

June 4th, 1985

Alan called me today and asked me how I was doing. I just told him what he needed to know: I'm tired and just want to get better. We sat in silence for about a minute and a half before he continued the conversation. I tuned most of it out. Too far gone. That was until he asked me for a favor. No matter what, I want to be there for my friend, even if he doesn't consider me a friend.

He said that he was taking Violet to dinner for her birthday tomorrow night and that their babysitter flaked out. He asked if I could just watch Christine and Vincent for a few hours. If I'm not drunk, that is. I told him I'm not, which is true enough. I just want to see the kids. I miss them. It's like they're the only ones who don't know how shit of a person ~~I've been~~ I am.

I told Alan that I could. He's going to drop them off tomorrow night.

June 5th, 1985

~~It's almost been a week. Not a word from Pauline. I don't think she's coming back.~~ I've got to get ready for when Christine and Vincent get here.

June 5th, 1985 (continued)

i swear it was an accident it was an accident it was an accident it was an accident it was an accident

{Note: *This phrase was written across nearly twenty-seven pages of the journal. How Gerald Parrish managed to complete these writings in the time between Christine and Vincent Carmichael's disappearance and his reappearance at the Carmichael residence is unknown.* }

June 6th, 1985

I didn't mean to. Everything happened so fast. why am i writing in this goddamn fucking journal.
i have to leave.

June 6th, 1985 (continued)

it had their eyes.

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I don't know anymore.

How did i get to this point. It's almost over I think.

The earliest thing I remember was the night Alan and Violet left the kids at my house. I remember ~~Pauline~~ Polly called the house. She was heading to Canada and was not ~~coming~~ ~~coming~~ coming back. I figured I could stop her. Change her mind. I told Chrissy and Vincent that they can't stay by ~~themselves~~ ~~themselves~~ themselves. Polly told me where she was when she called but said that it wouldn't make a difference. I thought it would.

I sped down the highway but there was road work being done so I took a detour down some backroads. I wanted so badly to get to Polly. There was a certain road. It was gravel and it forked at the

end. I scared Chrissy and Vincent, I know I did. I could hear Vincent quietly sobbing, asking where we were going. No answers were given. He said he missed his mommy and daddy. I looked in the rearview and Chrissy was looking back at me. All I saw was her one flaxen-yellow eye staring daggers into my soul.

the eye shifted towards the road. I looked just in time to see the ~~silhouette~~ silhouette i've become too familiar with. It stood on the gravel's edge and it had eyes. The eyes looked at me with [REDACTED] pity. I think the gravel was loose. We went right through the guardrail into the forest.

The car flipped too much. I heard ~~something~~ several things snap. Blood in my mouth mixed with the morning's amaretto. I didn't hear Vincent's crying anymore. His head [REDACTED] facing [REDACTED] opposite [REDACTED]. His one rust-red eye was dull. Christine started screaming. Screaming that she couldn't move. The car caught aflame. ~~I should have gotten rid of it in '72.~~ I couldn't do anything. I tried. My hands burned and I only smelt burning hair and my own blood.

I went back home. I don't know how i got back.

Alan and Violet came back to the house and started ~~asking~~ asking questions. Chrissy and Vincent weren't there. Alan smelt smoke and leftover amaretto on me. He started shoving and I started to cry. He yelled more. Violet was in hysterics. I couldn't breathe. His hands were around my neck. I looked at his eyebrow scar before I

{Note: *The rest of this entry appears to have been forcibly ripped from the journal, along with almost every following page. Only a few pages were left intact. It is worth noting that the events described towards the end of this entry do corroborate with events detailed in a 911 call made by one Eustice Goldman, who lived on the same street as Gerald Parrish, on June 6th, 1985. Until new evidence surfaces, Gerald Parrish's residence at 6516 E [REDACTED] Lane in Apeth, Washington is to be considered the last known location of both Alan and Violet Carmichael. Additionally, Gerald Parrish's automobile was recovered and brought to Site-198 by Recovery Team Absil-04 shortly after the acquisition of this journal. See [here](#) for further information.* }

I'm sorry.

Storms have halted any air travel from Vancouver to any Canadian airports the last few days. I should be able to catch Polly if I play it smart. It's only been two days, but I feel a million years older. I need to make the most of the time I have left. Before the devil reaches me. It saw me here last night. It came to as Cal Calico. I think that its skin was burnt fabric or something like that. The bowtie and scruffy hair were a dead giveaway. It was there the night the car crashed. It didn't wear Cal's skin, but it had the same eyes it does now. Christine and Vincent's eyes. *Vibrant eyes.* One flaxen-yellow, the other rust-red. It took their eyes to hurt me. Fingers poked through almost every hole in the devil's skin. I could see Alan and Violet's wedding rings. I'm going to leave my journal here. I won't need it anymore.

To whoever it may concern: don't try to find the bodies. They won't be there. That goes for mine as well.

~~Goodye~~ Goodbye.

{**Note:** Pauline Epsill was last seen on June 7th, 1985. Gerald Parrish remains the prime suspect. **If this entry contains the trigger phrase “Vibrant eyes”, please remain seated. A member of your site’s medical staff will be with you shortly. See [here](#) for further information.**}

Closing Statement: *The journal containing the previous excerpts has been stored in Site-198’s Relevant Document Archive. Carmichael Cartoons was shut down under the cover of unpaid mortgage payments and the property is being surveyed by Field Team Jorge-62. All individuals/parties who were previously in contact with the Carmichaels or Gerald Parrish have been amnesticized. All mentions of Gerald Parrish have been expunged per Protocol #26_030. Efforts to locate Gerald Parrish, Pauline G. Epsill, and the Carmichael family (Alan D. Carmichael, Violet A. Carmichael, Christine E. Carmichael, and Vincent L. Carmichael) are underway.*

Following the opening of Case #85-CF-63963█, a total of four anomalous items were discovered, contained, and catalogued. Retention protocols are to be upheld and all testing is prohibited. Any reports/claims of anomalous phenomena in the Seattle/Apeth area are to be brought to the Department of Anomalous Cascade Phenomenon first and foremost.

{**Note:** *The Closing Statements have been deemed inaccurate and erroneous. The document has been flagged for the following reasons: 1.) A total of five anomalous items were discovered. See [here](#) for further extrapolation on Item #198_9018. 2.) Apeth, Washington does not exist, nor do any of the individuals listed in this document. 3.) It is suspected that this document has undergone corruption from an unknown source.*

h e ll o there }
