

The tunnel's silence split his head like an executioner cleaves the guilty with his axe, and filled him with a screaming madness. The only comfort given was the dying flicker of his torch. But, engulfed in darkness, he pressed on.

Weak and fragile, light found him on the other side, as the tunnel grew into a larger chambre. The path turned into a stone bridge, saving him from falling into the plumbing depths below. Other bridges erupted from other tunnels in the chambers walls, and stairs webbed the paths together, ascending downwards and descending upwards. At the end of the bridge lay an entrance, to the Eastern Library. He felt his grip loosening, and his sanity fleeting; yet he kept himself from leaping to his doom, for something beyond him dragged his plagued mind to continue on, and towards the library.

Only a gust of wind warned of It's coming. He turned around with the utmost slowness, in fear of his life. Like Death himself It towered over his small petrified self. The Horror choked his breath. But his skin held no colour and no rationality was left in him, for those to also be drained clean away. Left was only a transparent shell of a man, with little humanity remaining.

It's hands bore a raven's crooked talons, and wings dark as night grew from It's back, spanning too wide to fit inside the narrow tunnel behind him. The black feathers shimmered in the torchlight, like the sea during Full Moon. Where a raven wears It's signature beak, It's face was absent from one, along with everything else human. It was blank as a canvas, as if hidden by a round mask. It's lean statue was covered in a shadowy mist, swathed like robes to hide It's limbs. This very darkness animated It, and carried It forward, instead of with legs like you and I.

The Horror stared at him, and through his soul, with It's invisible eyes. Seemingly out of nothing, a horrifyingly wide smile cracked open along It's face, bearing endless rows of razor-like teeth, covering the entirety of It's mouth.

It's shadows grew larger, twisting and turning, like arms it reached for the terrified man. It's lightless grasp called his name, a loud scream forcing him to comply. Yet, the library, who had reached him first, had ceased it's command over his mind, and lay silent. To him, he felt the same cry as he heard before, but now from the Horror facing him. He longed what the shadows promised, his sanity a thing of the past, just like his fear. Only he could understand the Horror's call, a paradise only meant for him awaited beyond the shrouds of darkness.

He walked forward, unafraid, and let the Horror embrace him, consuming him in it's dark veils. This was not a darkness similar to the one of the tunnel. This was a complete void, derived from all light, hope, and mercy. Even though It froze his flesh by it's chilling touch, he felt warmly welcomed, and did not waver. As the shadows ripped at his mind, he realised that this Horror had visited him in his dreams. However, he did not know, nor care, if these visions were true, or mere mirages created by the Horror. He thought himself alone worthy of the Horror's secrets and wanted to hoard them inside his corrupted mind. All the while he could not press further, the desire to share the Horror's knowledge to everyone that could hear.