Scratching at the Surface

As much as it is to my dismay, those who live under the yoke of the Old Ones are blinded;
blinded from the truth by their day-to-day problems that they face with such relish. In
actuality they need only to widen their view, as I have, to visualise their fear that is innate
within all of man who dwells on this land. The fact that this is how the world revolves is
something that I have deliberated over time and time again. I have arrived at the conclusion
that we should all remain ignorant to the true owners of this basin. It's believed we could
achieve transcendel greatness should only we reach out and touch those who cannot be
described would drive any man mad. I cannot say how such an event would play out, only
that the gift of consciousness would vanish.

Whence I returned I hunted for one to unheave my dishevelled woes upon. Against my
word he took my findings and fled. To where? I shan’t know, but I understand that in the
following months word was spread of my expedition. And the secret? Unveiled.

I had tried to warn my family of what was coming. I struggled to inform them. They paid no
attention. They just looked at me with their sorry faces and tired expressions and saw my
words as ramblings of a dishevelled, foolish man. My family betrayed me. Sent me to the
asylum that saw most of my wasted youth. Despite all my attempts to cover up and stop the
growing truth of the anomalies that I encountered; it was inadequate. They are ignorantly
discovering what shouldn’t be.

Now the last option for me 95 842uto warit