

To whom it may concern,

My name is Oscar Uddgren, priest in the fishing village of Fjällbacka. It is with a heavy heart that I write these lines. I am at wits end with my current predicament, and so I turn to you. I met with members of your exalted order during my studies in Upsala a few years ago, and now I place my hope in your particular talents and expertise.

My best friend and mentor, Vicar Carl Eric Hedqvist, is dead. His body was found a week ago, washed up on a beach in the Fjällbacka archipelago. The coroner has identified the cause of death as a self-inflicted gunshot to the head and written it off as a suicide. I refuse to accept this conclusion, certain that there is something unnatural afoot. And I know who is responsible. What I lack is proof and the means to do something about it.

I last saw Carl Eric alive one week before he was found dead. He was once again heading out to Wrecker Isle in the archipelago, to bring the word of God to the depraved seafarers frequenting the inn on the island. Wrecker Isle is a hub for maritime traffic and the site of the largest herring saltery in the archipelago. Some days the sea lane is so clogged with boats and ships that people can walk across them halfway to Fjällbacka. Wrecker Isle reeks with herring and sin, a godless stain on this Earth.

The proprietors of this den of thieves, herring baron Zacharias Amundsson and his mother Abela - whom the locals call "the Godmother" - are openly defying the teachings of our Lord and have thrown out the good vicar every time he visited Wrecker Isle.

I am convinced that the herring baron and the Godmother - along with Zacharias' feeble-minded but dangerous older brothers Paul, Pete, and Pace - are doing the Devil's bidding and are to blame for Carl Eric's untimely death. I shall go to Wrecker Isle to find proof of their guilt and face these henchmen of Satan face-to-face. I require your assistance in this perilous endeavor. If you cherish your God and wish to help His humble servant in his time of greatest need, meet me in Fjällbacka at your earliest convenience.

With highest regards,
Oscar Uddgren

1A: Oscar Uddgren's letter

To whom it may concern,

I urgently request your assistance. My name is August von Meijer. I am a forest owner and industrialist, and own one of the largest sawmills in northern Sweden, located here in Härnösand, where I am working to modernize this region. To this end, I am procuring heavily forested tracts of land and employing large parts of the local population in said areas.

Some time ago, two of my employees – Mr. Gottfrid Hammarström and his assistant, Nils Lindesköld – were sent to a small village called Färnsta north of Härnösand. It is located deep in the woods, and the land was said to be highly fertile and abundant with forests. Hammarström was therefore responsible for ensuring a transaction between the villagers and yours truly.

But now, alas, tragedy has struck. One night, poor Nils returned on horseback, wearing nothing but his nightshirt. He was in a frantic state, rambling about some evil beast he beheld in the village. Nils has not been the same since and can barely speak. Hammarström is missing, and I fear what may have befallen poor Gottfrid. I sense that something is amiss – there is more to this place than meets the eye.

That is why I am writing to you. I would like to enlist your services in uncovering the truth about what has happened to Hammarström, and stopping the beast mentioned by Mr. Lindesköld, at any cost! You come very highly recommended, and your expertise would be invaluable in our current predicament. Should you accept this task, you will of course be richly rewarded.

Please reply with utmost haste, for time is of the essence. I shall wait for you in Härnösand to explain more and arrange your trip to Färnsta.

Sincerely,
August von Meijer

2A: August von Meijer's letter

If you hear the sound of fleeing birds, snapping branches, and loud footsteps, you shall be its next victim. Pray then that your fate will be swift; for staring into its infernal gaze can plunge even the purest mind into madness. Those who threaten the place of God will suffer its wrath. This fell guardian is our Church Grim. Larger than a stag, stronger than a bear, and more agile than a lynx, it watches over God's acre. Running faster than a horse it hunts down anyone who endangers this place. It rests at the place where the Lord's eyes are watching.

2B: Medieval text

East of the third great stone to the north is the entrance. Deep in the bowels of Färnsta rests its fell guardian. The path twists and turns, but at the place where the Lord's faith is based lies its resting place, like a light in the dark.

2C: Medieval text

The cruel fate of the cat, baptized by fire in the name of the Lord, gave it life anew. Now it watches over this place, and it always will, sworn to be its protector. Only when its bones suffer the same fate that once brought it into existence will it perish.

2D: Medieval text

I am writing this in response to your previous letter regarding the developments in Färnsta.

In addition to purchasing its fertile forests, the discovery of an iron deposit has made securing Färnsta a top priority. It is my understanding that most of it is located under the village church, which will have to be demolished, but I shall naturally finance the construction of a new one. With the majority of landowners on my side this will not be a problem. Offer them whatever it takes. This deal must go through, for the most valuable one is at stake.

2E: August von Meijer's instructions to Hammarström and Lindesköld

Ms. Karlström recently came to visit for a cup of coffee. We had a conversation and she complimented me on how I write Färnsta in our faith. Her praise warmed my heart and the woman was very sweet.

She then started asking questions about Mr. Hammarström, the man from the large sawmill in Härnösand. She wanted information about the business deals he was trying to negotiate, and there was something unsettling in her tone of voice. I see temptation in her eyes, temptation suggesting that she is not a godfearing woman. Perhaps she will tempt the others to sell their land?

2F: Ingvar Nyström's notes

To Mr. G. Hammarström

Meet me at the church after dark.
I have some words that may help you in your endeavor.

Regards,
I. Nyström

2G: The note found on Hammarström's body

Dear friends,

I would be very grateful if you would visit me at the hospital at the earliest convenience, where I have had to re-admit myself following a particularly difficult period. It is a matter of great urgency, and I must also ask that you prepare for a longer journey.

Yours truly,
Linnea

3A: Linnea's invitation

Little Lilli!

You barely remember me, do you? The years have fluttered by like butterflies and I shall soon turn seventy. But who is counting?

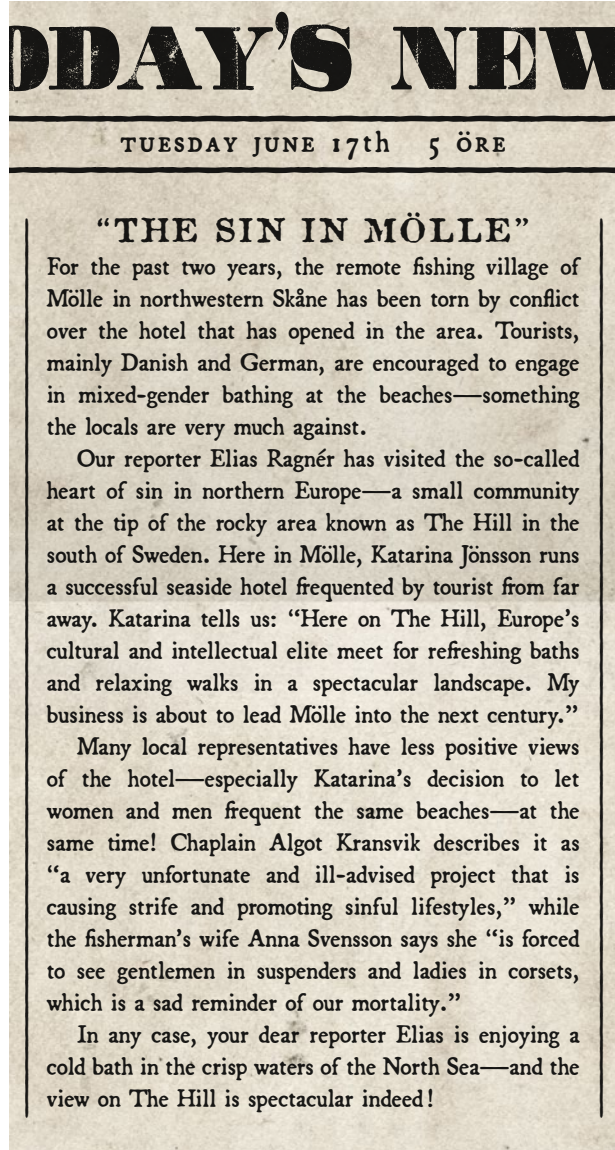
I wish the purpose of this letter was to renew our special connection, which I have missed dearly, and that I would like to see you to discuss the strange events that occurred at Gyllencrütz so many years ago - and though this is also true, I write to you regarding another matter.

Lilli, I need your help. The situation is very dire indeed, or I would not have had the nerve to contact you. I assume that you are still living in Upsala - surely you have not abandoned our beloved city? Anyway, I am currently located in Nösle, a small fishing village in the south. My friends and I are staying at the Nösle seaside Hotel. You must come and help us Lilli - I can tell you no more than that, for fear that someone else might read this letter. That it must be you of all people has to do with our special secret, our way of seeing things, which brought us together all those years ago.

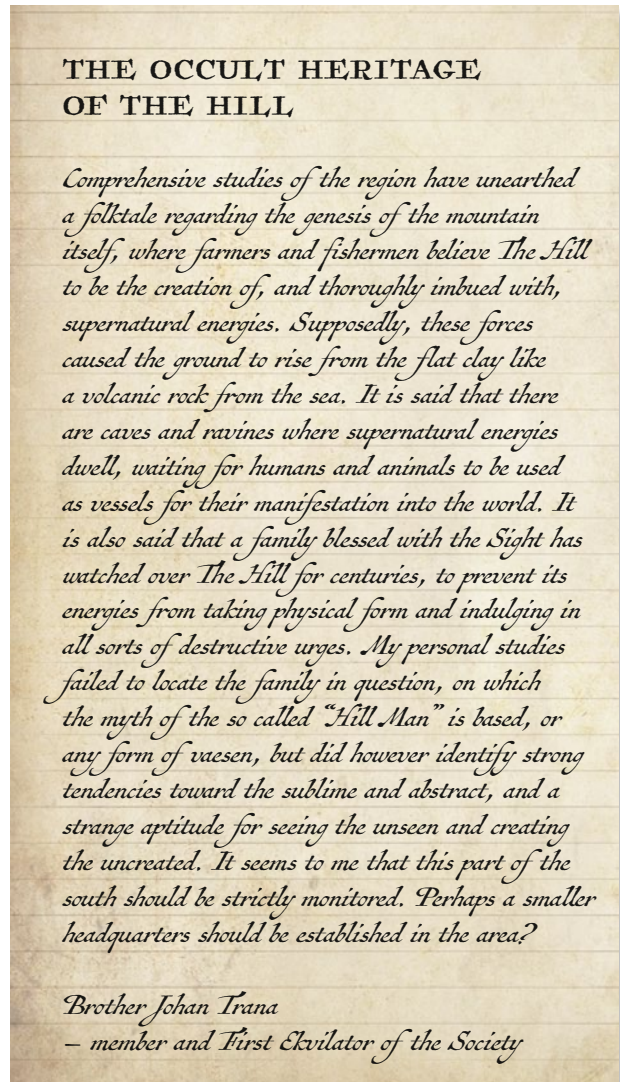
Bring all the weapons, tools, and strange items you can find. Anything might prove useful. Until then, my friends and I are stuck at the hotel. This is a mess of our own making, but nevertheless, despite everything, I ask for your help.

Love,
Your (hopefully?) dearest Ozgo

3B: Olga's letter



3C: Article from Today’s News



3D: Johan Trana’s note regarding The Hill



3E: Olga's map

When my sister was found dead, with her abdomen slit open, I stopped being a child and became an adult. It was an early New Year's Day, and my sister Else led the rest of us around the church, having heard that one could see the future by peering through a keyhole. We were playing with forces we did not understand, and the unseen punishes the arrogant.

As we approached the church door, our path was blocked by the biggest bear I have ever seen. Its eyes glowed in the dark, its back was covered with sharp bristles, and its mouth was equipped with massive tusks. Else grabbed an apple from her pocket and threw it on the ground, which made the beast forget about us for a moment, and we were able to escape. But soon we heard its hooves thunder against the ground behind us. Suddenly,

Else, who had been running next to me, was no longer there. I stopped and saw her walk toward the great grine, and then I ran as fast as I could. She sacrificed herself so that we might live.

For many years I have collected rumors and tales about this creature, whose name is the gloson. It is said to seek out witches and those with the sight, devouring their innards to absorb their power. But I have heard of people who escaped that fate by distracting it with apples or nuts. Some say the creature can be controlled by a witch using a staff of linden wood. After what happened to my sister, I never go outside on a winter's night, nor do I let my children leave the house.

Chef Niklas Jonsson in Astorp

3F: Excerpt from Chef Jonsson's diary

Dear Cousin,

I am writing to request your assistance in your capacity as a member of the Society.

Something strange is afoot, and I cannot for the life of me make sense of it all. My wife Agnes and I recently had our first child, Eduard. Suddenly, just a few weeks after his birth, Agnes was like a different woman. She wanted nothing to do with the child, and is now locked up at the Arensburg Sanatorium after going to the sauna in the middle of the night to, in her own words, "drown the monster."

Agnes has always been a wise and sensible person. I do not understand what has gotten into her. Perhaps it is my fault. I left her alone a lot as my dissertation took up much of my time. In addition, Eduard's christening was postponed because I was invited to give a lecture on my dissertation at Lund University. I am at my wits' end. She will not talk to me anymore, and the only person she has been in contact with is her priest, Father Cornelius.

Father Cornelius is convinced that Agnes is right, that the child has fallen victim to evil powers. He has proposed an exorcism. If he has his way, I fear for the child's safety. As a scientist I cannot accept the ludicrous idea that supernatural forces could be at work! I need your expertise to navigate the situation. Perhaps someone with your experience could convince Agnes and the priest?

I am desperate, dear cousin! Your help would be most welcome.

*Yours sincerely,
Hugo von Kaiserling*

4A: Hugo von Kaiserling's letter