

To whom it may concern,

My name is Jenny and I turn to your society, for I know not what else to do. I am but the humble owner of Swärd's Farm, situated in Nusnäs in Mora Parish.

It all started one morning when Pers Ida, a kulla working at the fäbodvall of Fridal, woke up on the shore of Lake Siljan with no recollection of how she got there. She had gone to bed with the other kullas as usual. The whole thing was very strange and several of the kullas have been worried ever since.

I write to you now in the wake of two of my cows drowning in the lake, despite the fence that was supposed to contain them. Someone, or something, led them there. I'd like to believe that none of the kullas would ever do something so callous, but I worry that someone might be hiding something from me.

The police would not listen, and so I turn to you. I am convinced that something unnatural is at work, and that it is coming for us.

Having no one else to help me, I sincerely hope that this letter reaches you and that you will find it in your hearts to offer your assistance and expertise.

Please reply with haste and I shall meet you in Mora.

Yours humbly,
Swärd's Jenny

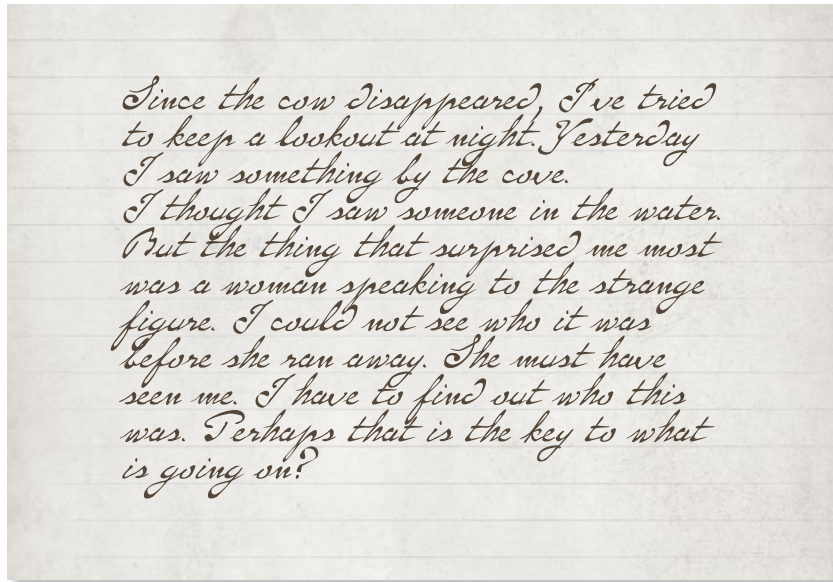
1A: Swärd's Jenny's letter

Meddlesome people
like you would be
wise to leave.
Let us handle this
ourselves.

1B: The note on the bed

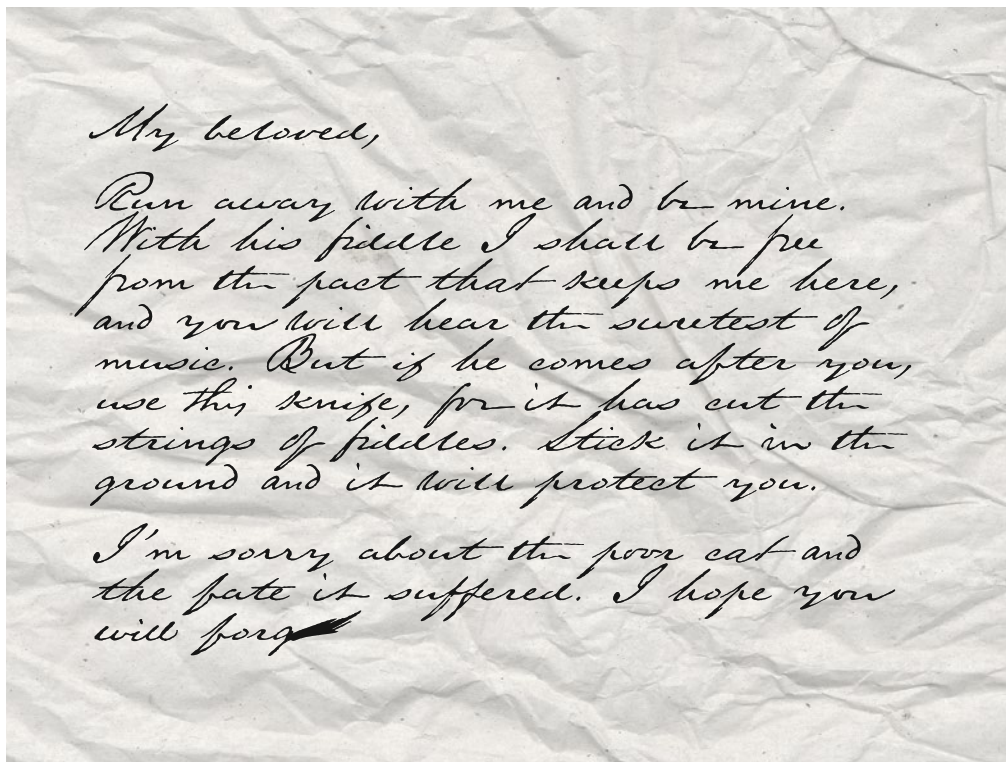
My darling Boel,
Your hair is as beautiful as freshly
spun strings, and your voice is like
the most exquisite music. You are the
fairest woman I know. You make my
heart beat like a drum inside my
chest. It beats for you, and for you
alone.
But I know that your heart beats
for another. I know that he, too,
is a fiddler.
But I promise, my love, that the
time will soon come when I will be
the greatest fiddler Fudal has ever
seen, and then you will not be able
to resist me. Together we shall make
very sweet music indeed.
Your loving Jons Gustav

1C: Jons Gustav's love letter



Since the cow disappeared, I've tried to keep a lookout at night. Yesterday I saw something by the cove. I thought I saw someone in the water. But the thing that surprised me most was a woman speaking to the strange figure. I could not see who it was before she ran away. She must have seen me. I have to find out who this was. Perhaps that is the key to what is going on?

1D: Excerpt from Pers Ida's diary



My beloved,
Run away with me and be mine. With his fiddle I shall be free from the pact that keeps me here, and you will hear the sweetest of music. But if he comes after you, use this knife, for it has cut the strings of fiddles. Stick it in the ground and it will protect you.
I'm sorry about the poor cat and the fate it suffered. I hope you will forg

1E: Jons Gustav's unfinished letter

To whom it may concern,

My name is Alfred Härenstam, from Häryd parish in Smolandia. I turn to your esteemed Society as I see no other solution to my current predicament. It concerns my dear brother and best friend, August. All my life he has been very close to me, and together we founded the Häryd Ironworks by the shore of Lake Hären. Our workers scraped up the iron ore from the bottom of the lake, and in the blast furnace we smelted it into ingots.

As you have no doubt heard, Smolandia is these days ravaged by drought, crop failure, and poverty. Our beloved parents could not cope with this ordeal and they both expired a week ago. I buried them yesterday and I write these lines in the light of a single candle on our family farm. My dear late mother was interested in the supernatural, and she is the one from whom I learned of your Society.

I see no alternative but to leave these godforsaken lands and seek my fortune in America, like so many before me. But I cannot do so without my brother August, who still runs the ironworks. He has cast me out and threatened to kill me if I ever return.

August is in the grip of madness. A she-devil in the guise of a preacher has twisted his mind. This woman, Beata Gideonsdotter, presents herself as a proclaimer of God's word, but I suspect that she is in fact a servant of Lucifer himself.

I ask that you come to our family farm in Häryd at the earliest opportunity, to smoke out this Evil and save my brother's soul.

*Most respectfully,
Alfred Härenstam*

2A: Alfred Härenstam's letter

In the woods south of the town of Gnosjö lies *Lake Hären*. Local elders speak of this black lake with reverence. Legend has it that a ferocious beast roamed these parts hundreds of years ago, and that the villagers banded together to slay the monster. In the terrible battle that followed, the army drove the beast back into its cave and a mighty sorceress called down a rainstorm of such magnitude that it flooded the entire valley and submerged the cave. The lake that formed was named Hären—meaning ‘The Army’ in the local tongue—in honor of the brave warriors who died fighting the beast.

2B: Excerpt from *Myths and Folk Tales of Smolandia*

June 23rd

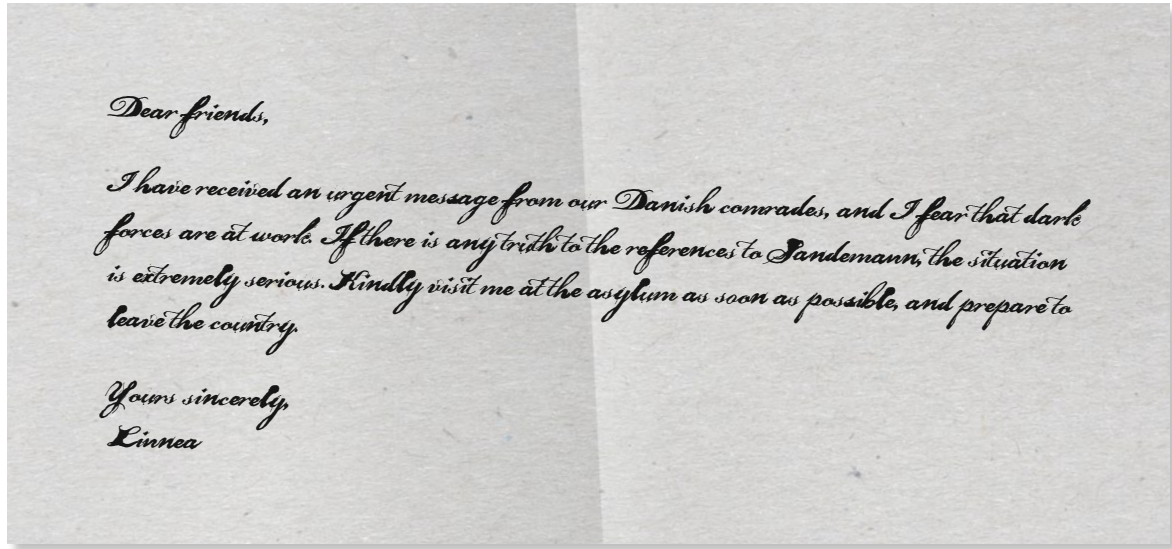
I've done it at last. I made it. I never thought I'd find the cave again, but now my knapsack is bursting with glittering gold. More than enough to realize our dream of an ironworks by the shore of Lake Hären. The ore is right there, waiting for us. Our dream. Mine and Alfred's. My dear brother!

How many times over the years have we sought the hidden crevice, hoping to find our way back to the cave in the woods on the other side of Hären, where we as boys found the resting Beast? Why did I find it this time? It must have been God's providence—the Lord showed me the way when I needed it the most.

The Merciful also saved me from the Beast's wrath. The foul Serpent writhed in his sleep, but it did not wake. It didn't see me steal his coins. It didn't even notice me lighting my lantern from his fiery breath.

I have stolen the beast's gold and taken his fire. I may be a thief, but stealing from a Demon of Hell is surely a service to the Lord. Everything will be different now, all of Smolandia shall know the name Härenstam. But Alfred must never know what I have done.

2C: August Härenstam's diary entry

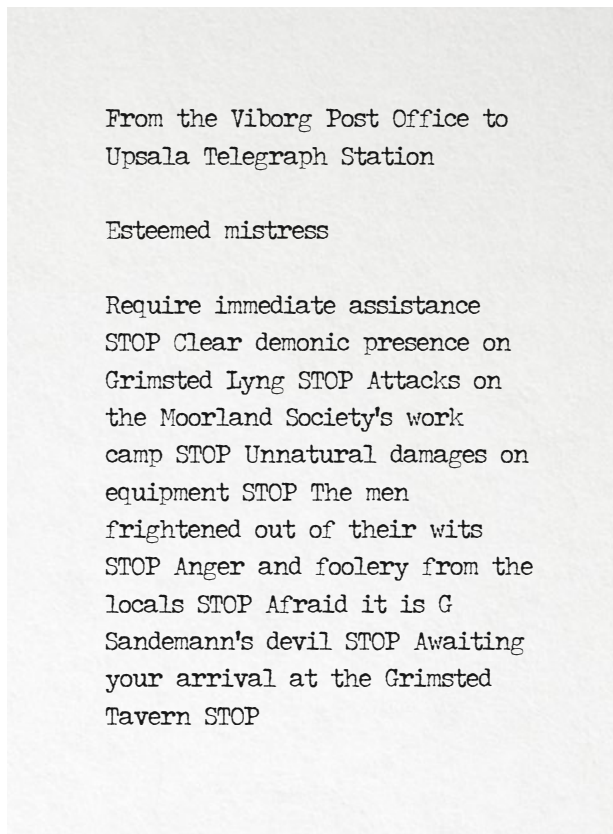


Dear friends,

I have received an urgent message from our Danish comrades, and I fear that dark forces are at work. If there is any truth to the references to Sandemann, the situation is extremely serious. Kindly visit me at the asylum as soon as possible, and prepare to leave the country.

Yours sincerely,
Linnea

3A: Linnea's letter

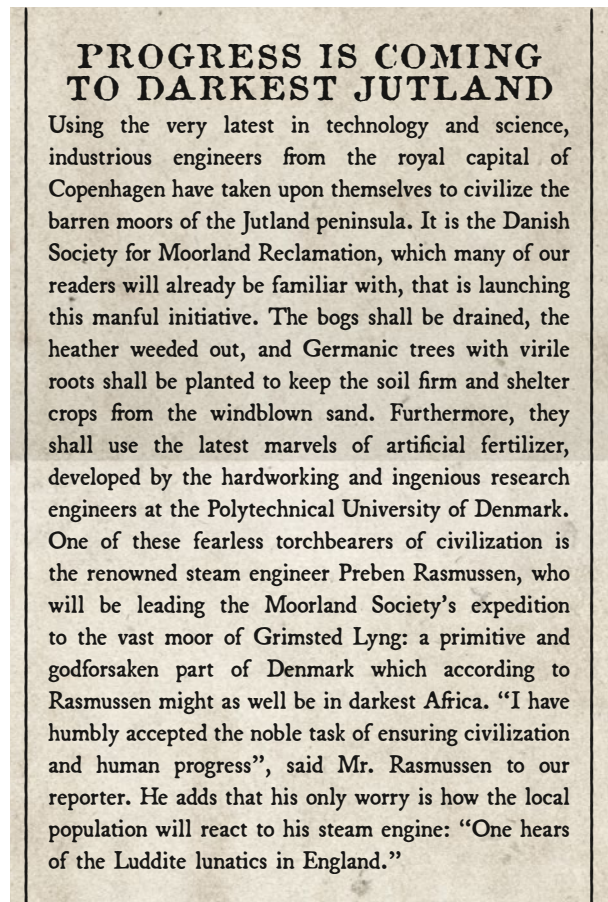


From the Viborg Post Office to
Upsala Telegraph Station

Esteemed mistress

Require immediate assistance
STOP Clear demonic presence on
Grimsted Lyng STOP Attacks on
the Moorland Society's work
camp STOP Unnatural damages on
equipment STOP The men
frightened out of their wits
STOP Anger and foolery from the
locals STOP Afraid it is G
Sandemann's devil STOP Awaiting
your arrival at the Grimsted
Tavern STOP

3B: Preben Rasmussen's telegram



**PROGRESS IS COMING
TO DARKEST JUTLAND**

Using the very latest in technology and science, industrious engineers from the royal capital of Copenhagen have taken upon themselves to civilize the barren moors of the Jutland peninsula. It is the Danish Society for Moorland Reclamation, which many of our readers will already be familiar with, that is launching this manful initiative. The bogs shall be drained, the heather weeded out, and Germanic trees with virile roots shall be planted to keep the soil firm and shelter crops from the windblown sand. Furthermore, they shall use the latest marvels of artificial fertilizer, developed by the hardworking and ingenious research engineers at the Polytechnical University of Denmark. One of these fearless torchbearers of civilization is the renowned steam engineer Preben Rasmussen, who will be leading the Moorland Society's expedition to the vast moor of Grimsted Lyng: a primitive and godforsaken part of Denmark which according to Rasmussen might as well be in darkest Africa. "I have humbly accepted the noble task of ensuring civilization and human progress", said Mr. Rasmussen to our reporter. He adds that his only worry is how the local population will react to his steam engine: "One hears of the Luddite lunatics in England."

3C: Newspaper article about the Moorland Society

Although studies of the chthonic forces are always difficult to conduct and hazardous to life and limb, the history of Nordic science contains numerous examples that even rival international luminaries such as the fearless brothers Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm in Germany and the grandmaster alchemist Isaac Newton. One important pioneer in our own corner of the world is the Danish Gabriel Sandemann, who in the decades between Bonaparte's wars and the advent of the railroad travelled among peasants and commoners to document their relationship to the subterrestrial. Sandemann was an imposing man—tall and strong in body and soul—who during his many travels through the Danish peasant society, in its final bloom, collected thousands of legends and eyewitness accounts of underground vaesen and their relationship to mankind. Perhaps most remarkable of all is his documentation of the wondrous yet fearsome vaesen haunting the famous Danish moors.

3D: Fragment from Underground Vaesen and Their Worshipers in the North

I shall refer to this winged vaesen as "the Devil on the Moor", as there is no doubt whatever about its infernal origins. It is venerated as a guardian angel by the moorland folk, and so it has been since time immemorial. These poor blinded people – it is scarcely an exaggeration to call them fools or the savages of Danevang – are paying a terrible price for this demonic protection. Blood and souls are what I speak of. Blood and souls. They have always sacrificed children to the powers of the moor, forever branding their immortal souls for the Dark One and the realm of everlasting torment.

3E: Sandemann's journal: The Devil on the Moor

Grimsted Hus is a savage place of folly and ungodly barbarism, but even here our Lord has planted a solitary seed of Christian decency. She is a girl of peasant stock, named Signe Andersdotter, but she has a good head on her shoulders and even seems to be literate. Through this pure, innocent creature I have gained access to the inner secrets of the moorland peasantry, and at times I feel that the truth – the glimpse of reality that my campaign for enlightenment has uncovered – is too heavy for one man to bear. But there is no longer any doubt on the matter: devil worship has been practiced here for millennia, and the beating heart of this ancient cult is Grimsted Hus.

3F: Sandemann's journal: Devil Worship at Grimsted Hus



3G: Daguerreotype of Signe Andersdotter

To whom it may concern,

My name is Constantine Constantinovich, Count of Jamburg in Ingria, west of Saint Petersburg in the Russian Empire. Your Society's reputation is known far and wide among those who seek to observe the unseen and understand the inexplicable. I have the utmost respect for your work, and like you, I seek answers to the mysteries of the cosmos.

At the midwinter blot I am hosting a gathering which I believe would be of interest to you – Conclavum Sub Rosa. The meeting brings together individuals of different backgrounds with a shared interest in the supernatural, who seek a deeper understanding through the process of alchemy.

It would be a great honor and pleasure to have the Society grace our gathering with its presence. I shall wait for you at my residence outside Jamburg on the twentieth of December, to discuss the secrets and mysteries of life.

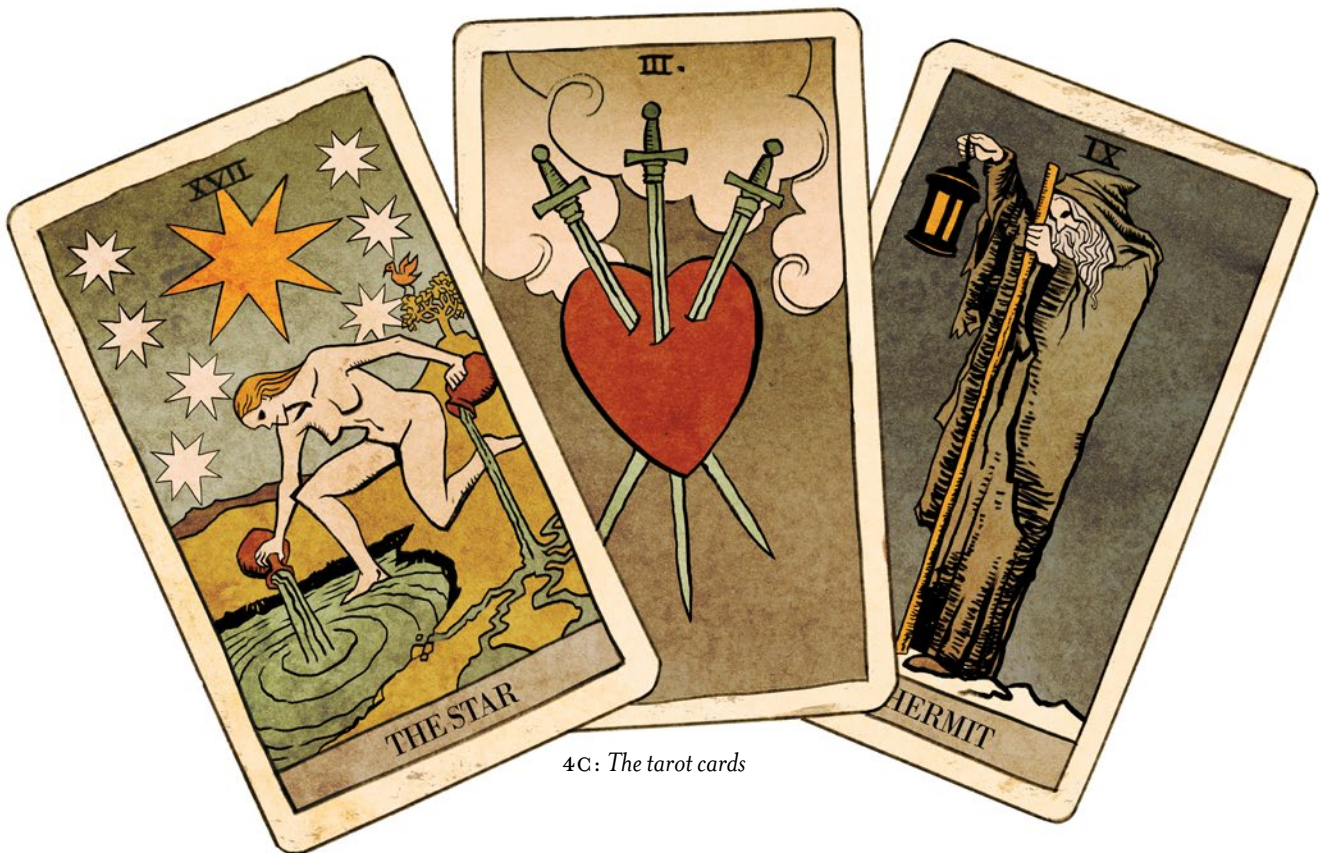
*Yours sincerely,
Count Constantine Constantinovich*

P.S. All things are connected!

4A: Count Constantine Constantinovich's letter

June 17th. Two weeks ago, Slya proposed to me. I had no choice but to turn him down. He wanted to take me away from the inn to a life in Saint Petersburg. He doesn't understand. I responded coldly, even though it broke my heart. Slya had bought me a beautiful silver comb. It must have cost a fortune. I said that I already had another friend. In a way I do, always did. And Axel needs me here. The inn means everything to me, and I want to do everything in my power to manage our heritage. Slya's expression darkened, like a thunderstorm over the forest in the summer, and he left the farm. He has not returned. At night, when the house goes quiet, I wonder if I made the right choice.

4B: Ester's diary



4C: The tarot cards