



# **THE VOID OF THE COSMOS**

**WRITTEN BY MARCUS ARMANTROUT**

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## ***From the Void***

It's taken me years to understand the events prior to my friend's death, but now I've begun to wonder, *What will bring upon my own?* I couldn't have foreseen what brought upon his spiral out of reality, though I never knew what he witnessed that day, though his family and I saw how it had drained him of his soul and corrupted his sanity, pushing him to find relief with alcohol and morphine, until he had finally overdosed in his office, where he was found by his wife.

In a search for closer, I conducted a search of his desk, hoping to find answers to my friend's death, but instead it led to the discovery of an unmarked journal, where through its pages of dark and crude drawings I uncovered its *dreaded* final entry.

It is written as follows:

To whomever finds this, know I write this as a warning to the scientific community and the world. Before the events of October 18, 1933, I thought my grip on what is true in the world was strong, but now I'm not sure of the reality of my own existence in life as well as my place among the cosmos.

My brother Reginald was nearing graduation from Brown University, studying in the field of medicine, when his fiancée, Grace, had become ill and was finally taken to the hospital after finally succumbing to her fatigue. The doctors were baffled, being unable to find a prognosis. I watched as he had become chained by the pain of her suffering, staying awake for months, attempting to find a treatment, bringing himself to the brink of death, where at times I would find

him collapsed on the floor of his apartment. Then finally he had fully isolated himself from the world, only leaving to visit his fiancée.

On October 15, I had gone to visit her, hoping to hear an update on my brother's condition, but to my surprise, during our short conversation in her weakened state, she revealed to me that she hadn't seen him, since he had come to tell her he was leaving for the University of Miskatonic in Arkham.

She told me that he had come saying he was going to meet with a person who would be able to help her and that she hadn't seen him since he left, and she feared something had happened to him. Wishing to reassure her, I told her I would travel to Arkham to find him and bring him home.

As I left the hospital, frustration began to fill my mind at the thought of what my brother could have put himself into and what I could be involving myself in as well.

It was a day's drive until I reached Arkham, and it wasn't until midnight, I reached the university. Which was hauntingly contrasted by the cloudy New England coastal weather. After finding my way through the massive building, I was guided to an older man by the name of Johnathan Ward, curator of the Miskatonic Library, taking over the position of Henry Armitage, who had passed a year prior.

After explaining my situation and showing him a photo of my brother, he had admitted he had encountered him earlier that day but had no knowledge of his whereabouts. He mentioned my brother had come in search of a book, but he refused to give the name and had become hostile when he was told he couldn't be helped if he wouldn't give the name, finally leaving after he was further denied.

Believing the trail to have gone cold, I had given him the name of the inn I was staying at and told him to contact me if my brother was to return. Later that night, the curator called me, requesting to meet him at the library, saying the situation was dire. When I arrived, I saw him speaking with

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