

LICENSE TO SUMMON

HANDOUT #4

THIS DOCUMENT IS CLASSIFIED LUNAR BLIGHT. IF YOU DO NOT HAVE SECRET LUNAR BLIGHT CLEARANCE, DO NOT READ THIS DOCUMENT.

Quaere House,
Wiltshire
December 12th, 1951

Dear Eddie,

I felt it best to give you the inside scoop on the Moon Farm debacle before you're called before the Board. I know both our heads are on the chopping block and that D.'s waving that axe around with abandon, so it's important for both of us to have the full story. Here's what happened from my end.

After we received your telegram of the 15th, I called up some trustworthy men from the 49th (West Riding & Midland) - people we'd worked with during the war - and arranged to meet them at Quaere House. I also informed the Director of the proposed action, and he told me to take Hatfield along. It was, I reiterate, the Director's idea, not mine. I know that will come up, so let's be absolutely clear on that point.

The 49th men had their own firearms; I brought my service revolver, and H. assembled a Rune of Destruction (Category II, according to the new classification). I also dug up a brace of warding talismans from the lab, so I felt very well equipped. We drove out and arrived at Moon Farm just after midnight. I ordered the soldiers to secure the main gate while H. and I investigated the farm itself.

Moon Farm consists of some forty acres. Partially wooded, very sheltered from the road. No neighbours, and you can tell why as soon as you set foot in the place. It's unholy, Eddie, in a way I'd never felt before. Not the sturm-und-drang malice of a summoned demon, but something old and fecund and rotten. Walking across those unnaturally lush fields was like walking on the rotting flesh of a maggoty god. For some reason, I was reminded of a childhood nightmare - when I first learned the story of the Resurrection in Sunday School, I remember wondering what would have happened to Our Lord if the angel had forgotten to roll away the stone in front of the tomb. Would He have starved to death inside that cave? Was He afraid of the dark, of the rotting stench of His own transfigured flesh?

Forgive me - I'm rambling, and blasphemously too.

The farmhouse and outbuildings were empty, but we found bedding and clothes for a dozen adults and at least thirty children. Every room was crowded with bunk beds, and the farm itself was surrounded by a wire fence, like the one we saw at Buchenwald.

Then we saw them. They stood in a circle around an old well, chanting and swaying back and forth, their hands raised over their heads. The children were there too, tied up like hogs. I could hear their sobbing. As I watched, one of the men picked up a boy of three or four years - my God, Eddie, I could see the family resemblance, it was his own flesh and blood - and threw the poor child into the well. He screamed for a moment, but it was cut off abruptly before he hit the bottom. This unnatural glow shot out of the shaft, as though the moon was inside the well, then it faded. I thought I saw something in the woods in that moment, beyond the crowd, but I cannot be certain. I don't much care, either.

H. lit up his rune, and I started firing and blowing my whistle. They came at us with silver knives and shotguns. We gave a good accounting of ourselves, especially once the soldiers heard the whistle-blast and the gunshots and came running. One of them got H., I'm afraid, and two of the soldiers were seriously injured. I don't know what happened to the third soldier, and I'll say that under oath. The last I saw of him, he was near the treeline.

All eight adult members of the Motherwell family - men and women both - were killed in the action. We rescued twenty-three children. Right now, they are at Quare House, but we will make arrangements for them once we have a cover story in place. A full decontamination effort is needed at Moon Farm, and I don't envy the man who goes down that cursed well.

In summary - the Director might call it a botched operation, but I take genuine pride in putting those madmen down. F. tried to ask me about their ritual and the Moonwell. 'Scientific curiosity', he called it. It made my skin crawl. Patterns of horror repeating over and over, like the tracks of graveworms in dead flesh.

I cannot go on right now. I have some leave. I shall visit my sister.

Take care, Eddie. I'll write again when I feel up to it.

Yours faithfully,

(Signature not present in carbon copy)