

## EYEWITNESS REPORT

### BROKERAGE FIRM OF TALFORD & LEWIS, BRISTOL

OFFICER STEVENS: I know this was extremely traumatic, but I need you recount the events surrounding the recent incident at your firm again.

RENEE TALFORD: Mr. Waterburg is a geologist who did business with our firm. While he was in the Antarctic, economic problems on the continent resulted in a substantial loss to his investments. The first time he came to see us after he returned, he was very upset, and I attempted to explain that the current economic climate was not permanent and that his investments should improve in no more than a year or two. At this point, he became verbally abusive and made a few vague threats. He also looked quite stressed, even apart from his financial loss; it looked like something wasn't right with him. I didn't think anything of this, but I did ask Clive in reception to be prepared to call the police if Mr. Waterburg returned in a similar state.

I don't understand what happened when he came back the next day. He didn't even open the door; I heard a shout from Clive and then saw a hole opening up in the door. We have a metal door, and I saw an arm covered in something thick and shiny reaching through it – the door fell apart wherever he touched it. It took him less than ten seconds. I saw, it was Mr. Waterburg, with this big slimy thing on his arm, from his shoulder on down. It had lots of long tiny fronds branching out from it and they waved around. It looked like some sort of undersea thing.

Clive yelled for Sophie to call the police and ran up to talk to Mr. Waterburg. Then – then Mr. Waterburg – he grabbed Clive with his slimy hand, and I don't know what happened. Clive screamed and fell apart, like, all over the place, blood and bits everywhere. Mr. Waterburg shouted for me to come out, but by that time the rest of us were running out the back door. The pills let me talk about this without screaming, but I need to stop now. Please catch him soon.



**C L A S S I F I E D****EYEWITNESS REPORT:  
LOSS OF THE WITTSBERG ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION,  
TAKLAMAKAN DESERT**

We were all sitting around the campfire one evening, waiting for the water to boil for tea. I got a funny feeling in my head, and I swear that I briefly saw someone tall and thin, dressed all in robes, standing by the fire and pouring some clear liquid in the pot of water. I yelled, and whoever it was was gone, like a mirage. They just blinked out of existence. I told everyone about it, but everyone laughed and said that sort of thing happens the first time you go out in the deep desert. People exchanged stories about other expeditions, and then we had tea. I didn't want any; both of the professors joked about that. The first few people having the tea remarked it was better than usual and tried to get everyone to have some. Several people started getting weirdly insistent and so I pretended to have some, and poured it on the ground. I sniffed it first though, and it smelled absolutely delicious, better than tea has any right to smell.

A bit later, I heard this high-pitched noise in the distance, and everyone else said it was time to go. I asked where we were going, and they all looked at me oddly, so I shut up. They all gathered up their tools and instruments, but left all of the vehicles and supplies behind. Then, everyone began walking towards that noise, calmly and steadily, like they were all in a trance. I pretended to twist my ankle and made sure I was at the back of the group, near Dr. Graber. When I saw that everyone was walking into a cave lit with these weird purple and blue lights, I decided it was time to go. I could see movement in that cave and it looked wrong, all sinuous and twisty. I tried to grab Dr. Graber and go, but she fought me, yelling at me that it was time to go in. By this time, several of the others were looking at me, so I ran. I had the keys to one of the jeeps in my pocket. I got in and started driving.

**C L A S S I F I E D**