

Further Adventures of Nadan, cont.

The Urth list — 1 messages, 1 voices, 11 Sep 1997

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Alice Turner — 11 Sep 1997, 06:43

Sgt. Rock,

As per Madam Jaffarzardeh's instructions, I continue my report. We have recovered certain papers which almost certainly belong to the party in question. Pending payment, I cannot, you will understand, release these, but I have no objection to telling you their gist.

It appears that, leaving Washington D.C., Nadan traveled north, arriving at Montreal, though he does not name the city. There, apparently still suffering from the effects of the hallucinogen, he seems to have mistaken the intransigent French-speakers of the region for an alien race, and the ragged remnants of the surviving Anglophones as, of all things, cannibals. (It is possible that he came across members of a lycanthropic cult, including the M. Garou of whom he speaks.)

He escaped from the city, traveling west, on a conveyance he calls the Great Sleigh. There is a gap in his report, but he apparently became steadily more delusional, and somewhere in Canada's Northwest Territory, he either leaped from or was flung from this vehicle, at which point his diary continues, though not, I fear, in a rational way. He characterizes the native tribe who found him, lying unconscious, as further lycanthrops, and records their murderous raids against their neighbors (or course, savagery in the Americas is nothing new), though they seem to have treated him with courtesy. A further native tribe, he characterizes as swine; Muslim code for a debasement beyond description. Curiously, considering his prejudices regarding deformity or mutation in women, he appears to have fallen in with a woman of a somewhat---shall we say furry?---nature, and to have traveled with her for some distance.

At this point, his diary becomes feverish, and he goes on to describe underground cities, machine-men, and adventures which could exist only in the dreams of a sick man. Eventually he recovered, it seems, and once again boarded the Great Sleigh, traveling south to a place called Cassonville under the name of Peter Palmer, or Palmieri, it is unclear which. Here, the diary ends.

I understand that payment is authorized through yourself, copyrighted though a certain Wombat, and look forward to paying my respects to Madam.

Hassan Kerbelai (c/o alga)