

Mercy Hill Mental Institution
January 25th, 1935

Yellowtree Books
Briechester, England

Mr. Parsons,

I can see clearly that you have no reason to trust me, writing as I am a stranger from an address you will no doubt find disreputable and suspicious.

Nonetheless, I am compelled to make the attempt to warn you that you must not carry the obsession of your father as an inheritance for your son.

There is a great danger in the Revelations that you seek. I believe - I must believe - that they were written as a cloak for those who can see clearly, but I fear that for you they are the Cloak of Medea.

On the day this letter reaches you - yet before the envelope is opened - one of the volumes you treasure will be taken from you. That volume was not truly yours to begin with. It was stolen long ago.

But one volume will remain. In expurgation it threatens less. But you must divest yourself of it at once and cease your restless search for more. Trust the words your father.

I fear that I risk much in writing you, but my conscience could demand no less.

Tricia Piper