



Samson,

I know you've been waiting. I know you're unhappy with my performance. I'm unhappy with our performance, too. But I'm also unhappy with yours. I see daily what your god can do... and what it can seemingly undo. I hear nightly what it truly wants and it is not what you say. It is not the only liar among us, and perhaps not the worst, in fact.

I see clearly now. The lies began with Echavarria, who kept us out. Who kept us from his Hidden Truth. And you think that gives you a right to continue the lies. To continue the deceit. To continue your efforts to occlude his glory in order to claim your own! But you are wrong, Samson. So terrible and unforgivably wrong.

I trusted you. We trusted you. But you have forgotten the Voice of your god. Our god. MY GOD. You seek to cloak the glory of Ol-Goroth in the Lie of the Black Man. You name Nyarlathotep and pretend that you have revealed a great truth. All you have revealed is your Falsehood.

I blame myself, too, of course. I see your jealousy in my own. I remember the summer of 1924, when Edgar Jobs came to me and told me that Echavarria had selected him to go to the Great Rite. I thought, "Why has this man been chosen? This worm. This maggot." He is no greater than I. He has not been here longer than I. It should have been ME who was chosen. But, of course, Echavarria was a fool. Just as you are a fool. Denying greatness. My greatness. The greatness which Echavarria bestowed upon Jobs.

Oh, yes. Don't think I don't know the truth, Samson. I know you had him locked up in an Asylum. Savitree told me where you had him squirreled away and then, listening to the voice of my beautiful Leticia, I realized the truth of it: You had to lock him away. Had to lock away the truth. For surely the Great Ol-Goroth can see the truth of YOU. Your pettiness. Your worthlessness.

That's why you claim to be the inheritor of secret knowledge from Echavarria, although I know now that he kept you in the dark. He must have seen how worthless you are, too!

And now I wonder: When I found you in '26, you told me that Echavarria's ritual had failed. Was even that a lie? Now that I think of it... it must be! My god, Trammel! Lies built atop lies. Echavarria's ritual must have been a success. He found the path that Great Ol-Goroth had laid for

him and he and all those worthy with him were taken through the Mouth and into the land of the Chosen People.

And you must have been rejected. It all makes sense now. How that rejection must have burned you. Must have hurt you. And so now you seek to hide the Chosen People from Great Gol-Goroth by cloaking his name in your lies!

But now I've found my own path to Golxumal. Yes, Samson. That's right. I have learned the secret name of the Maw, and I have learned that the path to Golxumal is through the Maw.