

March 8 1518:

I woke up in the middle of the night again. Same dream as always. I stared at my shaking hands while a heavy drop of sweat fell from my face unto my inner thigh. I don't know how much longer I will be able to hold on to my sanity. Every night I can feel it slipping away. I got up and decided to continue my search. I went down to the library, took as many books as I could carry, sat on my usual spot and started to read under the candlelight. I started with the Holy Scriptures, as time goes on I cannot help but wonder if I am wasting my time with them. What I am trying to do is forbidden by both law and nature itself; would a religious man really hide that kind of information in these books? As time goes on and it gets darker I end up getting frustrated and throwing the book to the side. I pick up a manuscript from the pile, which looked interesting due to the symbols it had written on it. When I opened it I noticed that it was a language I did not speak, but surely recognized. They were Nordic symbols. I searched my Nordic books and began deciphering it as quickly as I could. After a couple of hours all I had was a tribute to Odin in hope of long life. Close but not quite what I wanted, unfortunately I looked for something more sinister. As the sun started to rise and declare the beginning of a new day I decided to change books. I picked up a fairy tale contained in the Talmud. Fairy tales aren't the most pertinent places to look, but since what I am searching for is absurd by nature, I can't help but try. It was the classic story of the golem. It was also similar to my goal, but I didn't need to create this essence, I needed to get it back. I read on to learn anything and everything it had about the essence, which it claimed had been created during the process. After this last book I felt defeated and decided to lie on my bed for the rest of the day.

March 9 1518:

The castle is having a ball tonight. I am supposed to attend it although I don't have enough energy to stay there all night.

Before I go to sleep I have some interesting things to write down. During the ball this very strange person came up to me and talked about a story. It was an interesting story. It went a little something like this: A man is cold, so he searches through the world for something that can restore his warmth. He finds something, at first it seems like salvation is here, but little by little he notices its fire. His pride blinds him and makes him believe that he can control it. The man tries to play with the fire and ends up getting burned.

March 10 1518:

Today was a particularly peculiar day. I was sitting in the library like most days. But I heard my father enter the library through one of its many entrances. For one thing it is odd to see my father entering the library but he wasn't alone, he was speaking French. They were discussing a man who has attained fame by claiming that he is the disciple of Nicolas Flamel, for this claim to be true he would have to be at least 100 years old. I needed to know his secrets and if it could be used to accomplish my goal. I immediately went to talk with this stranger. He told me all the information, which he had at his disposal. I convinced my father to let me go meet this person. He is considering it but will probably agree. He has been trying to lighten me up.

March 11 1518:

He agreed. I am expected to get ready in under a week because a ship is leaving from this port towards Normandy. I will bring

my vassal Alphonse. I will spend these next days looking through books to take with me while he prepares the rest.

March 14 1518:

I had an argument with my father over the amount of money he will give me. He doesn't want me to spend part of the family fortune on something so vague. This made me consider taking some money without his knowledge. I didn't ponder it for very long since my honor kept me from doing such a thing. I have always acted with pride and honor in everything I did. I will always do this no matter what happens.

March 17 1518:

We are already on board the ship and going towards Normandy. There are some French men among the crew. I spoke to them about my search for Nicolas Flamel's disciple. One of them seemed to know about it but he told me it was Nicolas Flamel's own grandson who made these claims. This explained the age and it made everything more interesting. He told me still lived in Paris just like his grandfather. As soon as I get to France I must travel to Paris.

March 22 1518:

I finally arrived to Normandy; I am spending the night at an inn with Alphonse. We plan on departing as soon as the sun comes out. I have a feeling in my gut that tells me that I am finally getting closer to my goal. This might finally be the answer I have searched for so long.

March 30 1518:

Alphonse and I reached our final destination. I write this passage as we sit in the lobby. I will give him a day to rest before we embark on the search for Flamel's grandson. He has been very

helpful during this whole passage so he has earned a rest. I spend every moment questioning my sanity and ignoring my logic, simply relying on hope. And hope is the only thing I have left because science doesn't seem to have an answer and my faith in religion has nearly vanished since it was their will to punish me so. But I will not give up, even if I have to search in the nether regions of this world, I will go down to the fiery pits of hell and spit on the devil himself if I have to. I will search far and wide, rely on any belief as stupid as it may seem and try any possibility.

April 3 1518:

Today we roamed the streets of Paris looking for clues to guide us towards Flamel's grandson. I am happy to say that we may have stumbled upon a few intriguing clues. His age, appearance and personality seemed to vary. Only one thing appeared to stay constant, his height. This leads me to believe that either people hear tales of him due to his increasing fame and then they distort the truth, or he changes his appearance every once in a while to evade being noticed by people. Either way it was good news. If everyone started to hear about him it could increase the amount of information I get, although the quality of it will decrease. On the other hand if he changed his appearance it means he doesn't want to be found, so he didn't want this fame, or he has something to hide, both of these things help his credibility. I got a short list of places where I could possibly find him; since I already have interrogated a good number of people I will begin to check all these places.

April 6 1518:

Found him, followed him to his house. We know where he lives. We will try to infiltrate his house and search through his belongings to see what we can find. If we ask him directly he will

probably deny it or lie to us. Someone with that power can't be too eager to share it. We will study his movements; we will see what he does and when he does them until we get a clear idea of when we can safely break in. I will bring my journal with me to copy anything I deem important.

April 11 1518:

We are in. Right after opening the back door a stench runs us over. Not a bad smell, but simply a strong and peculiar one. The smell of chemicals filled the air as soon as we entered deeper into his lair. I followed the smell until I found the main room. I find in the middle of a table a book. It had a leather cover, with a drawing of a snake nailed to a cross. It was hand written in a language I did not recognize. This was it, the secret right in the middle of the room. Too good to be true

April 13 1518:

I barely made it out. Something attacked me. I am not sure what it was. I was only able to attain the leather book and a sample of a red liquid in a jar, which sat next to the book. I will go to the French countryside, where a friend of my father resides. He is a doctor, so he will probably have the tools I need. I also fear for our safety since the beast that attacked us was unlike anything I had seen before, and there might be others. Lucky for me Alphonse managed to keep the beast at bay while I gathered what I needed, but at a great price. He was severely wounded in the chest and stomach. We will depart as soon as possible to get Alphonse the medical help he needs. We are both being protected by a few local men I hired.

April 22 1518:

We have arrived at the doctor's house. Alphonse's condition is stable but the doctor has promised to try and diminish the pain as much as possible. He has warned me that the healing process might take a month. I have started to run tests on the bizarre liquid I gathered in the alchemist's house. They are as of now inconclusive. I can only pray that it will give me some kind of hint or clue as to where I should look next. The book on the other hand is almost impossible to decipher. I have never seen anything like this. I have asked my father to send me a few books from the library as soon as he can to try and decode this. The complexity of these symbols is of such a level that I haven't even been able to decipher one of them in a week's time. But luckily it seems structured so I am sure that it isn't random gibberish, and it also means that if I figure out one of the symbols I will get clues to the rest.

April 24 1518:

I have advanced notably in my study of the red substance. It doesn't mix with any other substance I have. The texture never changes, no matter the temperature I expose the substance to. This leads me to believe that this substance is pure. I don't know how to use it; I'm guessing that the key to understanding it lies within the book. Studying the book is all I have left.

April 27 1518:

Success! The first group of symbols have been deciphered. The joy, which fills my heart, is indescribable.



This detailed drawing shows the symbols on the first page. The nine symbols explain the principal symbol, which appears, on the right. The red symbols are man and woman. They are red to symbolize the importance of their blood. The two symbols under them are kings and queens. The right top symbol is Jupiter, or Zeus. The one on the opposite side is Hera. The blood of a descendant of a king and a god (or a religious authority) together with another descendant of similar lineage will either create a savior (top symbol) or destruction (bottom one). The middle symbol is the thing standing between me and deciphering the first page. I can't find anything about this symbol in any of the books.

April 29 1518:

I am sitting contemplating the scenery. It seems like I haven't thought about her for a while, but every second of every minute her image is imprinted on my brain. It would be like thinking or saying that I'm breathing; it's always the case. Her perfume lingers in the air; her warmth is present in my memory but feels distant.

May 1 1518:

I have been able to put together a few things, but the real meaning is still unclear. Alphonse's recovery is going along pretty well. The doctor says we will be able to move around soon. Eventually if this fails I plan on going to Germany, there

has been a rumor that there is a sage who can answer any question.

May 4 1518:

I have deciphered the six first pages, they tell me which ingredients I will need to make the substance. This is apparently the role of the book. There is still one ingredient, which is going to be explained in the pages that follow. It seems that it is much more complex than the rest. But finding the other materials will take some time. I will try to acquire the other materials while trying to understanding the last material needed.

May 8 1518:

Damn it to hell! Now I know why the church and the law forsake this search. This substance, which would help me fulfill my goal, is nothing but a curse on humanity; its mere existence is an insult to life. The last ingredient, which is essential in the making of this substance, is live people. The amount of humans needed to make this work is quite large. I can only hope that no one has attempted this before.

May 9 1518:

This search has led me to a dead end. I cannot attempt to create this substance. My hearts asks for it but something stops me, maybe my conscience? Even if I dared to do it the amount of humans needed is very hard to get and the result isn't even assured. How can I be sure that it works?

May 12 1518:

What if the lives I took weren't those of the normal people. What if I only took the lives of soldiers who are already ready to die? What about criminals who only cause pain in the lives of the people? Then my attempt wouldn't be so vile. By scavenging

battle sites and execution sites I could capture the essence of lives, blood. I am so desperate I wouldn't mind working with corpses again.

May 15 1518:

I went to the graveyard to try and bribe the undertaker and obtain some newly deceased. He was as expected, easy to persuade. I was able to acquire 3 bodies, which should suffice for initial testing.

May 16 1518:

I have extracted the blood in all of the bodies before coagulation began. I will begin the process and attempt to create a prototype. I can only pray that this will work. My time is running out and my humanity gets further and further away from me. I just hope that it stays within my grasp for I accomplish my goal. Each time I drain a body, I lose a small part of my sanity.

May 19 1518:

I managed to create a small fragment of the red substance. I will get some more corpses and make more of it. Although I will use the fragment created to look for all the possible uses. I will not write anymore until the end of my research because the next steps are simply a repetition of the past ones.

November 1 1518:

I have finally obtained the amount of essence needed to create the substance. I will proceed with the necessary requirements. I hope that by November third everything is in order and I can begin everything. The fragment I had been experimenting on showed promising results. If I used it on a plant, it would grow

much more fertile than it would have been otherwise. I also used it on a sick person and apparently they were cured, the doctor had never seen such a thing before.

November 3 1518:

Alphonse and I worked 2 days straight day and night to accomplish this feat. Everything is ready and we will commence the procedure. Alphonse seems a little nervous. He doesn't trust the book, he says "its simply too good to be true".

November 10 1518:

Those words resonate through my mind. Too good to be true. Second time this has happened to be true. What appeared to be a chemical contraption was simply too unstable and it caused an explosion which totaled most of the doctor's house. All my work, the book, and our belongings lost. Alphonse suffered burns through his body. I was luckily saved by a wooden table and only suffered minor injuries. My diary was with me so it was also saved. I am now back to square one. I feel insanity rising through my body, my logical thoughts diminish by the second and my grasp of reality becomes numb. All that I have been through increases this feeling.

November 15 1518:

I have received a letter from my father. He is furious due to the damages the house sustained. He promised his friend he would pay for the damages and is insisting that I go back to the house and stop wasting time and money. Maybe it's my insanity talking but I am not planning on following orders. I will continue on my journey until I find answers. Alphonse's condition worsens by

the day. I will go visit the German sage as soon as I get out of here. He should hold some answers.

November 25 1518:

Alphonse just passed away. He was my loyal vassal, but he was also my companion. He was very helpful during this journey and never questioned my decisions. The saddest thing is that his death isn't as sorrowful as one would expect for me. My humanity is simply much further away from me than I initially thought. My vision of the world becomes darker and darker as I seek the only light, which has ever shined on my otherwise plain existence.

November 30 1518:

Alphonse was buried in the town graveyard. I have decided to go to Germany today. I will mostly travel by carriage so the voyage will take a month. I hope that I will be able to find him in Germany.

January 4 1519:

I have finally arrived. I am staying in the Bavaria region. Rumors lead me nowhere since they are all contradictory. If I had any money I would bribe some of the sources to try and find any truth in these rumors. Since I don't, I can only rely on my intelligence.

January 7 1519:

My first lead, I finally have some reliable information which can lead me to the location of the German sage. He is said to live in the woods just outside the city of Munich. The information wasn't very specific but it does give me an idea of where to find him. I hope to travel there tomorrow morning. I do hope that this time my travels won't be in vane.

January 15 1519:

I have established a head quarter near Munich. I will look through the area during the day. At night I will go back to the house because this area is unsafe. The description I was given varies, but most agreed that it was an elderly person. I managed to learn a little about his story. Apparently he is named Faust. He made a pact with the devil; he sold his soul for unlimited knowledge. This religious talk sounds like humbug to me but I am already here.

January 19 1519:

As Archimedes said: "Eureka!" I have finally found him. After four days of searching through the forest I have managed to locate his house. It has to be him because it is the only house outside of Munich. The only thing that makes me doubt this is the fact that he isn't an old man, he seems to be a man, must be about 30 years old. He seems to be lurking around the place and tries to go unnoticed. I have had great trouble watching him without being noticed. I will confront him tomorrow and see if I can manage to talk to him.

January 20 1519:

I went up to talk to him but he simply ignored me. He seemed to be out of his body. He simply moved mechanically and did repeated movements without any concern for obstacles like myself. I tried screaming at him, I didn't get any response.

Nevertheless I continued to pressure him to see if he would crack. It was useless. I will try talking to him tomorrow because I don't have much food, so time is a factor.

January 21 1519:

I managed to talk to him. This time he seemed focused. When I talked to him I felt that he was focusing intensely on every single word that came out of my mind. It was as if he was trying to discover something hidden within my words. But when I asked him a question he simply kept noting. I asked him again and he simply kept on looking at me. His eyes seemed to be penetrating deep into my soul. After a few minutes he stopped. He got up and went back to his repeated movements. It reminded me of a Chinese clock my father had brought back from his travels, every day at the same time it did the same movements. I decided to leave.

January 22 1519:

I sit here wondering what could be happening to Faust that made him do this every day. Maybe he didn't do a pact with the devil; maybe he simply lost his mind. But what if he did make a pact with the devil? He could have lost his mind because no man can withstand that kind of knowledge. I wanted to find out. I needed to find out at any cost. I will use any means necessary to get that information.

January 23 1519:

I have brought my journal with me. I need to document any things he might say. We I entered his house we sat down like last time on his table. I started to talk to him, I asked a question to test if he would answer. I then got up and threw my chair. No

response. I tied him up, he stayed motionless all the while I tightened the ropes. I decided to test his tolerance to pain so I punched him once. He finally reacted by looking up to me and smiling. He was well aware of what was going on. He simply wanted to see how far I would go. I asked him to give me a second to write this down, I need to write everything he says.

When I asked him if he really made a pact with the devil he laughed and said that it depends on my definition of the devil. He said there's lots of evils in this world, man cannot call things evil since we are simply a lesser kind of filth. He cited me as an example, for my selfish needs I would go to any measures to obtain what I desire. He's right, but I don't care, if he thinks we are filth, I might as well get as dirty as I can. I asked the only question I wanted him to answer. I asked my question. He smiled, looked at me and said that he expected as much, everyone wants that. He said that it could be done, that a Jewish man accomplished it in Prague, but he only managed to create a body. The soul is the hardest part; it contains the essence, the memories and the personality of the person. For that I would have to work with him. We decided to prepare the ceremony, which he agreed to do with me if we paid him enough. I accepted, we would need 6 days to accomplish it. We will begin in three days.

January 26 1519:

Faust has moved to my temporary home. Today we decided to prepare the main room, which will serve to make the body. We will attempt to recreate her body perfectly, like the golem of Prague. Faust obtained the necessary ingredients. He obtained the mud from the river necessary and then the utensils to shape it. When we finish he inscribed the word emet, which is truth in

Hebrew. Only a holy person can do this. The body needed 5 days before it woke. During that time we would need to secure the soul.

January 27 1519:

He said that in order to obtain the soul I needed to call for a demon, a very specific demon, Mephistopheles to be precise. I was still a bit skeptical. He wanted me to make a deal with the devil, so I needed things to sacrifice. These things had to have value; I needed life, money and food. I had anticipated this and asked my father to send me more things a while back, at first he was hesitant but he agreed in order to get me back home. The money he will send me should suffice. Tomorrow the money should get here. I hope I am able to obtain everything before the day.

January 28 1519:

The money has arrived. We went into town to purchase food, which should last us for a while. The hardest part will be how to get life. The amount of life necessary depends on the soul, so Faust cannot guess how many we will need. I will go to town and try to persuade people to join us.

January 29 1519:

We managed to get 4 people, a prostitute, a drunk, and two workers. They will come here tomorrow. We had to pay them off; I hope it's worth it. Although I am starting to doubt Faust, he seems to be disappearing from time to time. I wonder he goes without telling me anything; maybe he is trying to double cross me. I am smarter than that. I will make preparations to double cross him in case he tries the same. I will not let this go away.

January 30 1519:

Today is the day, the day where I finally get everything I deserve. God forsakes my life constantly, but today I go to the other end for help. I will not falter; I will keep going as long as my feeble heart keeps beating, even if it means doing the unthinkable. My love will come back to my, she is worth a thousand times more than these mere pests of society but hopefully this demon accepts it. Faust will be my last sacrifice; I will offer him the 5 souls, Faust's soul should be worth a lot. I feel calm and serene because finally justice will be served. I will keep this journal as a memoir. When this day is through I will write again, I will keep telling my story, for the generations to come. The only difference is that the next entries will have her warmth and not the coldness that my heart feels.

I Abraham Wingates Veritas swear to accomplish my task even if it costs me everything.