

The Incunabulum

In the weeks following the death of Roderick Blake, the venerable and renowned Professor of Psychology and Paranormal Studies, his son Caleb, after having shaken the worst of that heart-sick and enervating feeling that accompanies the loss of a loved one, set about the monumental task of going through and collating his father's private papers. In one of several leather-bound journals, Caleb discovered, among a plethora of additional interesting and singular entries, the hand-written account that follows. I use the word "account," as opposed to "story," because that nomenclature describes the missive as it should be, given the veritable nature of Blake's observations over the course of his career and life. Indeed, though not every facet of the episode can be confirmed, numerous elements of this most doleful and eldritch tale comport perfectly with what is known to be historically true.

Although the narrative contains literary flourishes which are quite a departure from the clinical detachment typical of the elder Blake's scholarship, the identity of the author, and the tale's authenticity, are not to be doubted. The subject matter, and the situation of the journal entry in context, affirms that the events related occurred long ago, in those pre-professionals days when Blake was still an undergraduate student

of psychology (and a materialist!). His journal entry is reproduced here, verbatim.

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"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy" is a good beginning, dear reader, as I beseech you to suspend your disbelief, and consider three singular items that comprise the nucleus of this most disturbing account.