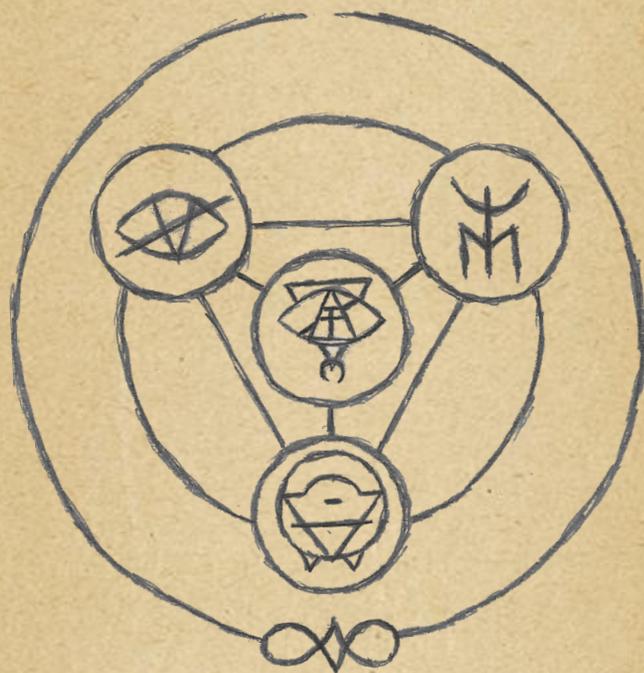


November 18, 1894

I must admit, I had not expected the fables of pitchforks and torches to be reflective of humans' true intentions when faced with monsters overrunning their small town. And yet, tonight we found ourselves pursued by what might only be described as a mob.

I hardly think I am obliged to explain the tumult and confusion of the past few hours; we fled deep into the forest and scattered ourselves amongst the trees. I encountered Morgan and William, and we held a hasty conclave by the light of the moon. Though we are ever loath to use as a source the energy granted to us by the demon, this was a particularly dangerous situation. I crafted this sigil, scrawled in the damp dirt

of the forest floor, to conceal all of us from the eyes of the yeomen until such time as we glamour the town once more. Stronger this time.

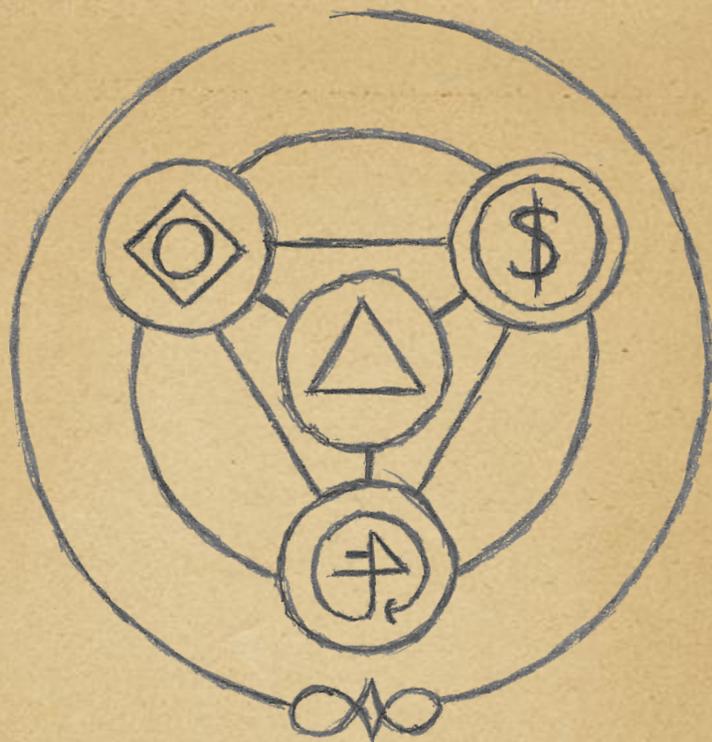


Of course, in the original sigil, the outer circle was complete, as is required to initiate the flow of energy. This sketch merely serves as a record; leaving the circle open renders it inert.

January 5, 1895

An occasionally unfortunate consequence of this life is the lack of genuine documents proving our existence. I could not reasonably claim to be nearing a century in age, however true, while I look not a day older than when we started this doomed endeavor. This makes certain proceedings — for example, the new implementation of a tax on all income from the preceding year — rather more complex than it might be for a normal human.

This is why, on the eve in which a collector came around the neighborhood to ascertain the compliance of each resident with the novel tax, I instead sprinkled ash in the shape of a protective sigil on the floor of my abode.



The ash was not strictly necessary; the candle burning atop its corresponding symbol in the sigil's center provided enough energy to execute the simple instructions. However, I have found that reinforcing magical symbology with powerful correlates renders a more stable sigil, so long as the binding point is properly drawn. This is of particular interest with a source such as fire,

which is otherwise highly unstable. I furthermore was required to invent the symbol representing the collector and trust that intention would carry through to the symbology.

Naturally, the sigil was successful; I was immutably protected from the danger posed by the tax collector. For this year, at the least.

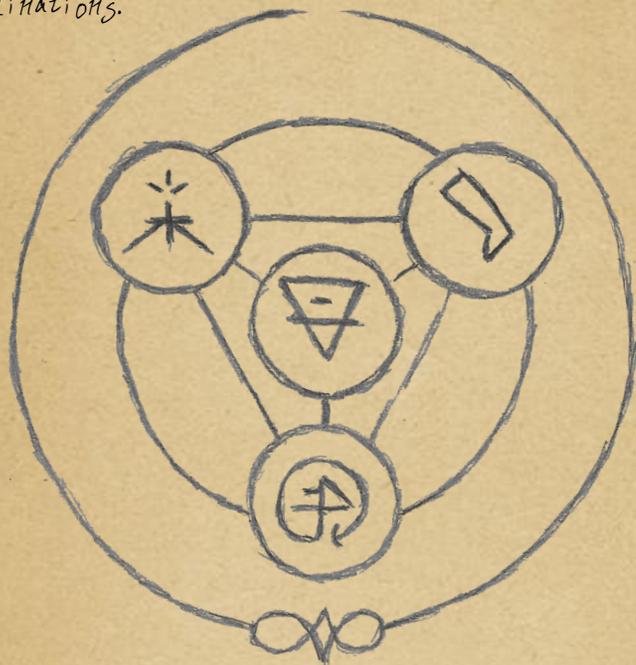
February 22, 1895

Journeying outside of the boundaries delineated by the demon's bindings is invariably dangerous. I had assumed it was merely because the seals are strengthened at least partially by our remaining within its sphere of influence. While true, there is another detriment to travel I had not foreseen: outside of Oberlin, I cannot access the residual traces of demon-corrupted essence that ordinarily heal minor injuries.

Thus, when an unfortunate incident with a velocipede left me stranded miles away, with the bones of my left leg broken, I had no simple means by which to quickly recover.

However, the squirrel which had unluckily caused the aforementioned incident had left behind a good quantity of blood, which gave me a

power source with which to work a sigil. I admit the representative symbol for "leg" might have been more imaginative, but pain dulls my creative inclinations.



At any rate, it effectively fixed my shattered bones, and I returned safe to Oberlin shortly after. Repairing the velocipede, however, would require rather more blood than I feel worth it.

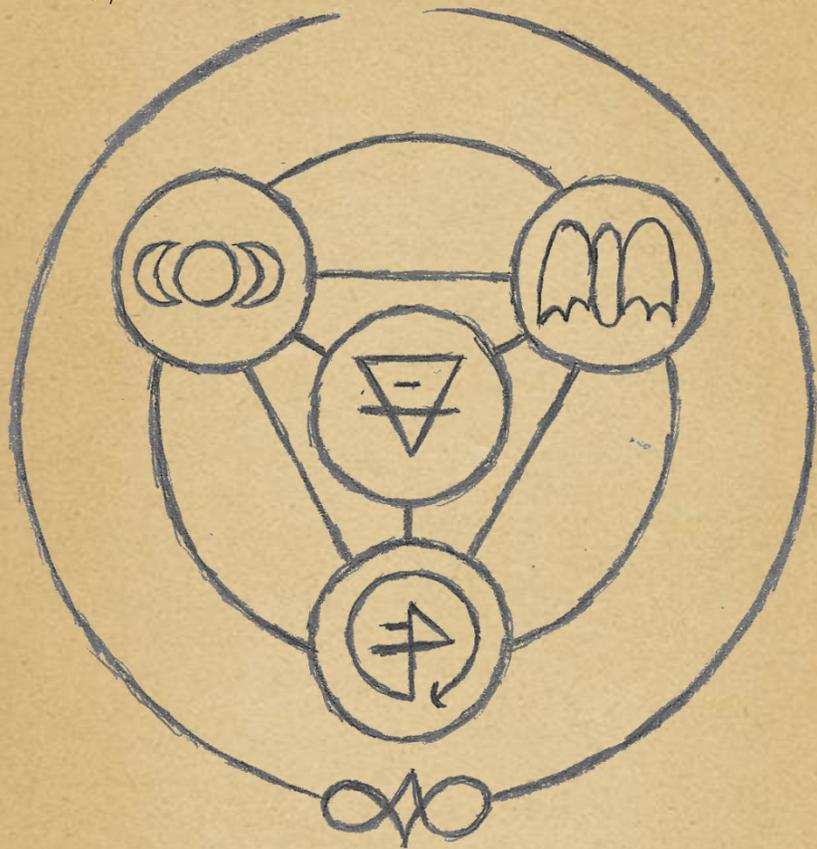
May 11, 1895

Reluctant as I am to relate this tale, it serves as a reminder of the ever-present dangers of experimenting with magic.

The differing powers with which we were afflicted after the summoning and subsequent transformation are a constant source of contention amongst us. Nearly all of us have similar longevity and strength, of course, but certain members of our group have unique talents. Rufus shifts once monthly into a wolf, Jonathan has a remarkable power of suggestion, and Madeline can transform at will into a bat.

In late March, I commented to Morgan that all of these distinct abilities were likely attainable with proper application of a sigil or two. Morgan, for her part, challenged me to

demonstrate this. In particular, the latter one:
transformation into a bat.



At this juncture, I find it necessary to remark that I was correct; any of us might easily achieve this transformation. The difficulty appears only when one is a bat, and finds themselves

entirely unable to compose the sigil needed to reverse said transformation. Blood's stability as an energy source worked to my detriment in this instance — something more volatile like fire might have allowed the mage to devolve on its own before too long.

As I did not see the need to inform anyone of my intentions prior to enacting the sigil, and due to our class's mutual agreement to generally leave each other to our own devices, it took upwards of a month before Rufus realized my predicament. They crafted the sigil to undo the transformation, and we mutually agreed never to speak of this again.

ACCEPTABLE BLOOD REPLACEMENTS

- KETCHUP
- FRUIT PUNCH
- ANY RED, SUGARY LIQUID
- PLEASE DON'T ACTUALLY USE BLOOD, KETCHUP IS JUST AS GOOD :(