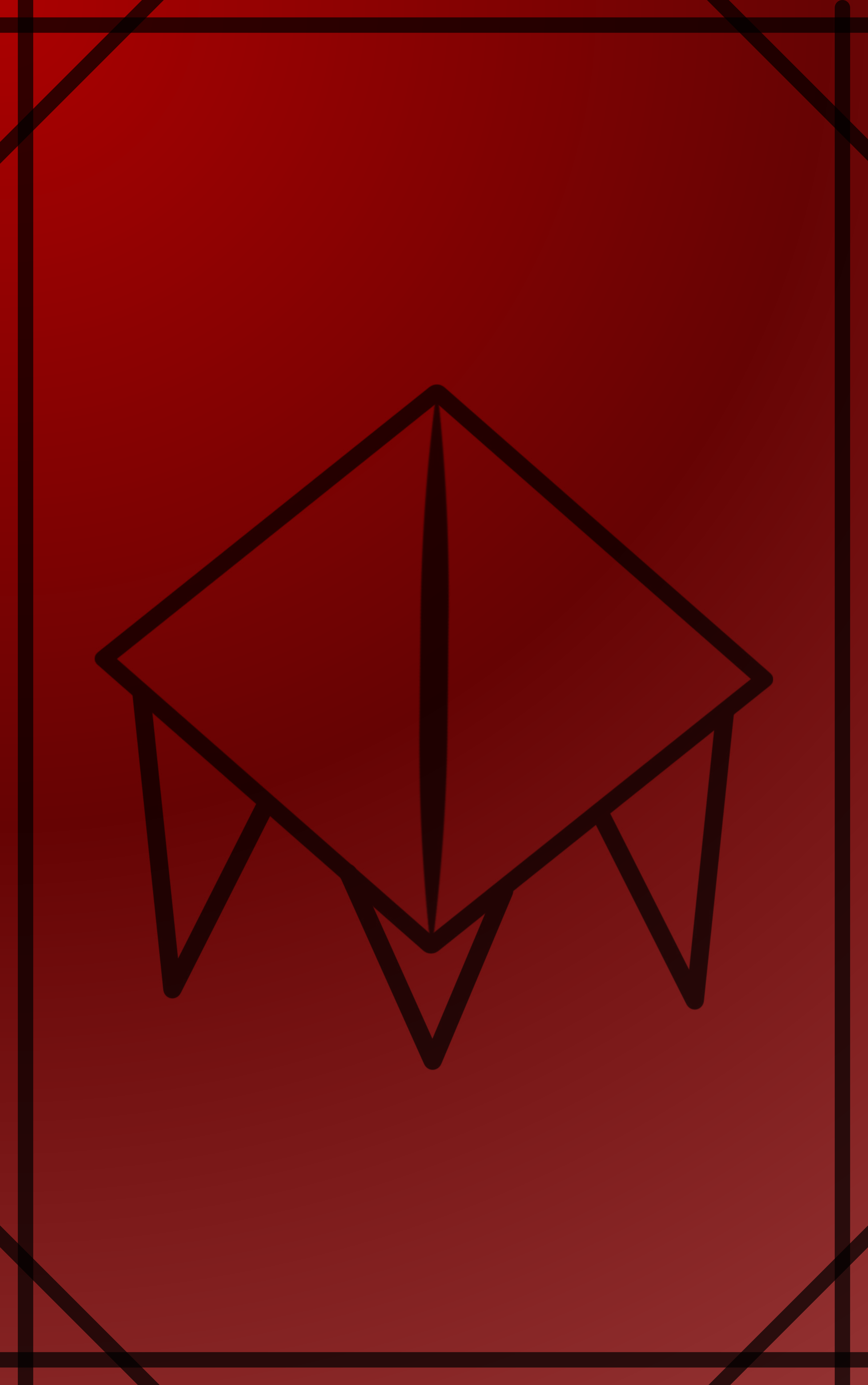




The Book of Scarlet.

~~*Property of no man in particular, and instead those whom find themselves
seeking true salvation.*~~

*Property of The Boodtorn, if found promptly return to the bin near
the church's doors.*

*This copy was made for prayer use and prayer use alone. Do not
thieve this book or one risks expulsion.*

Predecessing Context.

I--a man of whom finds a great least importance in mankind in comparison to this creature--desire to use this leather--back to note on any occurrences of it's manifestation. If/When my death doth occur, I desire so that any following handlers of this book follow in my footsteps. Avoid importance on one--self, the only importance shall be that of that whom I have dubbed The Scarlet King. Commonly manifesting itself in the form of Red eyes onto the face of those of weak mind. This creature, this god--will be a harbinger of the end. Once this end doth occur, oneself must be one with this creature's presence to be allowed to pass forth onto the greater world.

1421, Spring 23

Today, in the late bloom of moonlight, I beheld something most fascinating. On a patrol through my town's merchant center I witnessed as a man just average began to levitate in air. Akin to a fowl, he lay adrift only a meter above the ground, silently viewing the silent meandering of the stray customers. Alongside this unordinary happening, the man's iris were a bright red – like the shade of which the licour from a mannes woundes wolde flowe. His bulbous orbes blinked, but unlik a blinking man, It fluttered how a light wolde. I stood bifore him, astounded. peraventure fearful, but it was right curious. It appeared to be right possible witchcraft but I could not flee. Without wordes, the biggings aboute it blew ablaze – a happening I assumed was caused by its presence drove my mind in swarmes. It is gaze alone felt as the weight of many men was driven through my mind. The destruction following is indescribable – the screams of many, agony and pain filling the air. Almost within a physical sense. Many fathers and mothers were torn from this world today. I know not of it is reasons for sparing myself. Though, I believe of which it's reasons may be in spreading it's desires. I refuse to speke for something above me. My theory on this happening is that a thing far above mankind possessed that man, and desyreth myself to start a wildfire of knowledge on it. I desire to publish this excerpt to a local newes-paper – and will write on the outcome on the page after this.

1421, Spring 24

As of scribing this, many a folk are attempting to break through my home doors. They believe me to be possessed by something of demonic origin. After I halt this I will hide this book and it's empty pages under my floorboards -- anyman whom stumble upon this trove, I implore you to seek it's retribution as I have. This is a cause worth losing your skin and bone for.

To go to the next unburnt page, press anywhere.

1636. Winter

I geatest grandfather had this book for large time, before I was born. Kept it in the attic, he said it was some odd rellic he found. In the beach nearby. looks to Be the ramblings of an insane man. Witcher at. Didn't let me read it for the longest time, but I would once every night sneak up and read it. It sounded fake, until what happend that made me pick it up. My husband's eyes matched the description this man wrote of. They were red, and he acted different to how he did. All powerful like. It was late at the nit, when he had awoken me up. Said he heard the baby crying. Told me to make it shut up. Gut whenever i got up, he got up too and followed me to the baby. When i walked into the baby's bed, he picked it up and killed it with his foot. our new born baby, he killed. He didnt say anything, just brought back to bed. As of writing this he is asleep, and that is all he did. It was
Tall. It is because of the demon that these people have write about.

1636. Winter

I am writing this the night fall after the last paper I wrote. After i write this I will do what the hundreds who had used it before and hide it somewhere. I asked him and he knew nothing. He hit me because he thought i had killed him. I don't know what to do because of this. reporting to the authorities will surely have backlash for me as well. I am afraid and mourning quiet.

To go to the next unburnt page, press anywhere.

1636, Winter

My wife has pronounced me insane, repeating the statement that my eyes went red and that I hit her how i had not before. At first, i believed she was losing her mind but i remembered a book my father had. The stories he told me about a demon who would possess people and give them red eyes when doing so. I believe it was this demon that overtook me, the one described in the hundreds of pages in this book.

I have seen only witnesses speaking on it up to this point, so

I would assume not remembering is normal. There are hundreds of free pages here, and I would like to follow in the footsteps of those before to me. I am afraid this thing will come back, and refuse to let it hurt those close to me. Most people here are infested with the demonic, I refuse to be. I will be seeking a priest tomorrow, and will continue to write as necessary. If I do not return home--perhaps this demon possessing me further--I will leave the next page blank for such a matter. If anyone in the future finds this book, I want the next page is left for myself, even if dead.

To go to the next unburnt page, press anywhere.

March 3rd, 1951

I have had this leather cover in my possession for many years, and studied it front and back. My father, in his youth, established a religion to praise this being. This 'Red Eyes' as a dozen or so have called it. In his recent passing, I was gifted the title of appraiser and given the title of the 'leader' as one would say. I have much refused to even put pen inside of these empty pages--for fear of potentially tampering with its believed energy. Though, today I was blessed with his presents. I was out in the city--a place I do not frequent--in which I found a man, lips bubbling, tearing apart a mother in front of her child. The site was gruesome, especially because he appeared to be eating this woman, but I caught a glimpse of its eyes, and they were unrecognizable. This Scarlet King, I believe--like my father stated to me young--that it feeds off of the hurt of us fragile beings. I have spent a majority of my time in solace foreseeing this onto these followers though with no result. perhaps this was the result of my efforts. Though, unlike my father believed I was given no elevated mind. That has not shaken my belief, and shant shake anyone further.

March 20rd, 1951

I have considered my last writing and what I have witnessed for many weeks, and I believe this to be a warning. I believe and imagine our lord returning in his fullest form, and he will take away anyone who had not praised it. It will rein, and only those who have aided will be granted ascension.

December 29th, 1978

I have aged many decades since my last pages. In my years I have only witnessed him once. Though this is like any prior, none of my followers have either. I am fearful of the reason. I have spent many years attempting to draw it closer, and have seen nothing. While I believe this to also be it's strong will, I also believe my actions have not been plentiful enough. My belief is he is waiting on his vessel for an upbringing, for his throne to be made in the skulls and bones of those too weak to open their mind. I have, half a decade ago, given rise to a child with a virgin from this very cult. I hope to raise this boy to take my place, and only hope he may do better than i have. I have partially manufactured this boy to also be the vessel I have spoken of prior. I hope he will be the bait needed to bring our lord closer, that he can follow in my footsteps and open himself to these ideals, alongside allowing himself to tear like how our lord would.

April 9th, 1998

As of writing this, he is of age and growing as the days go.

Though I have refused the tempting urge to speak on personal matters i believe this will be of importance. I only have a matter of years left in me, and he is much more of a man than I could ever imagined. He is already very ambitious--aiding in anything I permit him to--and I hope to give him my mantle once I pass. I hope he may take this name with stride, and allow himself to be the vessel I had dreamed of. To grant us our connection--to be the link these people need. I hope my death--a self inflicted one once I believe I am of no use--will give him and our lord enough stamina. My bones are weak, but he is strong. I pray he is strong enough.

To go to the next unburnt page, press anywhere.

April 2nd, 2003

My dad killed himself. I can't even begin to describe what the hell he did. I've sat, in solace for multiple days--thinking, praying. From what he had taught me this was likely a sacrifice of sort, but really. I'm left with this stupid cult, on my own. I understand this is what I was born for, but I'm not ready.

I haven't cleaned his blood off the floor yet. I have canceled every attendance date, I have no idea how I'm meant to tell anything. Maybe I'll ignore his existence. Forget. Move on. My thoughts are swirling and I cannot think, the smell of his rotting corpse is headache inducing.

All I have is this book--looking at his handwriting makes me want to sob. But I cannot.

I have work to do.

April 3rd, 2004

Today was the first day in a decade where I willingly ate a raw animal. It was something he did, usually cooking the bear or fox or whatever alive. Wrestling with that deer was torture, scarred me good. I guess it does what he wanted though. The King, must be watching.

As of writing this I have buried his corpse under the floorboards. Cleaned the dusk and everything from the night before he ascended. I hope to reinstate the cult fully, and have my speech prepared. I hope I may stand to his legacy.

I must stand to his legacy. I have started planning a slight revamp of this building as to make prayer more fluent. I have cleaned the floor boards, and cleaned my mind.

I cannot think.

I have work to do.

To go to the next unburnt page, press anywhere.

August 21st, 2020

I have just discovered what I assume to be traces of my lord lay stain on this earth. This believe sourced by the odd energy I feel radiating from this specific patch of forest mud. Alongside this, a blood toned stain that looks akin to a burn mark wraps in a circle, all the grass around it dead. If this is not an indicator of his presence, I know not of what else could be. I have spent the past multiple hours carving his viewpoint into each tree near, and planting a flower I deemed of purity, a flower similar in shade to its glare. I hope this to be a shrine, a symbol of my dedication to him. I Realize the absurdity of my claim, but I feel a connection with this place above my own body, or mind. I have spent all of today working on this--of course after my meeting. I will keep at this, my work is not finished and never will be. My dedication is unending.

November 18th, 2020

I have for many months visited this site I created, praising, praying, begging for his eyes to set on me. I had not once doubted. As of writing this, I have met him. He was nothing like what I had been told. I will do my best to briefly describe him before continuing.

He came forth as a stubby woman, his signature red eyes on the woman's squinted lids and mixed skin tone. His hair was ankle length, abrasively curly with many a grey strands plastered throughout. His body was full, and skin clean. For wear, he wore a dim red t-shirt and black pants with no shoes, just muddied socks. I have not been able to pinpoint why this is why he chose to present himself to me, but I am not worthy of judging.

November 18th, 2020

On a moon-blazon night akin to any prior, I made my way to my sight after today's meeting to see him peering around my work. Initially, I believed he was marveling it. Silently congratulating my work. In foresight, this was painfully incorrect. He did not flee upon my entrance, or even try to hurt me. He looked, and I spoke. Without any thought, I spoke and rambled.

I remember his response clearly. In an odd, soft but bitter voice, he spoke "I'm not here for you." Against what my mind told me, I begged for his further attention, to be seen further.

I was blown off in mere sentences, him leaving without even giving me time to continue. I was left alone with my thoughts, my mind, my words lingering. I took my pen up how I have always.

November 18nd, 2020

I believe my efforts were not enough. That I was too self centered, too narcissistic. I will disregard this tendency post haste, I will mold myself in his eye. I will make myself the perfect man to do his bidding. I pray the next time he shows himself I will be good enough.

But I have no time for self pity. I have work to do.

Nothing else remained.

