

12 August, 1935

Three days out of Shanghai, and halfway back to US, my damned wound thank Christ not infected. Finally feel up to updating re: the circumstances of our escape from the city on the evening of the 9th and the morning of the 10th.

After returning back to hotel room evening of 9th uneasy, an air of paranoia permeating the room. Took the dynamite I'd bought from a mining supplies shop we'd passed earlier in the day, ripped half to a tripuire by hotel room door (set to blast outward), and the other half to another tripuire strung beneath the window (also set to blast intruders). Hid real mirror in S*****'s purse, and placed fake (wrapped in red cloth) in the room safe. T***** and B***** left, agreeing to rendezvous at the docks in the morning whilst we hashed out the details of various complex deceptions we never had time to implement. Then wrote account previous, reaching the end of last entry just before the most curious thing occurred.

Could it be real? If imaginary, why do the others remember it so similarly? Group madness? Armitage will give us a reason, I'm sure. Armitage always has some explanation. Oh M***** , why are you so far away?

In any case, mysterious winged figure in our room, blackness, impossible. Spoke INTO OUR HEADS. Christ, remembering it sickens me. Hag voice, claimed to own mirror,

and 'pets' needing feeding. Thing HAD the mirror, fetched straight out of S****'s purse. Warned us, "You have two minutes..." and when looked out window, saw black figures approaching, killing guard. The hap disappeared, demanding we feed her pet and telling us we had little time to save ourselves, as intruders were approaching. Fortunately F**** had presence of mind to seize it up and place in pocket, as I'd as like as not have left it behind after that foul display. For my part, I opened the safe, in the hopes that those coming might find the decoy mirror and be led off-track.

Moments later: dynamite on door blew, killing two of the three assassins sent for us. Japanese, in curious black prowler costumes. One survived blast, and pursued us to the window and fire escape. F**** and S***** fled down, while I did my best to eliminate him, or at least slow his pursuit of them. Three shots, two of which struck, sending him tumbling down to the street below... but not before receiving a brutal wound in my side from his sword.

Yes, SWORD wound. Came at me with a Japanese blade, screaming barbarities and all. What is this, the War of the Christ-fucked Roses? Bloody maniacs, the Japanese are, but almost admirable for it. Rarely have I had as much cause to fear for my life so seriously as I did in that fight. Perhaps after all it was a fortunate thing to have had them on our side in the war, at any rate. I did not feel

Sorry to blast him with the pistol I'd picked up the day before, sending him toppling over the railing to the alley below. Had a mind to grab his sword as a trophy - well, & a backup weapon - but it'd tumbled too far and we were in a hurry.

Moments later, we fled in the car T***** and F*** had hired for the day before. Drove all night, then headed for the docks to board a ship - ANY ship - bound for home. Ran into Wassily just before boarding, begging for a bribe in order to pass on nonsense to his, er, other employers, instead of "ratting us out" to them, as the Yanks like to put it. I had no interest in talking to the cheeky bastard, but suspect from things she's mumbled about since that young S*** passed him a bribe. I'd as soon have fed him to whatever monster is attached to the mirror, to be frank, but then again, I'd much rather not get too intimate with the horrid thing at all.

It's three days since, and we're now halfway back across the Pacific. Ordinarily, I'd be complaining of how the ship won't be stopping in Hawaii to see what Cook marveled at all those years ago, but not tonight... not with that damned thing still in our midst.

I've mainly concentrated on the ship's supply of Scotch (as much as my wound will tolerate, which is sadly too little to offer much comfort to my mind), & find I am increasingly

worried about F*****. Been acting odd, prattling on about "scientific method", and just tonight, turned up at the ship's so-called "saloon" visibly shaken, though he put up a brave face and talked of "scientific method". S**** tried to get him to speak up. She's a funny lass, thinks talking about everything is necessary. Doesn't understand that sometimes a man must simply grit his teeth and dip the bullet out on his own.

But can F**** dip out this particular bullet? Suspect he's been meddling with the damned mirror, what with the strange wounds and markings on his hands, and the look in his eye... but am loathe to involve myself in the pursuit of any thing that I cannot be sure to shoot dead. I give him Scotch, he drinks it, but S**** pushes and pushes on. I shouldn't be surprised if F***** is driven mad not by the mirror, but by her anxious ministrations.

May we deliver the wicked thing into the possession of Armitage, and be free of the black cloud it has brought into our lives. For when I lie alone in my bed, thinking of M****, I feel something, a sensation not my own.

It's HUNGER, Christ save us, and I know the feeling is given off by that damned mirror. I'm of half a mind to toss it over the side and be done with it... except Christ knows what horrors it would wake down on the seabed. Better to

put it into Armitage's keeping, though I'm loath to admit it.

Three more days until we reach America. Three measly more days. One or two more, perhaps, before we're back in Arkham and can hand the blasted thing over to Armitage, and I can hold M***** in my arms again.

But the feeling of hunger that hangs in the air makes me suspect it's not going to be that bloody simple in the end...