

# I Spy

July 18th, 1924

*Paul is dead. Having noticed that two days' worth of meals sat outside his rooms, untouched, his maid - I am told she will recover from the shock in at most a fortnight - went inside to discover a rather frightening display. Paul was in his dressing-gown, face down on the floor. Surrounding him were several ... shrines I suppose. All of the small objects from presumably the entire house had been arranged meticulously in strange patterns, and in front of each was a piece of doggerel written in blood.*

*When we arrived to collect the body, we discovered that Paul himself had no visible injuries, and there was no blood even on his fingertips. Very bizarre. Well, to a normal man, I suppose. Those of us who know about such things are no stranger to beasts which consider flesh no barrier. If the coroner reports that his heart is missing, I will find it no great shock.*

*Paul's death is a sort of dark blessing, I suppose. We know what had been trying to do the night he presumably died, and now we shall not try to repeat the experiment. But it pains me to lose a bright mind. At least the police are not likely to suspect foul play, Paul was known to be melancholy in temperament, and after the loss of his daughter it is not a fantastic surprise that he would surround himself by her things and then take his life. Hm. I suppose it is for the best that the coroner sympathizes with our cause.*

1. I spy some holly and a little brass flame  
I spy a tetrahedron and a girl's first name
  
2. I spy a corkscrew, an alien's mace  
A skull and a sun and a gargoyle's face
  
3. I spy a key and an octopus eye  
A cross and a 12 and an eight-sided die
  
4. I spy a cat and a die in a jar  
I spy a nun and a polka-dot car  
I spy a frog and a golden guitar
  
5. I spy a pig, a rocket, a coil  
A button, a thimble, a brain, and a foil
  
6. I spy a division sign and a bell  
I spy a heart,  $1/8$  and a shell