

Remnant 23 (In the Meditation Chamber)

December 3

Feeling good, despite the cold. Finished my re-read of *Eyes of the Child*. Always reminds me of a painting I saw once in a gallery somewhere back in the city where I used to live.

December 4

It's been quite a while since I've seen Marjorie. ~~I miss her.~~ I must keep to my studies.

December 6

I had the strangest dream last night. I was lost in this huge house. It seemed to go on forever. Some of the rooms were familiar, but others were very strange. I encountered odd beings like something out of one of my books. But then I found myself in a sort of vestibule, I suppose you'd call it. Curving staircases and—perhaps most notably—orchids. Orchids in vases, just like my mother used to adore. I spoke the mother's name and was returned safely home.

December 7

I swear that last night I had the same dream—or perhaps a very similar one—as the night before. I was lost in a maze of a house, rooms and corridors extending forever it seemed, but I was able to escape by speaking mother's name into some orchids. But there was more this time. There was a strange angular structure in the basement. And a man, or at least he wore the face of a man—familiar, but not—was down there with it.

**Remnant 2 (in A Storeroom of Sorts)**

December 10

My old teacher referred to something he called a mind palace. He said that it was a place where he could mentally preserve all his thoughts, his memories, and his ideas. He visualized it as an actual place. The thoughts and ideas became objects within this place, carefully organized and stored away. Some might be carefully protected, locked away, and some might be displayed prominently. He could then visit his mind palace whenever he wanted. By visiting over and over, always visualizing the objects that represented his thoughts and memories in the same places, he made it very real, at least to him. He could close his eyes and see himself there, strolling the halls, visiting the rooms, and he wouldn't even have to consciously remember where he placed which object. They were just there, ready for him to peruse.

While he originally created his mind palace as a way of remembering everything he wanted to remember, he said that it became far more than that. He felt as though

it was truly a retreat designed only for him. A place of respite only he could visit. He reveled in the privacy of it. And he insisted that it preserved his memories so completely that they could replay in his mind, like perfect recordings.



Remnant 4 (in The Library)

December 17

I've begun work building my own mind palace. Rather than make up some fantastic castle or grand manor, however, I've just used this house. I find it easier to sustain this "mental location" using a place I'm very familiar with.

The thing is, I already find that in order to place all the thoughts and memories I want to preserve within it, I have to change things. Rooms are bigger in my mind palace than in the real house, for example. The mental objects I'm placing there don't match the contents of the actual rooms. But that's alright. I don't regret my choice to base my palace on this house. I love this house. Funny old place. It sat vacant for so long before we came along. At least, that's what I understand to be true. The actual origins of the place are a bit murky.

As a child, I always hoped for a happy family here. My father made that impossible, though. And by not helping me, my mother helped him. I always sought a way to protect my younger brother. I wondered what would happen to him, growing up here with our family. Well, these are the kinds of thoughts I can put in my mind palace I suppose.



Remnant 1 (in the Living Room)

February 4

Marjorie attempted to get me to leave the house today. "You've been cooped up in there all winter," she said. I told her I wasn't well and that she should come back another day.

I feel fine, of course. But I've no desire to interact with the world today. The girl from the grocery store brings me food and necessities every week. I've no need to walk about in the sun, and see the "sights." I have all the sights I need here in the house, and in my books. Fresh air holds no appeal, particularly in this cold month. Perhaps in Spring I'll venture out, and make Marjorie happy.

Summer at the latest.

February 7

Heard the child's laughter again today. I suspect there must be some little animal in the walls.



Remnant 5 (In the Great Hall Side Room)

February 8

I heard the scratching noise again. This time, I think it was coming from the parlor. But when I checked, as always, there was nothing there. Unlike previous times, however, I'd spilled tobacco from the pouch next to the chair in that room, and amidst the scattered bits, a mark that seemed very much like a footprint. From the size of it, perhaps a woman's. Or a child's. And yet I am certain I am alone here, as I have been for so long.

If there was someone here, I believe I would know about it.

February 10

More scratching. I've just been trying to ignore it now. Perhaps it's all in my mind.

February 19

I've spent the last three days devoted to finding the source of that scratching noise. Practically tore the place apart. I didn't find anything, but I did find... something. Maybe. I'm really not sure. It's just that I walked into the sewing room, and damned if I can remember there being a sewing room there before. I mean, of course there was. Obviously. But what's going on with my mind?

March 13

If I'm mad, I'm absolutely mad, but since there's no one here to mock me for it, I'll just stand by what I feel to be true. The house is bigger than it once was. I wasn't certain about the sewing room, and the gallery, but I will go to my grave believing that this house didn't used to have an interior courtyard.



Remnant 9 (in the Room with a Hidden Elevator)

April 7

The bone key allowed me into the Armory for the first time. I had no idea there was such a place in the house. I took a knife from there that seemed to want to leave with me.

April 9

This knife. This eager knife. It wishes to kill. I should return it to the Armory. I am afraid of that place, however. Something dwells there now, I can feel it. I can smell it, like metal shavings and newly drawn blood. Whatever it is, it is like the knife. Perhaps they are one. Perhaps they should be reunited.

**Remnant 19 (In the Dining Room)**

May 1

There are new rooms in the house I haven't seen before. And perhaps some that I've lost, but I can't remember them. It's as though as the house changes, so too does my mind. Maybe this has been happening for a while now, and I've just forgotten.

At this point, it's far beyond me wondering if the house is haunted. But I do wonder if the new rooms already existed somewhere else before, and if the house chose them because they already had their own hauntings. Because who are were these people?

May 3

I've lost my ring. I actually lost it a few days ago, I believe, and last night I dreamt that the reason I couldn't find it was that it was stolen by a wolf. My dreams have been so odd lately. I should probably record them here more often. Perhaps make some sense out of them.

Strangely, though, it feels almost that I have already done that, but forgotten it. Well, all the more reason to write them down, I suppose.

May 4

The house has eyes. And the eyes have teeth. There is a hole in the parlor. Not sure the house always had a parlor. In any event, there's a hole. In the wall. I think something lives in there. At first, I thought it was some animal that had made its nest or home there, crawled in from some outside hole. I seem to remember hearing some scratching in there a few months back. Honestly, I haven't been outside in so long, I wouldn't even know where to guess such a hole might be.

A thought just occurred to me: is the outside of the house growing and changing too? It seems like no, but some mornings, when I awaken and look out the window, just for a moment, it's as though I'm looking out into another town, in another land.

In any event. The hole. I suppose I am stalling. I don't really wish to write about it. There's something disturbing in the hole. And it watches me. But more than that. I could hear a gnashing of teeth. Grinding.

May 5

I went back to examine the hole in the parlor again. There was, without question, something or someone watching me from that blackness. It wants something of me. I can't say that I'll be going back in there again. That would have been an impossible claim before, but now, with new chambers and passages in the house, I don't think it will be hard to avoid a single specific room.



Remnant 20 (in the Dripping Room)

May 28

Today for the first time I became well and truly lost in my own home. I wandered into a large chamber, as cold as the hand of a dead lover. Dimly lit, I couldn't see the other side. I walked and walked and found no far wall. The chilling thought that there was no far wall was more than I can bear. Then I remembered the funny old mantelpiece clock in the living room. The one with the two faces that tell different times. I wandered in this dark room until I could hear its absurdly loud ticking. Following that sound, I found my way back to a room I knew. I remember my parents telling me about it, and how they bought it in a second-hand store as a joke because they could never agree on the time, and it could have the time for both of them. Comforted by it, I swore then and there that if I ever lost my way again, the thought of that fine pewter piece would see me home again. It's as tied to this old house as I am.

June 3

I placed my grandmother's diamond pin in the trunk in the attic. I wanted to keep it safe, and safe isn't really a word I would use lightly here in the house anymore. I don't believe the attic to be safe just because the hidden staircase to reach it in the dining room is cleverly concealed, it's more that it seems... well, I'll just say, "out of reach." Somehow, the attic seems to be unchanged, unlike almost the entire rest of the house. I don't know why that would be.

Curiously, while I was up there, I had a memory of little girls playing games, burning candles and calling out strange names. While in the attic, the memory was

quite vivid. I could see the girls, I even knew their names. One seemed close to me, like a sister.

But I never had a sister.

It's like something was missing. Or perhaps it would be better to describe it as something added that doesn't belong. Perhaps what's happening to the house is clearly happening to my mind as well. Or it's all the same thing and I'm just utterly mad.

Or the house is.



Remnant 21 (in the Attic)

June 19

Thinking of the strange memories I had of the attic, I found a book with similarly attached unfamiliar memories. A book of some importance to my father, I think. It seems very familiar in that way, even though there's a distinct part of my mind that says I'd never laid eyes upon it before.

I couldn't read it, for some reason. The letters swam before my eyes. I considered that it was simply eyestrain, so I went into the library and pulled a few other books off the shelf. Vilhouse's excellent Eyes on the Skies? Read it just fine. Same with Arul's Spirit Guide and The Tooth and the Claw. But this book—perhaps my father's book?—unreadable. So it wasn't my eyes, it was the book.

Of course, my father frequently kept journals of his own, which I've never found, even after his passing. I presume that in them he took notes on his so-called Great Work. But he never shared them with me. After a while, I just assumed that he burned all those journals. Could this be his? I honestly can't even see it clearly enough to determine if it's handwritten or not, let alone in his hand. (Would I even recognize it anymore if I did see it?)

That doesn't seem quite right though. I have an old magnifying glass in my study that had been his. I wonder if that would help bring this into focus? Perhaps I'll try that.

June 20

I was putting away some old junk in the basement when I found... something. An odd sort of freestanding structure with a metallic tripod stand. It seems multifaceted, but strange as it sounds, I couldn't tell you its shape. It brought to mind geometries that would have driven poor Euclid quite mad. That fiction writer with the odd ideas

and the preoccupation with sea life mentioned the concept once or twice. Perhaps I should research such things to see if they are real.

June 21

I met someone today in the house. He looked, well, very much like me. Like an old uncle that I had never met, although he assured me that was not the case. He called himself the Antinomy, which I found strange. It's a relatively obscure word for incompatible contradictions and paradoxes. While he was reticent to talk about himself or his past—or perhaps of just as much importance, what he was doing in my house—he seemed quite willing to discuss the house. Unfortunately, very little of what he told me made any sense at all. He spoke of backrooms that seeped down into something or other. Of people that never lived in this house as far as I know. And a thing he called the aeolotropic structure, which I eventually determined was a reference to the thing in the basement. It seemed a fitting enough name, I suppose, as it does seem to have qualities that seem to change depending on how it might be measured. I think I will find a better name for it, though, once I know more about it.



Remnant 6 (in the Secret Room)

June 22

I've sent away for more books. Despite my beloved collection, I just can't find the answers I need. Thankfully, I'm in communication with an excellent bookseller who doesn't mind packaging some titles up and sending them my way. I only hope they have the information I seek. Surely I am not the first person to have experienced the situation in the basement.

Speaking of books, I've misplaced that book I felt was my father's the other day. Perhaps it was just a dream.

July 8

When I asked the Antinomy about the origin of the aeolotropic structure, he told me that I created it. But that makes no sense. I don't remember doing such a thing. Seems more like something my father would do. He always talked about his "great work," but I don't remember him being much of a craftsman. He was always in the library.

There are 8 mystical tools, that much I know. I secreted them about the house. I no longer remember why. Which seems strange. Did I build the structure? Something else? I remember something about hot coals.

July 12

I've scoured these blasted books but they're all worthless. Perhaps I am indeed the only one to have seen this aeolotropic structure, or spoken with the Antinomy. I will have to find my own answers. And if I cannot do it in this house, I am certain I can do it in the other.



Remnant 13

July 30

With the Antinomy's help and the power of the Lacuna, and performed a conjuring I could never have managed on my own. The thing was... awful. I don't know how to send it back. I enchanted some flames to keep it in place. Perhaps I should post some kind of guard. Or perhaps I could build something. The Antinomy tells me that there are 8 mystic tools that can work wonders, somewhere in the house.

The tools sound familiar, but why?

July 31

The Antinomy says that it's possible to enter the Lacuna, but I'm afraid. I think it is not only an empty spot in space, but also time.

August 1

Have I already written this? I found a page, and it appeared torn from my journal, and the writing was in my hand, but I couldn't have written it. And it was dated later this month, relating things I hadn't yet done. I strongly suspect that there's something about the aeolotropic structure that unhinges us from time. And the journal entry that I saw said that I entered it. I wonder why the page was torn out.

And now, of course, I've misplaced the journal page. I don't know if it's just the forgetfulness that I've been experiencing, or if it faded away like some kind of ghost.

I know that wayward or lost spirits exist as ghosts. Goddamn, but I know a thing or two about that. Perhaps things can have ghosts as well. Could a book? I'm not sure you could read the ghost of a book. If I had the ghost book, I would take it to my private study. I'd have a way to read it there.

August 2

The Mother of... something. Inexplicable Things? Senseless Things. One of those. I remember my dear sister whispering about this person. Being. Whatever. Whispering in some secret chapel. Is this Mother related to our mother?

Did I even have a sister? That suddenly doesn't seem quite right.



Remnant 8 (in the Shoin)

August 13

I no longer know if I walk the halls of my home or my mind palace.

August 14

I know that voice. It's the voice of my father. Or at least, a father. Someone's father. He seems tied to a particular portion of the house.

August 15

I know now that I'm not alone in the house. It's not just voices in my head as a part of me has insisted all along. Or memories infused into solid matter, which as odd as it seems is something I'd considered as well. I'm not mad. Or at least, if I am mad that's not the sole explanation here. I perceive things I could never have conceived. I don't know exactly where some of these things have come from.

This isn't a mind palace. Or at least, it's not my mind palace.

August 16

Yes, I can feel mother here as well. The smell of her, coming too close. I have infused the house somehow with my memories of both mother and father.

[Page break]

August 17

I didn't bring them here. They came looking for me. My brother and sister are here as well. And I don't mean they are here as opposed to somewhere else. I mean they are here, as in, they are this place. The whole family. And perhaps at least one other. Did I have siblings? I no longer remember. Perhaps a younger sibling. I remember being in a nursery and there being a dollhouse. I so wanted a happy family then. That seems right, or rather it feels right, but I have no idea if these are my memories. There is a portrait of a family on the wall in one of the rooms. I don't appear to be in the picture. Although there is someone in the back, on the right? I can't look at that anymore.

August 18

I managed to move the aeolotropic structure. As I guessed, it changed shape as I did so. I've put it in the basement.

August 22

Some people call a mind palace a memory palace. If that's the case, am I moving through it in the right order? I seem to think that I'm remembering things before they happened, and forgetting them after. Wasn't there something about orchids?

August 24

I keep finding rooms in the house—the mind palace—that I am certain I never saw before. I wonder, is there a way to get back to the original house, as it once was? A tea room. More bedrooms than I can even begin to count. An art studio with some very disturbing art. A great hall, where someone had recently thrown a lavish party. An armory for God's sake. Where is the house that I knew?

August 29

So much space. Why is there so much space in the house? What dwells within these places I never knew existed?

Were these undiscovered rooms always here? I don't feel safe in them. Perhaps I should never have felt safe in any of the rooms of the house at all. Even the ones I thought I knew.



Remnant 7 (with the Ravendream)

August 30

I've entered and exited the aeolotropic structure. From the outside, it appears different from every angle. I suspect if one were to somehow move it, it would change shape. It's like a lacuna... in the world. It is not bound by the constraints of neither space nor time. I do not know how long I was within, and am beginning to suspect that the concept doesn't even apply. Similarly, thinking about the interior in terms of shape or size seems almost childly foolish. I think I will call it the Lacuna henceforth.

Questions I still have:

Is the Lacuna alive? Sentient?

Is the Lacuna affecting the house?

Where was the Lacuna before I found it in the cellar? Was it brought here? Did I bring it here?

Where did the Antinomy go?



Remnant 27 (In the Vestibule)

August 31

I feel like I'm forgetting something. Something about the orchids. I think I wrote myself a note about it, but where did I put the damn note?

Well, I know how to leave the house, now. I know there's a man who stands at the threshold. Or rather, he is the threshold. He is the lock and the door. A key that I've found opens up his chest and will let me out. The key is behind the bar in the ballroom. He let me create a second lock in his head that takes me to the secret room in my study.

None of these rooms are what I remember them to be. It's all just so odd. And the people that live here now. The entities. I thought I lived alone and now it seems the house is actually quite crowded. I've made note of some of them here and there. Not sure where I put those notes now. Maybe they're with the other notes I'm missing. I honestly cannot remember.

Yesterday, I entered the Lacuna. I saw the creation of the house, or rather, how my house fused with something that already existed. And now my house—the house, the Darkest House—has always existed. But it's also other houses, ones that were never mine. It's hard to pull it all together. So many pieces. Now I know if I can just get back there... I can figure things out. Except I can't. Today, I can't find any of the familiar rooms. Not even my real bedroom—just the new, larger one I've been using for a few weeks now. I can't figure out how to get back down into the basement.

I need to start writing things down so I don't forget goddamned everything.

There's a stop that the elevator makes—not all the way at the bottom. That's not the basement. I don't know what that thing down there is, although it clearly knows me. That seems significant somehow. But nothing will get me to ever go back down there. Just before the elevator reaches the bottom, though, there's a series of rooms. I think I shall explore them. Perhaps there I will find a way back to the familiar rooms of the house. I can leave the house, but when I come back in, things quickly become unfamiliar.

Where is the kitchen? The sitting room? I can't find them anymore. If I can just get to the ~~basement~~ the real basement, I can find the Lacuna and maybe even the Antinomy.



Remnant 8 Continued (in the Shoin)

September 3?

I've found a new corridor. It continues for... well, I have no idea. And frankly, I'm not sure it matters anymore. Distance, space, even time: they all seem like quaint, almost childish concepts now. Yellow wallpaper. Musty carpet. Endless?

Is the house creating these new locations within itself, or did they always exist? I wonder if perhaps the world I knew was the false one. But if the house is creating more and more space within it, I can't help but ask why? And how much will be enough?

What can satisfy the house?

September. Later.

The house is not a house. That is to say, beyond just the obvious. I had thought that I was responsible for its creation, or its alteration, but this is far larger than me.

September, perhaps?

Death. Life. They are like time and space. Meaningless. At least meaningless here. The barriers are all gone, if they ever truly stood at all.

I am trying to get back to the original house that I knew. I can't find it any longer. I haven't seen a familiar room or feature for days.

???

I have walked for so long. Weeks, perhaps. Hunger, thirst... these things no longer seem relevant. I stand at the edge of some dark ocean. I wonder at the depths and what might lie there. I wonder at the far shore, if there even is one. I have met a happy little fellow on my journey. I'm going to give him my journal to take back to more... understandable portions of the house. He seems happy to do so. Always smiling.

Having reached this far, in this place which may or may not be real—as if that's a word that even has meaning anymore—all I have found is darkness. This must truly be the darkest house.

So much despair here. So much hate. Mine? Can it be mine?

Does it matter?