

Entry 1.

It was almost by accident that I came upon the unfinished manuscript of James Dayton. I was researching a new novel and scouring the shelves of the Lowestoft Library for anything concerning lost civilizations. A young librarian came up to me and asked if he could help me find what I was looking for, and went on to show me what the small town library had to offer. A few shoddily-researched popular history books. A badly translated edition of Plato's Timaeus. I was unimpressed.

"You know", he said after a while; "there is one thing that you might be interested in."

He left the books lying on a table and led me behind the heavy oak counter and down a flight of stairs. We came into a basement where the air was stiff and heavy with dust and some other smell which I first could not place. I soon realized, with some alarm, that it was the smell of mold.

A few lonely light bulbs flickered into existence as the librarian flipped a switch. The basement was filled with row upon row of dusty books that had not seen the light of day since the time they were first printed.

At the back of the room, the librarian pulled out a thick bundle of withered paper from one of the shelves. He wiped away the worst of the dust and handed the manuscript to me. As I began paging it through, the librarian told me the story:

"This was donated to us some fifty years ago by a man called James Dayton, a rich guy building ships for the navy. Now my aunt, who worked here at the time, says that he looked like he was about to die. He was in his late seventies and as he handed her the papers he told my aunt that he was going away; that he was headed for the Himalayas to meet an old friend..."

Hearing the librarian's description I expected the manuscript to be just another dull biography of an unimportant man with too high thoughts of himself. In part, I was right. It had all the usual ramblings about old loves and regrets, rosy childhood memories of the family home and pretentious pieces of presumed wisdom.

Then there was something else. The bulk of the manuscript detailed a single journey Mr. Dayton made in the early 1900s: a journey from India up the slopes of the Himalayas and to the mythical city of Agartha.

Suddenly, the long-gone Mr. Dayton had firmly grabbed my attention.

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Entry 2.

I left the babbling librarian to his work and took the manuscript with me. As soon as I got home I perched myself in my reading chair and began devouring the story.

If the tale was to be believed, Mr. Dayton had gone to India to reunite with his childhood love, Miss Matilda Ashens, the daughter and disciple of a famous archaeologist. With the help of a few Sherpas they then bested the dangers of the Himalayas and, once they were deep inside Tibet, discovered a secret entrance to the underworld. They forged through this tunnel for weeks and eventually made it to the legendary land of Agartha: a sunlit world far beneath the Earth, filled with greenery and animals that had been extinct in the rest of the world for millions of years.

I do not know if Mr. Dayton was delusional or whether he had intended the manuscript to be a work of fiction, a sort of faux biography; but as I kept turning the pages, a third, even more ridiculous option began to emerge: that the story was, to the very last letter, true.

Writing in the 1910s, Mr. Dayton appeared to have knowledge of things that were unknown in those days. Even when the story took its most ludicrous turns, it had an eerie realism to it. Mr. Dayton would for example describe, in incredible detail, living specimens of dinosaurs and trilobites which I knew for a fact had only been discovered as fossils a few years ago, long after the manuscript was written.

Of course, it had to be a forgery of some kind, perhaps even created by that babbling librarian. Or maybe it was written in the 1910s by Mr. Dayton, and his fantastical descriptions of living fossils by just happened to fall close to some much more recent findings. Maybe I just longed for such a story to be true, no matter how improbable it was.

I calmed myself with such thoughts. Then, on the next page, Mr. Dayton began to describe a dream that he had had many times throughout his life, a dream that grew clearer and more vivid as he made his way towards Agartha.

In the dream, a beautiful woman in a blue dress was standing on the edge of a cliff, whispering and singing to him. She urged him to come closer, only to fool him into falling off the edge of the mountain.

I read and reread the passage several times. This could not be a coincidence. This same dream had plagued me for several nights in a row and every time I woke from it, panting and sweating, it stuck with me more clearly.

Could it really be that Mr. Dayton and I had the exact same dream, half a century apart? I struggled to believe it. And yet, this was harder to just brush off, far more personal than some lucky guess about fossils.

I shivered. The lady in blue had somehow pried her way inside my waking mind and now she was tearing down all of my rational defenses. One by one they fell away, until I started to believe that the story was actually true.

Yes, James Dayton had indeed been having the same exact dream. I knew it; I could sense it clearly. And somehow this dream was linked to Agartha, a place I had just minutes earlier cast aside as a legend, but which I now knew in my heart was real.

And somehow, I had to find it.

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Entry 3.

I will not bore you with the details of my journey from England to India and up the mountains; save for the odd traffic jam and chilly nights on the Tibetan roads, it was wholly uneventful.

I followed the map in the manuscript and made my way up the Himalayas with an expedition and a few local Sherpas to guide our way. Having survived a harrowing snowstorm, we made it to the place where Mr. Dayton and his companions had entered the underworld: a small mountain chain shaped like a horseshoe. At its bottom lay a small cave opening, flanked by what seemed to be obelisks, just as Mr. Dayton had described in his text.

Upon closer inspection, the obelisks were nothing of the sort. They were triangular spires made from a purplish black material that could have been either stone or metal. They had an almost otherworldly quality. Looking at them felt like looking into a vast, dark space and not at a blank surface. If I looked at one of them for too long I would experience a strange sense of vertigo, as if I was at once staring up at the vastness of the night sky and peering down into a bottomless void.

Both spires were covered in symbols unlike any written language I had ever seen. They seemed to change shape as my eyes wandered between them, but I could never be quite sure whether I was merely imagining.

The only things that did not match the descriptions in the manuscript were the symbols, which looked quite different from the sketches in the manuscript. Even as I stood in the exact spot where he must have stood drawing them, the shifting symbols did not match. Had they somehow changed over the years?

Having unpacked my supplies for the journey - food, water, firewood and a flashlight with extra batteries to light my way - I took leave of my expedition and told them to meet me at this exact spot in six weeks.

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Entry 4.

For over a week I pressed on through the compact darkness, down a tube that seemed at once too rough to have been carved by human hands, and too purposeful to be wholly natural. In contrast to my predecessor, I carried an electric watch that told the time of day even in the pitch black of the underground. I can only imagine the horror of wandering through this eternal night without it; in these maddening conditions, even such trivial things are vital for one to keep clinging to a sense of normalcy.

In the manuscript, Mr. Dayton describes in the detail the moment the last of the kerosene lamps flickered into darkness. He and Miss Ashens realized for a short moment that they would never again see the world above; that they would never again see each other's faces.

They huddled together in the darkness, until they realized that there was still a hint of light - a light that must have come from deeper into the tunnel. They hurried on through the tunnel, which was now tilting slightly upwards. They stumbled ahead for what must have been several days until finally they emerged victorious in Agartha.

Now I stand where they must have stood when the light disappeared from their world. As I turn out my own light and let my eyes adjust to the darkness, I wait for the soft light that they saw fifty years ago to return once more.

And I can see it. The darkness is not complete blackness but a detailed mixture of black and dark, dark grey. I can make out the tunnel ahead, a dark grey hole in a black space, and here and there throughout the air I half-see, half-imagine tiny specks of dust flickering with a weak light.

A few more days pass and the light in the air keeps growing stronger, until I can clearly see my hand in front of me and the ground beneath my feet. I hurry on, through a marvelous cavern akin to a cathedral, past twists and turns, and then, finally, I come to the end. A thin sliver of bright, white light comes through a crack in the wall ahead.

I push myself through. Then, utterly blinded, I am in Agartha.

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Entry 5.

I spent a full day at the top of the hill that overlooks this vast cave, making a rough map of my surroundings and comparing it with the notes and sketches in the manuscript; to my delight, every detail was just as Mr Dayton described it. In front of me was an indescribable vista:

A thick forest of strange trees covered half the horizon, pierced in places by a narrow, overgrown path.

A river came from my right and flowed through the jungle and into a large lake by the far north-west end of the cave.

Gargantuan rock pillars stood spread out around the cave, holding up the very roof above my head, possibly the remnants of whatever force carved this place from the bedrock.

Even the sounds of the distant birds were just as Mr. Dayton described it - and can you imagine that, birds in the underworld!

Far away by the lake, fixed to the roof of the cave and surrounded by shimmering, hot air, was a tiny, brilliant sun. It was impossible to measure from this distance, but it was likely no more than a dozen meters across. It seemed almost to breathe in the air, sending it back out into the atmosphere in a pulsating rhythm. It even darkened with remarkably predictable intervals, providing Agartha with its "night", a long twilight that, through some marvel of nature, closely matched the hours of night on my watch. This Inner Sun was the source of all life in this place; how it functioned or had come into existence in the first place, I could not even begin to contemplate.

And almost right beneath it lay that unmistakable myriad of rocks and open space that characterizes a human city - a city underneath the Earth!

Every detail about this place matches Mr. Dayton's descriptions. Every detail, except one.

At the bottom of the hill, where the narrow path enters the jungle, there is another set of black spires. Just as with the spires at the mouth of the tunnel, none of the symbols written on them match the ones in the manuscript's sketches.

I am beginning to feel uneasy around these spires. They are ancient, inanimate, and yet they seem almost to be alive. The longer I peer into them, the stronger the feeling of vertigo becomes. My body grows cold, yet I can barely stop myself from looking.

I would hate to mangle a fine quote, but it very much feels like the dark abyss is staring back at me.

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Entry 6.

Today I reached the city of Agartha. Even as I walk its streets it feels like a dream - such a wonder it is!

This walled city is built on the side of a large hill in the very heart of the cave. It is surrounded on all sides by the rock pillars that hold up the roof, which I have decided to name the Atlas Fingers. At the top of the mountain is a peculiar structure. Mr. Dayton calls it the Mountain Palace, but it is not like any palace I ever saw. It is a vast, circular cliff, punctuated here and there by towers, balconies and staircases. There is even a gate lodged in the rock but alas it appears to have rusted shut. The whole complex is somewhat akin to some Etruscan necropolis carved into the hills of Italy, while the architecture itself is closer to the cities of the Aztecs than any Asian design.

However, it pains me to write that Agartha is not quite the place Mr. Dayton described. In the manuscript Agartha is a land of ever-lasting peace and tranquility; its citizens live happy lives and murder, rape and even petty crimes are all nearly unheard of.

The city I have discovered is a ghost town. The roads are empty, the houses overgrown, the paved roads cracked by weeds. The city walls, those decorative stones stacked on ridges of sand, are crumbling; in several places there are gaps in them so large that one can walk through with ease.

The silence is oppressive. I am alone in this city of Man, the last soul to walk its streets. Birds still sing in the sky and deer and even boars roam the streets, but I have yet to come across a single person in my first day here.

What happened here I cannot say. Even Mr. Dayton is silent about it. He ends his story with a personal revelation, writing that Agartha wasn't what he had hoped for. Then he details his trek back out through the tunnel - a chapter he appears to have left unfinished.

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Entry 7.

I have set up camp in a small house halfway up the mountain. I figured this would be a good base for my expeditions as I would never have to walk the full way up or down the slope on my way back to base. I also began exploring what seems to be the farming district of the city. Following the map in the manuscript I headed southeast from the mouth of the Palace, and to my delight I came upon several fields of wheat, tomatoes and fruits. Finding food will no longer be a problem.

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Entry 8.

My third day in the city has been productive but uneventful. I have spent most of my time planning my coming excursions so that I can cover the most ground possible during my first stay here. I will be marking out all areas of particular interest on my map, so that I can return to them later.

I barricaded myself in the house to make sure no animals would sneak in during the night. I was particularly keen to keep out the dinosaurs Mr. Dayton had written of. Seeing as everything else in the manuscript has turned out to be true, dinosaurs have become a very real worry and because of this I was barely able to sleep during the night. With every little sound I would jolt from my slumber, spin around with flashlight and pistol in hand and search for the source of the noise.

Fortunately, the sounds were always from insects and tiny mammals, and never from a dinosaur, but that did little to calm my nerves. As it turns out, being alone in a city of ghosts is not the most effective good cure for my already severe sleep deprivation!

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Entry 9.

This morning I woke from the most wonderful dream.

The lady in the blue dress was there. She was singing as she always did, calling out to me and luring me towards her, but this time she was not standing on some dangerous precipice in a blizzard: this time she was leading me through the streets of Agartha.

I followed her from house to house and she would often glance back at me, smiling. I would start running towards her and suddenly she would be far ahead of me. When I stopped to look around she would be by my side again, teasing me with her smile.

I woke from this dream with a curious feeling, one I have never quite felt before. I was at once hopelessly in love with this strange woman and utterly tranquil in the realization that I would never truly meet her. It is something that I am afraid must be felt to be understood.

Suffice it to say that I no longer worry about dinosaurs attacking me at night, or being alone in this city. I am finally home.

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Entry 10.

Northeast of the farming district, through a gate that has rusted shut, lies what Mr. Dayton describes as the "Workers' District". Apparently the Mountain Palace required such a large staff that they set up an entire gated district for them.

The wall surrounding the place puzzles me. Were the workers not allowed outside their portion of the city? It seems that way. I was only able to get in through a large crack in the wall as both of the gates into the district were locked from the inside.

The entire place is odd. It's clean, organized - and locked away. Just imagining its purpose makes me nervous.

There is an archway that leads directly from the district up the side of the Mountain Palace, but unfortunately the roof has fallen in. The manuscript also references a large nursing home, or rather a "Women's house", said to be located here. Mr. Dayton is quiet on the details of it, one of the downsides of reading a man with Victorian manners. He mentions how disturbed Miss Ashens was at the very sight of the place and how they hurried out of the district, fearing that she too would be put there.

From what I can gather, the so-called "Women's house" must have been a breeding central. Perhaps the workers were bred specifically for physical labour. Which begs the question: why would the palace dwellers need such a large force of physically fit men in a world of peace and tranquility? Surely they needed no army, for who was there to fight? And while there certainly is no lack of impressive architecture and infrastructure in the city, it hardly seems likely that an entire race of human worker bees would be bred for the purpose of building and maintaining them.

But if not, then what is all this for?

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Entry 11.

Today I ventured into the northern half of the city, which once must have been the most populous area. While the south is reserved for the farmers, the east for workers and what appears to be a

priestly class, this part of the city appears to have been the home of the merchants, the artisans, the bakers, the blacksmiths and anyone moderately affluent.

Just north of the city, by the inlet to the lake, I discovered another of the Atlas Fingers. This one, however, has collapsed - and quite recently too. My best guess is that an earthquake shattered it about a decade ago, as there is little of the overgrowth that characterizes the land.

Still, the roof has not fallen in just yet, and hopefully it stays up. I am harbouring the idea of going rock climbing on the north-eastern pillar, a monstrosity the size of a mountain, in an attempt to get a closer look at the Inner Sun. I still have some semblance of self-preservation left in me, however, so I am not sure whether I will ever attempt the climb.

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Entry 12.

I have begun to notice a strange pattern: almost all of the roads in the city seem to circle around the Mountain Palace. If it weren't for the occasional wall, one could take the road closest to the entrance of the palace, circle down the side of the mountain and end up at the southern gates of the city, having walked through every city district multiple times. There are several places where one can clearly see that the road once continued on, but that it has been blocked later on by a wall.

All of Agartha appears to spiral out of the Mountain Palace, which makes me all the more saddened that there seems to be no way inside it. Whatever is in the palace must unveil the secrets of the city. Naturally, this is where the rulers must have lived: those who could command a wall to be built right across the spiral path; those who could force-breed an entire race of workers to do their bidding. Surely someone in there must have recorded the history of this place. If only I could get inside...

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Entry 13.

In several places throughout the manuscript, Mr. Dayton details his recurring dreams of the lady in blue. Perhaps I am merely recreating in my own dreams what I read on paper, but the similarities between our dreams are too eerie to simply ignore.

There is little strange or scary about the dreams themselves: every night I dream of being led through the streets of Agartha by this beautiful woman, whose very presence fills me with joy and warmth. But having the same dream night after night and reading about what you just dreamt in a journal half a century old, is enough for me to wish that I never fall asleep again.

Mr. Dayton's dreams and mine even appear to follow the same pattern. With every dream, the lady in blue leads us deeper into the spiraling streets of Agartha, closer and closer to the gates of the Mountain Palace.

In my dreams the streets are empty, just as they are in reality. But in Mr. Dayton's dreams the streets are empty as well, even though they were crawling with people when he was here. Clearly this feature is not influenced by the actual city around us, but by something else.

He writes that he told Miss Ashens of the dreams on multiple occasions. He also told her that he could hear the lady's song even when he was awake. He writes:

"It is not quite a song. It is more like a call: something tugging at my subconscious, urging me to follow."

Miss Ashens was apparently unable to hear the song and, as time passed, she spent her time looking for a way into the palace. At the same time Mr. Dayton, otherwise quite the adventurer, became more and more pacified, content with their life in their new home.

I cannot hear the song, yet I can feel that there is something in the air. Perhaps that is the song, the subconscious calling that Mr. Dayton writes about. Perhaps one day I too will be able to hear it.

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Entry 14.

It's been a few days since I last wrote. In that time I have travelled out of the city, following an almost overgrown path to the east. Leaving the city was harder than I had imagined. Never before have I felt the fearful reluctance that so many other describe of leaving the safety of your home, your hometown or your country, and suddenly just thinking of leaving this city irked me. Agartha is having a strange effect on me indeed.

This morning I reached my goal: a vast, derelict temple covered in jungle. This place is unlike most of the abandoned areas I have so far encountered. The overgrowth here is much thicker; it appears to have been abandoned far earlier than the city itself.

There are a few more places like this: one is a small quarter just at the outskirts of the city, which has been completely walled off; another is what appears to be a temple of a wholly different nature at the far western corner of the cave, which I have so far only seen through my binoculars.

These places were abandoned earlier than the rest of the city, but for what reason? Mr. Dayton is quiet on the subject; from what I can tell he never visited these areas at all. They appear to be the last remnants of some ancient calamity, some forgotten shift in Agarthian history which forced people to hide behind the walls of the city.

Oh, what I would give to unlock the true story of this place!

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Entry 15.

I spent all of yesterday walking up and down the stairs of the derelict temple, peeking into whatever rooms and crevasses were yet unspoiled by the overgrowth. But, strangely, I was unable to focus on the archaeological treasures in front of me as my thoughts kept wandering back to Agartha. I felt a strong urge to return there, to leave everything I had brought with me and walk back. I resisted the urge, but still I could barely get any work done; my sketches of the ruins became childlike and devoid of detail, and I started forgetting which parts of the temple I had already explored.

During the night I could not sleep. That quiet force pulling me back to the city was hard at work; I could almost physically feel it tugging at me.

As the long twilight that is the Agarthian night fell upon my camp at the top of the pyramid, the strange pull finally lifted. I was free. But then, with my bloodshot eyes just half-open, I saw her.

She was standing far below at the entrance to the temple grounds. She was radiant, a sunset all unto herself, and the light she cast lit up the entire complex.

I knew I had to be dreaming, but it felt all too real. She began to sing and her song slowly grew in volume until it filled my entire consciousness. It was a familiar song. I could not place it but I knew I had heard it before. Not years ago, not even weeks, but days, minutes. But when last I heard it, I had been deaf to it. Now I knew. She had been singing it all along, even before I arrived. Her song was the pull of the city; it was the dreams Mr. Dayton and I had shared; it was my longing to reach this place.

Without thinking I grabbed my backpack, which held the manuscript and this very journal, and began descending the steps of the pyramid.

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Entry 16.

As I knew she would, the lady in blue led me back to Agartha without ever allowing me to quite reach her. She was teasing me, singing and laughing all the way.

We reached the gates of the city at midday. As she disappeared behind the gates, I somehow knew I would not see her for a while. Once she had disappeared, the fatigue of ten hours of uninterrupted walking came over me like a burning fire. I fell to the ground and for several hours I was unable to do more than wail and wallow in pain.

It took a feat of herculean proportions to get to my base halfway up the hill. Once there I decided I would just lay and rest for a few days, and fill in the blanks in my sketches and notes from the temple.

Despite the pain, I am very glad to be back home. It surprises me that I have begun to think of Agartha that way, but it is very much true: this city is my home. I have never before felt such a sense of belonging as I do here. Despite its ruins and overgrowth, despite how everything about it screams of decay and death, I am utterly, madly in love: in love with the buildings and the winding streets, the way the waves lap at the shore of the bay, the way the wind howls through the peaks of the Mountain Palace, the way the air near the roof of the cave glistens, accentuating every sunset.

This is where I belong.

And yet, there is one more place I must explore before I commit myself to the city forever.

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Entry 17.

On the far shore of the lake, right across from the harbor, there is a thin strip of shoreline. At the southern end of the strip is a large cave that swallows up the lake and sends its waters into the rock, undoubtedly forming some great river that descends into the Indian subcontinent.

In his manuscript, Mr. Dayton describes this place in great detail, although I am unsure why. From what I can tell it appears to be a wholly uninteresting place; a wall of rock, some sand and little else. The one thing of note is the black spires that flank the mouth of the cave. These have a decidedly different structure than the ones described earlier in the text: they stand not by themselves but are a part of a decorate wall that frames the entire cave.

Perhaps the ancient Agarthians worshipped the lake and this was one of their holy sites? Mr. Dayton unfortunately mentions no such thing; he merely commends its great distance from the city, how it allows him and Miss Ashens to finally spend some time alone together. I cannot stop myself from skipping ahead when these paragraphs grow too wearisome.

It appears that he felt a growing unease towards Agartha that Miss Ashens did not. He wanted away from the city but he was unable to leave his beloved behind. Miss Ashens appears to have shared the feeling; only her true beloved was the city, and not poor James Dayton.

I decided that I would row out to this strip of land today, using one of the old boats that still sit in the harbor; I wanted to study these spires to complete my survey of the city.

Looking through this journal it appears I have neglected to mention my other excursions; one to the north where I found another pair of spires, identical to the first two sets; and one to the swamp to the west, where I found the western temple I spied through my binoculars before.

Here I also found something far more chilling. Halfway between the city and the western temple there was an English farmhouse, with a thatched roof and wooden walls. It looked lived in, but owner was nowhere to be found.

Is there someone else here after all? Did Mr. Dayton return to Agartha only to set up his home far away from the city? Or has some hermit survived whatever tribulations eradicated the rest of the population?

The revelation that I was not alone in Agartha shook me. Therefore I am puzzled as to why I never committed it to this journal. Could I simply have forgotten to write it down?

And while I am on the subject of forgetting things: my trip to the far shore of the lake was, sadly, an anticlimax. Halfway across the lake I began to feel the same overpowering homesickness that drove me to walk ten hours through the night some weeks ago. I turned the boat around and paddled back home. Agartha's tranquility flowed back into me with every stroke of the oars.

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Entry 18.

Today the Angel of Agartha awarded me for my commitment to the city. When I opened my eyes this morning she was standing over me, smiling. I had never seen her so close up before and I could not stop staring at her.

Her hair shone like the morning sun; her eyes were the shimmering reflection of the moon on a calm lake at night; her lips were the red dunes of the Sahara; and her skin the first snow of winter.

Hard as I try, I cannot put the vision of her into words.

Without speaking she told me to rise and follow her; without hesitation, I did. She led me out into the street, up the hill to the palace gate. We circled around the ridge of the Mountain Palace until we came to a small house at the base of the cliff; I had seen it before, but never entered.

She led me to the back of the house where a flight of stairs, hidden from plain sight by a bookcase, took us up, up, up, forever up, until we came into a wide corridor.

She turned to me and smiled once more and then she faded away. But the smile on my face did not fade. The Angel had led me inside the Mountain Palace. She had shown me the entrance that had for so long eluded me.

For hours I walked the sacred halls and corridors of the palace, marveling at its sheer size, the intricately carved walls showing all manner of beasts and flora, and the long rows of books and scrolls that stood in every room.

I opened one book out of curiosity and to my amazement I was able to read it. It was written in French and soon I recognized it as the writings of Rousseau. I opened another book and found characters I knew to be Chinese. Finally I came to a book that looked much newer than the others around it.

As I read the title on the first page, I was nearly struck to the ground:

"The Sacred History of Agartha, by Matilda Ashens"

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Entry 19.

Miss Ashens' book was surprisingly short and I devoured it in a few hours, but what it lacked in length it made up for in content. The book told the story of Agartha in broad sweeps, puzzled together from what Matilda had been able to learn from the scholars that lived in the palace.

According to the book, the origins of Agartha are hazy. The earliest records kept in the palace are written in hieroglyphs and even these refer to the city as "older than time". Perhaps the story of this place goes back all the way to the first city-builders of our species. Perhaps that is the explanation to Mr. Dayton's puzzled notes on the Agarthan spoken language, which he often describes as guttural and uncivilized: their tongue still carried traces of that primal language spoken by Stone Age man.

The city was built around a mountain top, which was hollowed out over the course of thousands of years until only the outer shell remained. It appears to have been the common belief that the mountain was what had spoken to everyone who entered Agartha: the mountain had called for

them, and they had answered the call, leaving the homes upon the Earth and besting the dark tunnels and all other dangers to come here.

The scholars were convinced that this was a lie. The mountain was not the source of the call, but a barrier separating the Agarthians from what truly had called them here. Beneath the mountain was the real heart of Agartha, the true source of their calling. Down there, as one scholar put it to Miss Ashens, "is the Angel's abode". Thus they committed themselves, and a race of workers they bred for that specific purpose, to hollow out the mountain until they reached it.

Now that I have finished my exploration of Agartha, I too will go to see the Angel. She waits for me at the bottom of the pit, the point which the scholars finally reached during Mr. Dayton and Miss Ashens' stay here.

Oh, how lucky they were to witness firsthand the opening of the gate of heaven and the admission of every Agarthian into its halls! And how lucky I am to be let in now; to give up my earthly body and become one with the world beyond; to blow out the flame of existence; to reach Nirvana.

She is calling me now; her song echoes through every hole of this hollow mountain. Here I will leave you, dear reader, and hope that someday you will join us.

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