
Erwin S. Strasberg
College Station, Brazos Co., Texas.
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Amanda Baker
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My dear madam;

I will provide two reasons why I do not have the desire to extend my contact to other members of that forum or anywhere else on the internet. First of all the information that I have is not something that I wish to be openly known. The last thing that I want is to encourage the exploring of certain locations that must be left alone (many of which are here in Texas and other southern States). I believe that it is best to maintain secrecy and silence on this subject and let others enjoy the bliss of ignorance concerning this terrible horror.

The second reason is that I want to gain your trust, should you post this on any place on the internet it would be taken simply as a scam, a joke, a hoax, a game. My desire is not to attract attention, I am not trying to sell or advertise something through guerrilla or viral marketing. Encouraging you to spread the word or create a buzz not only contradicts my goals, but also discourages you from believing me. I am not sure if I can make this clearer since English is not my first language (I apologize for any grammatical errors that you might find on my letters or written documents).

I have seen the film "The Ring", or Ringu as I believe the original is called. I believe that it is Japanese, or perhaps Korean. Anyways, my point is that the beings that I will make known to you through our exchanges of correspondence have nothing supernatural in them. As amazing and strange as they are (being the source and origin of many ancient myths and legends) they are also the result of the same evolutionary and natural processes that created us. Their technology is so sufficiently advanced that it can only be compared to magic by us and the peoples before us, but it is still not magic or sorcery.

I am a man of science and a true skeptic, not one of those people that believe in witches, ghosts or leprechauns. I have arrived to my conclusions through careful consideration and find that the clues match too well for all of this to be false. However the possibility that this is all a great hoax created by some eccentric genius cannot be ruled out (thus my original theory that this was just an Alternate reality game), I am after all a skeptic that relies on science and reason, not legend and superstition. With all of this said I will now attempt to explain how it all got started.

In the chaotic, sexually driven, alcohol induced nights of spring break in Galveston, me and a few fellow collegians were kicked out of our hotel room for indecent behavior and damaging hotel property. As far as I can remember, it was through no fault of my own, but we were collectively told to leave and find another place to stay. With much of spring break remaining, to return home was unthinkable, but it would be extremely difficult to find a room in the now overcrowded city. After spending hours on the phone and the web looking for a place to stay, I became desperate and

made a post on the commonly known website craigslist. I was happily surprised to find a quick response to my inquiry. The place was very cheap, but it was not a very desirable place to stay. Located far from Galveston Island in the poverty stricken part of Houston, the small dark and dilapidated building still showed scars of the recent hurricane. It was an old house; its colorful owner seemed to be renting out a few rooms to make whatever profit they could provide. I paid 125 dollars for an eight day stay and promised not to make too much noise during the night. The owner was a tall dark man of around 50 years of age; however he seemed much younger and active as he still wore clothes that could retroactively be said to be fashionable and kept himself very fit. He didn't talk very much, or at the very least not more than he needed to. He made a copy of my driver's license, gave me a receipt, and pointed me towards my room.

Sleeping in that place was difficult due to the strange music and sounds that came from the floor below. At first the sounds were indeed beautiful, like a classical composition of Mozart, yet alien, strange and different to anything I had ever heard before. There were parts that were very soothing, yet in others it could only be described as disturbing, even terrifying. Then I heard a series of sounds that were to my ears electronic in nature or from some creature yet unknown to my ears. It seemed to have a pattern, but I did not know its meaning. The recordings would always end with a similar repeat of that beautiful music from the beginning.

Armed with curiosity and the courage gathered from a few beers, I decided to go downstairs and see what was behind that strange music. As I walked down the stairs, the music abruptly ended, the light was very dim, but I could tell that the house owner was there, fully dressed sitting by a table full of documents, maps, an I-phone, and one of those incredibly old record players from past generations. I am sorry to interrupt, but what was that noise? If it was music I must know the composer. He didn't say something for what seemed an eternity, go back to sleep, he said promising to keep it more quiet. It is just the recordings from angels or ghosts he said. From angels?, that is nonsense, I quietly said and slowly turned around towards my room, his voice however would stop me from going further. Congratulations, other people that found themselves in your place would come full of curiosity wanting to know what kind of music angels or ghosts make. You are right Mr. Strasberg; this is something different, something which is within the study of man's science and studies. Superstition and myth have been the perfect cover for long enough, I however do not have much time left and my knowledge must be passed down to someone else. What did I win? A chocolate factory? I replied in disrespect that came from both skepticism and the effects of alcohol.

With a large smile, the man went to the nearby kitchen to make me some coffee, turning the lights to illuminate the room. On the walls were old diplomas, professor emeritus of the Tulane University of Louisiana? I asked. I retired long ago-since then I have dedicated my time to the study of something else, a little personal project, he said from the kitchen. I picked up the strange photographs (copies of some of them have been sent along with this letter) and we talked in the night about many kinds of creatures, the professor's attempt in not only understanding them, but communicating with them in peaceful terms. I also learned of conspiracies and a group known only as The Order. The Order seems to be the remnants of a medieval group of knights and 'witch hunters' whose apparent objective is the destruction of these beings, however they seem to have darker mission of also experimenting with the beings and their technology to gain either political or economic power. These are rumors of which I am unable to confirm, but the Professor claims

that many photographs came from defectors of the group. The symbol of The Order, the modern version at least, consists of a globe, four griffins, and a skull (which is said to have great significance).

Photograph #1 consists of the first photograph taken of a certain 'species' of these beings, I believe it took place during the 1920s in Cyprus Texas.

Photograph #2 consists of what appears to be the dissection of a dead being (similar in form to the one in Photo #1) probably killed by The Order.

Photograph #3, I am not entirely sure; my guess is as good as yours. Again it is one of the photographs stolen from The Order.

Photograph #4 is from sightings in the Yucatan and the south pacific which I will later explain.

More to come in my next letter, this is just a small scratch into a much greater entity which contains hidden historical ties to men ranging from Adolph Hitler to Mozart, Bach, Wagner to The old nobility of Europe, the Mexican cult of "La Santa Muerte", the mystery of Aurora, Texas, and the apparently drug related kidnappings and murders at the US-Mexican border. Everything will be explained to you in time, but patience might be required.

Maintain secrecy.

Yrs. very truly, Erwin S Strasberg;

P.S. Please take care of all documents sent by me, keep them safe.

E.S.S

August 17, 2009

Addendum:

Today I received a letter from the professor which leads me to presume that he has lost his long fight with an unknown mental illness. I received the following sentences, which do not make much sense but make me change my mind on several things. The legible parts of the letter goes as follows:

The order should ---- stopped --lies -- end ---- beings benign ---- secrecy ---- end ---- close ----
unlocking.

--- Spread --- the word --- the bad news to the world.

In addition to this, a strange paper was found nailed to the door of my old dorm room (also included here). In the paper is the symbol of the order, i believe it to be a warning or worse and that they are getting closer to me. I also found strange paths made on the dirt outside my home.

I think that perhaps your idea of telling others might be beneficial after all. If I am taken out of this strange equation, or even you, others might be able to pick up the pieces and go on. Are these beings benign as I think the professor tried to tell me? if so maintaining secrecy is not as necessary as I believed before.

Tell your friends, give out my PO Box and my name, they may contact me there. Do note that i have given instructions that mail sent to that PO box that is not directly addressed to my name is to be returned. I apologize for such a turnaround within the same letter, but events are moving faster than I had anticipated.

I hope to receive further letters from you or your friends, keep me posted on findings since i seldom use the internet or phone for reasons previously explained.

Best of luck,

E.S.S.