

April 30th, 1878

Dear Diary,

Gibson has decided to hire us a butler, and I dare say he has chosen the most handsome gentleman for the job. Tertius, he is called, of the Portage family. Were I but one of these local farm girls, I might even find myself smitten with the man. He has worked as a woodsman these past years, selling to lumber to the Ellicotts. With the mill troubles

though, he has decided to find other work, and we
could not be more delighted. I must remember to
keep our relationship cordial, but professional. We
are of different stock, as father always says, and of
course my love is for my husband alone.

Lucy

July 25th, 1878

Dear Diary,

In that most abominable storm we seem to have lost the great oak at the crossroads. Gibney has asked Tertius to remove it, when the poor man was already out in the storm! I have voiced my objections most readily. Surely we cannot ask this gentleman, who has found a place here as our butler, to return to such tasks. And yet I fear my

support has seen strife and division between the
men. I have seen a most frightening look in their
eyes, and Gibby has taken to making nightly
rounds of the house. I do not know what he is
looking for as I wait here, alone in our bed, but a
single candle and this diary for company.

Greengrass

October 11th, 1878

Dear Diary,

I suppose I should be grateful that Mrs. Gortage
has allowed me to keep my diary, but after
murdering my husband and daughter, and locking
me in the tower, I find my thanks to be in short
supply. He certainly wishes me to be grateful. But
I will never give myself to him. Penance was but a
child, and the poor girl defended this monster.

And yet there are now strange happenings in the
house. Books moving in the library of their own
accord. Lamps and busts of family members
seeming to float in mid air. Screams and moans
and creaks in the darkness --- and the sounds of a
mischievous, Ghoulish Girl. I find myself
wondering, if I, too, have a penance to pay. What
role have I played in this tragedy? The doors are, I

known, barred to me. And yet, the windows

beckon.

Guernsey