

Twilight Papers #1

From: Burkeja@mallard.mandrake.edu

Subject: Please help

Look, I'm sorry to bug you like this, but I don't know who else to turn to and my life is in danger.

No. Scrap that. Sorry, I'm a little hysterical. I should say my life may be in danger. You know that project I've been working on, the one I couldn't tell you about? Well, I think someone wants to kill me for it. Or something. Or maybe it has nothing to do with the project. I don't know. And that's why I can't go to the police with this.

I've got this thing on my arm. I don't know what it is, like a big tattoo or something, but people have been dying from it. The tattoo, I mean.

And I've started seeing things out of the corner of my eye. Things that shouldn't be there, places I should never see.

Again, I'm sorry to lay this on you, but you're the first I could think of who might be able to help me. Please come to Eastfield soon. You can find me in the lab, third floor of Strothers Hall. I don't like to go home any more.

Please hurry!

Jason