

Journal Entry:

Date:

I have to remember to thank Lee again. He went above and beyond as usual. It means he gets to throw me around the mat again. But I need it, and it makes him happy.

Yesterday we threw a party from a bad Christie novel. We invited everyone we thought was a problem to see what information we could get or maybe cause a problem. It worked. Al-shakti and Clive are in cahoots instead of enemies. We managed to get the seer away from Clive's crew and away towards London. We sent various gear with her to keep it safely away from Egypt. It took all night to make arrangements, and I didn't get to sleep until this morning. Lee made sure Ms. O'Casic and I made it back to the hotel in one piece despite everything.

I've had a vision before from that mask. And my great-uncle's friend from the tribe taught me a few lessons back in Texas. I've never interacted with one before.

It began with me waking up in my grandfather's old hunting cabin. It's where I learned to hunt and shoot. When I got up, I was wearing my clothes from 6 years old on my first trip. The room was huge. It wasn't until I woke up I realized I was seeing it like I was my size at that age.

When I looked around, I thought it was my grandfather at first until I saw his face. My grandfather was a clean shaven man. This person had a beard like a Coca-cola Santa. He wouldn't give me a name. He said he was a hunter like me. He claimed he wanted to help me with advice and a bit more. He gave advice on how to close the broken seal on the pyramid, and that it would take longer than we were thinking. Also, the closing would need Ms. O'Casic's touch, but it would mark her as a replacement for the seer. So we have to keep her safe.

The cult have found something in the dig to do their ritual. They would need 3 but we have 2 of them either hidden or on the move. I have an idea for places to hide them. There's plenty of holes in Texas. They can try it with one, but success might cause worse problems than failing.

He offered to loan me a knife that will destroy the mummy if stabbed with it in the left eye. After it's reduced to dust, spreading the remains over a large area was recommended. I think the air from Port Said to Kenya will be big enough. That way they can't be collected up to try the ritual again.

He also said someone would come to collect the knife and to not try to keep it. It's a dream. What's the worst that could happen? The next part gives me an idea what bad could be.

He walked out of the cabin to a sleigh. I thought more Santa stuff until I saw what was pulling it. 2 hunched over shadowy human-like but winged figures. He got in the sleigh, and they pulled it into the air.

When I woke up, the knife was sitting on my nightstand. I'm not sure I want to think about that too much.