

Noah: Ok, it's 9:00pm, November 10th, 2011. I don't know how or why now, but Mary Asher is finally calling me back. I don't know if I'm going to have a second chance at this or anything, so I'm just going to go through with it and ask her as many questions as I can. Hello?

Mary: Noah, is that you?

Noah: Uh, yes? Who's calling?

Mary: This is Mary Asher, Milo's mom. Do you remember me?

Noah: Yeah, I damn well remember you. Where the hell have you been? Huh? I demand some fucking answers!

Mary: Ok, quiet down, just listen to me. I know you have a lot of questions, and I will answer them, all of them, but first I have to ask you something very important-

Noah: No! Let me ask you a question Mrs. Asher. I've waited too damn long and experienced too fucking much to deal with any more mysterious bullshit from you or anyone else. Now tell me, Mary, what really happened to Milo? I fucking know somethings up.

Mary: Noah, you know that Milo was a very special kid. I don't know why he did what he did but I called you because I-

Noah: Bullshit! Don't give me that crap! I know about you, about Mr. Slim. I know that he, or whatever it was, was stalking Milo before he died. Now, you're going to fucking tell me what you know or I'm going to get the police on my home phone and get them to triangulate your location, because I fucking know you're running. So, go ahead, tell me the truth of what's really going on. I'm all ears.

Mary: Fine. Ever since I was a little girl, Mr. Slim had visited me. My sister couldn't see him. No one could. Everyone thought I was seeing things, all except for my father Karl, your grandfather. He told me the same story that he told you, over and over. After I finally told him that I had began seeing him around my 20th birthday, he refused to have anything to do with me and disowned me. As I got older, I heard less and less from him. He became demented and stopped speaking English. But whenever I encountered Mr. Slim, it was more frightening. I began waking up in places I don't remember sleeping with bizzare writing all over me. I'd wake up paralyzed, only able to move my eyes, seeing him leering over my bed with that face that wasn't a face. Sometime's he would take me with him. To this day I'm still remembering fragments of his visits.

Noah: Ok, but what about Milo, huh? Why was Mr. Slim after him?

Mary: Karl has in his possession a relic of great importance to Mr. Slim and his associates. Milo asked me about it on many occasions, so it's not only me. And now it seems that they've come to you to aquire it. I think it's the reason that they were after milo and now you. It's why I'm on the run now. When I was little, I managed to find the combination to Karl's safe and read the journal.

Noah: What did it say?

Mary: It was all in German. So, I took German classes over the years, minored in German. Before I told Karl about seeing the entity, I went back to the journal and read it in its entirety. It makes sense, why they'd want it.

Noah: Why? What the fuck was written in that thing?

Mary: It's a diary of a Nazi soldier. It contains information that I don't think they would want getting out. It's one of the reasons I think that I'm still alive today, because I

know what they don't want me to. How to possibly hinder him. You know, Noah, I see him from time to time, but only from afar. Sometimes I think that he doesn't kill me in my sleep because he's toying with me, weakening me. Maybe he's just fucking with me.

Noah: What?! What hinders them? You need to tell me this!

Mary: No, Noah, I'm sorry, but I can't tell you.

Noah: Uh, And why the fuck not?

Mary: It's already too late for you. The Observer, as you call him, has you in his grasp already. In fact, he's in your home right now, watching you intently. He knows that you'll go to the boardwalk whether you like it or not, because he's seen it happen already. He's told me things, you know. The collective has had their gaze on you since you were born. I doubt you'll remember, but he's been following you, Noah. We've all seen him, you'll remember seeing him soon. And his cronies been monitoring you constantly, all of your life. Just like me. You either have to get the journal from Karl, which I doubt you'll be able to do, or succumb to them. Don't make the same mistakes I have. You should just stop.

Noah: Why don't you just get the journal yourself? Huh? Why don't you just give it to them?

Mary: Because that's not what they want me for. Not anymore. They need us for different reasons, Noah. They need you for the journal, they need me for something else. That's why I called you tonight. I needed to talk to you before it's too late for me. I've been getting messages from them, a rhyme. It keeps repeating, "You must go to Mr. Scars, for he will end your session. Noah will know who he is, call him and ask the question." My question to you is, who is Mr. Scars? Who the hell is he?

Noah: The fuck? I have no idea who that is or what that could mean.

Mary: Milo spoke of this Mr. Scars, he told me that Mr. Scars would kill me. I know you know who he is. Now tell me, who is Mr. Scars?

Noah: I already told you, I don't know. and I really don't understand why you can't tell me what the secret of the journal is.

Mary: Listen you little fuck, I've been running for months, years now, living a life of hell and paranoia. You're going to tell me who the hell Mr. Scars right now-

Noah: Oh! and you don't think I've been having it any fucking easier?! I've been stalked, taken for weeks at a time with no memory, time warped, you're the one who should be fucking helping me out here! This has been happening to me for years now!

Mary: Alright, you know what? This has been happening to me all of my life. My entire fucking life. I've already tried to save you when you were young, but I failed. Your predicament is inevitable, I should have realized it from the start. There is nothing else I can do for you but bide you time. And for John? I had him removed from the equation, he was working for them, trying to get to me like the rest. It's all a clever fucking facade just like Robert. Did you really think that those ashes were Milo's? Hahahaha! Gullible fucker. Those ashes were from his dead cat. His body disappeared, just like all the others do. They get taken. I know this, and I know a lot of things. I know about the eyes, Noah. You know, the ones in your dreams. As well as the man with the pinhole eyes. I've had fucked up dreams too. That endless sea of tentacles. The figure at the end of that boardwalk. I know your dreams, and I can help you, but, If you can't tell me who he is, I guess I have no reason to talk to you any longer. Have a happy birthday, and may you end your session in peace. Goodbye, Noah.