

CRYPTO

Crypto: Hidden or Secret, from the Greek kruptos meaning hidden

“As a rule a definitive meaning can never be adduced for any ongoing phenomenon of this sort. In this sense, the future of the Monster is an open one. Elusive it may be, but we can rest assured that it will not escape interpretation.”

Roger Grimshaw & Paul Lester, *The Meaning of the Loch Ness Monster (Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies Stencilled Occasional Paper, University of Birmingham, Birmingham, United Kingdom, 1976)*



A collage of covers from Larry Battson's *Bigfoot/Sasquatch Audio Journal*

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Editors Note:

It is with a sense of sad dignity that CRYPTO is to change once more.

It has been a distinct pleasure to work with and share with so many people across the planet in a full range of investigations and research.

We are not shutting down, nor are we going to cease publication as from various correspondences over the last few years this does not seem right.

What will change is the time frame of each issue. Our intent was to stay monthly, but with some upcoming occurrences this is no longer possible (more on that in a bit). So CRYPTO will revert back to its original format of quarterly starting in May of 2000. This February/March issue will mark the last monthly one.

In every endeavor there are changes, some for the good and some for the bad. The reasons for the change in CRYPTO is for the good. As some may know by now my wife, Angel (Angela) is expecting our first child. Hopes are there that all will go well this time around. As this is an important change in lifestyle, time must be put aside for it. No greater joy could I behold than to see and spend time with a child, and my own would be so much more rewarding. So, for these personal reasons the change is taking place in an effort to balance work, personal and cryptozoological parts of life.

We hope that everyone can understand why and we strive to continue with publishing items that are of interest to a wide range of people. Some are serious entries and others are not so serious (like the Christmas special issue on flying reindeer). Other changes in inclusions are on the way as well. We hope all will stay tuned and enjoy the work as much as we do in supplying it to you all.

Our best to you all.

Craig Heinselman
Editor/Publisher

News Note: Jongari or Jingara

A small town in Queensland, Australia named Gayndah (roughly 350 kilometers from Brisbane) is the hub of sightings of a creature called the *Jongari*. The *Jongari* is described as being bear like and covered with hair. A reward has been offered of \$10,000 (Australian Dollars) for a captured specimen and \$1,000 (Australian) for a picture of the creature. What the *Jongari* is not exactly clear, as it could be a regional name for the *Yowie* (Australia's mystery primate), a creative revenue ploy, or something else all together. Coupled with the newsreporting the incident as Australia's Loch Ness Monster, the ridicule value is high as is the comic level.

However, what is striking is the word *Jongari*, wherein the New South Wales area of Australia the word *Jingara* has been used in the past to describe a large hairy man as well as terms such as *Jingera*, *Jimbra* and *Tjangara*. A close spelling proximity to the Gayndah creature described as being an Aboriginal creature *Jongari*.

So, perhaps the report from Gayndah is not as far fetched. Queensland and New South Wales border each other and each have had wildman reports in the past, the connotation of an older word adds a little more mystery to the possibilities of a bear like creature in the wilds of Australia.

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Healey, Toney and Cropper, Paul, Out of the Shadows, Ironbark, Chippendale, Australia, 1994
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Zuel, Bernard, Dinner Talk - Wildlife, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, February 12, 2000
Mysterious Hairy Monster Spotted in Oz, *BBC Newsround*, February 8, 2000

News Note: Kayak with Monsters

Bryan Nichols, a marine biologist and kayaker in British Columbia, Canada, recently had an article published in a prominent sports magazine, *Canoe & Kayak*. The article, entitled "Below There Be Monsters", offers a tongue in cheek, but also serious evaluation of ocean faring monsters of cryptids. Among the creatures looked at briefly are Sea Serpents, Sharks, Nessie, Octoblobs, Mermaids, and the Kraken. Although Nichols is skeptical of these creatures, he does treat the area of cryptozoology with respect and does not attack it, nor does he necessarily favor it, rather he walks the line between what is and what could be.

Too often articles on so called monsters that appear in mainstream magazines are done for ridicule and humor values. It is refreshing to see an honest evaluation of the subject, even without full belief that these creatures exist. The key is, and Nichols states this, the wonder of it all:

"Millions of creatures live in the oceans, and we certainly haven't met all of them yet. We kayakers have become the front line, our small and silent craft the closest to the shorelines, bays and channels where the next megamouth shark, octoblob, or unknown beaked whale will be discovered.

At any moment off any coast with a bit of water underneath you, something huge and unknown might just swim below, might even surface beside your boat. For some reason, that keeps calling me back to my kayak. As the shoreline slips past, the monsters are alive and well in my thoughts.

Sources:

Nichols, Bryan, Below There Be Monsters, *Canoe & Kayak Magazine*, March 2000 (Vol. 28. No. 1)

Calculations of Size-Density Population of Lake Monsters Based Upon a Lake's Physical Limnology

By: Gary S. Mangiacopra, Ms. (Milford, Connecticut)
Dr. Dwight G. Smith (Biology Department of Southern Connecticut State University,
New Haven, Connecticut)
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New Haven, Connecticut)

*“How much wood, could a woodchuck chuck,
if a woodchuck, could chuck wood?”
- A Children's Old Riddle*

For the past, nearly three-quarters of a century, since the infamous resident of Loch Ness, Scotland, Nessie, became world-wide renown during the early 1930s, other lakes during the preceding decades across the planet had slowly begun to receive recognition of similar accounts of large and unknown aquatic cryptids.

Numerous Lake Monster researchers have proposed many zoological explanations to account for these unknown freshwater animals. Identification suggestions have ranged from a giant invertebrate, landlocked species of former marine reptiles, giant amphibians, giant eels and long-necked seals.

Amidst these zoological classifications by cryptozoologists, what is critically lacking is a serious and detailed examination of a lake's limnological characteristics which might reveal if the productivity of a lake could support a population of large and unknown species of animal. Consider that if eyewitnesses claims of unknown aquatic animals in the 20 to 30 foot range are correct, we must consider that we are dealing with individual animals of several tons each in weight. Such a large sized animal needs a specific amount of food to sustain itself. Furthermore, food limits would also limit the population size-density of a lake.

The late Dr. Carl Sagan, director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies at Cornell University, a quarter of a century ago, published an article in the prestigious British science journal *Nature*. He calculated the possible number of rare, mobile organism that could exist in Loch Ness, using a modification of the Maxwell-Boltzmann velocity distribution measure (Sagan, 1978).

In an equally scientific vein, three articles were published in *Limnology and Oceanography* on the use of mathematical methods to calculate numbers of unknown aquatic animals. Proposed by Sheldon and Kerr (1972, 1973) and Scheider and Wallis (1973) was to use separate treatments of the morphoedaphic index (total dissolved solids/mean depth of a lake), based on published values of dissolved solids in northern lakes, to calculate the standing stock of fish-biomass. Then using standard trophic-dynamic extrapolation, it is possible to calculate the theoretical number of a population of large and unknown aquatic organisms (i.e. Nessies).

Naturally, these three studies by these two co-authored groups, neither proved nor disproved the existence of large unknown aquatic organisms in Loch Ness. Rather, their aim was to determine if the productivity of this Scottish lake could support a viable population of large cryptids. Further, they proposed mathematical calculations that could be utilized to estimate the

potential range of population sizes indicated by the trophic-dynamic considerations of Loch Ness.

These early mathematical models were not detailed enough for cryptozoologists to use with any degree of certainty; very rough estimates of size-density of lake cryptids for a typical northern freshwater lake could support based upon its available standing stock of fish-biomass productivity. (It is generally assumed that large freshwater cryptids would be tertiary consumer fish predators, and not plankton skimming primary consumers).

This has raised an interesting - but overlooked - question by cryptozoologists. Could a lake's limnology support any lake cryptids at all based upon its standing stock of fish-biomass productivity? This question was the topic of discussion in one of the authors (Mangiacopra, 1992) masters thesis for his degree in biology, under the guidance of his thesis advisors (Smith and Avery). The guidelines were as follows:

- 1) Calculate basic biomass productions for each trophic level (primary/secondary/tertiary consumer) for North American lakes.
- 2) Use published reference values as guidelines for calculating the energy requirements for one aquatic animal.
- 3) Incorporate this information into a yield model of the theoretical population size range, then establish a yield model of the theoretical population size range expected if the animal were a fish, amphibian, reptile or mammal.
- 4) Use the theoretical population density as the best predictor of which classes of animal could or could not be sustained by the biomass production in said lakes.

Estimating Potential Fish Production

In order to determine a lake's fish-biomass productivity, the following limnology information and the morphoedaphic index (total dissolved solids/mean depth of the lake) can be calculated by the following regression equation (Ryder, 1965):

$$Y = 5.616 (X_1)^{0.28777} (X_2)^{-0.50891}$$

Whereby:

Y = fish production pounds/acre/year in the lake

X₁ = total dissolved solids in the lake

X₂ = mean depth in feet of the lake

Whereupon Y is then multiplied by the total lake's surface acreage to yield the yearly standing stock of fish-biomass in tons of what a lake could sustain.

To show as an actual example, British Columbia's Lake Okanagan (noted for its lake cryptid, Ogotogo) is chosen. This lake's limnology data is as follows:

Total Dissolved solids	160
Mean depth of the lake	250 feet (76.2 meters)
Lake area surface	84,991 acres (34,395 hectares)

Using the above date in Ryder's (1965) regression equation we get:

$$\begin{aligned} Y &= 5.616 (X_1)^{0.28777} (X_2)^{-0.50891} \\ Y &= 5.616 (160)^{0.28777} (250)^{-0.50891} \\ Y &= 5.616 (4.308038813) (.060209407) \\ Y &= 1.456703141, \text{ rounded up to } 1.46 \end{aligned}$$

The answer of 1.46 pounds of fish-biomass produced per acre per year is then multiplied by the surface area of 84,991 acres:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Acres} \times Y &= \text{Pounds of fish-biomass} \\ 84,991 \times 1.46 &= 124,087 \text{ pounds (62 tons)} \end{aligned}$$

Therefore, a fish biomass of 62 tons is available to support a breeding population of lake cryptids. This now raised the next critical question; based upon the standing stock of fish-biomass in a lake, what would be the maximum number of lake cryptids; and what would be their maximum size of lake cryptids; and what would be their maximum size per individual?

Determining Upper and Lower Limits of Size-Density of Lake Monsters

Sheldon and Kerr (1972) arbitrarily chose a minimum average size of 100 kilograms as the lower limits for size-density for the Loch Ness cryptids. With a minimum viable breeding population of not less than ten individuals as less than this number would lead to population inbreeding and ultimate extinction. This is also acceptable for other lakes.

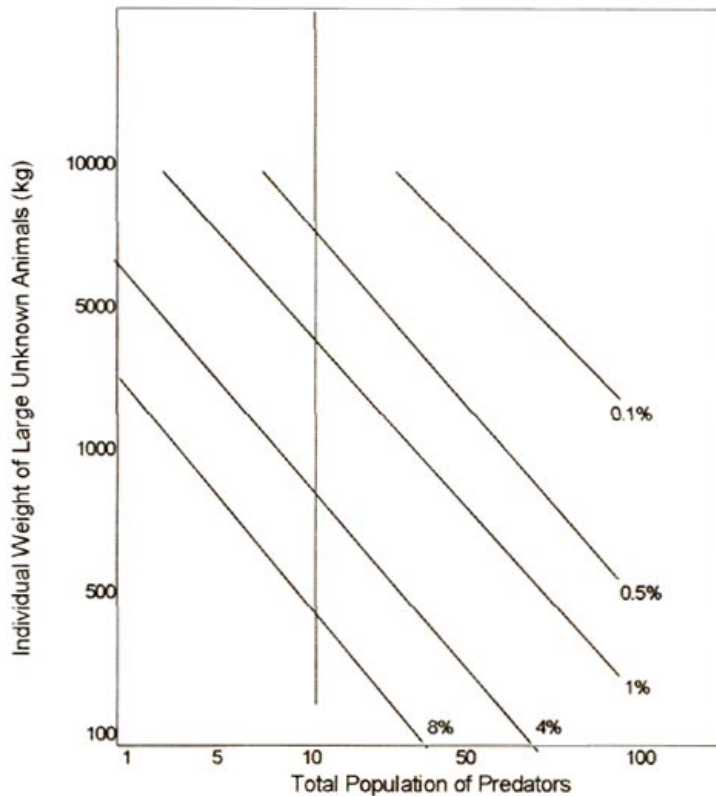
Cryptozoologists such as F.W. Holiday (1969), Roy P. Mackal (1976) and Michael Bradley (1989), have taken the position that such lake cryptids as those in Loch Ness and other world-wide lakes, are those of predators. Feeding at the top of the lake's food chain (i.e. preying upon the resident fish species residing within said lakes). If these assumptions are correct, that lake cryptids do feed on the top of a lake's pyramid food chain, their size-density population would be furthered constrained by the daily percentage of its body weight requirements for food to be consumed. Excluding mammals, a variety of aquatic predators have daily food requirements from 0.001% to 1% of their body weight (Mackal, 1976). In contrast marine mammals' daily food requirements range from 1% to 8% of their body weight, with some requiring an even higher 15 to 27% (MacDonald, 1985)/

The size-density population is inversely proportional to the percentage of daily food requirements that must be consumed for subsistence. The higher metabolic energy requirements for an aquatic predator, the larger the amount of fish-biomass that must be consumed over a year's time. Conversely, a lower metabolic energy requirement increases the size-density population that a lake's fish-biomass could theoretically support.

If the above two factors (percentage of daily food requirements and fish-biomass) are taken into consideration, a standing stock of large unknown aquatic fish predators can be shown over logarithmic size intervals for a specific lake.

Interpretation of an Idealized Graph

The following graph is an idealized graph of a hypothetical lake in which the standing stock of fish-biomass is established at 100 metric tons, which limits the number of terminal-trophic fish predators that this lake could support.



The bottom horizontal line indicates the lake monster population. The left vertical line indicates the total individual weight in kilograms of each lake monster. The floating vertical line over the number ten in the population density line indicates the suggested minimum viable population size of not less than ten individuals.

The upward left-to-right sloping lines indicate the size-density population of lake cryptids, which this hypothetical lake could support. Two factors taken into consideration are that theoretically all standing stock of fish-biomass is

utilized (disregarding the amounts that may be removed by sport fishermen and/or commercial fishing); that certain daily energy requirements would be needed if these aquatic predators were mammals of reptiles or fish or amphibians.

The assumption is that these lake cryptids are mammals, their higher energy requirements would deplete the standing stock of fish biomass, resulting in a smaller size-density population ratio that the lake could support. In contrast, if these lake cryptids were reptiles, their metabolic rate is only 10 to 20% of homeotherms (Yound, 1983); or if amphibian their energy requirements are 1/18 to 1/190 that of mammals (Noble, 1931). Due to a lower metabolic rate, the standing stock of fish-biomass could support a higher size-density population of Lake Monsters.

Each graph has a maximum of five sloping lines. Each representing the daily percentage of body weight that each class of animal must consume in order to sustain itself. Sloping lines of 8%, 4% and 1% represent the daily percentage of body weight consumed by marine mammals. Less than 1% would indicate the energy requirements of reptiles, amphibians, fish or even invertebrates. The minimum limit of 0.1% was chosen as it is the minimum energy requirement for the South American Tortoise (Pope, 1971).

Discussion and Summary

It is apparent to any cryptozoologist that there is a serious problem arising when the estimated fish-biomass of any lake is plotted against the size-density of possible large and unknown aquatic cryptids.

The general realization is that a large majority of freshwater lakes in North America are, in effect, “ecological deserts” in terms of overall biomass productivity. Taken also into consideration is the reported size of claimed lake monsters from 20 to 30 feet in length. Which would indicate an individual weight of several hundred, if not thousands, of pounds.

This has now put serious doubt of these lakes to support high energy requirement class of animals, such as any possible unknown landlocked aquatic mammals. Exotic mammals like those of Bernard Heuvelmanns’ long-necked seal, or Roy Mackal’ long-necked sirenia that were proposed some decades prior.

As a comparison, the following table of eight marine mammals of small size (5 to 30 feet) and the yearly metric tons of plant/invertebrates/mollusks/fish that must be consumed by a single adult to sustain itself. Multiply these amounts by a similar landlocked breeding population, a lake’s biomass productivity would be noticeably decreased or totally exhausted to such an extent noticeable by the local human inhabitants. This biological aspect has not been reported from lakes that hold lake cryptids.

Selected 5 to 30 Feet Marine Mammal Energy Requirements

Species and Adult Weight (kg)	% of Body Weight for Daily Food Requirements	Type of Food Consumed	Maximum Weight of Food Consumed by Adult Daily (kg)	Maximum Weight of Food Consumed by Adult Yearly (metric tons)
Steller’s Sea Cow (5900 kg)	8 – 15 %	Kelp	472 – 885 kg	172 – 323 tons
West Indian Manatee (1600 kg)	8 (captivity) – 15%	Small Animals, water plants	128 – 240 kg	46 – 87 tons
Amazonian Manatee (500 kg)	8 (captivity) – 15%	Floating grasses	40 – 75 kg	14.6 – 27 tons
Northern Fur Seal (270 kg)	6-10 (minimum) – 27 (maximum) in captivity	Invertebrates, Fish	16.2 – 27 kg 73 kg (fish)	5.9 – 9.8 tons 26.6 tons (fish)
California Sea Lion (270 kg)	3 – 4 kg (captivity)	Fish	8.1 – 10.8 kg	2.9 – 3.9 tons
Walrus (1350 kg)	4 – 5 kg (captivity)	Mollusks, Fish	54 – 67.5 kg	19.7 – 24.6 tons
Harp Seal (180 kg)	6.9 – 8.4 kg	Fish	12.4 – 15.1 kg	4.5 – 5.5 tons
Grey Seal (300 kg)	5 – 6 kg	Fish	15 – 18 kg	5.5 – 6.6 tons

As these lakes overall biomass productivity is unaffected, this leaves the alternative explanation of lake cryptids with low energy requirements such as reptiles and going further down the evolutionary ladder towards invertebrates. Zoological possibilities that many cryptozoologists rebel against, as many still cling towards a more romantic possibility of surviving landlocked former marine reptiles.

How one may interpret the results after using the shown mathematical formula to determine size-density for lake cryptids is best left up to the individual researcher. Nevertheless, this has now raised the concern that cryptozoologists should devote more time to the limnological aspects of each lake with their reputed lake cryptid.

This now leaves cryptozoologists with the final, single major question of all ponder:

If there are lake monsters - just what are they feeding on?

Gary S. Mangiacopra has been researching and writing on cryptozoology going back several decades now. His work has appeared in such publications as *Of Sea and Shore*, *The Cryptozoology Review*, *The Anomalist* and *Strange Magazine* to name a few. These pieces have touched on various aspects of cryptozoology from mystery Connecticut felines to lake and sea monsters. He has also been working on aspects of Cryptofiction outside of the written text. The proceeding article was a condensed portion of Mangiacopra's masters thesis, an exhaustive evaluation of various North American lakes using the criteria and logic outlines within the article.

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Editors Note Regarding Calculations of Size-Density Population of Lake Monsters Based Upon a Lake's Physical Limnology

Gary Mangiacopra has presented a rather intriguing way of looking at reports of Lake Creatures, an evaluation of the lakes make-up. This approach goes beyond collecting reports and theories as to what these creatures are and how they arrived, and looks at the facts of life, sustenance and an environment such creatures would need to live in.

Some of the terms Mangiacopra uses may be new to readers, so some definition of two terms is presented here.

Limnology is the study of the productivity and relationship of an aquatic ecosystem as affected by environmental impact such as physical, chemical and other attributes.

Maxwell-Boltzmann Distribution demonstrates how particles in a gas have varied speeds. The distribution formula is adapted from the work of two physicists, Ludwig Boltzmann and James Clerk Maxwell. Boltzmann developed a formula demonstrating how energy was distributed within a system of a myriad of particles. Maxwell took Boltzmann's theories and practices and associated them with particles of an ideal gas. This compilation of Boltzmann and Maxwell creates a distribution of speeds that is easier to view in graphic form than mathematically. In essence the distribution is crucial in physics and chemistry as when a chemical system is at equilibrium it gives and takes energy, wherein if a system is not in equilibrium its particle make-up goes at different speeds and energies creating an unstable process. The Maxwell-Boltzmann Distribution allows an avenue to plot and figure systems to achieve an even distribution of energy, hence equilibrium through a probability function.

$$P(I) = C e^{-E / k_B T} \text{ or } P(x) = C^1 e^{-E(x) / k_B T}$$

The use of this distribution, or a mathematical adaptation, can be used in other scientific analysis to statistically form a probability distribution in a set system of elements.

Mangiacopra's article shows a mathematical approach to validating a cryptozoological mystery, whether the validation be for the positive or negative in terms of actuality. This mathematical approach takes bias out of much of the work, as the numbers are what can be compared and then further compared to other peoples value determinations. An avenue that should be further evaluated is the purpose and usage of mathematics in cryptozoological research, a subject that some are now breaching by way of statistical predictions of unknown aquatic creatures to height and body mass analysis of Sasquatch reports.

New Notes: Arment Biological Press

With the advent of the Internet and various electronic outlets associated therein a new venue of operations has evolved. That is the introduction of electronic texts, or e-texts. Chad Arment, author of The Search for Enigmatic Animals (Chad Arment; Tipp City, Ohio, 1995) and co-editor of The North American BioFortean Review (a downloadable .pdf format newsletter available at <http://www.herper.com/NABR.html>) has created a new biological press service that features herpetological and cryptozoological aimed works.

Currently 14 titles are available from Arment Biological Press, with more in the works. All books are presented in a .pdf format layout available by way of CD-R or by joining the Arment Biological Press member's library.

This new endeavor is important as it allows an inexpensive manner to view some older works of biology as well as a new avenue for a budding writer to work into. Attached with this issue is an order form for the services of Arment Biological Press.

Reviews:

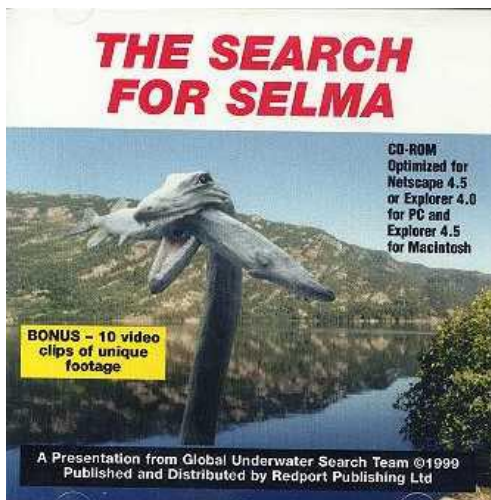
Note: All reviews by Craig Heinselman unless stated otherwise.

If your looking to purchase one of these books, known sources that carry them are listed by each title. Additionally use the ISBN number and order it through a local bookstore in your area (always best to support local merchants if possible). Additionally a five star rating system has been utilized, the highest rating is henceforth five stars ★★★★★ and the lowest rating one star ★ These ratings appear next to the publisher, year and length of item (as applicable to media being reviewed).

The Search for Selma - CD-ROM

A presentation of the Global Underwater Search Team (G.U.S.T.), Jan Sundberg President
Published and Distributed by Redport Publishing Ltd, 1999
\$49.95 U.S. or £29.95, for Windows or Macintosh ★★★

Redport Publishing, Ltd., Frobisher House, 89 Lillie Road, London SW6 1UD United Kingdom
Order On-line at <http://www.cryptozoology.st/> .



The Search for Selma is truly a different item for the diehard cryptozoology fan. Filled with various tidbits on expedition forming and equipment, but more importantly it shows a fuller history to Selma, the creature reported from Lake Seljordsvatnet.

Presented in a webpage format, the interactions are as easy as a mouse click. You can scroll through and learn about the basics of cryptozoology, sponsorship gathering, the ice age of the Norwegian area, lake formation, sightings reports and so forth. All leading up to the story of Selma.

Part of what is fascinating about the CD-ROM is the ability to watch certain aspects of the action. Presented are six (6) quick time video clips and four (4) audio clips.

Each shows an avenue of the lake from possible creature recordings to witness interviews to the actual lake itself. Overall a nice presentation, if somewhat bland.

Honestly, for the money over \$50.00 U.S. (including shipping costs) the content is good, but the actual presentation is not much more than a glorified webpage. Likewise the cover of the CD-ROM itself states ten (10) video clips are provided, when this simply is not the case. There are six video clips and four audio clips, for a total of ten media clips in all.

No the CD is not all wrong, nor is it all that bad, but what would have been preferable would be the presentation of the facts in a more accessible manner. True many people today have a computer, but not all. The limitation of a computerized presentation limits the availability of the product. Perhaps a coupling of the CD with a book would have more endeavoring, after all Sandburg is the author of *Storsjoodjuret* dealing with another lake creature Storsie.

The true key to the CD-ROM though is the content, regardless of the price or media of presentation. This Selma CD does indeed offer some intriguing histories and pieces to the puzzle of Lake Seljordsvatnet and the searches that have gone after her.

A truly unique item, but costly for what is actually provided.

Strange Creatures: Classic Cryptofiction

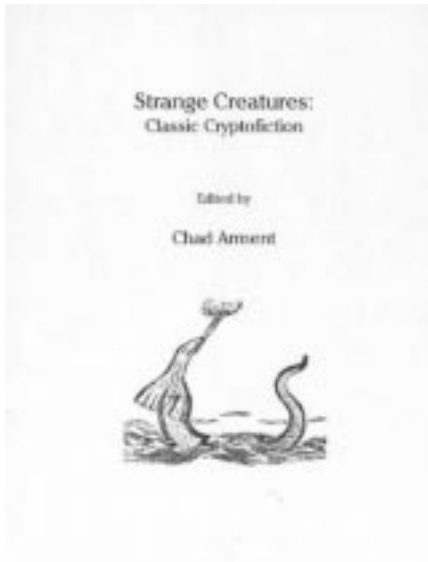
Authors: Chad Arment (editor)

ISBN 1-930585-13-6

Arment Biological Press, Landisville, Pennsylvania, 2000, 178 Pages, \$7.95

★★★★

An electric .pdf format book, see www.herper.com/ebooks for more information or see enclosed order form for Arment Biological Press.



Arment's compilation of classic fictional representations of cryptozoological creatures and ideas is intriguing and a first. Ok, others have utilized stories of monsters and creatures into anthologies (Bill Pronzini's Creature! A Chrestomathy of "Monstery" for example), but rarely if ever have classics from before the 1930's by various writers been shown together that deal solely with mystery animals.

Presented are fourteen classic works such as - *The Terror of Blue John Gap* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Beast of the Yungas* by Willis Knapp Jones (featured as an evaluation in CRYPTO Vol. 2, No. 3), *The Thing in the Weeds* by William Hope Hodgson and *The Damned Thing* by Amrose Bierce. In total nine different authors are presented in the 178 pages, each with their own version of

mans interaction with the unknown in a time before the word cryptozoology even existed in the nomenclature.

Cryptofiction as a whole has existed for some time, as these works show, but was only recently given the title Cryptofiction wherein previous it was called by some "cryptozoologie-fiction" (Michel Raynal) and Paleofiction. This first book to utilize the newly coined word of Cryptofiction is indeed a pleasure to behold, particularly by the person who created this shortened name. Likewise it is good to see it being used periodically.

There are however some draw back's to Arment's compilation, namely its venue of presentation. By utilizing an electronic text format (e-text) the readership is limited to people with a computer and/or Internet access. Though in these days this demographic is not as limited as it was a decade ago it is still not accessible to everyone. So people without these tools are left out of the loop. Aside from that limitation the book provides a beneficial addition to literature, not just for Cryptozoology as these authors are some of the worlds most honored visionaries and remembered in various works outside of literature (i.e. film and television).

For the cost of the item you cannot go wrong as one would end up paying over five times this price in order to purchase each story individually in a separate collection of works. Not only is this venue cheaper to purchase it allows for a quick reference through its media of presentation as well as the ability to print out those sections the reader wants to see in more detail. A truly unique way of reading a work of literature.

Regardless of the whether or not you have read one of these stories before, or are new to the field, this book will indeed show you the past. Perhaps even lead you to research more for yourself this fascinating side of cryptozoology, the fictional representations. We can only hope more books come out like this in the future.

Swift as a Shadow: Extinct and Endangered Animals

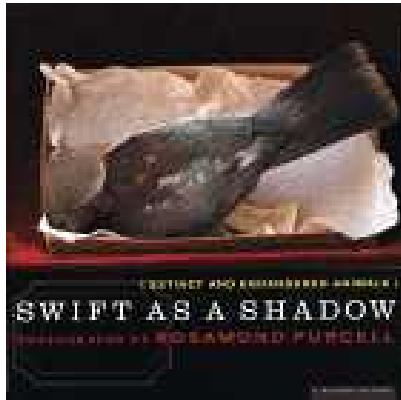
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★★★★★

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This oversized paperback presents 65 photographic entries accompanied by text written by the staff of Naturalis, Nationaa; Natuurhistorisch Museum in Leiden (Netherlands) of extinct or endangered animals.

The categories are split between continental animals and island or marine animals and cover a wide range of zoological classifications from birds to insects, mammals to reptiles. These animals cross between well-known and little known species, but all with one sad commonality, they are either extinct (or presumed extinct) or endangered currently.

Many classic animals of cryptozoology are presented, no not sea serpents and Bigfoot, but rather the animals that are possibly still with us after their presumed extinction. Some of these animals are the Thylacine (*Thylacinus cynocephalus*), the Great Auk (*Pinguinus impennis*), the Dodo (*Raphus cucullatus*), the Moa (*Emeus crassus*) and the Japanese Sea Lion (*Zalophus californianus japonicus*). All of these animals are presumed extinct, but may have been seen after their extinction dates in the wild, and in some of these cases, like the Thylacine, the text actually makes short reference to the fact that reports have occurred after the presumed extinction date.

What is important in this book are the photographic records of these animals. Not living specimens but preserved mounts of the animals (or bones in some cases) taken by Rosamond Purcell primarily from the Nationaal Natuurhistorisch Museum in Leiden (Netherlands), but also from the Bishop Museum in Honolulu (Hawaii), and the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University in Cambridge (Massachusetts). A rare example of photographic remembrance to the past species of the Earth, where a Barbary Lion and Cape Lion appear solemn, the egg of an Elephant Bird sits alone and the body of a Norfolk Island Kereru lies in a sample box awaiting inclusion in an exhibit. Demonstrations of pride and dignity within these animals that only a photograph can bring from their dead bodies.

Perhaps a bit sad, the book shows the reality of the world and what has been lost. It may not be a sought after reference book, but it can be a needed string on the finger, the reminder of what was lost or what may be lost to the world. Purcell sums up the essence of the book and what it speaks in a closing piece entitled Nature Stands Aside:

“As the photographer contemplating all the spoils, I bring further baggage to the event; which of these pigeons, say, will look “best” on film? In the middle of my contemplation of the Berber lion, a technician came by to reglue the painted tongue as naturally as a Hollywood makeup artist would mend a monster mask. Several wallabies and a wolf were also carefully vacuumed, the quagga long ago cleaned. In one of the photographs, the reflected glass case in which one New Zealand quail is displayed creates a shadow enclosure for the second. The kereri dive-bombs into its own box, set on red velvet. This is artificial, you might say - and I say that this is an almost thoroughly artificial situation. This is a warehouse full of valuable clues, not only to the nature of predators and prey but to the venerable history of artifice - of velvet, paint, plaster fruit, maquettes of string and cotton, iron hooks for hanging birds to dry.”

Cryptofiction

***The Brazilian Cat* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1922)**

Part II of II

My South American relative was so engrossed by his grounds and their curious occupants, that I hardly gave him credit at first for having any interests outside them. That he had some, and pressing ones, was soon borne in upon me by the number of telegrams which he received. They arrived at all hours, and were always opened by him with the utmost eagerness and anxiety upon his face. Sometimes I imagined that it must be the Turf, and sometimes the Stock Exchange, but certainly he had some very urgent business going forwards which was not transacted upon the Downs of Suffolk. During the six days of my visit he had never fewer than three or four telegrams a day, and sometimes as many as seven or eight.

I had occupied these six days so well, that by the end of them I had succeeded in getting upon the most cordial terms with my cousin. Every night we had sat up late in the billiard-room, he telling me the most extraordinary stories of his adventures in America—stories so desperate and reckless, that I could hardly associate them with the brown little, chubby man before me. In return, I ventured upon some of my own reminiscences of London life, which interested him so much, that he vowed he would come up to Grosvenor Mansions and stay with me. He was anxious to see the faster side of city life, and certainly, though I say it, he could not have chosen a more competent guide. It was not until the last day of my visit that I ventured to approach that which was on my mind. I told him frankly about my pecuniary difficulties and my impending ruin, and I asked his advice—though I hoped for something more solid. He listened attentively, puffing hard at his cigar.

“But surely,” said he, “you are the heir of our relative, Lord Southerton?”

“I have every reason to believe so, but he would never make me any allowance.”

“No, no, I have heard of his miserly ways. My poor Marshall, your position has been a very hard one. By the way, have you heard any news of Lord Southerton’s health lately?”

“He has always been in a critical condition ever since my childhood.”

“Exactly—a creaking hinge, if ever there was one. Your inheritance may be a long way off. Dear me, how awkwardly situated you are!”

“I had some hopes, sir, that you, knowing all the facts, might be inclined to advance——”

“Don’t say another word, my dear boy,” he cried, with the utmost cordiality; “we shall talk it over tonight, and I give you my word that whatever is in my power shall be done.”

I was not sorry that my visit was drawing to a close, for it is unpleasant to feel that there is one person in the house who eagerly desires your departure. Mrs. King’s sallow face and forbidding eyes had become more and more hateful to me. She was no longer actively rude—her fear of her husband prevented her—but she pushed her insane jealousy to the extent of ignoring me, never addressing me, and in every way making my stay at Greylands as uncomfortable as she could. So offensive was her manner during that last day, that I should certainly have left had it not been for that interview with my host in the evening which would, I hoped, retrieve my broken fortunes.

It was very late when it occurred, for my relative, who had been receiving even more telegrams than usual during the day, went off to his study after dinner, and only emerged when

the household had retired to bed. I heard him go round locking the doors, as custom was of a night, and finally he joined me in the billiard- room. His stout figure was wrapped in a dressing-gown, and he wore a pair of red Turkish slippers without any heels. Settling down into an arm-chair, he brewed himself a glass of grog, in which I could not help noticing that the whisky considerably predominated over the water.

“My word!” said he, “what a night!”

It was, indeed. The wind was howling and screaming round the house, and the latticed windows rattled and shook as if they were coming in. The glow of the yellow lamps and the flavour of our cigars seemed the brighter and more fragrant for the contrast.

“Now, my boy,” said my host, “we have the house and the night to ourselves. Let me have an idea of how your affairs stand, and I will see what can be done to set them in order. I wish to hear every detail.”

Thus encouraged, I entered into a long exposition, in which all my tradesmen and creditors from my landlord to my valet, figured in turn. I had notes in my pocket-book, and I marshalled my facts, and gave, I flatter myself, a very businesslike statement of my own unbusinesslike ways and lamentable position. I was depressed, however, to notice that my companion’s eyes were vacant and his attention elsewhere. When he did occasionally throw out a remark it was so entirely perfunctory and pointless, that I was sure he had not in the least followed my remarks. Every now and then he roused himself and put on some show of interest, asking me to repeat or to explain more fully, but it was always to sink once more into the same brown study. At last he rose and threw the end of his cigar into the grate.

“I’ll tell you what, my boy,” said he. “I never had a head for figures, so you will excuse me. You must jot it all down upon paper, and let me have a note of the amount. I’ll understand it when I see it in black and white.”

The proposal was encouraging. I promised to do so.

“And now it’s time we were in bed. By Jove, there’s one o’clock striking in the hall.”

The tingling of the chiming clock broke through the deep roar of the gale. The wind was sweeping past with the rush of a great river.

“I must see my cat before I go to bed,” said my host. “A high wind excites him. Will you come?”

“Certainly,” said I.

“Then tread softly and don’t speak, for everyone is asleep.”

We passed quietly down the lamp-lit Persian-rugged hall, and through the door at the farther end. All was dark in the stone corridor, but a stable lantern hung on a hook, and my host took it down and lit it. There was no grating visible in the passage, so I knew that the beast was in its cage.

“Come in!” said my relative, and opened the door.

A deep growling as we entered showed that the storm had really excited the creature. In the flickering light of the lantern, we saw it, a huge black mass coiled in the corner of its den and throwing a squat, uncouth shadow upon the whitewashed wall. Its tail switched angrily among the straw.

“Poor Tommy is not in the best of tempers,” said Everard King, holding up the lantern and looking in at him. “What a black devil he looks, doesn’t he? I must give him a little supper to put him in a better humour. Would you mind holding the lantern for a moment?”

I took it from his hand and he stepped to the door.

“His larder is just outside here,” said he. “You will excuse me for an instant won’t you?” He passed out, and the door shut with a sharp metallic click behind him.

That hard crisp sound made my heart stand still. A sudden wave of terror passed over me. A vague perception of some monstrous treachery turned me cold. I sprang to the door, but there was no handle upon the inner side.

“Here!” I cried. “Let me out!”

“All right! Don’t make a row!” said my host from the passage.

“You’ve got the light all right.” “Yes, but I don’t care about being locked in alone like this.” “Don’t you?” I heard his hearty, chuckling laugh. “You won’t be alone long.”

“Let me out, sir!” I repeated angrily. “I tell you I don’t allow practical jokes of this sort.”

“Practical is the word,” said he, with another hateful chuckle. And then suddenly I heard, amidst the roar of the storm, the creak and whine of the winch-handle turning and the rattle of the grating as it passed through the slot. Great God, he was letting loose the Brazilian cat!

In the light of the lantern I saw the bars sliding slowly before me. Already there was an opening a foot wide at the farther end. With a scream I seized the last bar with my hands and pulled with the strength of a madman. I WAS a madman with rage and horror. For a minute or more I held the thing motionless. I knew that he was straining with all his force upon the handle, and that the leverage was sure to overcome me. I gave inch by inch, my feet sliding along the stones, and all the time I begged and prayed this inhuman monster to save me from this horrible death. I conjured him by his kinship. I reminded him that I was his guest; I begged to know what harm I had ever done him. His only answers were the tugs and jerks upon the handle, each of which, in spite of all my struggles, pulled another bar through the opening. Clinging and clutching, I was dragged across the whole front of the cage, until at last, with aching wrists and lacerated fingers, I gave up the hopeless struggle. The grating clanged back as I released it, and an instant later I heard the shuffle of the Turkish slippers in the passage, and the slam of the distant door. Then everything was silent.

The creature had never moved during this time. He lay still in the corner, and his tail had ceased switching. This apparition of a man adhering to his bars and dragged screaming across him had apparently filled him with amazement. I saw his great eyes staring steadily at me. I had dropped the lantern when I seized the bars, but it still burned upon the floor, and I made a movement to grasp it, with some idea that its light might protect me. But the instant I moved, the beast gave a deep and menacing growl. I stopped and stood still, quivering with fear in every limb. The cat (if one may call so fearful a creature by so homely a name) was not more than ten feet from me. The eyes glimmered like two disks of phosphorus in the darkness. They appalled and yet fascinated me. I could not take my own eyes from them. Nature plays strange tricks with us at such moments of intensity, and those glimmering lights waxed and waned with a steady rise and fall. Sometimes they seemed to be tiny points of extreme brilliancy—little electric sparks in the black obscurity—then they would widen and widen until all that corner of the room was filled with their shifting and sinister light. And then suddenly they went out altogether.

The beast had closed its eyes. I do not know whether there may be any truth in the old idea of the dominance of the human gaze, or whether the huge cat was simply drowsy, but the fact remains that, far from showing any symptom of attacking me, it simply rested its sleek, black head upon its huge forepaws and seemed to sleep. I stood, fearing to move lest I should rouse it into malignant life once more. But at least I was able to think clearly now that the baleful eyes were off me. Here I was shut up for the night with the ferocious beast. My own instincts, to say nothing of the words of the plausible villain who laid this trap for me, warned me that the animal was as savage as its master. How could I stave it off until morning? The door was hopeless, and so were the narrow, barred windows. There was no shelter anywhere in the bare, stone-flagged room. To cry for assistance was absurd. I knew that this den was an outhouse,

and that the corridor which connected it with the house was at least a hundred feet long. Besides, with the gale thundering outside, my cries were not likely to be heard. I had only my own courage and my own wits to trust to.

And then, with a fresh wave of horror, my eyes fell upon the lantern. The candle had burned low, and was already beginning to gutter. In ten minutes it would be out. I had only ten minutes then in which to do something, for I felt that if I were once left in the dark with that fearful beast I should be incapable of action. The very thought of it paralyzed me. I cast my despairing eyes round this chamber of death, and they rested upon one spot, which seemed to promise I will not say safety, but less immediate and imminent danger than the open floor.

I have said that the cage had a top as well as a front, and this top was left standing when the front was wound through the slot in the wall. It consisted of bars at a few inches' interval, with stout wire netting between, and it rested upon a strong stanchion at each end. It stood now as a great barred canopy over the crouching figure in the corner. The space between this iron shelf and the roof may have been from two or three feet. If I could only get up there, squeezed in between bars and ceiling, I should have only one vulnerable side. I should be safe from below, from behind, and from each side. Only on the open face of it could I be attacked. There, it is true, I had no protection whatever; but at least, I should be out of the brute's path when he began to pace about his den. He would have to come out of his way to reach me. It was now or never, for if once the light were out it would be impossible. With a gulp in my throat I sprang up, seized the iron edge of the top, and swung myself panting on to it. I writhed in face downwards, and found myself looking straight into the terrible eyes and yawning jaws of the cat. Its fetid breath came up into my face like the steam from some foul pot.

It appeared, however, to be rather curious than angry. With a sleek ripple of its long, black back it rose, stretched itself, and then rearing itself on its hind legs, with one forepaw against the wall, it raised the other, and drew its claws across the wire meshes beneath me. One sharp, white hook tore through my trousers—for I may mention that I was still in evening dress—and dug a furrow in my knee. It was not meant as an attack, but rather as an experiment, for upon my giving a sharp cry of pain he dropped down again, and springing lightly into the room, he began walking swiftly round it, looking up every now and again in my direction. For my part I shuffled backwards until I lay with my back against the wall, screwing myself into the smallest space possible. The farther I got the more difficult it was for him to attack me.

He seemed more excited now that he had begun to move about, and he ran swiftly and noiselessly round and round the den, passing continually underneath the iron couch upon which I lay. It was wonderful to see so great a bulk passing like a shadow, with hardly the softest thudding of velvety pads. The candle was burning low—so low that I could hardly see the creature. And then, with a last flare and splutter it went out altogether. I was alone with the cat in the dark!

It helps one to face a danger when one knows that one has done all that possibly can be done. There is nothing for it then but to quietly await the result. In this case, there was no chance of safety anywhere except the precise spot where I was. I stretched myself out, therefore, and lay silently, almost breathlessly, hoping that the beast might forget my presence if I did nothing to remind him. I reckoned that it must already be two o'clock. At four it would be full dawn. I had not more than two hours to wait for daylight.

Outside, the storm was still raging, and the rain lashed continually against the little windows. Inside, the poisonous and fetid air was overpowering. I could neither hear nor see the cat. I tried to think about other things—but only one had power enough to draw my mind from my terrible position. That was the contemplation of my cousin's villainy, his unparalleled hypocrisy, his malignant hatred of me. Beneath that cheerful face there lurked the spirit of a

mediaeval assassin. And as I thought of it I saw more clearly how cunningly the thing had been arranged. He had apparently gone to bed with the others. No doubt he had his witness to prove it. Then, unknown to them, he had slipped down, had lured me into his den and abandoned me. His story would be so simple. He had left me to finish my cigar in the billiard-room. I had gone down on my own account to have a last look at the cat. I had entered the room without observing that the cage was opened, and I had been caught. How could such a crime be brought home to him? Suspicion, perhaps—but proof, never!

How slowly those dreadful two hours went by! Once I heard a low, rasping sound, which I took to be the creature licking its own fur. Several times those greenish eyes gleamed at me through the darkness, but never in a fixed stare, and my hopes grew stronger that my presence had been forgotten or ignored. At last the least faint glimmer of light came through the windows—I first dimly saw them as two grey squares upon the black wall, then grey turned to white, and I could see my terrible companion once more. And he, alas, could see me!

It was evident to me at once that he was in a much more dangerous and aggressive mood than when I had seen him last. The cold of the morning had irritated him, and he was hungry as well. With a continual growl he paced swiftly up and down the side of the room which was farthest from my refuge, his whiskers bristling angrily, and his tail switching and lashing. As he turned at the corners his savage eyes always looked upwards at me with a dreadful menace. I knew then that he meant to kill me. Yet I found myself even at that moment admiring the sinuous grace of the devilish thing, its long, undulating, rippling movements, the gloss of its beautiful flanks, the vivid, palpitating scarlet of the glistening tongue which hung from the jet-black muzzle. And all the time that deep, threatening growl was rising and rising in an unbroken crescendo. I knew that the crisis was at hand.

It was a miserable hour to meet such a death—so cold, so comfortless, shivering in my light dress clothes upon this gridiron of torment upon which I was stretched. I tried to brace myself to it, to raise my soul above it, and at the same time, with the lucidity which comes to a perfectly desperate man, I cast round for some possible means of escape. One thing was clear to me. If that front of the cage was only back in its position once more, I could find a sure refuge behind it. Could I possibly pull it back? I hardly dared to move for fear of bringing the creature upon me. Slowly, very slowly, I put my hand forward until it grasped the edge of the front, the final bar which protruded through the wall. To my surprise it came quite easily to my jerk. Of course the difficulty of drawing it out arose from the fact that I was clinging to it. I pulled again, and three inches of it came through. It ran apparently on wheels. I pulled again . . . and then the cat sprang!

It was so quick, so sudden, that I never saw it happen. I simply heard the savage snarl, and in an instant afterwards the blazing yellow eyes, the flattened black head with its red tongue and flashing teeth, were within reach of me. The impact of the creature shook the bars upon which I lay, until I thought (as far as I could think of anything at such a moment) that they were coming down. The cat swayed there for an instant, the head and front paws quite close to me, the hind paws clawing to find a grip upon the edge of the grating. I heard the claws rasping as they clung to the wire-netting, and the breath of the beast made me sick. But its bound had been miscalculated. It could not retain its position. Slowly, grinning with rage, and scratching madly at the bars, it swung backwards and dropped heavily upon the floor. With a growl it instantly faced round to me and crouched for another spring.

I knew that the next few moments would decide my fate. The creature had learned by experience. It would not miscalculate again. I must act promptly, fearlessly, if I were to have a chance for life. In an instant I had formed my plan. Pulling off my dress-coat, I threw it down over the head of the beast. At the same moment I dropped over the edge, seized the end of the front grating, and pulled it frantically out of the wall.

It came more easily than I could have expected. I rushed across the room, bearing it with me; but, as I rushed, the accident of my position put me upon the outer side. Had it been the other way, I might have come off scathless. As it was, there was a moment's pause as I stopped

it and tried to pass in through the opening which I had left. That moment was enough to give time to the creature to toss off the coat with which I had blinded him and to spring upon me. I hurled myself through the gap and pulled the rails to behind me, but he seized my leg before I could entirely withdraw it. One stroke of that huge paw tore off my calf as a shaving of wood curls off before a plane. The next moment, bleeding and fainting, I was lying among the foul straw with a line of friendly bars between me and the creature which ramped so frantically against them.

Too wounded to move, and too faint to be conscious of fear, I could only lie, more dead than alive, and watch it. It pressed its broad, black chest against the bars and angled for me with its crooked paws as I have seen a kitten do before a mouse-trap. It ripped my clothes, but, stretch as it would, it could not quite reach me. I have heard of the curious numbing effect produced by wounds from the great carnivora, and now I was destined to experience it, for I had lost all sense of personality, and was as interested in the cat's failure or success as if it were some game which I was watching. And then gradually my mind drifted away into strange vague dreams, always with that black face and red tongue coming back into them, and so I lost myself in the nirvana of delirium, the blessed relief of those who are too sorely tried.

Tracing the course of events afterwards, I conclude that I must have been insensible for about two hours. What roused me to consciousness once more was that sharp metallic click which had been the precursor of my terrible experience. It was the shooting back of the spring lock. Then, before my senses were clear enough to entirely apprehend what they saw, I was aware of the round, benevolent face of my cousin peering in through the open door. What he saw evidently amazed him. There was the cat crouching on the floor. I was stretched upon my back in my shirt-sleeves within the cage, my trousers torn to ribbons and a great pool of blood all round me. I can see his amazed face now, with the morning sunlight upon it. He peered at me, and peered again. Then he closed the door behind him, and advanced to the cage to see if I were really dead.

I cannot undertake to say what happened. I was not in a fit state to witness or to chronicle such events. I can only say that I was suddenly conscious that his face was away from me—that he was looking towards the animal.

“Good old Tommy!” he cried.

“Good old Tommy!” Then he came near the bars, with his back still towards me.

“Down, you stupid beast!” he roared. “Down, sir! Don't you know your master?”

Suddenly even in my bemuddled brain a remembrance came of those words of his when he had said that the taste of blood would turn the cat into a fiend. My blood had done it, but he was to pay the price.

“Get away!” he screamed. “Get away, you devil! Baldwin! Baldwin! Oh, my God!”

And then I heard him fall, and rise, and fall again, with a sound like the ripping of sack-ing. His screams grew fainter until they were lost in the worrying snarl. And then, after I thought that he was dead, I saw, as in a nightmare, a blinded, tattered, blood-soaked figure running wildly round the room—and that was the last glimpse which I had of him before I fainted once again.

I was many months in my recovery—in fact, I cannot say that I have ever recovered, for to the end of my days I shall carry a stick as a sign of my night with the Brazilian cat. Baldwin, the groom, and the other servants could not tell what had occurred, when, drawn by the death-cries of their master, they found me behind the bars, and his remains—or what they afterwards discovered to be his remains—in the clutch of the creature which he had reared. They stalled him off with hot irons, and afterwards shot him through the loophole of the door before they could finally extricate me. I was carried to my bedroom, and there, under the roof of my would-be murderer, I remained between life and death for several weeks. They had sent for a surgeon from Cipton and a nurse from London, and in a month I was able to be carried to the station, and so conveyed back once more to Grosvenor Mansions.

I have one remembrance of that illness, which might have been part of the ever-changing

panorama conjured up by a delirious brain were it not so definitely fixed in my memory. One night, when the nurse was absent, the door of my chamber opened, and a tall woman in blackest mourning slipped into the room. She came across to me, and as she bent her sallow face I saw by the faint gleam of the night-light that it was the Brazilian woman whom my cousin had married. She stared intently into my face, and her expression was more kindly than I had ever seen it.

“Are you conscious?” she asked.

I feebly nodded—for I was still very weak.

“Well; then, I only wished to say to you that you have yourself to blame. Did I not do all I could for you? From the beginning I tried to drive you from the house. By every means, short of betraying my husband, I tried to save you from him. I knew that he had a reason for bringing you here. I knew that he would never let you get away again. No one knew him as I knew him, who had suffered from him so often. I did not dare to tell you all this. He would have killed me. But I did my best for you. As things have turned out, you have been the best friend that I have ever had. You have set me free, and I fancied that nothing but death would do that. I am sorry if you are hurt, but I cannot reproach myself. I told you that you were a fool—and a fool you have been.” She crept out of the room, the bitter, singular woman, and I was never destined to see her again. With what remained from her husband’s property she went back to her native land, and I have heard that she afterwards took the veil at Pernambuco.

It was not until I had been back in London for some time that the doctors pronounced me to be well enough to do business. It was not a very welcome permission to me, for I feared that it would be the signal for an inrush of creditors; but it was Summers, my lawyer, who first took advantage of it.

“I am very glad to see that your lordship is so much better,” said he. “I have been waiting a long time to offer my congratulations.”

“What do you mean, Summers? This is no time for joking.”

“I mean what I say,” he answered. “You have been Lord Southerton for the last six weeks, but we feared that it would retard your recovery if you were to learn it.”

Lord Southerton! One of the richest peers in England! I could not believe my ears. And then suddenly I thought of the time which had elapsed, and how it coincided with my injuries.

“Then Lord Southerton must have died about the same time that I was hurt?”

“His death occurred upon that very day.” Summers looked hard at me as I spoke, and I am convinced—for he was a very shrewd fellow—that he had guessed the true state of the case. He paused for a moment as if awaiting a confidence from me, but I could not see what was to be gained by exposing such a family scandal.

“Yes, a very curious coincidence,” he continued, with the same knowing look. “Of course, you are aware that your cousin Everard King was the next heir to the estates. Now, if it had been you instead of him who had been torn to pieces by this tiger, or whatever it was, then of course he would have been Lord Southerton at the present moment.”

“No doubt,” said I.

“And he took such an interest in it,” said Summers. “I happen to know that the late Lord Southerton’s valet was in his pay, and that he used to have telegrams from him every few hours to tell him how he was getting on. That would be about the time when you were down there. Was it not strange that he should wish to be so well informed, since he knew that he was not the direct heir?”

“Very strange,” said I. “And now, Summers, if you will bring me my bills and a new cheque-book, we will begin to get things into order.”

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