

THE DIARY OF NATHAN ADLER

or

02. CONTAMINATION



This was originally written in French by *OVAL*, who owns the copyright on the original text.

The text is *Andrew Broad's* translation of the diary from French to English.

11TH JANUARY 2000, 14:20PM

138, 13TH STREET, OXFORD TOWN, NJ



have a big red book. As red as blood. But also as red as life. I have never opened it since it was given to me. And I don't know if I will open it one day. It's so thick and so imposing. I've no idea what it might contain and even less whether it would rot upon its opening.

I received it from my grandfather who himself had received it from his grandfather who himself... Also, as far as can be remembered, this book has always belonged to my family. And no one's ever opened it, neither to read it nor to write there. Yet since its appearance, it never ceases to get thicker. What could be in this book for it to get thicker by itself? And above all, why is it that our family has inherited this one? I'll probably never know the true answers to these questions.

I've pretty much searched everywhere, but no one could ever give me any information about the content of my book. No one, until today: a man telephoned me this morning to tell me that he knows what the red book contains.

I'm waiting for him at the moment.

18:12PM

Detective Professor Nathan Adler has just left my apartment. He believes that my book could provide him with an important tool for his investigation. In fact, a few years ago he found a volume mentioning my book. After a lot of research, he succeeded in rediscovering the trail of the book, so he called me.

The professor is currently investigating the murder of 14-year-old Baby Grace Blue, murdered in front of the Oxford Town museum of modern arts on the 31st of December last year. He has three suspects at present, but has no evidence to incriminate any one of them. So he needs to go back in time, to the scene of the murder, to see for himself who killed the young girl.

He actually believes that my book contains the history of mankind, second by second, including everything that happened in each second. This will be why it keeps getting so much thicker. So he asked me if he could enter it to go and see who was the artist-murderer culpable of this atrocity.

I accepted. For better or for worse. So he will return tomorrow to open the book and enter it.

For the first time...

And maybe the last...

12TH JANUARY 2000, 13:39PM

138, 13TH STREET, OXFORD TOWN, NJ

Professor Adler has entered my book, it's been an hour and he still hasn't returned. I don't know if he has found what he seeks.

I'm going to leave the book open so that he can come back out.

30TH DECEMBER 1999, 15:08PM

MUSEUM OF MODERN ARTS, OXFORD TOWN, NJ

My information was accurate: the book well and truly contains the history of mankind in its entirety. And one can easily wander around there. It's a machine for travelling in time (But only in the past...). And to think that it has always existed! And only I, Detective Professor Nathan Adler, know it. I now have a definite advantage over all the other investigators.

In a few hours, I will at last be able to conclude my first investigation in a new way, thanks to the red book. I will know which of *Ramona A. Stone*, *Leon Blank* and *Algeria Touchshriek* killed **Baby Grace**.

31ST DECEMBER 1999, 7:53AM

I was sure that it was Leon Blank who killed Baby Grace Blue. But he didn't kill her on his own. Another person directed it: she who I believe to be the mother of the victim, Ramona A. Stone.

Good, now I must get out of here. If I remember rightly, it suffices to jump out of the book.

13TH JANUARY 2000, 8:08

138, 13TH STREET, OXFORD TOWN, NJ

The professor has still not come back out: either he's had a slight hitch, or his investigation is very long. Even though I leave the book open; he could return any time now. I only hope that no one is worrying about his disappearance. In this case, I would much prefer that no one had known that he came here before disappearing. I could always be accused of having killed him or I don't know what...

3RD AUGUST 1615, 12:12PM

CARIBBEAN SEA

My God, what am I doing here? I'm no longer capable of leaving! Yet my information clearly says that there's nothing for it but to jump out of the book... What am I going to do? Stuck in a world that is not my own... I'm going to try to dig my way out of the book. Maybe I will succeed in arriving at my present...

Or maybe not...

15TH JANUARY 2000, 18:43PM

138, 13TH STREET, OXFORD TOWN, NJ

The outcome I feared happened today: the police came to visit me. As Nathan Adler had last been seen entering my house, they have good reasons to believe that I have killed or kidnapped him. I told them they wouldn't find anything in my apartment, but they have decided to return tomorrow with a search warrant. Today, they have done nothing except ask me some questions. But they could well decide to imprison me.

12TH JUNE 1968, 23:59PM

CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

I'm helpless! There's no way I can leave... The more I dig, the more I'm getting all mixed up. On one page I am before Jesus Christ and on the other page I find myself in the 19th century. I'm going to try to stay here and think of a solution. At worst, I will start a new life here. However, there is a problem: the people who inhabit the times that I visit don't see me and I can't physically touch anything in these time-states.

I'm like a ghost.

So I can't eat.

I have to find a solution before I die of hunger...

16TH JANUARY 2000, 14:12PM

138, 13TH STREET, OXFORD TOWN, NJ

The police officers returned with a search warrant. They have discovered the professor's coat and hat. I had completely forgotten that he had left his clothes here before entering the book. So they now have a semblance of evidence and so could arrest me at any time. They have left a police officer on constant surveillance here, before my day in court. I must find a way to get me out of this jam. And Nathan Adler, who has still not come out of this book of misfortune. I was right: **red** is the colour of blood and of death.

22:27PM

Fate continues to hound me: the police officer appointed for my supervision wanted to examine this strange and immense book - open in my library. And he has entered it...

What am I going to do to explain his disappearance? Prison awaits me for sure. So why did I open this book for a detective who I had never even heard speak before and who keeps himself busy with an investigation which doesn't concern me at all? It should have stayed closed, as it has always been for a long time.

I'm finished...

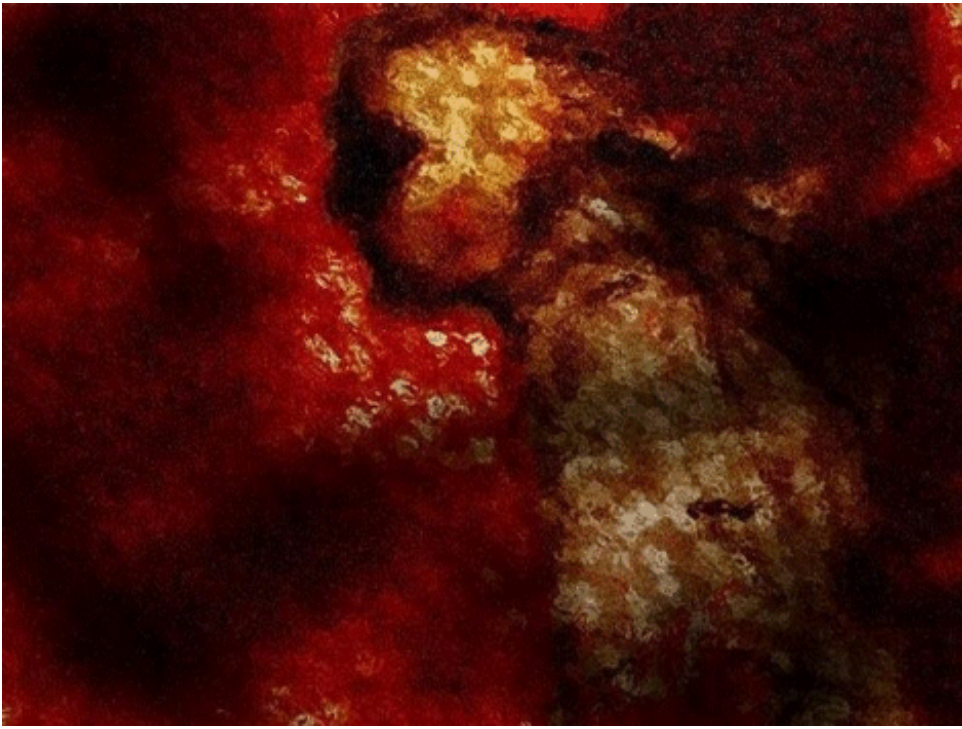
17TH JANUARY 2000, 14:15

OXFORD TOWN POLICE STATION, NJ

REPORT #15267878367828663-00

[...]The arrest was made at the home of the suspect. The effects of our missing agent have been brought to the station. The suspect is being kept in prison, waiting for his appearance for avoiding the disappearance of the other persons. The suspect has been able to bring some clothes with him. A big **red** book which was open on the floor of the library in the suspect's apartment has been closed. [...]

Investigator *Jean Galat*



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Written by OVAL - 19th February 1998
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PDF by TravisB - 16th October 2000