

Testament of the Dripping Mouths' Emanates (Trammel's Testament)

Walker's network:

- Eastside: Lopez, Keele, and Vasquez
- South LA: Pearly and Garcia
- Boulevard: Ortega
- Beaches: Cruz, Ike, Santos, Rio, and Pedro
- Central: Leon, Roger, and Ayala
- Premieres and aftershow parties: Von Popov

Each dealer handles their own street level. Walker will ensure that anyone who talks is dealt with. Walker knows best...

Territory handled by Walker! Street value is at \$22 a vial. Walker selling bulk at Hollywood plaza.

Echavarria's Lie

It is here that my chapter begins and the name of Samson Trammel shall echo down the ages. This is my testament. The documented proof of my journey will lay the foundations of the next era of humanity. For under my command and the command of that which I serve all will come to know the true meaning of power.

They will come to see the truth even as I have seen the truth, in the cry of a child beaten, in the eye of an animal as it leaves this mortal coil, in the eye of my lover as I have my fill... For I am the voice, I am the mouth of Nyarlathotep. No human who has ever lived has had a power as great as mine. I am the Black Pharaoh, avatar of the Crawling Chaos, herald of the God with a Thousand Forms, messenger of the messenger of the Outer Gods! All shall know my name and it shall live on for eons!

It has come to pass that I am the mouth which feeds the world. Echavarria is gone like teeth plucked from a jawbone. Echavarria has paid his piper, his lies his undoing. He will be but a footnote in my story, yet it was he who set us on the true path, when he intended to deceive us...

Echavarria lied, not the worst of his vices I'll grant. Amongst the death, the abuse, the rage, the untrammelled ambition, he lied to us, his followers. And like simple lambs we listened and drowned in the lies. His greatest lie, like a snake coiled around our very core, was our belief that Gol-Goroth guided our hands and mouths in his work. Like the thick sinuous length of an oiled serpent, it wrapped around us, his followers, choking us and blinding us.

It seems fitting that at the start of this testament I finally dispel the myth propagated by Ramon Echavarria and end his eternal laughter at us, the lambs, so blind. I and I alone have the power to share the truth. He tried to destroy us with his lies but I shall prove myself greater than him with the strength of truth. Gol-Goroth never was the focus of his energies! Echavarria's force is spent! His legacy is undone! Let all who read this know that Samson Trammel, through mouth wide open, shouted the truth and let it scour the seas and burn the lands! All shall tremble before me! None shall know the depth of my power!

The LA Nectar Operation

Vial contents-- cloudy liquid, pungent mossy smell. Our vials have the mark of the L. A. Roarch glassworks.

Haitians have been pushing their own 'nectar', a form of amphetamine. Dealers told to stomp this out with whatever force necessary- Walker to handle the details.

Dealers do NOT know of the true nature of the Nectar. Walker has heard them discuss the Black Man but they assume we are working for an African paymaster. The African plants I am so fond of helped 'cultivate' the lie!

Nectar Production - Valletta 1934

[a table which shows that Nectar production spikes on February 13, 1934]

The Black Man

He revealed himself to me first in my dreams. I stood before a pyramid in Egypt. The sun's rays beat down on my skin. Before me were arrayed thousands of warriors, hundreds of thousands of slaves, awaiting the Pharaoh's every word, ready to die at his slightest whim. The gems and rubies of a thousand continents glittered, and furs and gold and frankincense and myrrh and every luxury or treasure one could imagine in quantities unimaginable. But this was no shallow princeling: he had books, a wealth of occult knowledge and forbidden lore from a hundred mad sages, and they were well-thumbed.

I prostrated myself before him in awe. But he raised me up and kissed me on both cheeks in the French style, and presented me before all his slaves as his herald, his heir and-- one day, if I were to prove worthy-- his equal. I professed that I was undeserving of such an honor. He said he would teach me.

His wet mouth was slippery with the truth as it spilled forth. His was a vaulted past stretching far past the sands of the ancient Land of the Nile. He was a tall man clad in Black, his face always in shadow, his features unclear to me. He spoke to me, his melodious voice washed over me, and I was reborn.

He spoke to me for many days, the sun rising and falling like empires, and he made revelations that I had long suspected. He spoke to me, and I know that Ramon had been lying to me, to us all.

He said that he had waited for long years for someone he could entrust with his sigil, the ability to speak in his holy Name. He told me that my time had finally come, that I was to ascend. I was to become the sole and supreme leader of our movement and all would fall on bended knee and adore me. I would show my new followers the way. The way to venerate the Black Man. And he in turn would shower us with fortune and rewards that are long overdue.

His mouths would be the means by which we would manifest his influence and we in turn could reap the secretions from those most holy orifices and there would be a boon like we had never imagined. We would be his children and we would inherit all...

Increasing the Yield of Emanates from The Most Holy Orifices of Nyarlathotep

Ramon spoke of sacrifice, saying that in magic the greater the sacrifice, the greater the reward. I think he intended to demonstrate that, but he had no conception of the true power that could be achieved with the ultimate sacrifice. But the Mouths whisper to me now and they tell me that, in Malta, Montgomery Donovan understands this with the bitter black dregs of wisdom.

And the Nectar flows like a river of tears...

Letters from JB, Part One

Trammel-

We are close now! So very close! What we are creating, it will be amazing! It will be a new experience to rival that of Nectar's. It will be worth the wait. You will see. Do not forget that what Cristobal de la Luz and I have accomplished has never been done, not by you nor Ramon, not in Malta or Los Angeles or Bangkok. Only we in Mexico City have accomplished this! We have done this thing for Our God so that the Nectar may flow freely from the great Mouths! Nectar distribution will return to its original rates once we've prepared our album.

--JB

T-

The recordings continue and soon we will have our album. You will see then. You and your god will see. We have had setbacks, yes. But Cristobal de la Luz and I know what we are doing. We understand the situation in Mexico City. We are here and we know what we are doing. You press us for details, but would you truly understand them? Have you told us the full details of what you are doing? Would you think well of us if we were to question your truths as you are questioning ours?

We have not lost sight of why we are here. We have given it great thought and come to conclusions about ourselves, our operations, our goals, and the god. We have done new things, true things, and we continue to explore and to learn the truth, even when others might want to believe old lies.

--JB

Our Friends In Bangkok

Trammel--

When dealing with any entity of great power, it is essential to be fully aware of the nature of that entity. To fail to do this, whether one wishes to worship or to destroy that entity, is to court disaster. This is true of any supposed god-- why else do you think there have been vast libraries devoted to exploring the nature of any acknowledged deity you care to name? Priests, no less than scholars and sages, have long understood this.

The same is true for our god. We operate in the darkness of ignorance when it is absolutely critical to know the metaphysical nature of what we venerate. You claim that the Thing with a Thousand Mouths has revealed itself to you as Nyarlathotep. Samson, I tell you this: you are like as not to be wrong in your conclusion. I have spent years tracking down works both common and obscure, sparing no expenses and no resources, and all of my researches simply do not reveal any obvious identity for the deity we both worship. I hope you are as disturbed by this reality as I, and that you can avoid retreating from it into juvenile fantasies.

Though we disagree in this matter, still I reach out my hand to you in kindness. Samson, I extend the invitation to you, and indeed to any of your followers, though I am certain you will not accept it, to fight in our rites in Bangkok.

You may instruct your disciples to present themselves at the Fragrant Honey Shop in the Phra Nakron, saying to the doorman "I have come to join with the circle of excess."

--Savitree Sirikhan

Blasphemer! How dare she sully His Holy Name with her unworthy hand!

Letters From JB, Part Two

Dear Mr. Trammel--

We have been considering the power that comes from a Mouth's song. If our merely human mouths have the power to soothe the savage beast with our paltry song, how much more potent would this be! What we could learn! For as Echavarria said, the voice of a great Mouth may have the power to enchant or enlighten!

--JB

Dear Mr. Trammel--

Everything is in order! Thank you for your trust in us! I promise you that we shall not let you down! The great Mouth's song shall ring out!

We have made our first record! I think you will find it everything we have hoped for. Cristobal and I are very proud of it. We will send it by way of Bangkok.

We're switching post office boxes-- from now on please send messages to P. O. Box 1629.

--JB

Trammel--

I am very glad you like the record. Is it not everything I have promised? And more?

This is something that has never before been done! We have found a new way to harness Our God's power! And the effect in combination with Nectar is most potent!

But we shall go further. We shall make a whole album!

--JB

Trammel--

We are indeed working on our next recording. Cristobal de la Luz works hard every day on this, and I have everything under control.

We are very excited-- as I hope you are also-- about the profound possibilities of new songs!

--JB

Trammel--

The record is taking longer than we expected. But do not fear. We will have it done soon. You will be very pleased with the results. I promise.

--JB

Mr. Trammel--

Yes, I am profoundly grateful to you. Yes, I know you chose me above all others to start our operations here in Mexico City. I know we are tasked with maintaining operations here and ultimately making sure the Nectar flows throughout North and South America. I have not forgotten this. Believe me, please, I have not forgotten it.

Yes, production levels are down, but this will be fixed as soon as the new recording is done. You have heard already what we have achieved! We can do so much more! All we need is a little more time. Please be patient. I swear to you you will not be disappointed.

--JB

Trammel--

We have had some setbacks, but I know now we are on the right track. Our new album will change everything!

You will see-- no, you will hear it for yourself! de la Luz and I do what we do for Our God. Everything will change once the album is done. Everything.

--JB

🕒 Revision #1

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