

EVIDENCE KIT: *GOD'S TEETH*



Remnants, Hints, and Desperate Obfuscations

TOP SECRET

//NOFORN//MR

MEMORANDUM FOR: Direct

WHAT YOU SEE HERE MAY NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

The campaign *Delta Green: God's Teeth* takes Agents through horrors beyond imagining. In this evidence kit we bring to light moments best left in darkness. Gathered by *God's Teeth* chapter, these pieces evoke the awful truths of the threats that face the Agents. This kit asks players to see themselves and the powers that claim them. It scatters hints and implications like shards of shattered glass.

- » **GO FORTH:** Fragments from the Agents' world and a summary of a dreadful tome.
- » **THE LONG YEARS:** Maps of pursuit of a foe in dire need of destruction.
- » **WHITE TEETH:** A pamphlet, a flyer, a birth certificate, a map; a glimpse of a video that gets more distressing with every view; summaries of important texts.
- » **THE SPIRAL:** Covers and summaries of seven books on the life of the Agents' most dangerous foe.
- » **THE HIDDEN GOD:** A summary of the enemy's deepest secrets and a poster that holds the rules by which lives and souls are ruined.
- » **SREDNI VASHTAR:** He was a god who laid some special stress on the fierce impatient side of things.

Every purchase of this *God's Teeth* evidence kit includes a free PDF download. Print these handouts for yourself. Share them on the table, the bulletin board, the screen, the clean white wall. Wherever the players gather, a Nameless God waits.



DELTA GREEN EVIDENCE KIT: GOD'S TEETH

MSRP \$19.99

Stock code APU8124 • ISBN 978-1-940410-73-9

Published by Arc Dream Publishing

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DELTA GREEN

// EVIDENCE KIT: *GOD'S TEETH* //

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Sold for Arc Dream Publishing by Studio2 Publishing:

2663 Byington Solway Road

Knoxville, TN 37931, USA

phone 1-865-212-3797

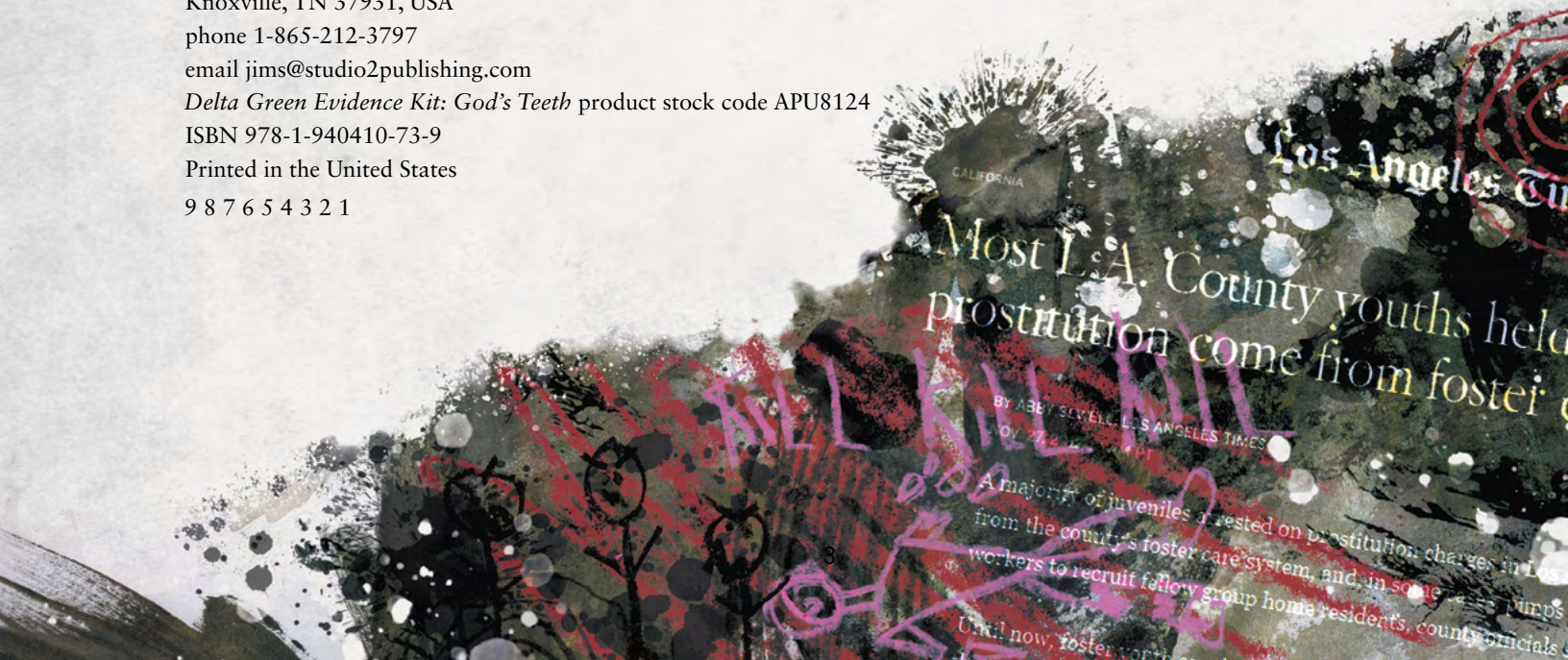
email jims@studio2publishing.com

Delta Green Evidence Kit: God's Teeth product stock code APU8124

ISBN 978-1-940410-73-9

Printed in the United States

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



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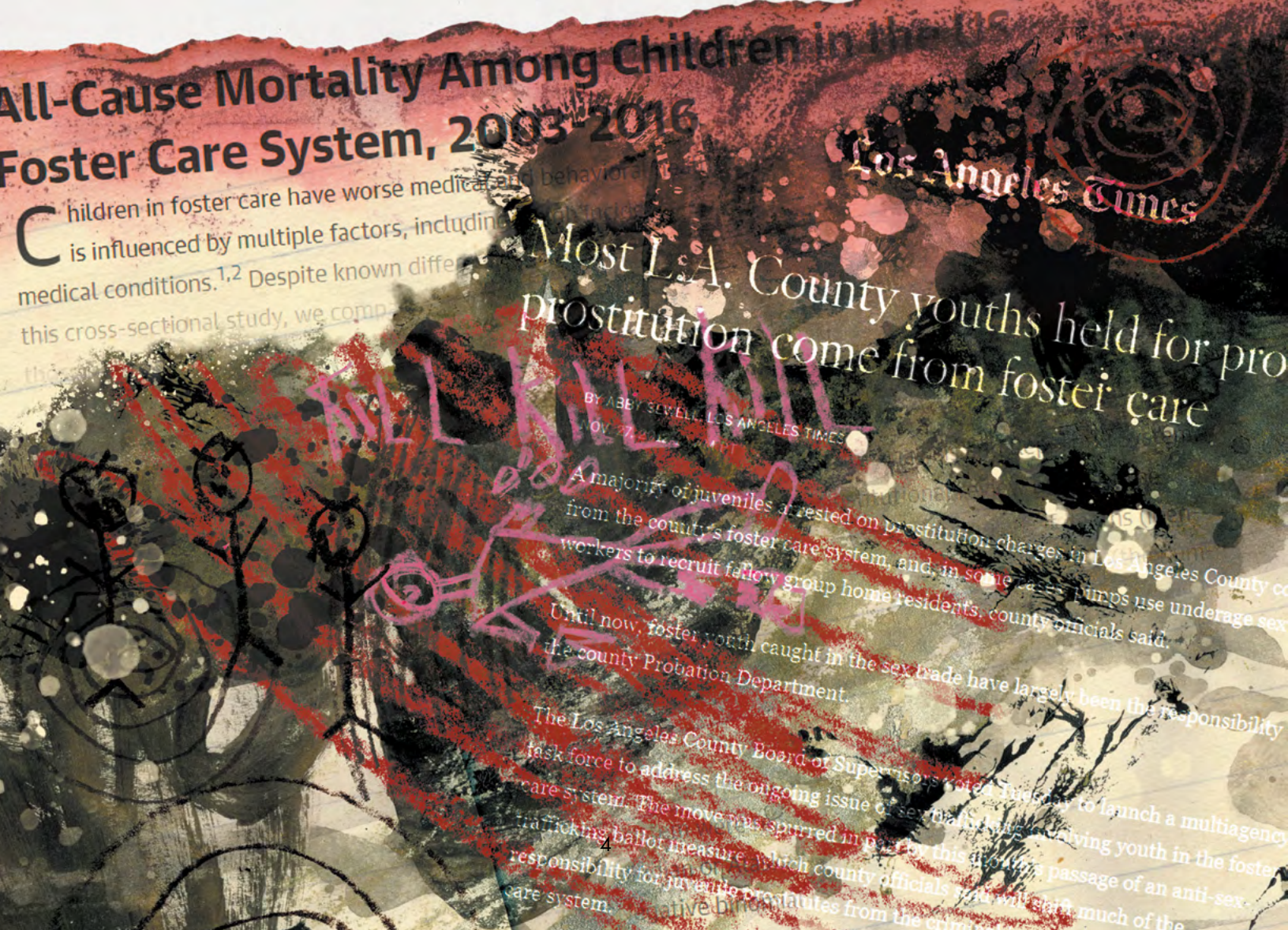
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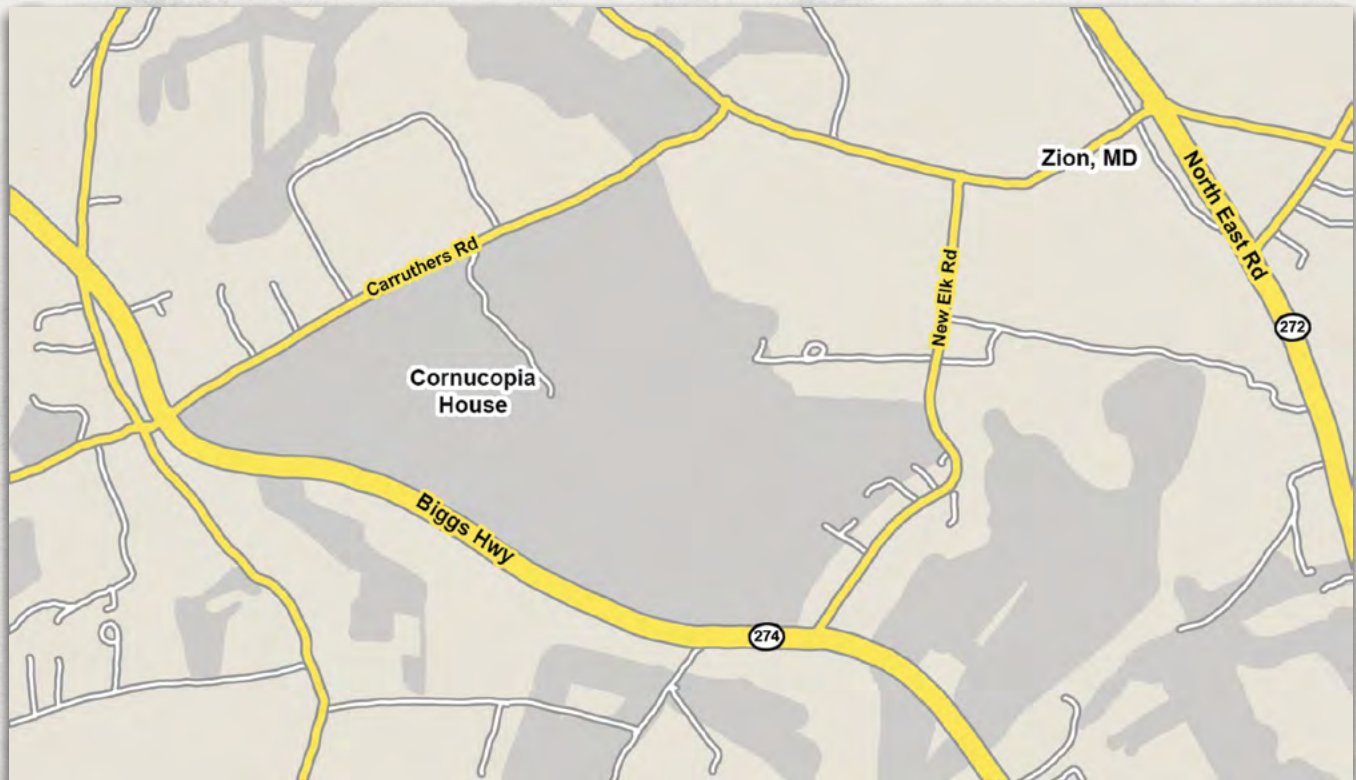
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"THE MEET," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 27



"THE MANILA FOLDER," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 29

RED THOUGHTS

Reasons for Domestic Violence Perpetration

Power/Control

- To feel more powerful
- To get control over your partner (e.g., show that you're boss)
- To get your partner to do something or to stop your partner from doing something (e.g., going out with friends)
- Because you needed to make your partner agree with you
- To shut your partner up or to get your partner to leave you alone
- To make your partner afraid or scared
- Because you wanted to have sex and your partner didn't

Self Defense

- To protect yourself (e.g., self defense)

Jealousy

- Because you were jealous

Communication Difficulties

- To show feelings that you couldn't explain in words
- To get your partner's attention
- Because your partner was going to walk away or leave the conflict before it was solved
- Expression of Negative Emotions
- To show anger



"RED THOUGHTS IN THE SLIDESHOW," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 33



**Every child
wants a pet!**

**But toxoplasmosis is no
fun! Cats can spread
disease that infect
your child in the womb!**

(Paid for by the Baltimore
Department of Animal Services)

"EVERY CHILD WANTS A PET," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 44

Yelena's Notes

A disorganized jumble of papers contains Yelena Kalamatiano's journals, experimental logs, enemies list, and recipes. These documents represent a lifetime spent pursuing the mysteries of Shub-Niggurath, called the Magna Mater or Great Mother, as part of a patriarchal subculture unappreciative of her gifts: a horrifying subset of the Skoptsi.

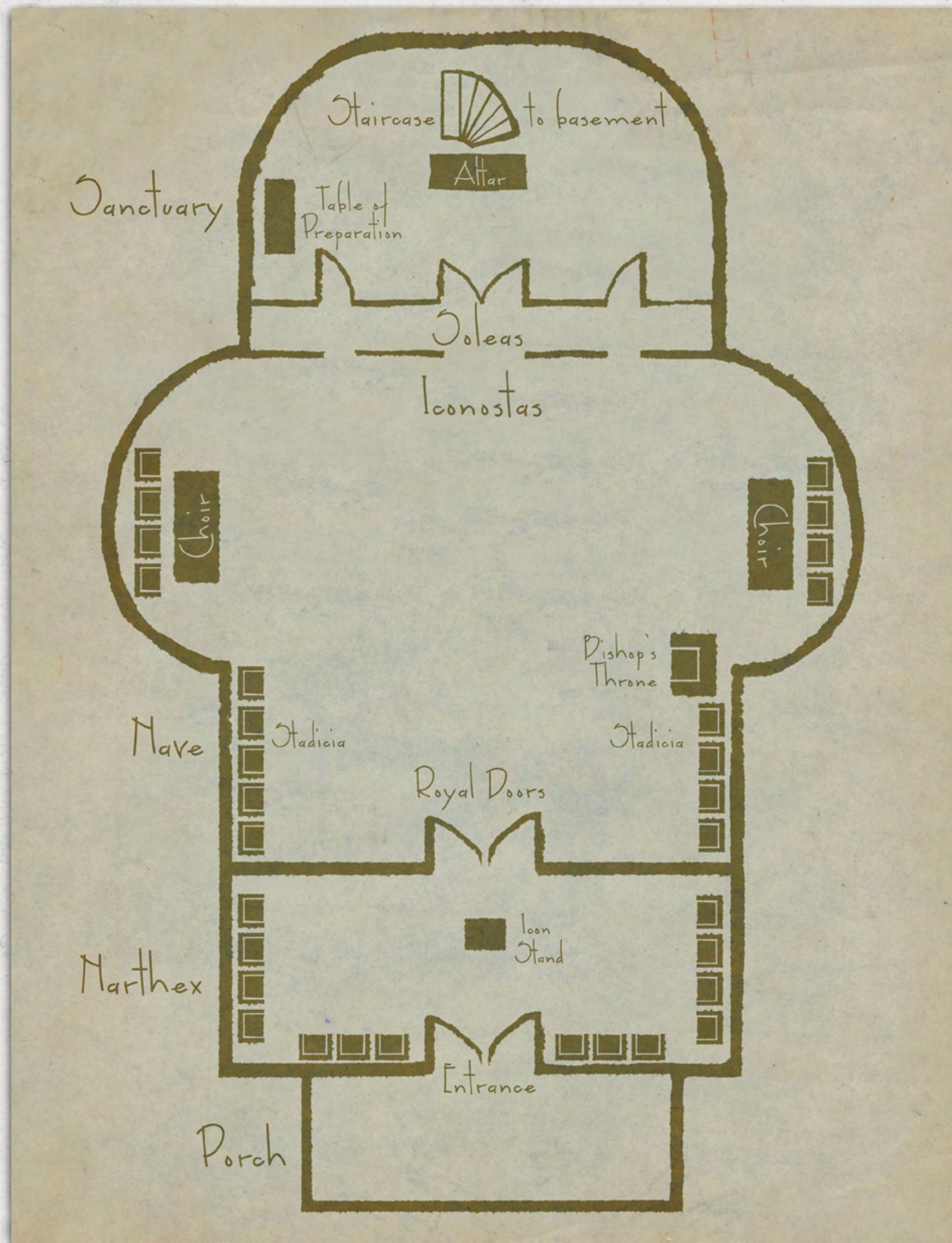
Though far from a complete history, the documents provide a basic outline of Skoptsi theology as well as the location of the Basilica of Our Virgin Mother and the names of prominent cult members in the unincorporated community called "Moscow on the Chesapeake." Long-term study could slowly reveal bits of information about the cult and its history.

As Yelena grew older, the loss of the Black Icons and the cult's refusal to grant her immortality made her bitter toward the group's elders. Meanwhile, the boys in the Skoptsi spent their time occupied by their "diversions," horrifying sexual abuse in the name of their goddess. The papers are part coup and part fantasy of what she would do if given sufficient power.

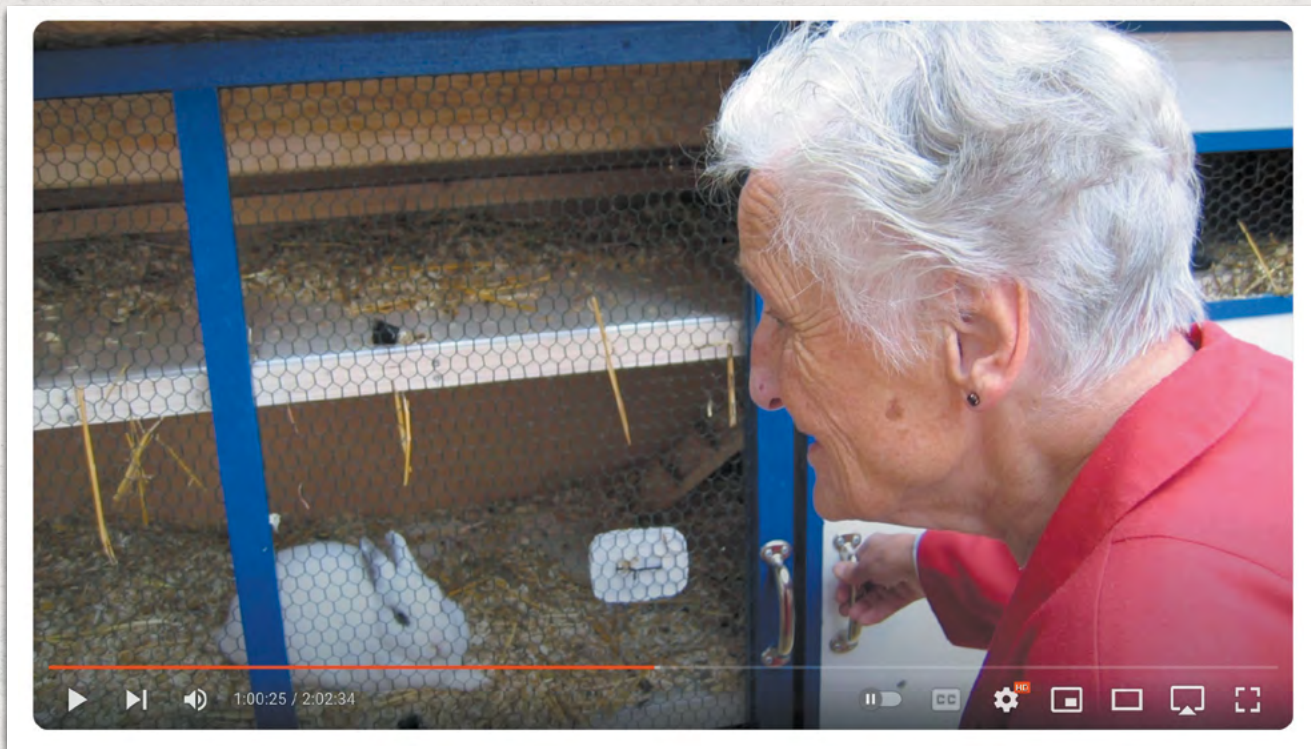
Using her already considerable skills as a sorcerer, Kalamatiano began experimenting with a way to recontact Shub-Niggurath's spawn, such as the otherworldly terrors called *haedi nigritia*, and grant herself immortality. The efforts were fruitless, resulting in nothing save the accelerated depletion of the cult's already dwindling stable of child victims. However, Kalamatiano did stumble onto a new ritual she calls "Estrus of the Mother." It did not grant her immortality, but it transformed her and provided a grotesque tool for enhancing her sorcerous power. She details that and many other awful rituals.

"BABUSHKA'S BEDROOM," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 64





"FINDING THE SKOPTSI," GOD'S TEETH PAGE 88



"THE SONG," GOD'S TEETH PAGE 146

Service animal - Wikipedia

Role of a service animal

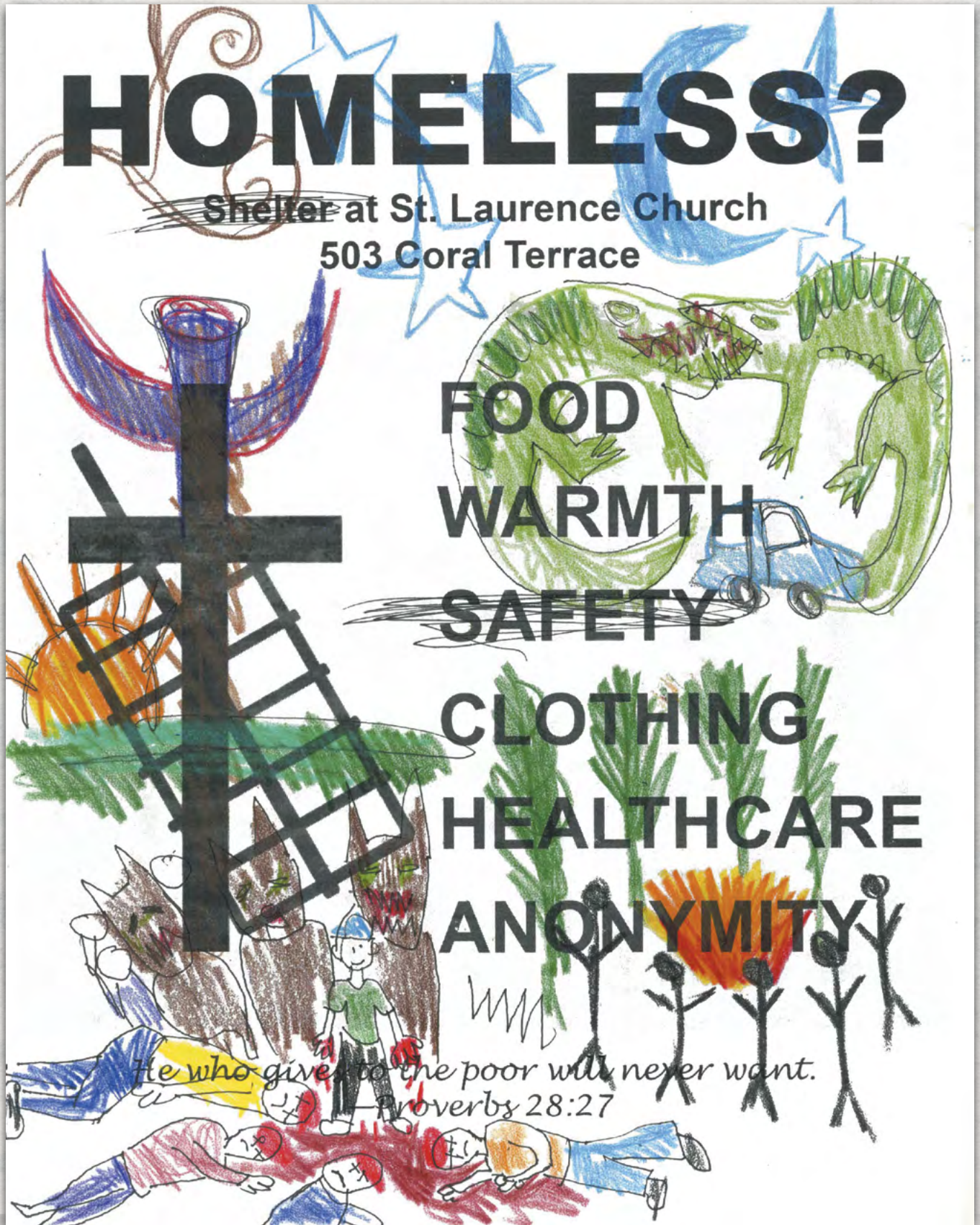
The people that can qualify for a service animal can have a range of physical and/or mental disabilities.

A **guide animal** is an animal specifically trained to assist visually impaired persons to navigate in public. These animals may be trained to open doors, recognize traffic signals, guide their owners safely across public streets, and navigate through crowds of people. A **mobility animal** may perform similar services for a person with physical disabilities, as well as assisting with balance or falling issues. **Hearing animals** are trained to assist hearing-impaired or deaf persons. These animals may be trained to respond to doorbells or a ringing phone or to tug their owners toward a person who is speaking to them. **Psychiatric animals** can be trained to provide deep-pressure therapy by lying on top of a person who may be experiencing PTSD flashbacks, overstimulation, or acute anxiety. Similarly, **autism animals** have been recently introduced to recognize and respond to the needs of people with autism spectrum disorder; some persons with ASD state that they are more comfortable interacting with animals than with human caregivers due to issues regarding eye contact, touch, and socialization. **Medical emergency animals** can assist in medical emergency and perform such services as clearing an area in the event of a grand mal seizure, fetching medication or other necessary items, alerting others in the event of a medical episode; some may even be trained to call emergency services through use of a telephone with specially designed oversized buttons. Service animals may also be trained to alert persons to the presence of an allergen.^[9]

The animals also provide important companionship and emotional support for owners who might otherwise be isolated due to disability. It is important to note, however, that providing "important companionship and emotional support for owners" is not a task that would qualify an animal as a service animal. In the US, it is illegal to bring an animal to non-pet friendly places simply because it provides companionship or emotional support. Additionally, saying your animal is a service animal for such reasons is illegal.^[10] The owners in turn often derive a sense of accomplishment and importance from attending to the needs of their animals.

Access by region

Despite regulations or rules that deny access to animals in restaurants and other public places, in many countries, guide dogs, other types of assistance dogs, and in cases miniature horses,^[3] are protected by law, and therefore may accompany their handlers in most places that are open to the



"THE PAMPHLET," GOD'S TEETH PAGE 149



"NIKA'S THESIS," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 157

The Effects of Traumatic In-Group Behavioral Fluency on Late-Stage First Language Acquisition

A litter of handwritten and printed pages comprise a manuscript version of Nika Leninovna Chilikov's master's thesis in child psychology. Only the abstract, first few pages, and bibliography are complete.

Chilikov's subjects are the children shipped from Maryland to the King-Torino Children's Refuge. Each is given a simple moniker ("Sub. A," "Sub. B," etc.) to protect anonymity. The "Methods" section, which describes each child, makes it clear Chilikov included herself in the study. The consulting Ph.D. on the thesis is Sarah Brice, who worked at King-Torino and signed off on the use of her case files. Brice died of a brain tumor in 2012.

The thrust of Chilikov's argument is that under certain extreme conditions of educational neglect and physical abuse, housing victims together may actually impede their development of language skills. She explains that strict in-group norms forged in the abusive environment can severely alter behavior and communication. The paper recounts, through a veil of objectivity, Chilikov's own struggles after accepting the tutelage of Dr. Brice, the violence she endured at the hands of her former friends, and her slow progress in education despite enormous pressure to shut down.

Chilikov's notes include a few sketches of drawings left by the children, including a small, childlike figure with red hands stands triumphant over larger, adult victims all lying in blood. The head of each victim has a red splotch that might represent the brain. Other children and small animals watch in a crowd. Other sketches include a pole with a pair of horns atop it against the sun at the horizon, a strange dead tree curling against stars and the moon, and a campfire seen through a thicket of skinny trees. She cannot decipher their meaning. The "red brain" design appeared most often. The subjects drew or painted it only when they were separated for lengths of time, leaving symbols for each other in a playroom. It first appeared in 2004 outside the office of Dr. Brice, whom the subjects loathed and feared for trying to help them communicate. In 2006, one of them drew it on a sketch of a particularly brutal caretaker. In 2007, one of them drew it on every copy of a cheery, cartoonish pamphlet that encouraged children to trust police.

"NIKA'S THESIS," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 157



JOURNAL

(Classification)

TIME	SERIAL NO.	DATE TIME GROUP
OUT	44	010627H
	45	010656H
	46	010700
	47	010711
	48	010717
	49	010721
	50	010725
	51	010729
	52	010733
	53	010737
	54	010741
	55	010745

UNIT

PI

Crystal Killian's Journal

The journal is bound in faux leather, a mass-market model purchased from Borders bookstore. Only about half of its 300 pages contain writing. The cover and pages are torn from a variety of animal teeth and claws, likely the same that shredded most of the other books and documents found in the trailer's office. Most pages are clotted with blood that pooled around the document where it lay on the floor. This makes parsing the document difficult. Ink has run or been overwritten by bloody grime.

Killian's notes trace investigations into the forces that destroyed her life in her time with Delta Green from 1996 to 2001, the year she fled with her family and began the inevitable process of their leaving her alone with her obsessions.

C-Cell

Killian mentions working with an FBI agent and an intelligence officer, given the pseudonyms "Cole" and "Cooper." To a reader who knows how Delta Green worked in those days, it's clear that she advised them as a friendly at first and then as an agent beginning in 2000. She writes that "Cole" and "Cooper" died in a shootout and fire at a taxi garage. Cole handed her a folder of evidence that he had found and told her to run. She writes about the folder like a source of the most traumatic horrors imaginable without ever giving details.

It's clear why Delta Green once found her a useful asset. Once freed from the constraints of her family life, Killian made remarkable progress in multiple lines of inquiry using pure academic research. If her journal is any indication, her work and psychological stability deteriorated steadily over the years.

Skoptsi

Much of the still-legible material regards the history of the American offshoot of the Skoptsi, based on what Killian remembered of the investigation before she fled. She discovered anthropological records suggesting the cult's original purge from Russia and immigration to the U.S., settling in Los Angeles in the early 20th century and decades later in Maryland.

She even made some remarkably accurate suppositions as to the nature of their worship of "The Magna Mater," presented to the public as a version of the Virgin Mary but worshiped secretly with horrific and bloody rituals as a pagan goddess of eternal life. Most importantly, Killian linked ownership of the Basilica of Our Virgin Mother in Maryland, at the community nicknamed "Moscow on the Chesapeake," to the cult.

The Program

Another line of inquiry regards the fate of survivors of Delta Green. This section is largely written as interviews with code named subjects (unless it is to be believed that Killian received information about Delta Green from the members of Boyz II Men and C+C Music Factory). Each coded entry appears to be notes hastily scratched after interviews with other operatives of "the Group" that she managed to track down. Though she never mentions interviewees by name, she took first-hand accounts of the conflict that gave rise to the Program. Killian corroborated the radio silence she experienced with that of other agents, though none appeared to have experienced the total loss of fellow agents that caused her to flee.

The interviewees warn of a new, "official" group entirely suborned by the enemy and urge Killian to stay in the shadows. She muses that the silence of the leaders of "the Group" may have been a coincidence that unfortunately intersected with the disaster during the Skoptsi investigation, but the thought of both misfortunes falling on her at the same time appears to be too much for her to have entertained for long.

Killian made only one slip in her notes. She includes enough scattered details about "Cole" to piece together that he was an FBI agent who vanished in 2001. Then in one hasty, exhausted scrawl she calls him "Hall."

The Children

The final investigative thrust of the notes appears to concern the whereabouts of the children from Cornucopia House. Cut off from access to federal documents, Killian made the least progress on this front. She wasn't sure if the children were alive or if her final order had been followed, and this uncertainty seemed to cause her much distress.

She never knew the names of the children housed at Cornucopia House in the first place, and sealed juvenile records made finding more information impossible. The most she managed to maintain was an up-to-date record of information available about the "friendlies" she sent to destroy Cornucopia House, hoping that, if need arose, keeping track of them would lead her to the whereabouts of the children.

Killian notes seeing a number of strange symbols or icons sprayed like graffiti. She sketches a "red brain" that she saw on trash at her trailer in 2016. She mentions trying to gain access to the "GARI database" to search for it. Her notes wonder what the symbols mean or what locations they represent. She did not live long enough to find out.

STATE OF ALASKA
CERTIFICATION OF VITAL RECORD

STATE OF ALASKA
Bureau of Vital Statistics
Certification of Live Birth

Name: Crystal Dawn Killian
Sex: Female
Date of Birth: June 12, 1982
City of Birth: St. Paul
County of Birth: St. Paul Island
Mother's Name: Rain Johnson
Mother's Maiden Name: Rain Johnson
Father's Name: Hlachi Killian
Date Filed: June 25, 1982

State File Number:
907-82-359348

Time of Birth: 3:31 A.M.

THE SEAL OF THE STATE OF ALASKA

SEAL OF THE STATE REGISTRAR OF VITAL STATISTICS OF ALASKA

This is a true certification of fact on file in the BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS, DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND SOCIAL SERVICES, JUNEAU, ALASKA.

Date Issued: August 3, 1982

This copy not valid unless prepared on engraved border displaying the date, seal and signature of the Alaska State Registrar.

ANY ALTERATION OR ERASURE VOIDS THIS CERTIFICATE

"IDENTIFYING NOELLA," GOD'S TEETH PAGE 159



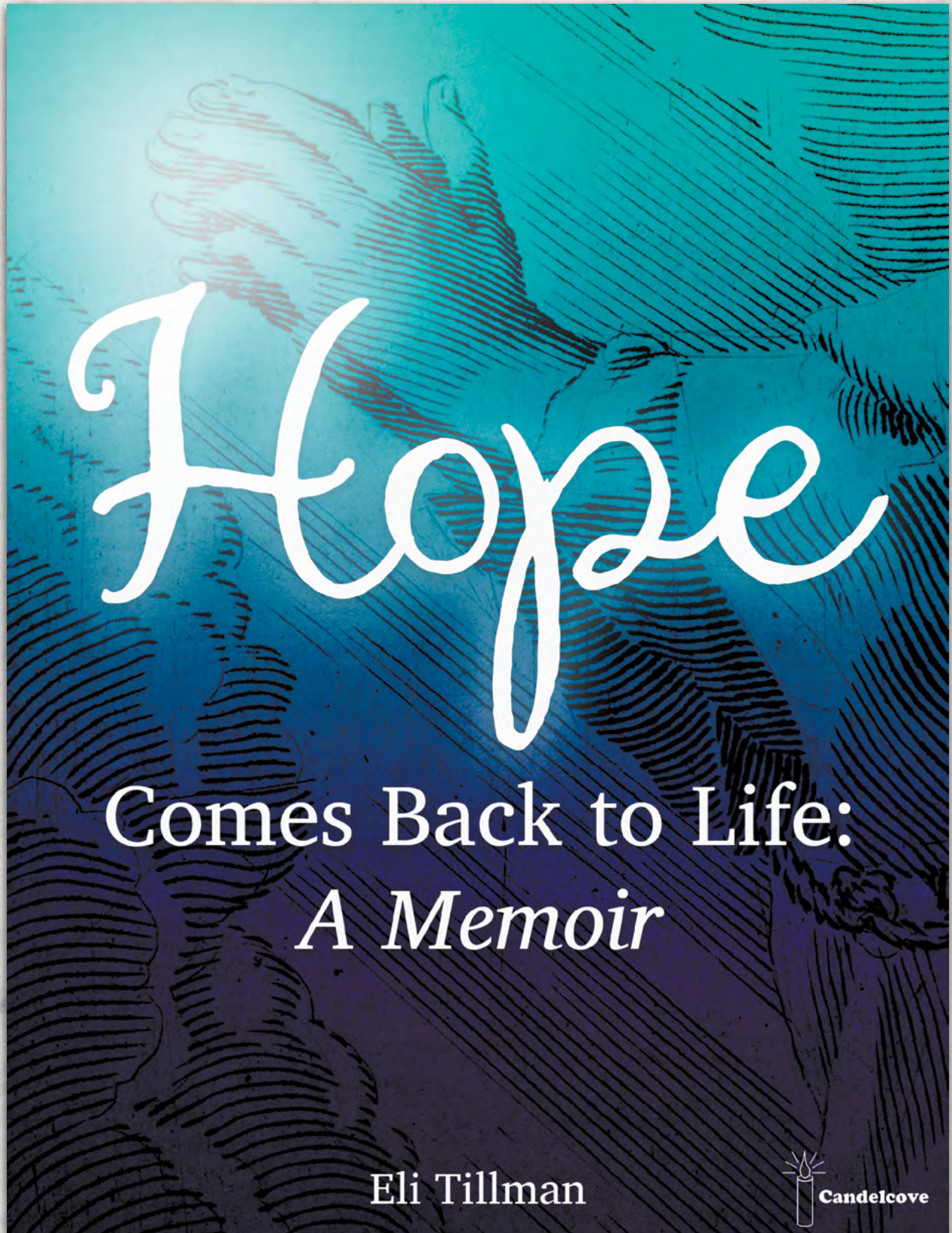
"INSURANCE," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 161



The Alligator Safety Tips You Need to Know BEFORE You Visit Florida | Jacksonville Traveler

noise and run like your life depends on it. Zigzag or run in a straight line – but don't worry too much about that. JUST RUN.

It's far better to be on dry land – gators can run quite fast, but not for too long. So if you can hightail it out of the water and put some distance between you and the alligator, you will likely win. The same can't be said if you are fighting the gator on his turf in the water, where the force of a bite will stun you long enough to be dragged under water. Not an easy situation to escape.



"ELI TILLMAN'S MEMOIRS," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 212

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

HOPE COMES BACK TO LIFE

Tillman, Eli. *Hope Comes Back to Life: A Memoir*. Campton, Kentucky: Candelcove Press, 2006.

The worst moment of Eli Tillman's life was the kidnapping of his son, Jacob Tillman, in 1994. The second worst came shortly after, during a press conference where the family offered a reward for any information. A reporter asked what he thought about rumors his wife Delilah had arranged the kidnapping. Thoughtless and exhausted, Eli said, "If it turns out she did it, I'll never forgive her."

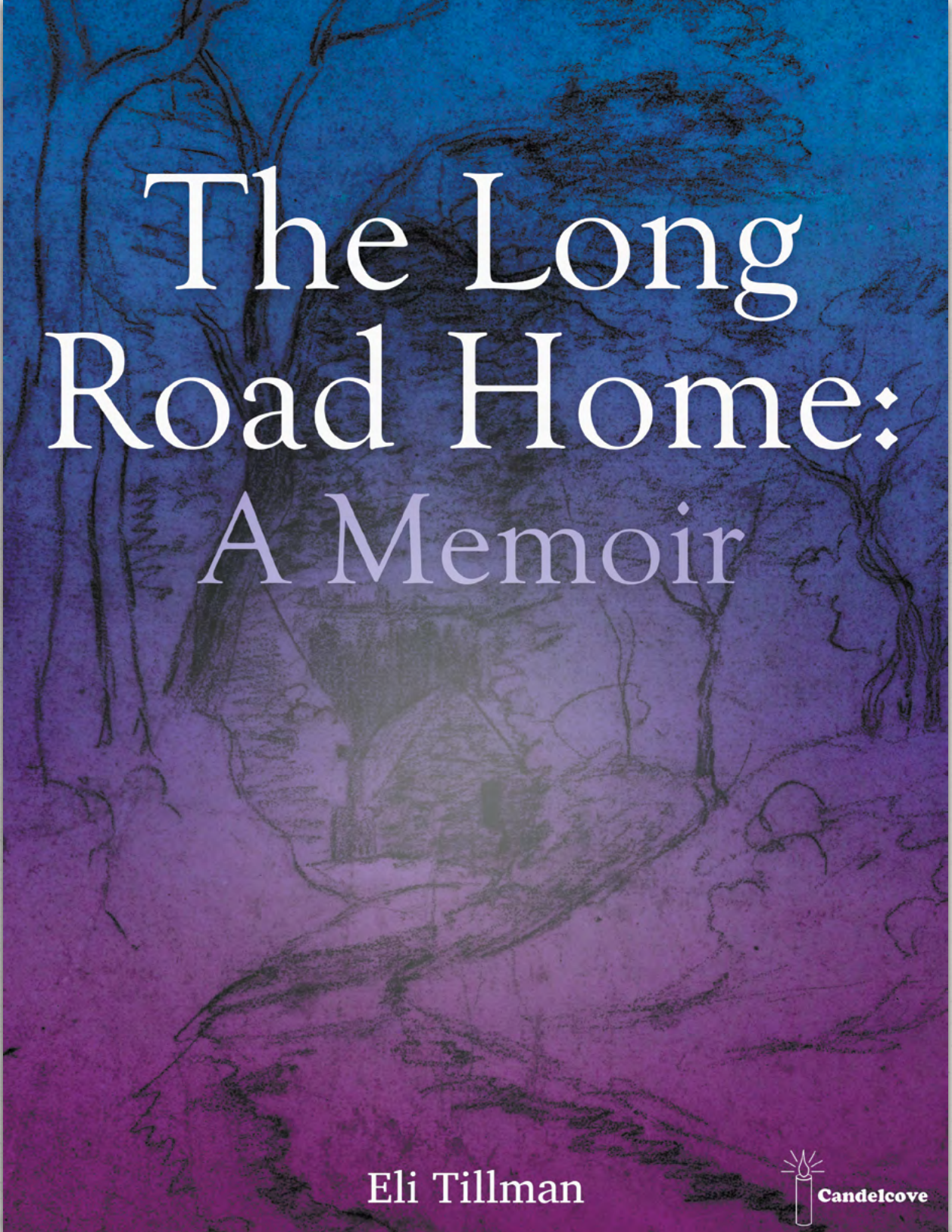
It was the first time he'd expressed doubt since she came home, begging him to believe that she'd been overpowered and "drugged." Delilah left the stage distraught. He could hear the reporters braying more questions behind him as he followed after her. They smelled blood in the water.

He found her dead in the tub later, actual blood in the water. A punishment for his sin of doubt.

The book's second act takes the more traditional form of evangelical memoir. Eli Tillman goes through the hell of guilt and addiction, the need to find his son the only thing keeping him alive. He kept selling pontoon boats. He kept hiring lawyers. He kept making the government and media pay for their part in driving Delilah to suicide. Significant ink is spilled on the author's internal dialogs, Tillman alternately convincing himself his wife's death was a murder and that he's a traitorous spouse deserving of Hell. Ultimately, Eli fails to convince himself his wife had lied or forgive his own doubts.

In March 2001, the faith he found too late was vindicated. Jacob was discovered alive in North Carolina. He'd been snatched by mysterious people, held in Maryland, and been made to suffer abuses grown men dared not imagine. He'd escaped under unexplained circumstances and been put in a children's home outside Charlotte. Someone in the government finally did their job right and connected the boy to a closed kidnapping case.

The book's final chapter relates Eli's panicked drive to meet his lawyer at the facility, praying to God for the strength to raise whatever was left of his son. The climax is a contrived conversion scene, set in a truck stop chapel as Eli fills his hollowed-out soul with "the invigorating light of Jesus" as a means of strengthening himself for "the healing journey yet to come." The book ends before the author reunites with his son, though an afterword by the publisher indicates the "inspiring reunion" is the subject of the sequel.



The Long Road Home: A Memoir

Eli Tillman



"ELI TILLMAN'S MEMOIRS," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 212

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

THE LONG ROAD HOME

Tillman, Eli. *The Long Road Home: A Memoir*. Campton, Kentucky: Candelcove Press, 2007.

After settling his lawsuit against the FBI over their handling of his son Jacob's abduction, Eli Tillman sold his boat dealership, moved away with Jacob, and paid lawyers to wipe away the paper trail behind them using a tsunami of legal record-hold orders. He ascribes his new wealth to a renewed faith in God rather than enormous lawsuit settlements.

The bulk of the text recounts Eli's struggles with his son's extreme trauma and neglect. Jacob could not verbalize or understand spoken language at all. Attempts to speak with him were ignored, whereas any insistent talking caused him to melt down into violent outbursts. There are chapters detailing his bouts of self-harm, night terrors, and enuresis. A particularly gruesome chapter contains photos of scars on Eli's forearms, wounds caused by stabbed pencils and gnashing bites.

When the book pivots away from the father's personal struggles, it's to criticize the dozens of professionals hired to assist Jacob's recovery: child psychologists, psychiatrists, pediatricians, neuroscientists, speech-language pathologists, animal therapists, live-in nurses, and anyone else he thought might make a difference. Jacob was doped to the gills and provided every diagnosis imaginable, but Eli never stuck to treatments as long as experts suggested. Motivated to save what he could from the wreckage of his family, he changed strategies quickly if he didn't feel Jacob was progressing.

Shifting in tone from the inspirational passion play of suffering found in the first half, the second part of the book turns into a log of Eli Tillman's educational experimentation, with his nearly feral son the only student. Jacob Tillman did not begin developing the ability to understand and form language until he was almost ten years old, sometime in 2004. According to the afterword, this late language acquisition is considered a miracle in the field of child psychology to this day, though the body of the text itself recommends little practical curriculum or instructional advice beyond a vague attitude of persistence.

Tillman's second book is his most popular and controversial online. Critics and experts question its validity. On one hand, Jacob's recovery after such a severe learning deficit is remarkable and worthy of study. However, Eli Tillman's series of memoirs remain the only account of Jacob's education. Tillman is not a trained psychologist. He's not even a trained educator outside of the minimum requirements to homeschool children. He did not permit any of the professionals interacting with his son to share any aspect of his care with the larger academic community, even as an anonymous case study.

In an interview included in the back of the second edition, Tillman himself addresses these concerns by insisting he has no "traditional expertise," a line he repeats *ad nauseam*. Tillman insists his son's story is merely an example, not a prescription. To this day, Tillman is often cited in online arguments over the efficacy of homeschool education and homeschooler rights, and conflated into defenses of in-school prayer and vaccination conspiracy theories.

The Road Show: A Memoir



Eli Tillman



"ELI TILLMAN'S MEMOIRS," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 212

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

THE ROAD SHOW

Tillman, Eli. *The Road Show: A Memoir*. Campton, Kentucky: Candelcove Press, 2009.

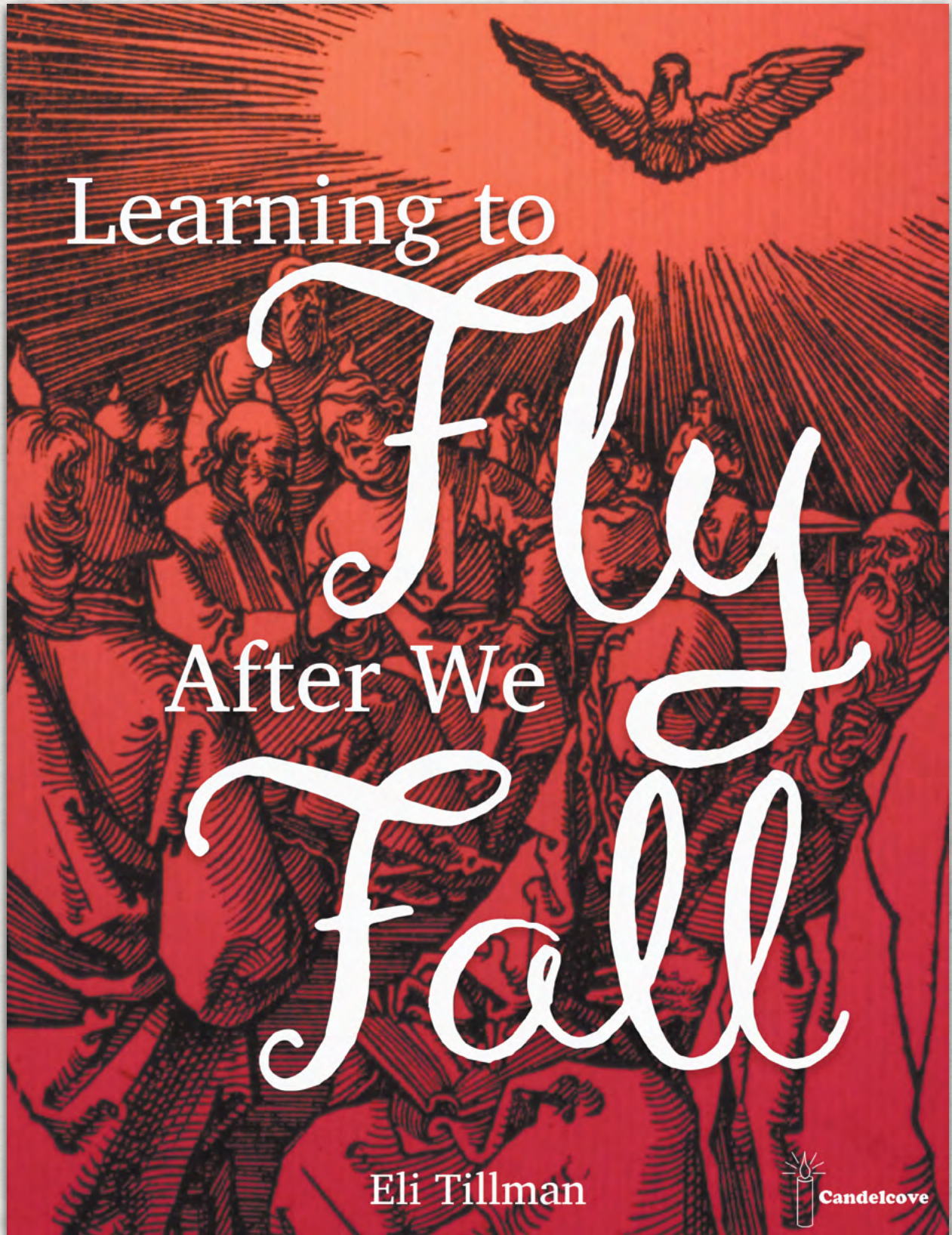
After the success of *The Long Road Home*, Eli Tillman fully plugged in to his own fandom. At this point in the series, Tillman begins including scenes in which he must balance his speaking tours with educating his son. The jacket blurbs indicate the books sold briskly among the homeschool, mommy blog, and alternative educator audiences. A year after Jacob Tillman proved capable of accepting and retaining language education, Tillman bought an RV and began touring the United States with Jacob, giving lectures and attending book signings.

The book describes Eli Tillman's continued tutoring of Jacob in RV parks around the U.S. Eli hires a "replacement Mom," in the form of a servant named Clovis. This nondescript immigrant nanny/tutor serves as the "voice of reason" in a series of anecdotes that waffle between educational-philosophical profundity, sentimentality, and Christian propaganda. There is also a driver named Clark, an almost entirely silent man that seems to only exist to explain how they have so many conversations while the vehicle is moving.

The father's main educational technique is a curriculum-free approach. Eli and Jacob watch movies in the back bedroom of the RV (for instance, *The Goonies*). Jacob asks questions about what he saw, and Eli answers. The next day, Eli and Clovis create enrichment lessons based on what Jacob inquired about during the film (for instance, a lesson about pirates), working on everything from sight words to math problems through the lens of old movies. The chapters, organized by film, give lesson examples and describe Jacob's supposed growth as a result. Between these "how-to" sections, Eli punctuates the book with polemics against standardized testing, a lack of prayer in schools, and the quality of school lunches.

"ELI TILLMAN'S MEMOIRS," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 212





"ELI TILLMAN'S MEMOIRS," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 212

The HYPE Train

Barbra Cymbaline



LINDISFARNE PRESS

"ELI TILLMAN'S MEMOIRS," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 212

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

LEARNING TO FLY AFTER WE FALL

Tillman, Eli. *Learning to Fly After We Fall*. Campton, Kentucky: Candelcove Press, 2012.

Eli Tillman's final memoir is an elegiac goodbye to his son Jacob. Jacob is described as an extremely shy young man, soft-spoken to a fault and still withdrawn. However, he is also fiercely dedicated to his studies and beliefs, demonstrating "an inner strength he can't have received from either of his parents" and "a patriotism built from life on the road in this great country," according to Eli. The author waxes prophetic about the individualistic nature of education in terms that make most trained educators cringe.

Much of the book details the softening of Jacob's behavioral issues and his renewed dedication to study. He claims to want to grow up to be a police officer because he wants "to protect people from the things that happened to him." He also insists that he must change his name and spends much of the book debating that decision with his father. Ultimately, Eli concedes to the name change, swayed by his son's arguments. Both come to believe that Jacob's life had become too scrutinized by the memoirs to ever achieve the "normal" they both fought to recapture. Eli treats the name change melodramatically, using every opportunity to praise Jesus and the Founding Fathers in equal measure. His description of the court appearance makes it feel as if his boy is dying rather than just filling out paperwork. The book ends without giving Jacob's new name.

"ELI TILLMAN'S MEMOIRS," GOD'S TEETH PAGE 212

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
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THE HYPE TRAIN

Cymbaline, Barbra. *The Hype Train*. Chicago: Lindisfarne Press, 2015.

A vicious pop-academia hit piece against Eli Tillman's memoirs published by a professor of educational psychology at Purdue. Though painfully obscure, Dr. Cymbaline's book is the seminal work in left-leaning academics' refutation of "Tillmanism" in the homeschool movement.

Cymbaline conclusively proves that, contrary to his memoir *The Road Show*, Eli Tillman drove his son around the country alone. Neither the helper Clovis nor the driver Clark existed.

Cymbaline refutes any reproducible results from the movie-education model. She shows receipts proving that Eli Tillman mainly drove around the country with his son so that Jacob could be abandoned during the day at a variety of private, for-profit holding facilities in order to give his father time to write his books. Cymbaline claims that Jacob was abandoned at a variety of teen boot camps, Christian re-education camps, experimental boarding schools, and detention centers owned by the Laugherty family, pioneers in private jailing. While his son was institutionalized, his father traveled the country selling the story of his miracle. Jacob's actual recovery may have never even occurred, but Cymbaline's main thesis is that, if it did occur, it had little to do with anything Eli Tillman did.

Online, fans of Eli Tillman, and Tillman himself, dismissed *The Hype Train* as Deep State propaganda funded by Obama's Department of Education. Its sales pale in comparison to Tillman's memoirs.

"ELI TILLMAN'S MEMOIRS," GOD'S TEETH PAGE 212

Conradin's Exercise Book

Conradin's leather-bound journal dates back to when he was 16 years old. Esau, Jacob, Conradin, whatever you call him, underwent a remarkable developmental recovery. The tortured prose indicates he only learned to decode language at the very end of his developmental stage. Though blessed by strange opportunities, Conradin struggled his whole life to obscure his difficulty with communication, to protect both his father's snake-oil education empire and his own mission. He treated every interaction and interior thought as a laborious composition exercise, in need of careful research and drafting. Though never quite achieving grade-level literacy, tutoring and Conradin's personal dedication improved his language skills profoundly over the last decade.

Entries during the college years contain concise, careful paraphrases of complex reading assignments given at Duke and completed by professional plagiarist "ScribeLife420." Interspersed with spelling and grammar exercises is a diary of Conradin's study of the nameless force that drives him. In his years with his father Eli Tillman, he stumbled across Saki's famous story of Sredni Vashtar and found it beautiful. Sredni Vashtar became Conradin's name for his nameless god.

In the journal, Conradin catalogues the strange impulses and certainties that guide him through life. He tries to piece together everything he can remember from Cornucopia House. He theorizes that his neurological damage could serve to obscure the source of that power, that influence. It connects him "to the quiet that let us first hear."

With a brain partially segmented by other eldritch sorceries, Conradin retained limited access to the divine and did his level best to translate it into paltry words. Conradin studied Egyptology, history, mythology, and quantum physics—at least insofar as tutors could winnow down the specialist vocabulary into something he could manage. He used his father's wealth to buy a degree and research the history of his terrifying god on Earth.

Cults in mythical Atlantis and Lemuria worshipped it before recorded history. The earliest Egyptians sacrificed and prayed to it as Bast: a protector against evil magic, against evil spirits and cruel powers. Myths named Bast among the goddesses called the Eye of Re, defender of order against the chaos serpent Apep. The Nameless God warred with the legendary Black Pharaoh, Nephren-Ka, said to be a god himself. But the Nameless God's hungers consumed even its own worshippers. Its power withdrew. It waited. Some say the fabled gods of Earth hide in the land of dreams, no longer concerned with the doings of humanity. They hide with good reason.

Conradin's sketches represent his beloved deity as a ferocious lioness, a sunlit guardian and hunter among the stars in the sky, made of stars and devouring stars. He writes that it—never "she"—feeds on unnatural power. Power itself is the prey of Bast, the god that hungers, the god that feeds.

Was Bast born into the universe, some strange entity that evolved with it? Is Bast an aggregate of countless weird processes of the absorption of power? An emergent property of the ways in which strange energies that we call unnatural move from state to state, from reality to unreality? Is it, like life itself in some theories, merely a byproduct of the inevitability of entropy? Is it an epiphenomenon of the unthinkable Source of all power in the universe, in all universes, blindly hungering to reclaim itself? Conradin does not know.

Bast is but one name for a cosmic need to hunt and consume. It manipulates reality and engineers causality. It singles out servants that carry out its work and marks them, scars them, and claims them its own, forever: its Teeth.

Conradin explicitly describes how to create new Teeth and continue the cycle. That is the sole purpose of the "Private Side" of his detention facility.

The latest entries record Conradin's use of federal resources to hunt for his former peers from Cornucopia House. This research led him to the Agents' operations. He's close to discovering their identities, but he doesn't appear to be looking very hard. As if he expects the information to soon reveal itself.

The last page of the journal is dated the day before Agents locate the book. It reads, "They are coming. You are here."

"TILLMAN'S APARTMENT," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 229

The Ten Commandments

1. Never talk
2. Keep them quiet
3. NO PHONES EVER
4. Always wear mask
5. Music always on
6. No gifts, no possessions
7. No play until shift end
8. You don't know, you call
9. They have value
10. You do not

"THE AIRLOCK AND THE RULES," *GOD'S TEETH* PAGE 243

Sredni Vashtar

by Saki



Conradin was ten years old, and the doctor had pronounced his professional opinion that the boy would not live another five years. The doctor was silky and effete, and counted for little, but his opinion was endorsed by Mrs. De Ropp, who counted for nearly everything. Mrs. De Ropp was Conradin's cousin and guardian, and in his eyes she represented those three-fifths of the world that are necessary and disagreeable and real; the other two-fifths, in perpetual antagonism to the foregoing, were summed up in himself and his imagination. One of these days Conradin supposed he would succumb to the mastering pressure of wearisome necessary things – such as illnesses and coddling restrictions and drawn-out dullness. Without his imagination, which was rampant under the spur of loneliness, he would have succumbed long ago.

Mrs. De Ropp would never, in her honestest moments, have confessed to herself that she disliked Conradin, though she might have been dimly aware that thwarting him “for his good” was a duty which she did not find particularly irksome. Conradin hated her with a desperate sincerity which he was perfectly able to mask. Such few pleasures as he could contrive for himself gained an added relish from the likelihood that they would be displeasing to his guardian, and from the realm of his imagination she was locked out – an unclean thing, which should find no entrance.

In the dull, cheerless garden, overlooked by so many windows that were ready to open with a message not to do this or that, or a reminder that medicines were due, he found little attraction. The few fruit-trees that it contained were set jealously apart from his plucking, as though they were rare specimens of their kind blooming in an arid waste; it would probably

have been difficult to find a market-gardener who would have offered ten shillings for their entire yearly produce. In a forgotten corner, however, almost hidden behind a dismal shrubbery, was a disused tool-shed of respectable proportions, and within its walls Conradin found a haven, something that took on the varying aspects of a playroom and a cathedral. He had peopled it with a legion of familiar phantoms, evoked partly from fragments of history and partly from his own brain, but it also boasted two inmates of flesh and blood. In one corner lived a ragged-plumaged Houdan hen, on which the boy lavished an affection that had scarcely another outlet. Further back in the gloom stood a large hutch, divided into two compartments, one of which was fronted with close iron bars. This was the abode of a large polecat-ferret, which a friendly butcher-boy had once smuggled, cage and all, into its present quarters, in exchange for a long-secreted hoard of small silver. Conradin was dreadfully afraid of the lithe, sharp-fanged beast, but it was his most treasured possession. Its very presence in the tool-shed was a secret and fearful joy, to be kept scrupulously from the knowledge of the Woman, as he privately dubbed his cousin. And one day, out of Heaven knows what material, he spun the beast a wonderful name, and from that moment it grew into a god and a religion. The Woman indulged in religion once a week at a church near by, and took Conradin with her, but to him the church service was an alien rite in the House of Rimmon. Every Thursday, in the dim and musty silence of the tool-shed, he worshipped with mystic and elaborate ceremonial before the wooden hutch where dwelt Sredni Vashtar, the great ferret. Red flowers in their season and scarlet berries in the winter-time were offered at his shrine, for he was a god who laid some special stress on the fierce impatient side of things, as opposed to the Woman's religion, which, as far as Conradin could observe, went to great lengths in the contrary direction. And on great festivals powdered nutmeg was strewn in front of his hutch, an important feature of the offering being that the nutmeg had to be stolen. These festivals were of irregular occurrence, and were chiefly appointed to celebrate some passing event. On one occasion, when

Mrs. De Ropp suffered from acute toothache for three days, Conradin kept up the festival during the entire three days, and almost succeeded in persuading himself that Sredni Vashtar was personally responsible for the toothache. If the malady had lasted for another day the supply of nutmeg would have given out.

The Houdan hen was never drawn into the cult of Sredni Vashtar. Conradin had long ago settled that she was an Anabaptist. He did not pretend to have the remotest knowledge as to what an Anabaptist was, but he privately hoped that it was dashing and not very respectable. Mrs. De Ropp was the ground plan on which he based and detested all respectability.

After a while Conradin's absorption in the tool-shed began to attract the notice of his guardian. "It is not good for him to be pottering down there in all weathers," she promptly decided, and at breakfast one morning she announced that the Houdan hen had been sold and taken away overnight. With her short-sighted eyes she peered at Conradin, waiting for an outbreak of rage and sorrow, which she was ready to rebuke with a flow of excellent precepts and reasoning. But Conradin said nothing: there was nothing to be said. Something perhaps in his white set face gave her a momentary qualm, for at tea that afternoon there was toast on the table, a delicacy which she usually banned on the ground that it was bad for him; also because the making of it "gave trouble," a deadly offence in the middle-class feminine eye.

"I thought you liked toast," she exclaimed, with an injured air, observing that he did not touch it.

"Sometimes," said Conradin.

In the shed that evening there was an innovation in the worship of the hutch-god. Conradin had been wont to chant his praises, tonight he asked a boon.

"Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar."

The thing was not specified. As Sredni Vashtar was a god he must be supposed to know. And choking back a sob as he looked at that other empty corner, Conradin went back to the world he so hated.

And every night, in the welcome darkness of his bedroom, and every evening in the dusk of the tool-shed, Conradin's bitter litany went up: "Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar."

Mrs. De Ropp noticed that the visits to the shed did not cease, and one day she made a further journey of inspection.

"What are you keeping in that locked hutch?" she asked. "I believe it's guinea-pigs. I'll have them all cleared away."

Conradin shut his lips tight, but the Woman ransacked his bedroom till she found the carefully hidden key, and forthwith marched down to the shed to complete her discovery. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin had been bidden to keep to the house. From the furthest window of the dining-room the door of the shed could just be seen beyond the corner of the shrubbery, and there Conradin stationed himself. He saw the Woman enter, and then he imagined her opening the door of the sacred hutch and peering down with her short-sighted eyes into the thick straw bed where his god lay hidden. Perhaps she would prod at the straw in her clumsy impatience. And Conradin fervently breathed his prayer for the last time. But he knew as he prayed that he did not believe. He knew that the Woman would come out presently with that pursed smile he loathed so well on her face, and that in an hour or two the gardener would carry away his wonderful god, a god no longer, but a simple brown ferret in a hutch. And he knew that the Woman would triumph always as she triumphed now, and that he would grow ever more sickly under her pestering and domineering and superior wisdom, till one day nothing would matter much more with him, and the doctor would be proved right. And in the sting and misery of his defeat, he began to chant loudly and defiantly the hymn of his threatened idol:

Sredni Vashtar went forth,

His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.

His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death.

Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful.

And then of a sudden he stopped his chanting and drew closer to the window-pane. The door of the shed still stood ajar as it had been left, and the minutes were slipping by. They were long minutes, but they slipped by nevertheless. He watched the starlings running and flying in little parties across the lawn; he counted them over and over again, with one eye always on that swinging door. A sour-faced maid came in to lay the table for tea, and still Conradin stood and waited and watched. Hope had crept by inches into his heart, and now a look of triumph began to blaze in his eyes that had only known the wistful patience of defeat. Under his breath, with a furtive exultation, he began once again the pæan of victory and devastation. And presently his eyes were rewarded: out through that doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blink at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the fur of jaws and throat. Conradin dropped on his knees. The great polecat-ferret made its way down to a small brook at the foot of the garden, drank for a moment, then crossed a little plank bridge and was lost to sight in the bushes. Such was the passing of Sredni Vashtar.

"Tea is ready," said the sour-faced maid; "where is the mistress?" "She went down to the shed some time ago," said Conradin. And while the maid went to summon her mistress to tea, Conradin fished a toasting-fork out of the sideboard drawer and proceeded to toast himself a piece of bread. And during the toasting of it and the buttering of it with much butter and the slow enjoyment of eating it, Conradin listened to the noises and silences which fell in quick spasms beyond the dining-room door. The loud foolish screaming of the maid, the answering chorus of wondering ejaculations from the kitchen region, the scuttering footsteps and hurried embassies for outside help, and then, after a lull, the scared sobbings and the shuffling tread of those who bore a heavy burden into the house.

"Whoever will break it to the poor child? I couldn't for the life of me!" exclaimed a shrill voice. And while they debated the matter among themselves, Conradin made himself another piece of toast.