Scene of a Quake (Hard)

October 14th, 1924

Why? Why? Why are the walls dripping blood? I think they spell words ... The letters are falling ... Did I write this?

So many people are dead. I think I am dead too, but perhaps my mind has not yet noticed. Or perhaps my mind has noticed but my body refuses to listen? I see blood and letters everywhere. If I cut myself open, would the story of my life pour from my veins? Would I bleed paper?

October 14th, 1924, addendum

No.

N	R	V	D	D	С	Н	Ι	Т	В	Т	Е	R	F	Ι	Ζ	U	Е	R	0	Р
G	Ν	Ι	D	R	S	Р	L	А	С	Т	Ι	Т	W	Ν	Т	Η	Т	В	S	Е
Ι	F	Ι	Е	S	Н	G	F	R	А	D	Ν	Α	Ι	А	Ν	Е	R	0	Ι	F
F	0	Т	Е	Ι	Е	С	Α	Т	Т	Е	Н	С	0	Ι	R	S	А	0	0	R
Α	0	D	Р	А	R	S	L	Е	Е	С	Н	Е	D	L	U	Η	Ν	А	Ν	А
F	Ι	R	Т	А	Ι	Ι	Е	Е	D	Ι	А	Ν	R	Y	Т	М	М	Т	Е	W