

*He felt it coming.
The air grew frigid,
as if it blew out of the
black interstices of
interstellar space...*

*It glided down out of
the icy sky like the
final concentrated essence
of all nonhuman horror.*

Joseph Payne Brennan

ARKHAM HORROR

DARK MATTER

ARKHAM HORROR®
THE CARD GAME

DARK MATTER

Axolotl