

# 04\_language\_generation

March 12, 2024

## 1 Import Libraries

```
[1]: import os # for file management
import glob # for file management and can search for files using patterns
import random # for random number generation
import shutil # for file management for example moving
import tensorflow as tf # for machine learning
from tensorflow.keras import preprocessing
from tensorflow.keras import models, layers
from tqdm import tqdm # for progress bar - can be run in multi-threaded mode
```

```
2024-02-15 14:45:12.454444: E
external/local_xla/xla/stream_executor/cuda/cuda_dnn.cc:9261] Unable to register
cuDNN factory: Attempting to register factory for plugin cuDNN when one has
already been registered
2024-02-15 14:45:12.454623: E
external/local_xla/xla/stream_executor/cuda/cuda_fft.cc:607] Unable to register
cuFFT factory: Attempting to register factory for plugin cuFFT when one has
already been registered
2024-02-15 14:45:12.545844: E
external/local_xla/xla/stream_executor/cuda/cuda_blas.cc:1515] Unable to
register cuBLAS factory: Attempting to register factory for plugin cuBLAS when
one has already been registered
2024-02-15 14:45:12.685082: I tensorflow/core/platform/cpu_feature_guard.cc:182]
This TensorFlow binary is optimized to use available CPU instructions in
performance-critical operations.
To enable the following instructions: AVX2 FMA, in other operations, rebuild
TensorFlow with the appropriate compiler flags.
2024-02-15 14:45:13.610056: W
tensorflow/compiler/tf2tensorrt/utils/py_utils.cc:38] TF-TRT Warning: Could not
find TensorRT
```

## 2 Download Data

H.P. Lovecraft was an American writer of weird fiction and horror fiction. He is best known for his creation of what became the Cthulhu Mythos. His work was virtually unknown during his lifetime and published only in pulp magazines before he died in poverty, but he is now regarded as one of the most significant 20th-century authors of horror and weird fiction.

<https://github.com/vilmibm/lovecraftcorpus>

```
[2]: # Where the text files are going to live.
dataset_path = "dataset"
dataset_path_all = os.path.join(dataset_path, "all")
dataset_path_train = os.path.join(dataset_path, "train")
dataset_path_valid = os.path.join(dataset_path, "valid")

# Just use 20 files.
file_number = 20 # there are more than 20 files in the repo, but we start with
↳20

# Gather the corpus if it has not been gathered yet.
if not os.path.exists(dataset_path):

    # Create all the folders.
    for path in [dataset_path, dataset_path_all, dataset_path_train,
↳dataset_path_valid]:
        if not os.path.exists(path):
            os.mkdir(path) # creates paths

# Clone the repo.
!git clone https://github.com/vilmibm/lovecraftcorpus

# Find all the files.
paths_all = glob.glob("lovecraftcorpus/*.txt")
print(sorted(paths_all))

# Standardize.
for path in paths_all:
    content = open(path).read()
    content = content.lower()
    for punctuation in ".,:;?!":
        content = content.replace(punctuation, " " + punctuation)
    open(path, "w").write(content)

# Do not use all.
paths_all = paths_all[:file_number]

# Split 80/20.
split_index = int(len(paths_all) * 0.8)
paths_train = paths_all[:split_index]
paths_valid = paths_all[split_index:]

# Copy files.
def copy(paths, destination):
    for path in paths:
```

```

        shutil.copy2(path, destination)
    copy(paths_all, dataset_path_all)
    copy(paths_train, dataset_path_train)
    copy(paths_valid, dataset_path_valid)

    # Delete repo.
    !rm -rf lovecraftcorpus

    # Done.
    print("Corpus downloaded.")

```

### 3 Import Data

```

[3]: batch_size = 32
    seed = 42

    def create_dataset(dataset_path):
        # import .txt files as tensorflow dataset
        dataset = preprocessing.text_dataset_from_directory(
            dataset_path,
            labels=None,
            batch_size=batch_size, # batch of files
            seed=seed
        )
        return dataset

    # for tokenization and only for tokenization
    dataset_original_all = create_dataset(dataset_path_all)

    # for training
    dataset_original_train = create_dataset(dataset_path_train)

    # for validation
    dataset_original_valid = create_dataset(dataset_path_valid)

```

Found 20 files belonging to 1 classes.

Found 16 files belonging to 1 classes.

Found 4 files belonging to 1 classes.

2024-02-15 14:45:14.827509: I

external/local\_xla/xla/stream\_executor/cuda/cuda\_executor.cc:901] successful

NUMA node read from SysFS had negative value (-1), but there must be at least one NUMA node, so returning NUMA node zero. See more at

<https://github.com/torvalds/linux/blob/v6.0/Documentation/ABI/testing/sysfs-bus-pci#L344-L355>

2024-02-15 14:45:14.970149: W

tensorflow/core/common\_runtime/gpu/gpu\_device.cc:2256] Cannot dlopen some GPU libraries. Please make sure the missing libraries mentioned above are installed properly if you would like to use GPU. Follow the guide at <https://www.tensorflow.org/install/gpu> for how to download and setup the required libraries for your platform.  
Skipping registering GPU devices...

## 4 Inspect Data

```
[4]: for batch in dataset_original_all:
      print(batch)
      break # just look at one

# returns batch array, which we need to convert to strngs
# each row is a book, 20 in this case
```

```
tf.Tensor(
[b'the colour out of space\n\nwest of arkham the hills rise wild , and there are
valleys with deep woods that no axe has ever cut . there are dark narrow glens
where the trees slope fantastically , and where thin brooklets trickle without
ever having caught the glint of sunlight . on the gentle slopes there are farms
, ancient and rocky , with squat , moss-coated cottages brooding eternally over
old new england secrets in the lee of great ledges ; but these are all vacant
now , the wide chimneys crumbling and the shingled sides bulging perilously
beneath low gambrel roofs .\n\nthe old folk have gone away , and foreigners do
not like to live there . french-canadians have tried it , italians have tried it
, and the poles have come and departed . it is not because of anything that can
be seen or heard or handled , but because of something that is imagined . the
place is not good for imagination , and does not bring restful dreams at night .
it must be this which keeps the foreigners away , for old ammi pierce has never
told them of anything he recalls from the strange days . ammi , whose head has
been a little queer for years , is the only one who still remains , or who ever
talks of the strange days ; and he dares to do this because his house is so near
the open fields and the travelled roads around arkham .\n\nthere was once a road
over the hills and through the valleys , that ran straight where the blasted
heath is now ; but people ceased to use it and a new road was laid curving far
toward the south . traces of the old one can still be found amidst the weeds of
a returning wilderness , and some of them will doubtless linger even when half
the hollows are flooded for the new reservoir . then the dark woods will be cut
down and the blasted heath will slumber far below blue waters whose surface will
mirror the sky and ripple in the sun . and the secrets of the strange days will
be one with the deep\'s secrets ; one with the hidden lore of old ocean , and
all the mystery of primal earth .\n\nwhen i went into the hills and vales to
survey for the new reservoir they told me the place was evil . they told me this
in arkham , and because that is a very old town full of witch legends i thought
the evil must be something which grandams had whispered to children through
centuries . the name "blasted heath" seemed to me very odd and theatrical , and
```

i wondered how it had come into the folklore of a puritan people . then i saw that dark westward tangle of glens and slopes for myself , and ceased to wonder at anything beside its own elder mystery . it was morning when i saw it , but shadow lurked always there . the trees grew too thickly , and their trunks were too big for any healthy new england wood . there was too much silence in the dim alleys between them , and the floor was too soft with the dank moss and mattings of infinite years of decay .\n\nin the open spaces , mostly along the line of the old road , there were little hillside farms ; sometimes with all the buildings standing , sometimes with only one or two , and sometimes with only a lone chimney or fast-filling cellar . weeds and briers reigned , and furtive wild things rustled in the undergrowth . upon everything was a haze of restlessness and oppression ; a touch of the unreal and the grotesque , as if some vital element of perspective or chiaroscuro were awry . i did not wonder that the foreigners would not stay , for this was no region to sleep in . it was too much like a landscape of salvator rosa ; too much like some forbidden woodcut in a tale of terror .\n\nbut even all this was not so bad as the blasted heath . i knew it the moment i came upon it at the bottom of a spacious valley ; for no other name could fit such a thing , or any other thing fit such a name . it was as if the poet had coined the phrase from having seen this one particular region . it must , i thought as i viewed it , be the outcome of a fire ; but why had nothing new ever grown over these five acres of grey desolation that sprawled open to the sky like a great spot eaten by acid in the woods and fields ? it lay largely to the north of the ancient road line , but encroached a little on the other side . i felt an odd reluctance about approaching , and did so at last only because my business took me through and past it . there was no vegetation of any kind on that broad expanse , but only a fine grey dust or ash which no wind seemed ever to blow about . the trees near it were sickly and stunted , and many dead trunks stood or lay rotting at the rim . as i walked hurriedly by i saw the tumbled bricks and stones of an old chimney and cellar on my right , and the yawning black maw of an abandoned well whose stagnant vapours played strange tricks with the hues of the sunlight . even the long , dark woodland climb beyond seemed welcome in contrast , and i marvelled no more at the frightened whispers of arkham people . there had been no house or ruin near ; even in the old days the place must have been lonely and remote . and at twilight , dreading to repass that ominous spot , i walked circuitously back to the town by the curious road on the south . i vaguely wished some clouds would gather , for an odd timidity about the deep skyey voids above had crept into my soul .\n\nin the evening i asked old people in arkham about the blasted heath , and what was meant by that phrase "strange days" which so many evasively muttered . i could not , however , get any good answers except that all the mystery was much more recent than i had dreamed . it was not a matter of old legendry at all , but something within the lifetime of those who spoke . it had happened in the \'eighties , and a family had disappeared or was killed . speakers would not be exact ; and because they all told me to pay no attention to old ammi pierce\'s crazy tales , i sought him out the next morning , having heard that he lived alone in the ancient tottering cottage where the trees first begin to get very thick . it was a fearsomely ancient place , and had begun to exude the faint miasmal odour which clings about houses that have stood too long

. only with persistent knocking could i rouse the aged man , and when he shuffled timidly to the door i could tell he was not glad to see me . he was not so feeble as i had expected ; but his eyes drooped in a curious way , and his unkempt clothing and white beard made him seem very worn and dismal .\n\nnot knowing just how he could best be launched on his tales , i feigned a matter of business ; told him of my surveying , and asked vague questions about the district . he was far brighter and more educated than i had been led to think , and before i knew it had grasped quite as much of the subject as any man i had talked with in arkham . he was not like other rustics i had known in the sections where reservoirs were to be . from him there were no protests at the miles of old wood and farmland to be blotted out , though perhaps there would have been had not his home lain outside the bounds of the future lake . relief was all that he showed ; relief at the doom of the dark ancient valleys through which he had roamed all his life . they were better under water now--better under water since the strange days . and with this opening his husky voice sank low , while his body leaned forward and his right forefinger began to point shakily and impressively .\n\nit was then that i heard the story , and as the rambling voice scraped and whispered on i shivered again and again spite the summer day . often i had to recall the speaker from ramblings , piece out scientific points which he knew only by a fading parrot memory of professors\' talk , or bridge over gaps , where his sense of logic and continuity broke down . when he was done i did not wonder that his mind had snapped a trifle , or that the folk of arkham would not speak much of the blasted heath . i hurried back before sunset to my hotel , unwilling to have the stars come out above me in the open ; and the next day returned to boston to give up my position . i could not go into that dim chaos of old forest and slope again , or face another time that grey blasted heath where the black well yawned deep beside the tumbled bricks and stones . the reservoir will soon be built now , and all those elder secrets will be safe forever under watery fathoms . but even then i do not believe i would like to visit that country by night--at least not when the sinister stars are out ; and nothing could bribe me to drink the new city water of arkham .\n\nit all began , old ammi said , with the meteorite . before that time there had been no wild legends at all since the witch trials , and even then these western woods were not feared half so much as the small island in the miskatonic where the devil held court beside a curious lone altar older than the indians . these were not haunted woods , and their fantastic dusk was never terrible till the strange days . then there had come that white noontide cloud , that string of explosions in the air , and that pillar of smoke from the valley far in the wood . and by night all arkham had heard of the great rock that fell out of the sky and bedded itself in the ground beside the well at the nahum gardner place . that was the house which had stood where the blasted heath was to come--the trim white nahum gardner house amidst its fertile gardens and orchards .\n\nnahum had come to town to tell people about the stone , and dropped in at ammi pierce\'s on the way . ammi was forty then , and all the queer things were fixed very strongly in his mind . he and his wife had gone with the three professors from miskatonic university who hastened out the next morning to see the weird visitor from unknown stellar space , and had wondered why nahum had called it so large the day before . it had shrunk , nahum said as he pointed out the big brownish

mound above the ripped earth and charred grass near the archaic well-sweep in his front yard ; but the wise men answered that stones do not shrink . its heat lingered persistently , and nahum declared it had glowed faintly in the night . the professors tried it with a geologist's hammer and found it was oddly soft . it was , in truth , so soft as to be almost plastic ; and they gouged rather than chipped a specimen to take back to the college for testing . they took it in an old pail borrowed from nahum's kitchen , for even the small piece refused to grow cool . on the trip back they stopped at ammi's to rest , and seemed thoughtful when mrs . pierce remarked that the fragment was growing smaller and burning the bottom of the pail . truly , it was not large , but perhaps they had taken less than they thought .

the day after that--all this was in june of '82--the professors had trooped out again in a great excitement . as they passed ammi's they told him what queer things the specimen had done , and how it had faded wholly away when they put it in a glass beaker . the beaker had gone , too , and the wise men talked of the strange stone's affinity for silicon . it had acted quite unbelievably in that well-ordered laboratory ; doing nothing at all and showing no occluded gases when heated on charcoal , being wholly negative in the borax bead , and soon proving itself absolutely non-volatile at any producible temperature , including that of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe . on an anvil it appeared highly malleable , and in the dark its luminosity was very marked . stubbornly refusing to grow cool , it soon had the college in a state of real excitement ; and when upon heating before the spectroscope it displayed shining bands unlike any known colours of the normal spectrum there was much breathless talk of new elements , bizarre optical properties , and other things which puzzled men of science are wont to say when faced by the unknown .

not as it was , they tested it in a crucible with all the proper reagents . water did nothing . hydrochloric acid was the same . nitric acid and even aqua regia merely hissed and splattered against its torrid invulnerability . ammi had difficulty in recalling all these things , but recognized some solvents as i mentioned them in the usual order of use . there were ammonia and caustic soda , alcohol and ether , nauseous carbon disulphide and a dozen others ; but although the weight grew steadily less as time passed , and the fragment seemed to be slightly cooling , there was no change in the solvents to show that they had attacked the substance at all . it was a metal , though , beyond a doubt . it was magnetic , for one thing ; and after its immersion in the acid solvents there seemed to be faint traces of the widmanstatten figures found on meteoric iron . when the cooling had grown very considerable , the testing was carried on in glass ; and it was in a glass beaker that they left all the chips made of the original fragment during the work . the next morning both chips and beaker were gone without trace , and only a charred spot marked the place on the wooden shelf where they had been .

all this the professors told ammi as they paused at his door , and once more he went with them to see the stony messenger from the stars , though this time his wife did not accompany him . it had now most certainly shrunk , and even the sober professors could not doubt the truth of what they saw . all around the dwindling brown lump near the well was a vacant space , except where the earth had caved in ; and whereas it had been a good seven feet across the day before , it was now scarcely five . it was still hot , and the sages studied its surface

curiously as they detached another and larger piece with hammer and chisel . they gouged deeply this time , and as they pried away the smaller mass they saw that the core of the thing was not quite homogeneous .\n\nthey had uncovered what seemed to be the side of a large coloured globule embedded in the substance . the colour , which resembled some of the bands in the meteor\'s strange spectrum , was almost impossible to describe ; and it was only by analogy that they called it colour at all . its texture was glossy , and upon tapping it appeared to promise both brittleness and hollowness . one of the professors gave it a smart blow with a hammer , and it burst with a nervous little pop . nothing was emitted , and all trace of the thing vanished with the puncturing . it left behind a hollow spherical space about three inches across , and all thought it probable that others would be discovered as the enclosing substance wasted away .\n\nconjecture was vain ; so after a futile attempt to find additional globules by drilling , the seekers left again with their new specimen which proved , however , as baffling in the laboratory as its predecessor . aside from being almost plastic , having heat , magnetism , and slight luminosity , cooling slightly in powerful acids , possessing an unknown spectrum , wasting away in air , and attacking silicon compounds with mutual destruction as a result , it presented no identifying features whatsoever ; and at the end of the tests the college scientists were forced to own that they could not place it . it was nothing of this earth , but a piece of the great outside ; and as such dowered with outside properties and obedient to outside laws .\n\nthat night there was a thunderstorm , and when the professors went out to nahum\'s the next day they met with a bitter disappointment . the stone , magnetic as it had been , must have had some peculiar electrical property ; for it had "drawn the lightning , " as nahum said , with a singular persistence . six times within an hour the farmer saw the lightning strike the furrow in the front yard , and when the storm was over nothing remained but a ragged pit by the ancient well-sweep , half-choked with a caved-in earth . digging had borne no fruit , and the scientists verified the fact of the utter vanishment . the failure was total ; so that nothing was left to do but go back to the laboratory and test again the disappearing fragment left carefully cased in lead . that fragment lasted a week , at the end of which nothing of value had been learned of it . when it had gone , no residue was left behind , and in time the professors felt scarcely sure they had indeed seen with waking eyes that cryptic vestige of the fathomless gulfs outside ; that lone , weird message from other universes and other realms of matter , force , and entity .\n\nas was natural , the arkham papers made much of the incident with its collegiate sponsoring , and sent reporters to talk with nahum gardner and his family . at least one boston daily also sent a scribe , and nahum quickly became a kind of local celebrity . he was a lean , genial person of about fifty , living with his wife and three sons on the pleasant farmstead in the valley . he and ammi exchanged visits frequently , as did their wives ; and ammi had nothing but praise for him after all these years . he seemed slightly proud of the notice his place had attracted , and talked often of the meteorite in the succeeding weeks . that july and august were hot ; and nahum worked hard at his haying in the ten-acre pasture across chapman\'s brook ; his rattling wain wearing deep ruts in the shadowy lanes between . the labour tired him more than it had in other years , and he felt that age was beginning



to tell on him .\n\nthen fell the time of fruit and harvest . the pears and apples slowly ripened , and nahum vowed that his orchards were prospering as never before . the fruit was growing to phenomenal size and unwonted gloss , and in such abundance that extra barrels were ordered to handle the future crop . but with the ripening came sore disappointment , for of all that gorgeous array of specious lusciousness not one single jot was fit to eat . into the fine flavour of the pears and apples had crept a stealthy bitterness and sickishness , so that even the smallest bites induced a lasting disgust . it was the same with the melons and tomatoes , and nahum sadly saw that his entire crop was lost . quick to connect events , he declared that the meteorite had poisoned the soil , and thanked heaven that most of the other crops were in the upland lot along the road .\n\nwinter came early , and was very cold . ammi saw nahum less often than usual , and observed that he had begun to look worried . the rest of his family too , seemed to have grown taciturn ; and were far from steady in their church-going or their attendance at the various social events of the countryside . for this reserve or melancholy no cause could be found , though all the household confessed now and then to poorer health and a feeling of vague disquiet . nahum himself gave the most definite statement of anyone when he said he was disturbed about certain footprints in the snow . they were the usual winter prints of red squirrels , white rabbits , and foxes , but the brooding farmer professed to see something not quite right about their nature and arrangement . he was never specific , but appeared to think that they were not as characteristic of the anatomy and habits of squirrels and rabbits and foxes as they ought to be . ammi listened without interest to this talk until one night when he drove past nahum\'s house in his sleigh on the way back from clark\'s comer . there had been a moon , and a rabbit had run across the road , and the leaps of that rabbit were longer than either ammi or his horse liked . the latter , indeed , had almost run away when brought up by a firm rein . thereafter ammi gave nahum\'s tales more respect , and wondered why the gardner dogs seemed so cowed and quivering every morning . they had , it developed , nearly lost the spirit to bark .\n\nin february the mcgregor boys from meadow hill were out shooting woodchucks , and not far from the gardner place bagged a very peculiar specimen . the proportions of its body seemed slightly altered in a queer way impossible to describe , while its face had taken on an expression which no one ever saw in a woodchuck before . the boys were genuinely frightened , and threw the thing away at once , so that only their grotesque tales of it ever reached the people of the countryside . but the shying of horses near nahum\'s house had now become an acknowledged thing , and all the basis for a cycle of whispered legend was fast taking form .\n\npeople vowed that the snow melted faster around nahum\'s than it did anywhere else , and early in march there was an awed discussion in potter\'s general store at clark\'s corners . stephen rice had driven past gardner\'s in the morning , and had noticed the skunk-cabbages coming up through the mud by the woods across the road . never were things of such size seen before , and they held strange colours that could not be put into any words . their shapes were monstrous , and the horse had snorted at an odour which struck stephen as wholly unprecedented . that afternoon several persons drove past to see the abnormal growth , and all agreed that plants of that kind ought never to sprout in a healthy world . the bad

fruit of the fall before was freely mentioned , and it went from mouth to mouth that there was poison in nahum\'s ground . of course it was the meteorite ; and remembering how strange the men from the college had found that stone to be , several farmers spoke about the matter to them .\n\none day they paid nahum a visit ; but having no love of wild tales and folklore were very conservative in what they inferred . the plants were certainly odd , but all skunk-cabbages are more or less odd in shape and hue . perhaps some mineral element from the stone had entered the soil , but it would soon be washed away . and as for the footprints and frightened horses--of course this was mere country talk which such a phenomenon as the aerolite would be certain to start . there was really nothing for serious men to do in cases of wild gossip , for superstitious rustics will say and believe anything . and so all through the strange days the professors stayed away in contempt . only one of them , when given two phials of dust for analysis in a police job over a year and half later , recalled that the queer colour of that skunk-cabbage had been very like one of the anomalous bands of light shown by the meteor fragment in the college spectroscope , and like the brittle globule found imbedded in the stone from the abyss . the samples in this analysis case gave the same odd bands at first , though later they lost the property .\n\nthe trees budded prematurely around nahum\'s , and at night they swayed ominously in the wind . nahum\'s second son thaddeus , a lad of fifteen , swore that they swayed also when there was no wind ; but even the gossips would not credit this . certainly , however , restlessness was in the air . the entire gardner family developed the habit of stealthy listening , though not for any sound which they could consciously name . the listening was , indeed , rather a product of moments when consciousness seemed half to slip away . unfortunately such moments increased week by week , till it became common speech that "something was wrong with all nahum\'s folks ." when the early saxifrage came out it had another strange colour ; not quite like that of the skunk-cabbage , but plainly related and equally unknown to anyone who saw it . nahum took some blossoms to arkham and showed them to the editor of the gazette , but that dignitary did no more than write a humorous article about them , in which the dark fears of rustics were held up to polite ridicule . it was a mistake of nahum\'s to tell a stolid city man about the way the great , overgrown mourning-cloak butterflies behaved in connection with these saxifrages .\n\nnapril brought a kind of madness to the country folk , and began that disuse of the road past nahum\'s which led to its ultimate abandonment . it was the vegetation . all the orchard trees blossomed forth in strange colours , and through the stony soil of the yard and adjacent pasturage there sprang up a bizarre growth which only a botanist could connect with the proper flora of the region . no sane wholesome colours were anywhere to be seen except in the green grass and leafage ; but everywhere were those hectic and prismatic variants of some diseased , underlying primary tone without a place among the known tints of earth . the "dutchman\'s breeches" became a thing of sinister menace , and the bloodroots grew insolent in their chromatic perversion . ammi and the gardners thought that most of the colours had a sort of haunting familiarity , and decided that they reminded one of the brittle globule in the meteor . nahum ploughed and sowed the ten-acre pasture and the upland lot , but did nothing with the land around the house . he knew it would be of no use , and hoped that the summer\'s strange

growths would draw all the poison from the soil . he was prepared for almost anything now , and had grown used to the sense of something near him waiting to be heard . the shunning of his house by neighbors told on him , of course ; but it told on his wife more . the boys were better off , being at school each day ; but they could not help being frightened by the gossip . thaddeus , an especially sensitive youth , suffered the most .\n\nin may the insects came , and nahum\'s place became a nightmare of buzzing and crawling . most of the creatures seemed not quite usual in their aspects and motions , and their nocturnal habits contradicted all former experience . the gardners took to watching at night--watching in all directions at random for something--they could not tell what . it was then that they owned that thaddeus had been right about the trees . mrs . gardner was the next to see it from the window as she watched the swollen boughs of a maple against a moonlit sky . the boughs surely moved , and there was no wind . it must be the sap . strangeness had come into everything growing now . yet it was none of nahum\'s family at all who made the next discovery . familiarity had dulled them , and what they could not see was glimpsed by a timid windmill salesman from bolton who drove by one night in ignorance of the country legends . what he told in arkham was given a short paragraph in the gazette ; and it was there that all the farmers , nahum included , saw it first . the night had been dark and the buggy-lamps faint , but around a farm in the valley which everyone knew from the account must be nahum\'s , the darkness had been less thick . a dim though distinct luminosity seemed to inhere in all the vegetation , grass , leaves , and blossoms alike , while at one moment a detached piece of the phosphorescence appeared to stir furtively in the yard near the barn .\n\nthe grass had so far seemed untouched , and the cows were freely pastured in the lot near the house , but toward the end of may the milk began to be bad . then nahum had the cows driven to the uplands , after which this trouble ceased . not long after this the change in grass and leaves became apparent to the eye . all the verdure was going grey , and was developing a highly singular quality of brittleness . ammi was now the only person who ever visited the place , and his visits were becoming fewer and fewer . when school closed the gardners were virtually cut off from the world , and sometimes let ammi do their errands in town . they were failing curiously both physically and mentally , and no one was surprised when the news of mrs . gardner\'s madness stole around .\n\nit happened in june , about the anniversary of the meteor\'s fall , and the poor woman screamed about things in the air which she could not describe . in her raving there was not a single specific noun , but only verbs and pronouns . things moved and changed and fluttered , and ears tingled to impulses which were not wholly sounds . something was taken away--she was being drained of something--something was fastening itself on her that ought not to be--someone must make it keep off--nothing was ever still in the night--the walls and windows shifted . nahum did not send her to the county asylum , but let her wander about the house as long as she was harmless to herself and others . even when her expression changed he did nothing . but when the boys grew afraid of her , and thaddeus nearly fainted at the way she made faces at him , he decided to keep her locked in the attic . by july she had ceased to speak and crawled on all fours , and before that month was over nahum got the mad notion that she was slightly luminous in the dark , as he now

clearly saw was the case with the nearby vegetation .\n\nit was a little before this that the horses had stampeded . something had aroused them in the night , and their neighing and kicking in their stalls had been terrible . there seemed virtually nothing to do to calm them , and when nahum opened the stable door they all bolted out like frightened woodland deer . it took a week to track all four , and when found they were seen to be quite useless and unmanageable . something had snapped in their brains , and each one had to be shot for its own good . nahum borrowed a horse from ammi for his haying , but found it would not approach the barn . it shied , balked , and whinnied , and in the end he could do nothing but drive it into the yard while the men used their own strength to get the heavy wagon near enough the hayloft for convenient pitching . and all the while the vegetation was turning grey and brittle . even the flowers whose hues had been so strange were greying now , and the fruit was coming out grey and dwarfed and tasteless . the asters and golden-rod bloomed grey and distorted , and the roses and zinneas and hollyhocks in the front yard were such blasphemous-looking things that nahum\'s oldest boy zenas cut them down . the strangely puffed insects died about that time , even the bees that had left their hives and taken to the woods .\n\nby september all the vegetation was fast crumbling to a greyish powder , and nahum feared that the trees would die before the poison was out of the soil . his wife now had spells of terrific screaming , and he and the boys were in a constant state of nervous tension . they shunned people now , and when school opened the boys did not go . but it was ammi , on one of his rare visits , who first realised that the well water was no longer good . it had an evil taste that was not exactly fetid nor exactly salty , and ammi advised his friend to dig another well on higher ground to use till the soil was good again . nahum , however , ignored the warning , for he had by that time become calloused to strange and unpleasant things . he and the boys continued to use the tainted supply , drinking it as listlessly and mechanically as they ate their meagre and ill-cooked meals and did their thankless and monotonous chores through the aimless days . there was something of stolid resignation about them all , as if they walked half in another world between lines of nameless guards to a certain and familiar doom .\n\nnthaddeus went mad in september after a visit to the well . he had gone with a pail and had come back empty-handed , shrieking and waving his arms , and sometimes lapsing into an inane titter or a whisper about "the moving colours down there ." two in one family was pretty bad , but nahum was very brave about it . he let the boy run about for a week until he began stumbling and hurting himself , and then he shut him in an attic room across the hall from his mother\'s . the way they screamed at each other from behind their locked doors was very terrible , especially to little merwin , who fancied they talked in some terrible language that was not of earth . merwin was getting frightfully imaginative , and his restlessness was worse after the shutting away of the brother who had been his greatest playmate .\n\nalmost at the same time the mortality among the livestock commenced . poultry turned greyish and died very quickly , their meat being found dry and noisome upon cutting . hogs grew inordinately fat , then suddenly began to undergo loathsome changes which no one could explain . their meat was of course useless , and nahum was at his wit\'s end . no rural veterinary would approach his place , and the city veterinary from arkham was openly baffled . the swine

began growing grey and brittle and falling to pieces before they died , and their eyes and muzzles developed singular alterations . it was very inexplicable , for they had never been fed from the tainted vegetation . then something struck the cows . certain areas or sometimes the whole body would be uncannily shrivelled or compressed , and atrocious collapses or disintegrations were common . in the last stages--and death was always the result--there would be a greying and turning brittle like that which beset the hogs . there could be no question of poison , for all the cases occurred in a locked and undisturbed barn . no bites of prowling things could have brought the virus , for what live beast of earth can pass through solid obstacles ? it must be only natural disease--yet what disease could wreak such results was beyond any mind\'s guessing . when the harvest came there was not an animal surviving on the place , for the stock and poultry were dead and the dogs had run away . these dogs , three in number , had all vanished one night and were never heard of again . the five cats had left some time before , but their going was scarcely noticed since there now seemed to be no mice , and only mrs . gardner had made pets of the graceful felines .

on the nineteenth of october nahum staggered into ammi\'s house with hideous news . the death had come to poor thaddeus in his attic room , and it had come in a way which could not be told . nahum had dug a grave in the railed family plot behind the farm , and had put therein what he found . there could have been nothing from outside , for the small barred window and locked door were intact ; but it was much as it had been in the barn . ammi and his wife consoled the stricken man as best they could , but shuddered as they did so . stark terror seemed to cling round the gardners and all they touched , and the very presence of one in the house was a breath from regions unnamed and unnamable . ammi accompanied nahum home with the greatest reluctance , and did what he might to calm the hysterical sobbing of little merwin . zenas needed no calming . he had come of late to do nothing but stare into space and obey what his father told him ; and ammi thought that his fate was very merciful . now and then merwin\'s screams were answered faintly from the attic , and in response to an inquiring look nahum said that his wife was getting very feeble . when night approached , ammi managed to get away ; for not even friendship could make him stay in that spot when the faint glow of the vegetation began and the trees may or may not have swayed without wind . it was really lucky for ammi that he was not more imaginative . even as things were , his mind was bent ever so slightly ; but had he been able to connect and reflect upon all the portents around him he must inevitably have turned a total maniac . in the twilight he hastened home , the screams of the mad woman and the nervous child ringing horribly in his ears .

three days later nahum burst into ammi\'s kitchen in the early morning , and in the absence of his host stammered out a desperate tale once more , while mrs . pierce listened in a clutching fright . it was little merwin this time . he was gone . he had gone out late at night with a lantern and pail for water , and had never come back . he\'d been going to pieces for days , and hardly knew what he was about . screamed at everything . there had been a frantic shriek from the yard then , but before the father could get to the door the boy was gone . there was no glow from the lantern he had taken , and of the child himself no trace . at the time nahum thought the lantern and pail were gone too ; but when dawn came , and the man had plodded back from his all-night

search of the woods and fields , he had found some very curious things near the well . there was a crushed and apparently somewhat melted mass of iron which had certainly been the lantern ; while a bent handle and twisted iron hoops beside it , both half-fused , seemed to hint at the remnants of the pail . that was all . nahum was past imagining , mrs . pierce was blank , and ammi , when he had reached home and heard the tale , could give no guess . merwin was gone , and there would be no use in telling the people around , who shunned all gardeners now . no use , either , in telling the city people at arkham who laughed at everything . thad was gone , and now merwin was gone . something was creeping and creeping and waiting to be seen and heard . nahum would go soon , and he wanted ammi to look after his wife and zenas if they survived him . it must all be a judgment of some sort ; though he could not fancy what for , since he had always walked uprightly in the lord\'s ways so far as he knew .\n\nfor over two weeks ammi saw nothing of nahum ; and then , worried about what might have happened , he overcame his fears and paid the gardner place a visit . there was no smoke from the great chimney , and for a moment the visitor was apprehensive of the worst . the aspect of the whole farm was shocking--greyish withered grass and leaves on the ground , vines falling in brittle wreckage from archaic walls and gables , and great bare trees clawing up at the grey november sky with a studied malevolence which ammi could not but feel had come from some subtle change in the tilt of the branches . but nahum was alive , after all . he was weak , and lying on a couch in the low-ceiled kitchen , but perfectly conscious and able to give simple orders to zenas . the room was deadly cold ; and as ammi visibly shivered , the host shouted huskily to zenas for more wood . wood , indeed , was sorely needed ; since the cavernous fireplace was unlit and empty , with a cloud of soot blowing about in the chill wind that came down the chimney . presently nahum asked him if the extra wood had made him any more comfortable , and then ammi saw what had happened . the stoutest cord had broken at last , and the hapless farmer\'s mind was proof against more sorrow .\n\nquestioning tactfully , ammi could get no clear data at all about the missing zenas . "in the well--he lives in the well--" was all that the clouded father would say . then there flashed across the visitor\'s mind a sudden thought of the mad wife , and he changed his line of inquiry . "nabby ? why , here she is !" was the surprised response of poor nahum , and ammi soon saw that he must search for himself . leaving the harmless babbler on the couch , he took the keys from their nail beside the door and climbed the creaking stairs to the attic . it was very close and noisome up there , and no sound could be heard from any direction . of the four doors in sight , only one was locked , and on this he tried various keys of the ring he had taken . the third key proved the right one , and after some fumbling ammi threw open the low white door .\n\nit was quite dark inside , for the window was small and half-obsured by the crude wooden bars ; and ammi could see nothing at all on the wide-planked floor . the stench was beyond enduring , and before proceeding further he had to retreat to another room and return with his lungs filled with breathable air . when he did enter he saw something dark in the corner , and upon seeing it more clearly he screamed outright . while he screamed he thought a momentary cloud eclipsed the window , and a second later he felt himself brushed as if by some hateful current of vapour . strange colours danced before his eyes ; and had not a present horror

numbed him he would have thought of the globule in the meteor that the geologist's hammer had shattered , and of the morbid vegetation that had sprouted in the spring . as it was he thought only of the blasphemous monstrosity which confronted him , and which all too clearly had shared the nameless fate of young thaddeus and the livestock . but the terrible thing about the horror was that it very slowly and perceptibly moved as it continued to crumble .\n\nammi would give me no added particulars of this scene , but the shape in the comer does not reappear in his tale as a moving object . there are things which cannot be mentioned , and what is done in common humanity is sometimes cruelly judged by the law . i gathered that no moving thing was left in that attic room , and that to leave anything capable of motion there would have been a deed so monstrous as to damn any accountable being to eternal torment . anyone but a stolid farmer would have fainted or gone mad , but ammi walked conscious through that low doorway and locked the accursed secret behind him . there would be nahum to deal with now ; he must be fed and tended , and removed to some place where he could be cared for .\n\nncommencing his descent of the dark stairs . ammi heard a thud below him . he even thought a scream had been suddenly choked off , and recalled nervously the clammy vapour which had brushed by him in that frightful room above . what presence had his cry and entry started up ? halted by some vague fear , he heard still further sounds below . indubitably there was a sort of heavy dragging , and a most detestably sticky noise as of some fiendish and unclean species of suction . with an associative sense goaded to feverish heights , he thought unaccountably of what he had seen upstairs . good god ! what eldritch dream-world was this into which he had blundered ? he dared move neither backward nor forward , but stood there trembling at the black curve of the boxed-in staircase . every trifle of the scene burned itself into his brain . the sounds , the sense of dread expectancy , the darkness , the steepness of the narrow step--and merciful heaven !--the faint but unmistakable luminosity of all the woodwork in sight ; steps , sides , exposed laths , and beams alike .\n\nnthen there burst forth a frantic whinny from ammi's horse outside , followed at once by a clatter which told of a frenzied runaway . in another moment horse and buggy had gone beyond earshot , leaving the frightened man on the dark stairs to guess what had sent them . but that was not all . there had been another sound out there . a sort of liquid splash--water--it must have been the well . he had left hero untied near it , and a buggy wheel must have brushed the coping and knocked in a stone . and still the pale phosphorescence glowed in that detestably ancient woodwork . god ! how old the house was ! most of it built before 1670 , and the gambrel roof no later than 1730 .\n\nna feeble scratching on the floor downstairs now sounded distinctly , and ammi's grip tightened on a heavy stick he had picked up in the attic for some purpose . slowly nerving himself , he finished his descent and walked boldly toward the kitchen . but he did not complete the walk , because what he sought was no longer there . it had come to meet him , and it was still alive after a fashion . whether it had crawled or whether it had been dragged by any external forces , ammi could not say ; but the death had been at it . everything had happened in the last half-hour , but collapse , greying , and disintegration were already far advanced . there was a horrible brittleness , and dry fragments were scaling off . ammi could not touch it , but looked

horrifiedly into the distorted parody that had been a face . "what was it ,  
 nahum--what was it ?" he whispered , and the cleft , bulging lips were just able  
 to crackle out a final answer .\n\n"nothin\' . . .nothin\' . . .the colour . .  
 .it burns . . .cold an\' wet , but it burns . . .it lived in the well . . .i  
 seen it . . .a kind of smoke . . .jest like the flowers last spring . . .the  
 well shone at night . . .thad an\' merwin an\' zenas . . .everything alive . .  
 .suckin\' the life out of everything . . .in that stone . . .it must a\' come in  
 that stone pizened the whole place . . .dun\'t know what it wants . . .that  
 round thing them men from the college dug outen the stone . . .they smashed it .  
 . .it was the same colour . . .jest the same , like the flowers an\' plants . .  
 .must a\' ben more of \'em . . .seeds . . .seeds . . .they growed . . .i seen it  
 the fust time this week . . .must a\' got strong on zenas . . .he was a big boy  
 , full o\' life . . .it beats down your mind an\' then gets ye . . .burns ye up  
 . . .in the well water . . .you was right about that . . .evil water . . .zenas  
 never come back from the well . . .can\'t git away . . .draws ye . . .ye know  
 summ\'at\'s comin\' but tain\'t no use . . .i seen it time an\' agin senct zenas  
 was took . . .whar\'s nabby , ammi ? . . .my head\'s no good . . .dun\'t know  
 how long sense i fed her . . .it\'ll git her ef we ain\'t keerful . . .jest a  
 colour . . .her face is gittin\' to hev that colour sometimes towards night . .  
 .an\' it burns an\' sucks . . .it come from some place whar things ain\'t as  
 they is here . . .one o\' them professors said so . . .he was right . . .look  
 out , ammi , it\'ll do suthin\' more . . .sucks the life out . . ." \n\nbut that  
 was all . that which spoke could speak no more because it had completely caved  
 in . ammi laid a red checked tablecloth over what was left and reeled out the  
 back door into the fields . he climbed the slope to the ten-acre pasture and  
 stumbled home by the north road and the woods . he could not pass that well from  
 which his horses had run away . he had looked at it through the window , and had  
 seen that no stone was missing from the rim . then the lurching buggy had not  
 dislodged anything after all--the splash had been something else--something  
 which went into the well after it had done with poor nahum .\n\nwhen ammi  
 reached his house the horses and buggy had arrived before him and thrown his  
 wife into fits of anxiety . reassuring her without explanations , he set out at  
 once for arkham and notified the authorities that the gardner family was no more  
 . he indulged in no details , but merely told of the deaths of nahum and nabby ,  
 that of thaddeus being already known , and mentioned that the cause seemed to be  
 the same strange ailment which had killed the live-stock . he also stated that  
 merwin and zenas had disappeared . there was considerable questioning at the  
 police station , and in the end ammi was compelled to take three officers to the  
 gardner farm , together with the coroner , the medical examiner , and the  
 veterinary who had treated the diseased animals . he went much against his will  
 , for the afternoon was advancing and he feared the fall of night over that  
 accursed place , but it was some comfort to have so many people with him  
 .\n\nthe six men drove out in a democrat-wagon , following ammi\'s buggy , and  
 arrived at the pest-ridden farmhouse about four o\'clock . used as the officers  
 were to gruesome experiences , not one remained unmoved at what was found in the  
 attic and under the red checked tablecloth on the floor below . the whole aspect  
 of the farm with its grey desolation was terrible enough , but those two  
 crumbling objects were beyond all bounds . no one could look long at them , and



even the medical examiner admitted that there was very little to examine . specimens could be analysed , of course , so he busied himself in obtaining them --and here it develops that a very puzzling aftermath occurred at the college laboratory where the two phials of dust were finally taken . under the spectroscope both samples gave off an unknown spectrum , in which many of the baffling bands were precisely like those which the strange meteor had yielded in the previous year . the property of emitting this spectrum vanished in a month , the dust thereafter consisting mainly of alkaline phosphates and carbonates .

nammi would not have told the men about the well if he had thought they meant to do anything then and there . it was getting toward sunset , and he was anxious to be away . but he could not help glancing nervously at the stony curb by the great sweep , and when a detective questioned him he admitted that nahum had feared something down there so much so that he had never even thought of searching it for merwin or zenas . after that nothing would do but that they empty and explore the well immediately , so ammi had to wait trembling while pail after pail of rank water was hauled up and splashed on the soaking ground outside . the men sniffed in disgust at the fluid , and toward the last held their noses against the foetor they were uncovering . it was not so long a job as they had feared it would be , since the water was phenomenally low . there is no need to speak too exactly of what they found . merwin and zenas were both there , in part , though the vestiges were mainly skeletal . there were also a small deer and a large dog in about the same state , and a number of bones of small animals . the ooze and slime at the bottom seemed inexplicably porous and bubbling , and a man who descended on hand-holds with a long pole found that he could sink the wooden shaft to any depth in the mud of the floor without meeting any solid obstruction .

twilight had now fallen , and lanterns were brought from the house . then , when it was seen that nothing further could be gained from the well , everyone went indoors and conferred in the ancient sitting-room while the intermittent light of a spectral half-moon played wanly on the grey desolation outside . the men were frankly nonplussed by the entire case , and could find no convincing common element to link the strange vegetable conditions , the unknown disease of live-stock and humans , and the unaccountable deaths of merwin and zenas in the tainted well . they had heard the common country talk , it is true ; but could not believe that anything contrary to natural law had occurred . no doubt the meteor had poisoned the soil , but the illness of persons and animals who had eaten nothing grown in that soil was another matter . was it the well water ? very possibly . it might be a good idea to analyze it . but what peculiar madness could have made both boys jump into the well ? their deeds were so similar-and the fragments showed that they had both suffered from the grey brittle death . why was everything so grey and brittle ?

nit was the coroner , seated near a window overlooking the yard , who first noticed the glow about the well . night had fully set in , and all the abhorrent grounds seemed faintly luminous with more than the fitful moonbeams ; but this new glow was something definite and distinct , and appeared to shoot up from the black pit like a softened ray from a searchlight , giving dull reflections in the little ground pools where the water had been emptied . it had a very queer colour , and as all the men clustered round the window ammi gave a violent start . for this strange beam of ghastly miasma was to him of no unfamiliar hue . he had seen

that colour before , and feared to think what it might mean . he had seen it in the nasty brittle globule in that aerolite two summers ago , had seen it in the crazy vegetation of the springtime , and had thought he had seen it for an instant that very morning against the small barred window of that terrible attic room where nameless things had happened . it had flashed there a second , and a clammy and hateful current of vapour had brushed past him--and then poor nahum had been taken by something of that colour . he had said so at the last--said it was like the globule and the plants . after that had come the runaway in the yard and the splash in the well and now that well was belching forth to the night a pale insidious beam of the same demoniac tint .\n\nit does credit to the alertness of ammi\'s mind that he puzzled even at that tense moment over a point which was essentially scientific . he could not but wonder at his gleaning of the same impression from a vapour glimpsed in the daytime , against a window opening on the morning sky , and from a nocturnal exhalation seen as a phosphorescent mist against the black and blasted landscape . it wasn\'t right--it was against nature--and he thought of those terrible last words of his stricken friend , "it come from some place whar things ain\'t as they is here . . .one o\' them professors said so . . ." \n\nall three horses outside , tied to a pair of shrivelled saplings by the road , were now neighing and pawing frantically . the wagon driver started for the door to do something , but ammi laid a shaky hand on his shoulder . "dun\'t go out thar ," he whispered . "they\'s more to this nor what we know . nahum said somethin\' lived in the well that sucks your life out . he said it must be some\'at grewed from a round ball like one we all seen in the meteor stone that fell a year ago june . sucks an\' burns , he said , an\' is jest a cloud of colour like that light out thar now , that ye can hardly see an\' can\'t tell what it is . nahum thought it feeds on everything livin\' an\' gits stronger all the time . he said he seen it this last week . it must be somethin\' from away off in the sky like the men from the college last year says the meteor stone was . the way it\'s made an\' the way it works ain\'t like no way o\' god\'s world . it\'s some\'at from beyond ." \n\nso the men paused indecisively as the light from the well grew stronger and the hitched horses pawed and whinnied in increasing frenzy . it was truly an awful moment ; with terror in that ancient and accursed house itself , four monstrous sets of fragments--two from the house and two from the well--in the woodshed behind , and that shaft of unknown and unholy iridescence from the slimy depths in front . ammi had restrained the driver on impulse , forgetting how uninjured he himself was after the clammy brushing of that coloured vapour in the attic room , but perhaps it is just as well that he acted as he did . no one will ever know what was abroad that night ; and though the blasphemy from beyond had not so far hurt any human of unweakened mind , there is no telling what it might not have done at that last moment , and with its seemingly increased strength and the special signs of purpose it was soon to display beneath the half-clouded moonlit sky .\n\nall at once one of the detectives at the window gave a short , sharp gasp . the others looked at him , and then quickly followed his own gaze upward to the point at which its idle straying had been suddenly arrested . there was no need for words . what had been disputed in country gossip was disputable no longer , and it is because of the thing which every man of that party agreed in whispering later on , that the strange days are never talked

about in arkham . it is necessary to premise that there was no wind at that hour of the evening . one did arise not long afterward , but there was absolutely none then . even the dry tips of the lingering hedge-mustard , grey and blighted , and the fringe on the roof of the standing democrat-wagon were unstirred . and yet amid that tense godless calm the high bare boughs of all the trees in the yard were moving . they were twitching morbidly and spasmodically , clawing in convulsive and epileptic madness at the moonlit clouds ; scratching impotently in the noxious air as if jerked by some allied and bodiless line of linkage with subterrene horrors writhing and struggling below the black roots .\n\nnot a man breathed for several seconds . then a cloud of darker depth passed over the moon , and the silhouette of clutching branches faded out momentarily . at this there was a general cry ; muffled with awe , but husky and almost identical from every throat . for the terror had not faded with the silhouette , and in a fearsome instant of deeper darkness the watchers saw wriggling at that tree top height a thousand tiny points of faint and unhallowed radiance , tipping each bough like the fire of st . elmo or the flames that come down on the apostles\' heads at pentecost . it was a monstrous constellation of unnatural light , like a glutted swarm of corpse-fed fireflies dancing hellish sarabands over an accursed marsh , and its colour was that same nameless intrusion which ammi had come to recognize and dread . all the while the shaft of phosphorescence from the well was getting brighter and brighter , bringing to the minds of the huddled men , a sense of doom and abnormality which far outraced any image their conscious minds could form . it was no longer shining out ; it was pouring out ; and as the shapeless stream of unplaceable colour left the well it seemed to flow directly into the sky .\n\nthe veterinary shivered , and walked to the front door to drop the heavy extra bar across it . ammi shook no less , and had to tug and point for lack of controllable voice when he wished to draw notice to the growing luminosity of the trees . the neighing and stamping of the horses had become utterly frightful , but not a soul of that group in the old house would have ventured forth for any earthly reward . with the moments the shining of the trees increased , while their restless branches seemed to strain more and more toward verticality . the wood of the well-sweep was shining now , and presently a policeman dumbly pointed to some wooden sheds and bee-hives near the stone wall on the west . they were commencing to shine , too , though the tethered vehicles of the visitors seemed so far unaffected . then there was a wild commotion and clapping in the road , and as ammi quenched the lamp for better seeing they realized that the span of frantic greys had broken their sapling and run off with the democrat-wagon .\n\nthe shock served to loosen several tongues , and embarrassed whispers were exchanged . "it spreads on everything organic that\'s been around here ," muttered the medical examiner . no one replied , but the man who had been in the well gave a hint that his long pole must have stirred up something intangible . "it was awful ," he added . "there was no bottom at all . just ooze and bubbles and the feeling of something lurking under there ." ammi\'s horse still pawed and screamed deafeningly in the road outside , and nearly drowned its owner\'s faint quaver as he mumbled his formless reflections . "it come from that stone--it growed down thar--it got everything livin\'--it fed itself on \'em , mind and body--thad an\' merwin , zenas an\' nabby--nahum was the last--they all drunk the water--it got strong on \'em--it

come from beyond , whar things ain\'t like they be here--now it\'s goin\' home--"\n\nat this point , as the column of unknown colour flared suddenly stronger and began to weave itself into fantastic suggestions of shape which each spectator described differently , there came from poor tethered hero such a sound as no man before or since ever heard from a horse . every person in that low-pitched sitting room stopped his ears , and ammi turned away from the window in horror and nausea . words could not convey it--when ammi looked out again the hapless beast lay huddled inert on the moonlit ground between the splintered shafts of the buggy . that was the last of hero till they buried him next day . but the present was no time to mourn , for almost at this instant a detective silently called attention to something terrible in the very room with them . in the absence of the lamplight it was clear that a faint phosphorescence had begun to pervade the entire apartment . it glowed on the broad-planked floor and the fragment of rag carpet , and shimmered over the sashes of the small-paned windows . it ran up and down the exposed corner-posts , coruscated about the shelf and mantel , and infected the very doors and furniture . each minute saw it strengthen , and at last it was very plain that healthy living things must leave that house .\n\nnammi showed them the back door and the path up through the fields to the ten-acre pasture . they walked and stumbled as in a dream , and did not dare look back till they were far away on the high ground . they were glad of the path , for they could not have gone the front way , by that well . it was bad enough passing the glowing barn and sheds , and those shining orchard trees with their gnarled , fiendish contours ; but thank heaven the branches did their worst twisting high up . the moon went under some very black clouds as they crossed the rustic bridge over chapman\'s brook , and it was blind groping from there to the open meadows .\n\nwhen they looked back toward the valley and the distant gardner place at the bottom they saw a fearsome sight . at the farm was shining with the hideous unknown blend of colour ; trees , buildings , and even such grass and herbage as had not been wholly changed to lethal grey brittleness . the boughs were all straining skyward , tipped with tongues of foul flame , and lambent tricklings of the same monstrous fire were creeping about the ridgepoles of the house , barn and sheds . it was a scene from a vision of fuseli , and over all the rest reigned that riot of luminous amorphousness , that alien and undimensioned rainbow of cryptic poison from the well--seething , feeling , lapping , reaching , scintillating , straining , and malignly bubbling in its cosmic and unrecognizable chromaticism .\n\nthen without warning the hideous thing shot vertically up toward the sky like a rocket or meteor , leaving behind no trail and disappearing through a round and curiously regular hole in the clouds before any man could gasp or cry out . no watcher can ever forget that sight , and ammi stared blankly at the stars of cygnus , deneb twinkling above the others , where the unknown colour had melted into the milky way . but his gaze was the next moment called swiftly to earth by the crackling in the valley . it was just that . only a wooden ripping and crackling , and not an explosion , as so many others of the party vowed . yet the outcome was the same , for in one feverish kaleidoscopic instant there burst up from that doomed and accursed farm a gleamingly eruptive cataclysm of unnatural sparks and substance ; blurring the glance of the few who saw it , and sending forth to the zenith a bombarding cloudburst of such coloured and

fantastic fragments as our universe must needs disown . through quickly reclosing vapours they followed the great morbidity that had vanished , and in another second they had vanished too . behind and below was only a darkness to which the men dared not return , and all about was a mounting wind which seemed to sweep down in black , frore gusts from interstellar space . it shrieked and howled , and lashed the fields and distorted woods in a mad cosmic frenzy , till soon the trembling party realized it would be no use waiting for the moon to show what was left down there at nahum\'s .\n\ntoo awed even to hint theories , the seven shaking men trudged back toward arkham by the north road . ammi was worse than his fellows , and begged them to see him inside his own kitchen , instead of keeping straight on to town . he did not wish to cross the blighted , wind-whipped woods alone to his home on the main road . for he had had an added shock that the others were spared , and was crushed forever with a brooding fear he dared not even mention for many years to come . as the rest of the watchers on that tempestuous hill had stolidly set their faces toward the road , ammi had looked back an instant at the shadowed valley of desolation so lately sheltering his ill-starred friend . and from that stricken , far-away spot he had seen something feebly rise , only to sink down again upon the place from which the great shapeless horror had shot into the sky . it was just a colour--but not any colour of our earth or heavens . and because ammi recognized that colour , and knew that this last faint remnant must still lurk down there in the well , he has never been quite right since .\n\nammi would never go near the place again . it is forty-four years now since the horror happened , but he has never been there , and will be glad when the new reservoir blots it out . i shall be glad , too , for i do not like the way the sunlight changed colour around the mouth of that abandoned well i passed . i hope the water will always be very deep--but even so , i shall never drink it . i do not think i shall visit the arkham country hereafter . three of the men who had been with ammi returned the next morning to see the ruins by daylight , but there were not any real ruins . only the bricks of the chimney , the stones of the cellar , some mineral and metallic litter here and there , and the rim of that nefarious well . save for ammi\'s dead horse , which they towed away and buried , and the buggy which they shortly returned to him , everything that had ever been living had gone . five eldritch acres of dusty grey desert remained , nor has anything ever grown there since . to this day it sprawls open to the sky like a great spot eaten by acid in the woods and fields , and the few who have ever dared glimpse it in spite of the rural tales have named it "the blasted heath ." \n\nthe rural tales are queer . they might be even queerer if city men and college chemists could be interested enough to analyze the water from that disused well , or the grey dust that no wind seems to disperse . botanists , too , ought to study the stunted flora on the borders of that spot , for they might shed light on the country notion that the blight is spreading--little by little , perhaps an inch a year . people say the colour of the neighboring herbage is not quite right in the spring , and that wild things leave queer prints in the light winter snow . snow never seems quite so heavy on the blasted heath as it is elsewhere . horses--the few that are left in this motor age--grow skittish in the silent valley ; and hunters cannot depend on their dogs too near the splotch of greyish dust .\n\nthey say the mental influences are very bad , too ; numbers went queer in the years after

nahum\'s taking , and always they lacked the power to get away . then the stronger-minded folk all left the region , and only the foreigners tried to live in the crumbling old homesteads . they could not stay , though ; and one sometimes wonders what insight beyond ours their wild , weird stories of whispered magic have given them . their dreams at night , they protest , are very horrible in that grotesque country ; and surely the very look of the dark realm is enough to stir a morbid fancy . no traveler has ever escaped a sense of strangeness in those deep ravines , and artists shiver as they paint thick woods whose mystery is as much of the spirits as of the eye . i myself am curious about the sensation i derived from my one lone walk before ammi told me his tale . when twilight came i had vaguely wished some clouds would gather , for an odd timidity about the deep skyey voids above had crept into my soul .\n\ndo not ask me for my opinion . i do not know--that is all . there was no one but ammi to question ; for arkham people will not talk about the strange days , and all three professors who saw the aerolite and its coloured globule are dead . there were other globules--depend upon that . one must have fed itself and escaped , and probably there was another which was too late . no doubt it is still down the well--i know there was something wrong with the sunlight i saw above the miasmal brink . the rustics say the blight creeps an inch a year , so perhaps there is a kind of growth or nourishment even now . but whatever demon hatchling is there , it must be tethered to something or else it would quickly spread . is it fastened to the roots of those trees that claw the air ? one of the current arkham tales is about fat oaks that shine and move as they ought not to do at night .\n\nwhat it is , only god knows . in terms of matter i suppose the thing ammi described would be called a gas , but this gas obeyed the laws that are not of our cosmos . this was no fruit of such worlds and suns as shine on the telescopes and photographic plates of our observatories . this was no breath from the skies whose motions and dimensions our astronomers measure or deem too vast to measure . it was just a colour out of space--a frightful messenger from unformed realms of infinity beyond all nature as we know it ; from realms whose mere existence stuns the brain and numbs us with the black cosmic gulfs it throws open before our frenzied eyes .\n\ni doubt very much if ammi consciously lied to me , and i do not think his tale was all a freak of madness as the townsfolk had forewarned . something terrible came to the hills and valleys on that meteor , and something terrible--though i know not in what proportion--still remains . i shall be glad to see the water come . meanwhile i hope nothing will happen to ammi . he saw so much of the thing--and its influence was so insidious . why has he never been able to move away ? how clearly he recalled those dying words of nahum\'s--"can\'t git away--draws ye--ye know summ\'at\'s comin\' but tain\'t no use--" . ammi is such a good old man--when the reservoir gang gets to work i must write the chief engineer to keep a sharp watch on him . i would hate to think of him as the grey , twisted , brittle monstrosity which persists more and more in troubling my sleep .\n'

b"the music of erich zann\n\ni have examined maps of the city with the greatest care , yet have never again found the rue d'auseil . these maps have not been modern maps alone , for i know that names change . i have , on the contrary , delved deeply into all the antiquities of the place , and have personally explored every region , of whatever name , which could possibly answer to the

street i knew as the rue d'auseil . but despite all i have done , it remains an humiliating fact that i cannot find the house , the street , or even the locality , where , during the last months of my impoverished life as a student of metaphysics at the university , i heard the music of erich zann .\n\nthat my memory is broken , i do not wonder ; for my health , physical and mental , was gravely disturbed throughout the period of my residence in the rue d'auseil , and i recall that i took none of my few acquaintances there . but that i cannot find the place again is both singular and perplexing ; for it was within a half-hour's walk of the university and was distinguished by peculiarities which could hardly be forgotten by any one who had been there . i have never met a person who has seen the rue d'auseil .\n\nthe rue d'auseil lay across a dark river bordered by precipitous brick blear-windowed warehouses and spanned by a ponderous bridge of dark stone . it was always shadowy along that river , as if the smoke of neighboring factories shut out the sun perpetually . the river was also odorous with evil stench which i have never smelled elsewhere , and which may some day help me to find it , since i should recognize them at once . beyond the bridge were narrow cobbled streets with rails ; and then came the ascent , at first gradual , but incredibly steep as the rue d'auseil was reached .\n\ni have never seen another street as narrow and steep as the rue d'auseil . it was almost a cliff , closed to all vehicles , consisting in several places of flights of steps , and ending at the top in a lofty ivied wall . its paving was irregular , sometimes stone slabs , sometimes cobblestones , and sometimes bare earth with struggling greenish-grey vegetation . the houses were tall , peaked-roofed , incredibly old , and crazily leaning backward , forward , and sidewise . occasionally an opposite pair , both leaning forward , almost met across the street like an arch ; and certainly they kept most of the light from the ground below . there were a few overhead bridges from house to house across the street .\n\nthe inhabitants of that street impressed me peculiarly ; at first i thought it was because they were all silent and reticent ; but later decided it was because they were all very old . i do not know how i came to live on such a street , but i was not myself when i moved there . i had been living in many poor places , always evicted for want of money ; until at last i came upon that tottering house in the rue d'auseil kept by the paralytic blandot . it was the third house from the top of the street , and by far the tallest of them all .\n\nmy room was on the fifth story ; the only inhabited room there , since the house was almost empty . on the night i arrived i heard strang music from the peaked garret overhead , and the next day asked old blandot about it . he told me it was an old german viol-player , a strange dumb man who signed his name as erich zann , and who played evenings in a cheap theater orchestra ; adding that zann's desire to play in the night after his return from the theater was the reason he had chosen this lofty and isolated garret room , whose single gable window was the only point on the street from which one could look over the terminating wall at the declivity and panorama beyond .\n\nthereafter i heard zann every night , and although he kept me awake , i was haunted by the weirdness of his music . knowing little of the art myself , i was yet certain that none of his harmonies had any relation to music i had heard before ; and concluded that he was a composer of highly original genius . the longer i listened , the more i was fascinated , until after a week i resolved to make the

old man's acquaintance .\n\nnone night as he was returning from his work , i intercepted zann in the hallway and told him that i would like to know him and be with him when he played . he was a small , lean , bent person , with shabby clothes , blue eyes , grotesque , satyrlike face , and nearly bald head ; and at my first words seemed both angered and frightened . my obvious friendliness , however , finally melted him ; and he grudgingly motioned to me to follow him up the dark , creaking and rickety attic stairs . his room , one of only two in the steeply pitched garret , was on the west side , toward the high wall that formed the upper end of the street . its size was very great , and seemed the greater because of its extraordinary barrenness and neglect . of furniture there was only a narrow iron bedstead , a dingy wash-stand , a small table , a large bookcase , an iron music-rack , and three old-fashioned chairs . sheets of music were piled in disorder about the floor . the walls were of bare boards , and had probably never known plaster ; whilst the abundance of dust and cobwebs made the place seem more deserted than inhabited . evidently erich zann's world of beauty lay in some far cosmos of the imagination .\n\nmotioning me to sit down , the dumb man closed the door , turned the large wooden bolt , and lighted a candle to augment the one he had brought with him . he now removed his viol from its motheaten covering , and taking it , seated himself in the least uncomfortable of the chairs . he did not employ the music-rack , but , offering no choice and playing from memory , enchanted me for over an hour with strains i had never heard before ; strains which must have been of his own devising . to describe their exact nature is impossible for one unversed in music . they were a kind of fugue , with recurrent passages of the most captivating quality , but to me were notable for the absence of any of the weird notes i had overheard from my room below on other occasions .\n\nthose haunting notes i had remembered , and had often hummed and whistled inaccurately to myself , so when the player at length laid down his bow i asked him if he would render some of them . as i began my request the wrinkled satyrlike face lost the bored placidity it had possessed during the playing , and seemed to show the same curious mixture of anger and fright which i had noticed when first i accosted the old man . for a moment i was inclined to use persuasion , regarding rather lightly the whims of senility ; and even tried to awaken my host's weirder mood by whistling a few of the strains to which i had listened the night before . but i did not pursue this course for more than a moment ; for when the dumb musician recognized the whistled air his face grew suddenly distorted with an expression wholly beyond analysis , and his long , cold , bony right hand reached out to stop my mouth and silence the crude imitation . as he did this he further demonstrated his eccentricity by casting a startled glance toward the lone curtained window , as if fearful of some intruder--a glance doubly absurd , since the garret stood high and inaccessible above all the adjacent roofs , this window being the only point on the steep street , as the concierge had told me , from which one could see over the wall at the summit .\n\nthe old man's glance brought blandot's remark to my mind , and with a certain capriciousness i felt a wish to look out over the wide and dizzying panorama of moonlit roofs and city lights beyond the hilltop , which of all the dwellers in the rue d'auseil only this crabbed musician could see . i moved toward the window and would have drawn aside the nondescript curtains , when with a frightened rage even greater than before ,



the dumb lodger was upon me again ; this time motioning with his head toward the door as he nervously strove to drag me thither with both hands . now thoroughly disgusted with my host , i ordered him to release me , and told him i would go at once . his clutch relaxed , and as he saw my disgust and offense , his own anger seemed to subside . he tightened his relaxing grip , but this time in a friendly manner , forcing me into a chair ; then with an appearance of wistfulness crossing to the littered table , where he wrote many words with a pencil , in the labored french of a foreigner .\n\nthe note which he finally handed me was an appeal for tolerance and forgiveness . zann said that he was old , lonely , and afflicted with strange fears and nervous disorders connected with his music and with other things . he had enjoyed my listening to his music , and wished i would come again and not mind his eccentricities . but he could not play to another his weird harmonies , and could not bear hearing them from another ; nor could he bear having anything in his room touched by another . he had not known until our hallway conversation that i could overhear his playing in my room , and now asked me if i would arrange with blandot to take a lower room where i could not hear him in the night . he would , he wrote , defray the difference in rent .\n\nas i sat deciphering the execrable french , i felt more lenient toward the old man . he was a victim of physical and nervous suffering , as was i ; and my metaphysical studies had taught me kindness . in the silence there came a slight sound from the window--the shutter must have rattled in the night wind , and for some reason i started almost as violently as did erich zann . so when i had finished reading , i shook my host by the hand , and departed as a friend .\n\nthe next day blandot gave me a more expensive room on the third floor , between the apartments of an aged money-lender and the room of a respectable upholsterer . there was no one on the fourth floor .\n\nit was not long before i found that zann's eagerness for my company was not as great as it had seemed while he was persuading me to move down from the fifth story . he did not ask me to call on him , and when i did call he appeared uneasy and played listlessly . this was always at night--in the day he slept and would admit no one . my liking for him did not grow , though the attic room and the weird music seemed to hold an odd fascination for me . i had a curious desire to look out of that window , over the wall and down the unseen slope at the glittering roofs and spires which must lie outspread there . once i went up to the garret during theater hours , when zann was away , but the door was locked .\n\nwhat i did succeed in doing was to overhear the nocturnal playing of the dumb old man . at first i would tip-toe up to my old fifth floor , then i grew bold enough to climb the last creaking staircase to the peaked garret . there in the narrow hall , outside the bolted door with the covered keyhole , i often heard sounds which filled me with an indefinable dread--the dread of vague wonder and brooding mystery . it was not that the sounds were hideous , for they were not ; but that they held vibrations suggesting nothing on this globe of earth , and that at certain intervals they assumed a symphonic quality which i could hardly conceive as produced by one player . certainly , erich zann was a genius of wild power . as the weeks passed , the playing grew wilder , whilst the old musician acquired an increasing haggardness and furtiveness pitiful to behold . he now refused to admit me at any time , and shunned me whenever we met on the stairs .\n\nthen one night as i listened at the door , i heard the shrieking viol swell

into a chaotic babel of sound ; a pandemonium which would have led me to doubt my own shaking sanity had there not come from behind that barred portal a piteous proof that the horror was real--the awful , inarticulate cry which only a mute can utter , and which rises only in moments of the most terrible fear or anguish . i knocked repeatedly at the door , but received no response . afterward i waited in the black hallway , shivering with cold and fear , till i heard the poor musician's feeble effort to rise from the floor by the aid of a chair . believing him just conscious after a fainting fit , i renewed my rapping , at the same time calling out my name reassuringly . i heard zann stumble to the window and close both shutter and sash , then stumble to the door , which he falteringly unfastened to admit me . this time his delight at having me present was real ; for his distorted face gleamed with relief while he clutched at my coat as a child clutches at its mother's skirts .\n\nshaking pathetically , the old man forced me into a chair whilst he sank into another , beside which his viol and bow lay carelessly on the floor . he sat for some time inactive , nodding oddly , but having a paradoxical suggestion of intense and frightened listening . subsequently he seemed to be satisfied , and crossing to a chair by the table wrote a brief note , handed it to me , and returned to the table , where he began to write rapidly and incessantly . the note implored me in the name of mercy , and for the sake of my own curiosity , to wait where i was while he prepared a full account in german of all the marvels and terrors which beset him . i waited , and the dumb man's pencil flew .\n\nit was perhaps an hour later , while i still waited and while the old musician's feverishly written sheets still continued to pile up , that i saw zann start as from the hint of a horrible shock . unmistakably he was looking at the curtained window and listening shudderingly . then i half fancied i heard a sound myself ; though it was not a horrible sound , but rather an exquisitely low and infinitely distant musical note , suggesting a player in one of the neighboring houses , or in some abode beyond the lofty wall over which i had never been able to look . upon zann the effect was terrible , for , dropping his pencil , suddenly he rose , seized his viol , and commenced to rend the night with the wildest playing i had ever heard from his bow save when listening at the barred door .\n\nit would be useless to describe the playing of erich zann on that dreadful night . it was more horrible than anything i had ever overheard , because i could now see the expression of his face , and could realize that this time the motive was stark fear . he was trying to make a noise ; to ward something off or drown something out--what , i could not imagine , awesome though i felt it must be . the playing grew fantastic , dehnous , and hysterical , yet kept to the last the qualities of supreme genius which i knew this strange old man possessed . i recognized the air--it was a wild hungarian dance popular in the theaters , and i reflected for a moment that this was the first time i had ever heard zann play the work of another composer .\n\nlouder and louder , wilder and wilder , mounted the shrieking and whining of that desperate viol . the player was dripping with an uncanny perspiration and twisted like a monkey , always looking frantically at the curtained window . in his frenzied strains i could almost see shadowy satyrs and bacchanals dancing and whirling insanely through seething abysses of clouds and smoke and lightning . and then i thought i heard a shriller , steadier note that was not from the viol ; a calm , deliberate , purposeful , mocking note

from far away in the west .\n\nat this juncture the shutter began to rattle in a howling night wind which had sprung up outside as if in answer to the mad playing within . zann's screaming viol now outdid itself emitting sounds i had never thought a viol could emit . the shutter rattled more loudly , unfastened , and commenced slamming against the window . then the glass broke shiveringly under the persistent impacts , and the chill wind rushed in , making the candles sputter and rustling the sheets of paper on the table where zann had begun to write out his horrible secret . i looked at zann , and saw that he was past conscious observation . his blue eyes were bulging , glassy and sightless , and the frantic playing had become a blind , mechanical , unrecognizable orgy that no pen could even suggest .\n\na sudden gust , stronger than the others , caught up the manuscript and bore it toward the window . i followed the flying sheets in desperation , but they were gone before i reached the demolished panes . then i remembered my old wish to gaze from this window , the only window in the rue d'auseil from which one might see the slope beyond the wall , and the city outspread beneath . it was very dark , but the city's lights always burned , and i expected to see them there amidst the rain and wind . yet when i looked from that highest of all gable windows , looked while the candles sputtered and the insane viol howled with the night-wind , i saw no city spread below , and no friendly lights gleamed from remembered streets , but only the blackness of space illimitable ; unimagined space alive with motion and music , and having no semblance of anything on earth . and as i stood there looking in terror , the wind blew out both the candles in that ancient peaked garret , leaving me in savage and impenetrable darkness with chaos and pandemonium before me , and the demon madness of that night-baying viol behind me .\n\ni staggered back in the dark , without the means of striking a light , crashing against the table , overturning a chair , and finally groping my way to the place where the blackness screamed with shocking music . to save myself and erich zann i could at least try , whatever the powers opposed to me . once i thought some chill thing brushed me , and i screamed , but my scream could not be heard above that hideous viol . suddenly out of the blackness the madly sawing bow struck me , and i knew i was close to the player . i felt ahead , touched the back of zann's chair , and then found and shook his shoulder in an effort to bring him to his senses .\n\nhe did not respond , and still the viol shrieked on without slackening . i moved my hand to his head , whose mechanical nodding i was able to stop , and shouted in his ear that we must both flee from the unknown things of the night . but he neither answered me nor abated the frenzy of his unutterable music , while all through the garret strange currents of wind seemed to dance in the darkness and babel . when my hand touched his ear i shuddered , though i knew not why--knew not why till i felt the still face ; the ice-cold , stiffened , unbreathing face whose glassy eyes bulged uselessly into the void . and then , by some miracle , finding the door and the large wooden bolt , i plunged wildly away from that glassy-eyed thing in the dark , and from the ghoulish howling of that accursed viol whose fury increased even as i plunged .\n\nleaping , floating , flying down those endless stairs through the dark house ; racing mindlessly out into the narrow , steep , and ancient street of steps and tottering houses ; clattering down steps and over cobbles to the lower streets and the putrid canyon-walled river ; panting across the great dark

bridge to the broader , healthier streets and boulevards we know ; all these are terrible impressions that linger with me . and i recall that there was no wind , and that the moon was out , and that all the lights of the city twinkled .\n\n despite my most careful searches and investigations , i have never since been able to find the rue d'auseil . but i am not wholly sorry ; either for this or for the loss in undreamable abysses of the closely--written sheets which alone could have explained the music of erich zann .\n"

b'the shunned house\n\ni\n\nfrom even the greatest of horrors irony is seldom absent . sometimes it enters directly into the composition of the events , while sometimes it relates only to their fortuitous position among persons and places . the latter sort is splendidly exemplified by a case in the ancient city of providence , where in the late forties edgar allan poe used to sojourn often during his unsuccessful wooing of the gifted poetess , mrs . whitman . poe generally stopped at the mansion house in benefit street--the renamed golden ball inn whose roof has sheltered washington , jefferson , and lafayette--and his favourite walk led northward along the same street to mrs . whitman's home and the neighbouring hillside churchyard of st . john's whose hidden expanse of eighteenth-century gravestones had for him a peculiar fascination .\n\nnow the irony is this . in this walk , so many times repeated , the world's greatest master of the terrible and the bizarre was obliged to pass a particular house on the eastern side of the street ; a dingy , antiquated structure perched on the abruptly rising side hill , with a great unkept yard dating from a time when the region was partly open country . it does not appear that he ever wrote or spoke of it , nor is there any evidence that he even noticed it . and yet that house , to the two persons in possession of certain information , equals or outranks in horror the wildest phantasy of the genius who so often passed it unknowingly , and stands starkly leering as a symbol of all that is unutterably hideous .\n\nthe house was--and for that matter still is--of a kind to attract the attention of the curious . originally a farm or semi-farm building , it followed the average new england colonial lines of the middle eighteenth century--the prosperous peaked-roof sort , with two stories and dormerless attic , and with the georgian doorway and interior paneling dictated by the progress of taste at that time . it faced south , with one gable end buried to the lower windows in the eastward rising hill , and the other exposed to the foundations toward the street . its construction , over a century and a half ago , had followed the grading and straightening of the road in that especial vicinity ; for benefit street--at first called back street--was laid out as a lane winding amongst the graveyards of the first settlers , and straightened only when the removal of the bodies to the north burial ground made it decently possible to cut through the old family plots .\n\nat the start , the western wall had lain some twenty feet up a precipitous lawn from the roadway ; but a widening of the street at about the time of the revolution sheared off most of the intervening space , exposing the foundations so that a brick basement wall had to be made , giving the deep cellar a street frontage with the door and two windows above ground , close to the new line of public travel . when the sidewalk was laid out a century ago the last of the intervening space was removed ; and poe in his walks must have seen only a sheer ascent of dull grey brick flush with the sidewalk and surmounted at a height of ten feet by the antique shingled bulk of the house proper .\n\nthe

farm-like grounds extended back very deeply up the hill , al most to wheaton street . the space south of the house , abutting on benefit street , was of course greatly above the existing sidewalk level , forming a terrace bounded by a high bank wall of damp , mossy stone pierced by a steep flight of narrow steps which led inward between canyon-like surfaces to the upper region of mangy lawn , rheumy brick walls , and neglected gardens whose dismantled cement urns , rusted kettles fallen from tripods of knotty sticks , and similar paraphernalia set off the weather-beaten front door with its broken fanlight , rotting ionic pilasters , and wormy triangular pediment .\n\nwhat i heard in my youth about the shunned house was merely that people died there in alarmingly great numbers . that , i was told , was why the original owners had moved out some twenty years after building the place . it was plainly unhealthy , perhaps because of the dampness and fungous growth in the cellar , the general sickish smell , the draughts of the hallways , or the quality of the well and pump water . these things were bad enough , and these were all that gained belief among the person whom i knew . only the notebooks of my antiquarian uncle , dr . elihu whipple , revealed to me at length the darker , vaguer surmises which formed an undercurrent of folk-lore among old-time servants and humble folk , surmises which never travelled far , and which were largely forgotten when providence grew to be a metropolis with a shifting modern population .\n\nthe general fact is , that the house was never regarded by the solid part of the community as in any real sense "haunted ."there were no widespread tales of rattling chains , cold currents of air , extinguished lights , or faces at the window . extremists sometimes said the house was "unlucky ," but that is as far as even they went . what was really beyond dispute is that a frightful proportion of persons died there ; or more accurately , had died there , since after some peculiar happenings over sixty years ago the building had become deserted through the sheer impossibility of renting it . these persons were not all cut off suddenly by any one cause ; rather did it seem that their vitality was insidiously sapped , so that each one died the sooner from whatever tendency to weakness he may have naturally had . and those who did not die displayed in varying degree a type of anaemia or consumption , and sometimes a decline of the mental faculties , which spoke ill for the salubriousness of the building . neighbouring houses , it must be added , seemed entirely free from the noxious quality .\n\nthis much i knew before my insistent questioning led my uncle to show me the notes which finally embarked us both on our hideous investigation . in my childhood the shunned house was vacant , with barren , gnarled and terrible old trees , long , queerly pale grass and nightmarishly misshapen weeds in the high terraced yard where birds never lingered . we boys used to overrun the place , and i can still recall my youthful terror not only at the morbid strangeness of this sinister vegetation , but at the eldritch atmosphere and odour of the dilapidated house , whose unlocked front door was often entered in quest of shudders . the small-paned windows were largely broken , and a nameless air of desolation hung round the precarious panelling , shaky interior shutters , peeling wallpaper , falling plaster , rickety staircases , and such fragments of battered furniture as still remained . the dust and cobwebs added their touch of the fearful ; and brave indeed was the boy who would voluntarily ascend the ladder to the attic , a vast raftered length lighted only by small blinking windows in the gable ends , and

filled with a massed wreckage of chests , chairs , and spinning-wheels which infinite years of deposit had shrouded and festooned into monstrous and hellish shapes .\n\nbut after all , the attic was not the most terrible part of the house . it was the dank , humid cellar which somehow exerted the strongest repulsion on us , even though it was wholly above ground on the street side , with only a thin door and window-pierced brick wall to separate it from the busy sidewalk . we scarcely knew whether to haunt it in spectral fascination , or to shun it for the sake of our souls and our sanity . for one thing , the bad odour of the house was strongest there ; and for another thing , we did not like the white fungous growths which occasionally sprang up in rainy summer weather from the hard earth floor . those fungi , grotesquely like the vegetation in the yard outside , were truly horrible in their outlines ; detestable parodies of toadstools and indian pipes , whose like we had never seen in any other situation . they rotted quickly , and at one stage became slightly phosphorescent ; so that nocturnal passers-by sometimes spoke of witch--fires glowing behind the broken panes of the foetor-spreading windows .\n\nwe never--even in our wildest hallowe\'en moods--visited this cellar by night , but in some of our daytime visits could detect the phosphorescence , especially when the day was dark and wet . there was also a subtler thing we often thought we detected--a very strange thing which was , however , merely suggestive at most . i refer to a sort of cloudy whitish pattern on the dirt floor--a vague , shifting deposit of mould or nitre which we sometimes thought we could trace amidst the sparse fungous growths near the huge fireplace of the basement kitchen . once in a while it struck us that this patch bore an uncanny resemblance to a doubled-up human figure , though generally no such kinship existed , and often there was no whitish deposit whatever . on a certain rainy afternoon when this illusion seemed phenomenally strong , and when , in addition , i had fancied i glimpsed a kind of thin , yellowish , shimmering exhalation rising from the nitrous pattern toward the yawning fireplace , i spoke to my uncle about the matter . he smiled at this odd conceit , but it seemed that his smile was tinged with reminiscence . later i heard that a similar notion entered into some of the wild ancient tales of the common folk--a notion likewise alluding to ghoulish , wolfish shapes taken by smoke from the great chimney , and queer contours assumed by certain of the sinuous tree--roots that thrust their way into the cellar through the loose foundation-stones .\n\ni\nnot till my adult years did my uncle set before me the notes and data which he had collected concerning the shunned house . dr . whipple was a sane , conservative physician of the old school , and for all his interest in the place was not eager to encourage young thoughts toward the abnormal . his own view , postulating simply a building and location of markedly unsanitary qualities , had nothing to do with abnormality ; but he realized that the very picturesqueness which aroused his own interest would in a boy\'s fanciful mind take on all manner of gruesome imaginative associations .\n\nthe doctor was a bachelor ; a white-haired , clean-shaven , old-fashioned gentleman , and a local historian of note , who had often broken a lance with such controversial guardians of tradition as sidney s . rider and thomas w . bicknell . he lived with one manservant in a georgian homestead with knocker and iron-railed steps , balanced eerily on the steep ascent of north court street beside the ancient

brick court and colony house where his grandfather--a cousin of that celebrated privateersman , capt . whipple , who burnt his majesty\'s armed schooner gaspee in 1772--had voted in the legislature on may 4 , 1776 , for the independence of the rhode island colony . around him in the damp , low-ceiled library with the musty white paneling , heavy carved overmantel and small-paned , vine-shaded windows , were the relics and records of his ancient family , among which were many dubious allusions to the shunned house in benefit street . that pest spot lies not far distant--for benefit runs ledgewise just above the court house along the precipitous hill up which the first settlement climbed .\n\nwhen , in the end , my insistent pestering and maturing years evoked from my uncle the hoarded lore i sought , there lay before me a strange enough chronicle . long-winded , statistical , and dreadfully genealogical as some of the matter was , there ran through it a continuous thread of brooding , tenacious horror and preternatural malevolence which impressed me even more than it had impressed the good doctor . separate events fitted together uncannily , and seemingly irrelevant details held mines of hideous possibilities . a new and burning curiosity grew in me , compared to which my boyish curiosity was feeble and inchoate . the first revelation led to an exhaustive research , and finally to that shuddering quest which proved so disastrous to myself and mine . for at last my uncle insisted on joining the search i had commenced , and after a certain night in that house he did not come away with me . i am lonely without that gentle soul whose long years were filled only with honour , virtue , good taste , benevolence , and learning . i have reared a marble urn to his memory in st . john\'s churchyard--the place that poe loved--the hidden grove of giant willows on the hill , where tombs and headstones huddle quietly between the hoary bulk of the church and the houses and bank walls of benefit street .\n\nthe history of the house , opening amidst a maze of dates , revealed no trace of the sinister either about its construction or about the prosperous and honourable family who built it . yet from the first a taint of calamity , soon increased to boding significance , was apparent . my uncle\'s carefully compiled record began with the building of the structure in 1763 , and followed the theme with an unusual amount of detail . the shunned house , it seems , was first inhabited by william harris and his wife rhoby dexter , with their children , elkanah , born in 1755 , abigail , born in 1757 , william , jr . , born in 1759 , and ruth , born in 1761 . harris was a substantial merchant and seaman in the west india trade , connected with the firm of obadiah brown and his nephews . after brown\'s death in 1761 , the new firm of nicholas brown & co . made him master of the brig prudence , providence-built , of 120 tons , thus enabling him to erect the new homestead he had desired ever since his marriage .\n\nthe site he had chosen--a recently straightened part of the new and fashionable back street , which ran along the side of the hill above crowded cheapside--was all that could be wished , and the building did justice to the location . it was the best that moderate means could afford , and harris hastened to move in before the birth of a fifth child which the family expected . that child , a boy , came in december ; but was still-born . nor was any child to be born alive in that house for a century and a half .\n\nthe next april sickness occurred among the children , and abigail and ruth died before the month was over . dr . job ives diagnosed the trouble as some infantile fever , though others declared it was

more of a mere wasting-away or decline . it seemed , in any event , to be contagious ; for hannah bowen , one of the two servants , died of it in the following june . eli liddeason , the other servant , constantly complained of weakness ; and would have returned to his father\'s farm in rehoboth but for a sudden attachment for mehitabel pierce , who was hired to succeed hannah . he died the next year--a sad year indeed , since it marked the death of william harris himself , enfeebled as he was by the climate of martinique , where his occupation had kept him for considerable periods during the preceding decade .\n\nthe widowed rhoby harris never recovered from the shock of her husband\'s death , and the passing of her firstborn elkanah two years later was the final blow to her reason . in 1768 she fell victim to a mild form of insanity , and was thereafter confined to the upper part of the house , her elder maiden sister , mercy dexter , having moved in to take charge of the family . mercy was a plain , raw-boned woman of great strength , but her health visibly declined from the time of her advent . she was greatly devoted to her unfortunate sister , and had an especial affection for her only surviving nephew william , who from a sturdy infant had become a sickly , spindling lad . in this year the servant mehitabel died , and the other servant , preserved smith , left without coherent explanation--or at least , with only some wild tales and a complaint that he disliked the smell of the place . for a time mercy could secure no more help , since the seven deaths and case of madness , all occurring within five years\' space , had begun to set in motion the body of fireside rumour which later became so bizarre . ultimately , however , she obtained new servants from out of town ; ann white , a morose woman from that part of north kingstown now set off as the township of exeter , and a capable boston man named zenas low .\n\nit was ann white who first gave definite shape to the sinister idle talk . mercy should have known better than to hire anyone from the nooseneck hill country , for that remote bit of backwoods was then , as now , a seat of the most uncomfortable superstitions . as lately as 1892 an exeter community exhumed a dead body and ceremoniously burnt its heart in order to prevent certain alleged visitations injurious to the public health and peace , and one may imagine the point of view of the same section in 1768 . ann\'s tongue was perniciously active , and within a few months mercy discharged her , filling her place with a faithful and amiable amazon from newport , maria robbins .\n\nmeanwhile poor rhoby harris , in her madness , gave voice to dreams and imaginings of the most hideous sort . at times her screams became insupportable , and for long periods she would utter shrieking horrors which necessitated her son\'s temporary residence with his cousin , peleg harris , in presbyterian lane near the new college building . the boy would seem to improve after these visits , and had mercy been as wise as she was well-meaning , she would have let him live permanently with peleg . just what mrs . harris cried out in her fits of violence , tradition hesitates to say ; or rather , presents such extravagant accounts that they nullify themselves through sheer absurdity . certainly it sounds absurd to hear that a woman educated only in the rudiments of french often shouted for hours in a coarse and idiomatic form of that language , or that the same person , alone and guarded , complained wildly of a staring thing which bit and chewed at her . in 1772 the servant zenas died , and when mrs . harris heard of it she laughed with a shocking delight utterly foreign to her . the next year she herself died , and



was laid to rest in the north burial ground beside her husband .\n\nupon the outbreak of trouble with great britain in 1775 , william harris , despite his scant sixteen years and feeble constitution , managed to enlist in the army of observation under general greene ; and from that time on enjoyed a steady rise in health and prestige .\n\nin 1780 , as a captain in rhode island forces in new jersey under colonel angell , he met and married phebe hetfield of elizabethtown , whom he brought to providence upon his honourable discharge in the following year .\n\nthe young soldier\'s return was not a thing of unmitigated happiness . the house , it is true , was still in good condition ; and the street had been widened and changed in name from back street to benefit street . but mercy dexter\'s once robust frame had undergone a sag and curious decay , so that she was now a stooped and pathetic figure with hollow voice and disconcerting pallor --qualities shared to a singular degree by the one remaining servant maria . in the autumn of 1782 phebe harris gave birth to a still-born daughter , and on the fifteenth of the next may mercy dexter took leave of a useful , austere , and virtuous life .\n\nwilliam harris , at last thoroughly convinced of the radically unhealthful nature of his abode , now took steps toward quitting it and closing it forever . securing temporary quarters for himself and wife at the newly opened golden ball inn , he arranged for the building of a new and finer house in westminster street , in the growing part of the town across the great bridge . there , in 1785 , his son dutee was born ; and there the family dwelt till the encroachments of commerce drove them back across the river and over the hill to angell street , in the newer east side residence district , where the late archer harris built his sumptuous but hideous french-roofed mansion in 1876 . william and phebe both succumbed to the yellow fever epidemic in 1797 , but dutee was brought up by his cousin rathbone harris , peleg\'s son .\n\nrathbone was a practical man , and rented the benefit street house despite william\'s wish to keep it vacant . he considered it an obligation to his ward to make the most of all the boy\'s property , nor did he concern himself with the deaths and illnesses which caused so many changes of tenants , or the steadily growing aversion with which the house was generally regarded . it is likely that he felt only vexation when , in 1804 , the town council ordered him to fumigate the place with sulphur , tar and gum camphor on account of the much-discussed deaths of four persons , presumably caused by the then diminishing fever epidemic . they said the place had a febrile smell .\n\ndutee himself thought little of the house , for he grew up to be a privateersman , and served with distinction on the vigilant under capt . cahoon in the war of 1812 . he returned unharmed , married in 1814 , and became a father on that memorable night of september 23 , 1815 , when a great gale drove the waters of the bay over half the town , and floated a tall sloop well up westminster street so that its masts almost tapped the harris windows in symbolic affirmation that the new boy , welcome , was a seaman\'s son .\n\nwelcome did not survive his father , but lived to perish gloriously at fredericksburg in 1862 . neither he nor his son archer knew of the shunned house as other than a nuisance almost impossible to rent--perhaps on account of the mustiness and sickly odour of unkempt old age . indeed , it never was rented after a series of deaths culminating in 1861 , which the excitement of the war tended to throw into obscurity . carrington harris , last of the male line , knew it only as a deserted and somewhat picturesque center of legend

until i told him my experience . he had meant to tear it down and build an apartment house on the site , but after my account , decided to let it stand , install plumbing , and rent it . nor has he yet had any difficulty in obtaining tenants . the horror has gone .\n\niiii\n\nit may well be imagined how powerfully i was affected by the annals of the harrises . in this continuous record there seemed to me to brood a persistent evil beyond anything in nature as i had known it ; an evil clearly connected with the house and not with the family . this impression was confirmed by my uncle\'s less systematic array of miscellaneous data--legends transcribed from servant gossip , cuttings from the papers , copies of death certificates by fellow-physicians , and the like . all of this material i cannot hope to give , for my uncle was a tireless antiquarian and very deeply interested in the shunned house ; but i may refer to several dominant points which earn notice by their recurrence through many reports from diverse sources . for example , the servant gossip was practically unanimous in attributing to the fungous and malodorous cellar of the house a vast supremacy in evil influence . there had been servants--ann white especially--who would not use the cellar kitchen , and at least three well-defined legends bore upon the queer quasi-human or diabolic outlines assumed by tree-roots and patches of mould in that region . these latter narratives interested me profoundly , on account of what i had seen in my boyhood , but i felt that most of the significance had in each case been largely obscured by additions from the common stock of local ghost lore .\n\nnann white , with her exeter superstition , had promulgated the most extravagant and at the same time most consistent tale ; alleging that there must lie buried beneath the house one of those vampires--the dead who retain their bodily form and live on the blood or breath of the living --whose hideous legions send their preying shapes or spirits abroad by night . to destroy a vampire one must , the grandmothers say , exhume it and burn its heart , or at least drive a stake through that organ ; and ann\'s dogged insistence on a search under the cellar had been prominent in bringing about her discharge .\n\nnher tales , however , commanded a wide audience , and were the more readily accepted because the house indeed stood on land once used for burial purposes . to me their interest depended less on this circumstance than on the peculiarly appropriate way in which they dove-tailed with certain other things--the complaint of the departing servant preserved smith , who had preceded ann and never heard of her , that something "sucked his breath" at night ; the death-certificates of fever victims of 1804 , issued by dr . chad hopkins , and showing the four deceased persons all unaccountably lacking in blood ; and the obscure passages of poor rhoby harris\'s ravings , where she complained of the sharp teeth of a glassy-eyed , half-visible presence .\n\nnfree from unwarranted superstition though i am , these things produced in me an odd sensation , which was intensified by a pair of widely separated newspaper cuttings relating to deaths in the shunned house--one from the providence gazette and country-journal of april 12 , 1815 , and the other from the daily transcript and chronicle of october 27 , 1845--each of which detailed an appallingly grisly circumstance whose duplication was remarkable . it seems that in both instances the dying person , in 1815 a gentle old lady named stafford and in 1845 a school-teacher of middle age named eleazar durfee , became transfigured in a horrible way ; glaring glassily and attempting to bite the

throat of the attending physician . even more puzzling , though , was the final case which put an end to the renting of the house--a series of anaemia deaths preceded by progressive madnesses wherein the patient would craftily attempt the lives of his relatives by incisions in the neck or wrists .\n\nthis was in 1860 and 1861 , when my uncle had just begun his medical practice ; and before leaving for the front he heard much of it from his elder professional colleagues . the really inexplicable thing was the way in which the victims--ignorant people , for the ill-smelling and widely shunned house could now be rented to no others--would babble maledictions in french , a language they could not possibly have studied to any extent . it made one think of poor rhoby harris nearly a century before , and so moved my uncle that he commenced collecting historical data on the house after listening , some time subsequent to his return from the war , to the first-hand account of drs . chase and whitmarsh . indeed , i could see that my uncle had thought deeply on the subject , and that he was glad of my own interest--an open-minded and sympathetic interest which enabled him to discuss with me matters at which others would merely have laughed . his fancy had not gone so far as mine , but he felt that the place was rare in its imaginative potentialities , and worthy of note as an inspiration in the field of the grotesque and macabre .\n\nfor my part , i was disposed to take the whole subject with profound seriousness , and began at once not only to review the evidence , but to accumulate as much as i could . i talked with the elderly archer harris , then owner of the house , many times before his death in 1916 ; and obtained from him and his still surviving maiden sister alice an authentic corroboration of all the family data my uncle had collected . when , however , i asked them what connection with france or its language the house could have , they confessed themselves as frankly baffled and ignorant as i . archer knew nothing , and all that miss harris could say was that an old allusion her grandfather , dutee harris , had heard of might have shed a little light . the old seaman , who had survived his son welcome\'s death in battle by two years , had not himself known the legend ; but recalled that his earliest nurse , the ancient maria robbins , seemed darkly aware of something that might have lent a weird significance to the french ravings of rhoby harris , which she had so often heard during the last days of that hapless woman . maria had been at the shunned house from 1769 till the removal of the family in 1783 , and had seen mercy dexter die . once she hinted to the child dutee of a somewhat peculiar circumstance in mercy\'s last moments , but he had soon forgotten all about it save that it was something peculiar . the granddaughter , moreover , recalled even this much with difficulty . she and her brother were not so much interested in the house as was archer\'s son carrington , the present owner , with whom i talked after my experience .\n\nhaving exhausted the harris family of all the information it could furnish , i turned my attention to early town records and deeds with a zeal more penetrating than that which my uncle had occasionally shown in the same work . what i wished was a comprehensive history of the site from its very settlement in 1636--or even before , if any narragansett indian legend could be unearthed to supply the data . i found , at the start , that the land had been part of a long strip of the lot granted originally to john throckmorton ; one of many similar strips beginning at the town street beside the river and extending up over the hill to a line roughly corresponding with

the modern hope street . the throcmorton lot had later , of course , been much subdivided ; and i became very assiduous in tracing that section through which back or benefit street was later run . it had , a rumour indeed said , been the throcmorton graveyard ; but as i examined the records more carefully , i found that the graves had all been transferred at an early date to the north burial ground on the pawtucket west road .\n\nthen suddenly i came--by a rare piece of chance , since it was not in the main body of records and might easily have been missed--upon something which aroused my keenest eagerness , fitting in as it did with several of the queerest phases of the affair . it was the record of a lease in 1697 , of a small tract of ground to an etienne roulet and wife . at last the french element had appeared--that , and another deeper element of horror which the name conjured up from the darkest recesses of my weird and heterogeneous reading--and i feverishly studied the platting of the locality as it had been before the cutting through and partial straightening of back street between 1747 and 1758 . i found what i had half expected , that where the shunned house now stood , the roulets had laid out their graveyard behind a one-story and attic cottage , and that no record of any transfer of graves existed . the document , indeed , ended in much confusion ; and i was forced to ransack both the rhode island historical society and shepley library before i could find a local door which the name of etienne roulet would unlock . in the end i did find something ; something of such vague but monstrous import that i set about at once to examine the cellar of the shunned house itself with a new and excited minuteness .\n\nthe roulets , it seemed , had come in 1696 from east greenwich , down the west shore of narragansett bay . they were huguenots from caude , and had encountered much opposition before the providence selectmen allowed them to settle in the town . unpopularity had dogged them in east greenwich , whither they had come in 1686 , after the revocation of the edict of nantes , and rumour said that the cause of dislike extended beyond mere racial and national prejudice , or the land disputes which involved other french settlers with the english in rivalries which not even governor andros could quell . but their ardent protestantism--too ardent , some whispered--and their evident distress when virtually driven from the village had been granted a haven ; and the swarthy etienne roulet , less apt at agriculture than at reading queer books and drawing queer diagrams , was given a clerical post in the warehouse at pardon tillinghast's wharf , far south in town street . there had , however , been a riot of some sort later on--perhaps forty years later , after old roulet's death--and no one seemed to hear of the family after that .\n\nfor a century and more , it appeared , the roulets had been well remembered and frequently discussed as vivid incidents in the quiet life of a new england seaport . etienne's son paul , a surly fellow whose erratic conduct had probably provoked the riot which wiped out the family , was particularly a source of speculation ; and though providence never shared the witchcraft panics of her puritan neighbours , it was freely intimated by old wives that his prayers were neither uttered at the proper time nor directed toward the proper object . all this had undoubtedly formed the basis of the legend known by old maria robbins . what relation it had to the french ravings of rhoby harris and other inhabitants of the shunned house , imagination or future discovery alone could determine . i wondered how many of those who had known the legends realized that additional

link with the terrible which my wider reading had given me ; that ominous item in the annals of morbid horror which tells of the creature jacques roulet , of caude , who in 1598 was condemned to death as a daemoniac but afterward saved from the stake by the paris parliament and shut in a madhouse . he had been found covered with blood and shreds of flesh in a wood , shortly after the killing and rending of a boy by a pair of wolves . one wolf was seen to lope away unhurt . surely a pretty hearthside tale , with a queer significance as to name and place ; but i decided that the providence gossips could not have generally known of it . had they known , the coincidence of names would have brought some drastic and frightened action--indeed , might not its limited whispering have precipitated the final riot which erased the roulets from the town ?\n\ni now visited the accursed place with increased frequency ; studying the unwholesome vegetation of the garden , examining all the walls of the building , and poring over every inch of the earthen cellar floor . finally , with carrington harris\'s permission , i fitted a key to the disused door opening from the cellar directly upon benefit street , preferring to have a more immediate access to the outside world than the dark stairs , ground floor hall , and front door could give . there , where morbidity lurked most thickly , i searched and poked during long afternoons when the sunlight filtered in through the cobwebbed above--ground door which placed me only a few feet from the placid sidewalk outside . nothing new rewarded my efforts--only the same depressing mustiness and faint suggestions of noxious odours and nitrous outlines on the floor--and i fancy that many pedestrians must have watched me curiously through the broken panes .\n\nat length , upon a suggestion of my uncle\'s , i decided to try the spot nocturnally ; and one stormy midnight ran the beams of an electric torch over the mouldy floor with its uncanny shapes and distorted , half-phosphorescent fungi . the place had dispirited me curiously that evening , and i was almost prepared when i saw--or thought i saw--amidst the whitish deposits a particularly sharp definition of the "huddled form" i had suspected from boyhood . its clearness was astonishing and unprecedented--and as i watched i seemed to see again the thin , yellowish , shimmering exhalation which had startled me on that rainy afternoon so many years before .\n\nabove the anthropomorphic patch of mould by the fireplace it rose ; a subtle , sickish , almost luminous vapour which , as it hung trembling in the dampness , seemed to develop vague and shocking suggestions of form , gradually trailing off into nebulous decay and passing up into the blackness of the great chimney with a foetor in its wake . it was truly horrible , and the more so to me because of what i knew of the spot . refusing to flee , i watched it fade--and as i watched i felt that it was in turn watching me greedily with eyes more imaginable than visible . when i told my uncle about it he was greatly aroused ; and after a tense hour of reflection , arrived at a definite and drastic decision . weighing in his mind the importance of the matter , and the significance of our relation to it , he insisted that we both test--and if possible destroy--the horror of the house by a joint night or nights of aggressive vigil in that musty and fungous-cursed cellar .\n\non wednesday , june 25 , 1919 , after a proper notification of carrington harris which did not include surmises as to what we expected to find , my uncle and i conveyed to the shunned house two camp chairs and a folding camp cot , together with some scientific mechanism of greater

weight and intricacy . these we placed in the cellar during the day , screening the windows with paper and planning to return in the evening for our first vigil . we had locked the door from the cellar to the ground floor ; and having a key to the outside cellar door , we were prepared to leave our expensive and delicate apparatus--which we had obtained secretly and at great cost--as many days as our vigil might need to be protracted . it was our design to sit up together till very late , and then watch singly till dawn in two-hour stretches , myself first and then my companion ; the inactive member resting on the cot .\n\nthe natural leadership with which my uncle procured the instruments from the laboratories of brown university and the cranston street armory , and instinctively assumed direction of our venture , was a marvellous commentary on the potential vitality and resilience of a man of eighty-one . elihu whipple had lived according to the hygienic laws he had preached as a physician , and but for what happened later would be here in full vigour today . only two persons suspect what did happen--carrington harris and myself . i had to tell harris because he owned the house and deserved to know what had gone out of it . then , too , we had spoken to him in advance of our quest ; and i felt after my uncle\'s going that he would understand and assist me in some vitally necessary public explanations . he turned very pale , but agreed to help me , and decided that it would now be safe to rent the house .\n\nto declare that we were not nervous on that rainy night of watching would be an exaggeration both gross and ridiculous . we were not , as i have said , in any sense childishly superstitious , but scientific study and reflection had taught us that the known universe of three dimensions embraces the merest fraction of the whole cosmos of substance and energy . in this case an overwhelming preponderance of evidence from numerous authentic sources pointed to the tenacious existence of certain forces of great power and , so far as the human point of view is concerned , exceptional malignancy . to say that we actually believed in vampires or werewolves would be a carelessly inclusive statement . rather must it be said that we were not prepared to deny the possibility of certain unfamiliar and unclassified modifications of vital force and attenuated matter ; existing very infrequently in three-dimensional space because of its more intimate connection with other spatial units , yet close enough to the boundary of our own to furnish us occasional manifestations which we , for lack of a proper vantage-point , may never hope to understand .\n\nin short , it seemed to my uncle and me that an incontrovertible array of facts pointed to some lingering influence in the shunned house ; traceable to one or another of the ill-favoured french settlers of two centuries before , and still operative through rare and unknown laws of atomic and electronic motion . that the family of roulet had possessed an abnormal affinity for outer circles of entity--dark spheres which for normal folk hold only repulsion and terror--their recorded history seemed to prove . had not , then , the riots of those bygone seventeen-thirties set moving certain kinetic patterns in the morbid brain of one or more of them--notably the sinister paul roulet--which obscurely survived the bodies murdered , and continued to function in some multiple-dimensioned space along the original lines of force determined by a frantic hatred of the encroaching community ?\n\nsuch a thing was surely not a physical or biochemical impossibility in the light of a newer science which includes the theories of relativity and intra-

atomic action . one might easily imagine an alien nucleus of substance or energy , formless or otherwise , kept alive by imperceptible or immaterial subtractions from the life-force or bodily tissue and fluids of other and more palpably living things into which it penetrates and with whose fabric it sometimes completely merges itself . it might be actively hostile , or it might be dictated merely by blind motives of self-preservation . in any case such a monster must of necessity be in our scheme of things an anomaly and an intruder , whose extirpation forms a primary duty with every man not an enemy to the world\'s life , health , and sanity .\n\nwhat baffled us was our utter ignorance of the aspect in which we might encounter the thing . no sane person had even seen it , and few had ever felt it definitely . it might be pure energy--a form ethereal and outside the realm of substance--or it might be partly material ; some unknown and equivocal mass of plasticity , capable of changing at will to nebulous approximations of the solid , liquid , gaseous , or tenuously unparticled states . the anthropomorphic patch of mould on the floor , the form of the yellowish vapour , and the curvature of the tree-roots in some of the old tales , all argued at least a remote and reminiscent connection with the human shape ; but how representative or permanent that similarity might be , none could say with any kind of certainty .\n\nwe had devised two weapons to fight it ; a large and specially fitted crookes tube operated by powerful storage batteries and provided with peculiar screens and reflectors , in case it proved intangible and opposable only by vigorously destructive ether radiations , and a pair of military flame-throwers of the sort used in the world war , in case it proved partly material and susceptible of mechanical destruction--for like the superstitious exeter rustics , we were prepared to burn the thing\'s heart out if heart existed to burn . all this aggressive mechanism we set in the cellar in positions carefully arranged with reference to the cot and chairs , and to the spot before the fireplace where the mould had taken strange shapes . that suggestive patch , by the way , was only faintly visible when we placed our furniture and instruments , and when we returned that evening for the actual vigil . for a moment i half-doubted that i had ever seen it in the more definitely limned form--but then i thought of the legends .\n\nour cellar vigil began at 10 p .m . , daylight saving time , and as it continued we found no promise of pertinent developments . a weak , filtered glow from the rain-harassed street lamps outside , and a feeble phosphorescence from the detestable fungi within , showed the dripping stone of the walls , from which all traces of whitewash had vanished ; the dank , foetid and mildew-tainted hard earth floor with its obscene fungi ; the rotting remains of what had been stools , chairs and tables , and other more shapeless furniture ; the heavy planks and massive beams of the ground floor overhead ; the decrepit plank door leading to bins and chambers beneath other parts of the house ; the crumbling stone staircase with ruined wooden hand-rail ; and the crude and cavernous fireplace of blackened brick where rusted iron fragments revealed the past presence of hooks , andirons , spit , crane , and a door to the dutch oven--these things , and our austere cot and camp chairs , and the heavy and intricate destructive machinery we had brought .\n\nwe had , as in my own former explorations , left the door to the street unlocked ; so that a direct and practical path of escape might lie open in case of manifestations beyond our power to deal with . it was our idea that

our continued nocturnal presence would call forth whatever malign entity lurked there ; and that being prepared , we could dispose of the thing with one or the other of our provided means as soon as we had recognised and observed it sufficiently . how long it might require to evoke and extinguish the thing , we had no notion . it occurred to us , too , that our venture was far from safe , for in what strength the thing might appear no one could tell . but we deemed the game worth the hazard , and embarked on it alone and unhesitatingly ; conscious that the seeking of outside aid would only expose us to ridicule and perhaps defeat our entire purpose . such was our frame of mind as we talked--far into the night , till my uncle\'s growing drowsiness made me remind him to lie down for his two-hour sleep .\n\nsomething like fear chilled me as i sat there in the small hours alone--i say alone , for one who sits by a sleeper is indeed alone ; perhaps more alone than he can realise . my uncle breathed heavily , his deep inhalations and exhalations accompanied by the rain outside , and punctuated by another nerve-racking sound of distant dripping water within--for the house was repulsively damp even in dry weather , and in this storm positively swamp-like . i studied the loose , antique masonry of the walls in the fungous-light and the feeble rays which stole in from the street through the screened windows ; and once , when the noisome atmosphere of the place seemed about to sicken me , i opened the door and looked up and down the street , feasting my eyes on familiar sights and my nostrils on wholesome air . still nothing occurred to reward my watching ; and i yawned repeatedly , fatigue getting the better of apprehension .\n\nthen the stirring of my uncle in his sleep attracted my notice . he had turned restlessly on the cot several times during the latter half of the first hour , but now he was breathing with unusual irregularity , occasionally heaving a sigh which held more than a few of the qualities of a choking moan . i turned my electric flashlight on him and found his face averted , so rising and crossing to the other side of the cot , i again flashed the light to see if he seemed in any pain . what i saw unnerved me most surprisingly , considering its relative triviality . it must have been merely the association of an odd circumstance with the sinister nature of our location and mission , for surely the circumstance was not in itself frightful or unnatural . it was merely that my uncle\'s facial expression , disturbed no doubt by the strange dreams which our situation prompted , betrayed considerable agitation , and seemed not at all characteristic of him . his habitual expression was one of kindly and well-bred calm , whereas now a variety of emotions seemed struggling within him . i think , on the whole , that it was this variety which chiefly disturbed me . my uncle , as he gasped and tossed in increasing perturbation and with eyes that had now started open , seemed not one man but many men , and suggested a curious quality of alienage from himself .\n\nall at once he commenced to mutter , and i did not like the look of his mouth and teeth as he spoke . the words were at first indistinguishable , and then--with a tremendous start--i recognised something about them which filled me with icy fear till i recalled the breadth of my uncle\'s education and the interminable translations he had made from anthropological and antiquarian articles in the revue des deux mondes . for the venerable elihu whipple was muttering in french , and the few phrases i could distinguish seemed connected with the darkest myths he had ever adapted from the famous paris magazine



. \n\n suddenly a perspiration broke out on the sleeper\'s forehead , and he leaped abruptly up , half awake . the jumble of french changed to a cry in english , and the hoarse voice shouted excitedly , "my breath , my breath !" then the awakening became complete , and with a subsidence of facial expression to the normal state my uncle seized my hand and began to relate a dream whose nucleus of significance i could only surmise with a kind of awe . \n\n he had , he said , floated off from a very ordinary series of dream-pictures into a scene whose strangeness was related to nothing he had ever read . it was of this world , and yet not of it--a shadowy geometrical confusion in which could be seen elements of familiar things in most unfamiliar and perturbing combinations . there was a suggestion of queerly disordered pictures superimposed one upon another ; an arrangement in which the essentials of time as well as of space seemed dissolved and mixed in the most illogical fashion . in this kaleidoscopic vortex of phantasmal images were occasional snap-shots , if one might use the term , of singular clearness but unaccountable heterogeneity . \n\n once my uncle thought he lay in a carelessly dug open pit , with a crowd of angry faces framed by straggling locks and three-cornered hats frowning down at him . again he seemed to be in the interior of a house--an old house , apparently--but the details and inhabitants were constantly changing , and he could never be certain of the faces or the furniture , or even of the room itself , since doors and windows seemed in just as great a state of flux as the more presumably mobile objects . it was queer--damnable queer--and my uncle spoke almost sheepishly , as if half expecting not to be believed , when he declared that of the strange faces many had unmistakably borne the features of the harris family . and all the while there was a personal sensation of choking , as if some pervasive presence had spread itself through his body and sought to possess itself of his vital processes . i shuddered at the thought of those vital processes , worn as they were by eighty--one years of continuous functioning , in conflict with unknown forces of which the youngest and strongest system might well be afraid ; but in another moment reflected that dreams are only dreams , and that these uncomfortable visions could be , at most , no more than my uncle\'s reaction to the investigations and expectations which had lately filled our minds to the exclusion of all else . \n\n conversation , also , soon tended to dispel my sense of strangeness ; and in time i yielded to my yawns and took my turn at slumber . my uncle seemed now very wakeful , and welcomed his period of watching even though the nightmare had aroused him far ahead of his allotted two hours . sleep seized me quickly , and i was at once haunted with dreams of the most disturbing kind . i felt , in my visions , a cosmic and abysmal lonesome ; with hostility surging from all sides upon some prison where i lay confined . i seemed bound and gagged , and taunted by the echoing yells of distant multitudes who thirsted for my blood . my uncle\'s face came to me with less pleasant associations than in waking hours , and i recall many futile struggles and attempts to scream . it was not a pleasant sleep , and for a second i was not sorry for the echoing shriek which clove through the barriers of dream and flung me to a sharp and startled awakeness in which every actual object before my eyes stood out with more than natural clearness and reality . \n\n \n\n i had been lying with my face away from my uncle\'s chair , so that in this sudden flash of awakening i saw only the door to the street , the more northerly window , and the wall and floor

and ceiling toward the north of the room , all photographed with morbid vividness on my brain in a light brighter than the glow of the fungi or the rays from the street outside . it was not a strong or even a fairly strong light ; certainly not nearly strong enough to read an average book by . but it cast a shadow of myself and the cot on the floor , and had a yellowish , penetrating force that hinted at things more potent than luminosity . this i perceived with unhealthy sharpness despite the fact that two of my other senses were violently assailed . for on my ears rang the reverberations of that shocking scream , while my nostrils revolted at the stench which filled the place . my mind , as alert as my senses , recognised the gravely unusual ; and almost automatically i leaped up and turned about to grasp the destructive instruments which we had left trained on the mouldy spot before the fireplace . as i turned , i dreaded what i was to see ; for the scream had been in my uncle\'s voice , and i knew not against what menace i should have to defend him and myself .\n\nnyet after all , the sight was worse than i had dreaded . there are horrors beyond horrors , and this was one of those nuclei of all dreamable hideousness which the cosmos saves to blast an accursed and unhappy few . out of the fungous-ridden earth steamed up a vaporous corpse-light , yellow and diseased , which bubbled and lapped to a gigantic height in vague outlines half human and half monstrous , through which i could see the chimney and fireplace beyond . it was all eyes--wolfish and mocking--and the rugose insect-like head dissolved at the top to a thin stream of mist which curled putridly about and finally vanished up the chimney . i say that i saw this thing , but it is only in conscious retrospection that i ever definitely traced its damnable approach to form . at the time it was to me only a seething dimly phosphorescent cloud of fungous loathsomeness , enveloping and dissolving to an abhorrent plasticity the one object to which all my attention was focused . that object was my uncle--the venerable elihu whipple--who with blackening and decaying features leered and gibbered at me , and reached out dripping claws to rend me in the fury which this horror had brought .\n\nnit was a sense of routine which kept me from going mad . i had drilled myself in preparation for the crucial moment , and blind training saved me . recognising the bubbling evil as no substance reachable by matter or material chemistry , and therefore ignoring the flame-thrower which loomed on my left , i threw on the current of the crookes tube apparatus , and focussed toward that scene of immortal blasphemousness the strongest ether radiations which men\'s art can arouse from the spaces and fluids of nature . there was a bluish haze and a frenzied sputtering , and the yellowish phosphorescence grew dimmer to my eyes . but i saw the dimness was only that of contrast , and that the waves from the machine had no effect whatever .\n\nnthen , in the midst of that daemoniac spectacle , i saw a fresh horror which brought cries to my lips and sent me fumbling and staggering towards that unlocked door to the quiet street , careless of what abnormal terrors i loosed upon the world , or what thoughts or judgments of men i brought down upon my head . in that dim blend of blue and yellow the form of my uncle had commenced a nauseous liquefaction whose essence eludes all description , and in which there played across his vanishing face such changes of identity as only madness can conceive . he was at once a devil and a multitude , a charnel-house and a pageant . lit by the mixed and uncertain beams , that gelatinous face assumed a dozen--a score

--a hundred--aspects ; grinning , as it sank to the ground on a body that melted like tallow , in the caricatured likeness of legions strange and yet not strange .\n\ni saw the features of the harris line , masculine and feminine , adult and infantile , and other features old and young , coarse and refined , familiar and unfamiliar . for a second there flashed a degraded counterfeit of a miniature of poor rhoby harris that i had seen in the school of design museum , and another time i thought i caught the rawboned image of mercy dexter as i recalled her from a painting in carrington harris\'s house . it was frightful beyond conception ; toward the last , when a curious blend of servant and baby visages flickered close to the fungous floor where a pool of greenish grease was spreading , it seemed as though the shifting features fought against themselves , and strove to form contours like those of my uncle\'s kindly face . i like to think that he existed at that moment , and that he tried to bid me farewell . it seems to me i hiccupped a farewell from my own parched throat as i lurched out into the street ; a thin stream of grease following me through the door to the rain-drenched sidewalk .\n\nthe rest is shadowy and monstrous . there was no one in the soaking street , and in all the world there was no one i dared tell . i walked aimlessly south past college hill and the athenaeum , down hopkins street , and over the bridge to the business section where tall buildings seemed to guard me as modern material things guard the world from ancient and unwholesome wonder . then the grey dawn unfolded wetly from the east , silhouetting the archaic hill and its venerable steeples , and beckoning me to the place where my terrible work was still unfinished . and in the end i went , wet , hatless , and dazed in the morning light , and entered that awful door in benefit street which i had left ajar , and which still swung cryptically in full sight of the early householders to whom i dared not speak .\n\nthe grease was gone , for the mouldy floor was porous . and in front of the fireplace was no vestige of the giant doubled-up form in nitre . i looked at the cot , the chairs , the instruments , my neglected hat , and the yellowed straw hat of my uncle . dazedness was uppermost , and i could scarcely recall what was dream and what was reality . then thought trickled back , and i knew that i had witnessed things more horrible than i had dreamed . sitting down , i tried to conjecture as nearly as sanity would let me just what had happened , and how i might end the horror , if indeed it had been real . matter it seemed not to be , nor ether , nor anything else conceivable by mortal mind . what , then , but some exotic emanation ; some vampirish vapour such as exeter rustics tell of as lurking over certain church yards ? this i felt was the clue , and again i looked at the floor before the fireplace where the mould and nitre had taken strange forms . in ten minutes my mind was made up , and taking my hat i set out for home , where i bathed , ate , and gave by telephone an order for a pick-axe , a spade , a military gas-mask , and six carboys of sulphuric acid , all to be delivered the next morning at the cellar door of the shunned house in benefit street . after that i tried to sleep ; and failing , passed the hours in reading and in the composition of inane verses to counteract my mood .\n\nat 11 a . m . the next day i commenced digging . it was sunny weather , and i was glad of that . i was still alone , for as much as i feared the unknown horror i sought , there was more fear in the thought of telling anybody . later i told harris only through sheer necessity , and because he had heard odd tales from old people which disposed him ever so

little toward belief . as i turned up the stinking black earth in front of the fireplace , my spade causing a viscous yellow ichor to ooze from the white fungi which it severed , i trembled at the dubious thoughts of what i might uncover . some secrets of inner earth are not good for mankind , and this seemed to me one of them .\n\nmy hand shook perceptibly , but still i delved ; after a while standing in the large hole i had made . with the deepening of the hole , which was about six feet square , the evil smell increased ; and i lost all doubt of my imminent contact with the hellish thing whose emanations had cursed the house for over a century and a half . i wondered what it would look like--what its form and substance would be , and how big it might have waxed through long ages of life-sucking . at length i climbed out of the hole and dispersed the heaped-up dirt , then arranging the great carboys of acid around and near two sides , so that when necessary i might empty them all down the aperture in quick succession . after that i dumped earth only along the other two sides ; working more slowly and donning my gas-mask as the smell grew . i was nearly unnerved at my proximity to a nameless thing at the bottom of a pit .\n\nsuddenly my spade struck something softer than earth . i shuddered and made a motion as if to climb out of the hole , which was now as deep as my neck . then courage returned , and i scraped away more dirt in the light of the electric torch i had provided . the surface i uncovered was fishy and glassy--a kind of semi-putrid congealed jelly with suggestions of translucency . i scraped further , and saw that it had form . there was a rift where a part of the substance was folded over . the exposed area was huge and roughly cylindrical ; like a mammoth soft blue-white stovepipe doubled in two , its largest part some two feet in diameter . still more i scraped , and then abruptly i leaped out of the hole and away from the filthy thing ; frantically unstopping and tilting the heavy carboys , and precipitating their corrosive contents one after another down that charnel gulf and upon this unthinkable abnormality whose titan elbow i had seen .\n\nthe blinding maelstrom of greenish-yellow vapour which surged tempestuously up from that hole as the floods of acid descended , will never leave my memory . all along the hill people tell of the yellow day , when virulent and horrible fumes arose from the factory waste dumped in the providence river , but i know how mistaken they are as to the source . they tell , too , of the hideous roar which at the same time came from some disordered water-pipe or gas main underground--but again i could correct them if i dared . it was unspeakably shocking , and i do not see how i lived through it . i did faint after emptying the fourth carboy , which i had to handle after the fumes had begun to penetrate my mask ; but when i recovered i saw that the hole was emitting no fresh vapours .\n\nthe two remaining carboys i emptied down without particular result , and after a time i felt it safe to shovel the earth back into the pit . it was twilight before i was done , but fear had gone out of the place . the dampness was less foetid , and all the strange fungi had withered to a kind of harmless greyish powder which blew ashlike along the floor . one of earth\'s nethermost terrors had perished forever ; and if there be a hell , it had received at last the daemon soul of an unhallowed thing . and as i patted down the last spadeful of mould , i shed the first of many tears with which i have paid unaffected tribute to my beloved uncle\'s memory .\n\nthe next spring no more pale grass and strange weeds came up in the shunned house\'s terraced garden , and shortly afterward

carrington harris rented the place . it is still spectral , but its strangeness fascinates me , and i shall find mixed with my relief a queer regret when it is torn down to make way for a tawdry shop or vulgar apartment building . the barren old trees in the yard have begun to bear small , sweet apples , and last year the birds nested in their gnarled boughs .\n'

b"hypnos\n\nmay the merciful gods , if indeed there be such , guard those hours when no power of the will , or drug that the cunning of man devises , can keep me from the chasm of sleep . death is merciful , for there is no return therefrom , but with him who has come back out of the nethermost chambers of night , haggard and knowing , peace rests nevermore . fool that i was to plunge with such unsanctioned frenzy into mysteries no man was meant to penetrate ; fool or god that he was--my only friend , who led me and went before me , and who in the end passed into terrors which may yet be mine !\n\nwe met , i recall , in a railway station , where he was the center of a crowd of the vulgarly curious . he was unconscious , having fallen in a kind of convulsion which imparted to his slight black-clad body a strange rigidity . i think he was then approaching forty years of age , for there were deep lines in the face , wan and hollow-cheeked , but oval and actually beautiful ; and touches of gray in the thick , waving hair and small full beard which had once been of the deepest raven black . his brow was white as the marble of pentelicus , and of a height and breadth almost god-like .\n\ni said to myself , with all the ardor of a sculptor , that this man was a faun's statue out of antique hellas , dug from a temple's ruins and brought somehow to life in our stifling age only to feel the chill and pressure of devastating years . and when he opened his immense , sunken , and wildly luminous black eyes i knew he would be thenceforth my only friend--the only friend of one who had never possessed a friend before--for i saw that such eyes must have looked fully upon the grandeur and the terror of realms beyond normal consciousness and reality ; realms which i had cherished in fancy , but vainly sought . so as i drove the crowd away i told him he must come home with me and be my teacher and leader in unfathomed mysteries , and he assented without speaking a word . afterward i found that his voice was music--the music of deep viols and of crystalline spheres . we talked often in the night , and in the day , when i chiseled busts of him and carved miniature heads in ivory to immortalize his different expressions .\n\nof our studies it is impossible to speak , since they held so slight a connection with anything of the world as living men conceive it . they were of that vaster and more appalling universe of dim entity and consciousness which lies deeper than matter , time , and space , and whose existence we suspect only in certain forms of sleep--those rare dreams beyond dreams which come never to common men , and but once or twice in the lifetime of imaginative men . the cosmos of our waking knowledge , born from such an universe as a bubble is born from the pipe of a jester , touches it only as such a bubble may touch its sardonic source when sucked back by the jester's whim . men of learning suspect it little and ignore it mostly . wise men have interpreted dreams , and the gods have laughed . one man with oriental eyes has said that all time and space are relative , and men have laughed . but even that man with oriental eyes has done no more than suspect . i had wished and tried to do more than suspect , and my friend had tried and partly succeeded . then we both tried together , and with exotic drugs

courted terrible and forbidden dreams in the tower studio chamber of the old manor-house in hoary kent .\n\namong the agonies of these after days is that chief of torments- inarticulateness . what i learned and saw in those hours of impious exploration can never be told--for want of symbols or suggestions in any language . i say this because from first to last our discoveries partook only of the nature of sensations ; sensations correlated with no impression which the nervous system of normal humanity is capable of receiving . they were sensations , yet within them lay unbelievable elements of time and space--things which at bottom possess no distinct and definite existence . human utterance can best convey the general character of our experiences by calling them plungings or soarings ; for in every period of revelation some part of our minds broke boldly away from all that is real and present , rushing aerially along shocking , unlighted , and fear-haunted abysses , and occasionally tearing through certain well-marked and typical obstacles describable only as viscous , uncouth clouds of vapors .\n\nin these black and bodiless flights we were sometimes alone and sometimes together . when we were together , my friend was always far ahead ; i could comprehend his presence despite the absence of form by a species of pictorial memory whereby his face appeared to me , golden from a strange light and frightful with its weird beauty , its anomalously youthful cheeks , its burning eyes , its olympian brow , and its shadowing hair and growth of beard .\n\nof the progress of time we kept no record , for time had become to us the merest illusion . i know only that there must have been something very singular involved , since we came at length to marvel why we did not grow old . our discourse was unholy , and always hideously ambitious--no god or demon could have aspired to discoveries and conquest like those which we planned in whispers . i shiver as i speak of them , and dare not be explicit ; though i will say that my friend once wrote on paper a wish which he dared not utter with his tongue , and which made me burn the paper and look affrightedly out of the window at the spangled night sky . i will hint--only hint--that he had designs which involved the rulership of the visible universe and more ; designs whereby the earth and the stars would move at his command , and the destinies of all living things be his . i affirm--i swear--that i had no share in these extreme aspirations . anything my friend may have said or written to the contrary must be erroneous , for i am no man of strength to risk the unmentionable spheres by which alone one might achieve success .\n\nthere was a night when winds from unknown spaces whirled us irresistibly into limitless vacuum beyond all thought and entity . perceptions of the most maddeningly untransmissible sort thronged upon us ; perceptions of infinity which at the time convulsed us with joy , yet which are now partly lost to my memory and partly incapable of presentation to others . viscous obstacles were clawed through in rapid succession , and at length i felt that we had been borne to realms of greater remoteness than any we had previously known .\n\nmy friend was vastly in advance as we plunged into this awesome ocean of virgin aether , and i could see the sinister exultation on his floating , luminous , too-youthful memory-face . suddenly that face became dim and quickly disappeared , and in a brief space i found myself projected against an obstacle which i could not penetrate . it was like the others , yet incalculably denser ; a sticky clammy mass , if such terms can be applied to analogous qualities in a non-material sphere .\n\ni had , i felt , been halted

by a barrier which my friend and leader had successfully passed . struggling anew , i came to the end of the drug--dream and opened my physical eyes to the tower studio in whose opposite corner reclined the pallid and still unconscious form of my fellow dreamer , weirdly haggard and wildly beautiful as the moon shed gold-green light on his marble features .\n\nthen , after a short interval , the form in the corner stirred ; and may pitying heaven keep from my sight and sound another thing like that which took place before me . i cannot tell you how he shrieked , or what vistas of unvisitable hells gleamed for a second in black eyes crazed with fright . i can only say that i fainted , and did not stir till he himself recovered and shook me in his frensy for someone to keep away the horror and desolation .\n\nthat was the end of our voluntary searchings in the caverns of dream . awed , shaken , and portentous , my friend who had been beyond the barrier warned me that we must never venture within those realms again . what he had seen , he dared not tell me ; but he said from his wisdom that we must sleep as little as possible , even if drugs were necessary to keep us awake . that he was right , i soon learned from the unutterable fear which engulfed me whenever consciousness lapsed .\n\nafter each short and inevitable sleep i seemed older , whilst my friend aged with a rapidity almost shocking . it is hideous to see wrinkles form and hair whiten almost before one's eyes . our mode of life was now totally altered . heretofore a recluse so far as i know--his true name and origin never having passed his lips--my friend now became frantic in his fear of solitude . at night he would not be alone , nor would the company of a few persons calm him . his sole relief was obtained in revelry of the most general and boisterous sort ; so that few assemblies of the young and gay were unknown to us .\n\nour appearance and age seemed to excite in most cases a ridicule which i keenly resented , but which my friend considered a lesser evil than solitude . especially was he afraid to be out of doors alone when the stars were shining , and if forced to this condition he would often glance furtively at the sky as if hunted by some monstrous thing therein . he did not always glance at the same place in the sky--it seemed to be a different place at different times . on spring evenings it would be low in the northeast . in the summer it would be nearly overhead . in the autumn it would be in the northwest . in winter it would be in the east , but mostly in the small hours of morning .\n\nmidwinter evenings seemed least dreadful to him . only after two years did i connect this fear with anything in particular ; but then i began to see that he must be looking at a special spot on the celestial vault whose position at different times corresponded to the direction of his glance--a spot roughly marked by the constellation corona borealis .\n\nwe now had a studio in london , never separating , but never discussing the days when we had sought to plumb the mysteries of the unreal world . we were aged and weak from our drugs , dissipations , and nervous overstrain , and the thinning hair and beard of my friend had become snow-white . our freedom from long sleep was surprising , for seldom did we succumb more than an hour or two at a time to the shadow which had now grown so frightful a menace .\n\nthen came one january of fog and rain , when money ran low and drugs were hard to buy . my statues and ivory heads were all sold , and i had no means to purchase new materials , or energy to fashion them even had i possessed them . we suffered terribly , and on a certain night my friend sank into a deep-breathing sleep from which i could not awaken him . i

can recall the scene now--the desolate , pitch-black garret studio under the eaves with the rain beating down ; the ticking of our lone clock ; the fancied ticking of our watches as they rested on the dressing-table ; the creaking of some swaying shutter in a remote part of the house ; certain distant city noises muffled by fog and space ; and , worst of all , the deep , steady , sinister breathing of my friend on the couch--a rhythmical breathing which seemed to measure moments of supernal fear and agony for his spirit as it wandered in spheres forbidden , unimagined , and hideously remote .\n\nthe tension of my vigil became oppressive , and a wild train of trivial impressions and associations thronged through my almost unhinged mind . i heard a clock strike somewhere--not ours , for that was not a striking clock--and my morbid fancy found in this a new starting-point for idle wanderings . clocks--time--space--infinity--and then my fancy reverted to the locale as i reflected that even now , beyond the roof and the fog and the rain and the atmosphere , corona borealis was rising in the northeast . corona borealis , which my friend had appeared to dread , and whose scintillant semicircle of stars must even now be glowing unseen through the measureless abysses of aether . all at once my feverishly sensitive ears seemed to detect a new and wholly distinct component in the soft medley of drug-magnified sounds--a low and damnably insistent whine from very far away ; droning , clamoring , mocking , calling , from the northeast .\n\nbut it was not that distant whine which robbed me of my faculties and set upon my soul such a seal of fright as may never in life be removed ; not that which drew the shrieks and excited the convulsions which caused lodgers and police to break down the door . it was not what i heard , but what i saw ; for in that dark , locked , shuttered , and curtained room there appeared from the black northeast corner a shaft of horrible red-gold light--a shaft which bore with it no glow to disperse the darkness , but which streamed only upon the recumbent head of the troubled sleeper , bringing out in hideous duplication the luminous and strangely youthful memory-face as i had known it in dreams of abysmal space and unshackled time , when my friend had pushed behind the barrier to those secret , innermost and forbidden caverns of nightmare .\n\nand as i looked , i beheld the head rise , the black , liquid , and deep--sunken eyes open in terror , and the thin , shadowed lips part as if for a scream too frightful to be uttered . there dwelt in that ghastly and flexible face , as it shone bodiless , luminous , and rejuvenated in the blackness , more of stark , teeming , brain-shattering fear than all the rest of heaven and earth has ever revealed to me .\n\nno word was spoken amidst the distant sound that grew nearer and nearer , but as i followed the memory-face's mad stare along that cursed shaft of light to its source , the source whence also the whining came , i , too , saw for an instant what it saw , and fell with ringing ears in that fit of shrieking epilepsy which brought the lodgers and the police . never could i tell , try as i might , what it actually was that i saw ; nor could the still face tell , for although it must have seen more than i did , it will never speak again . but always i shall guard against the mocking and insatiate hypnos , lord of sleep , against the night sky , and against the mad ambitions of knowledge and philosophy .\n\njust what happened is unknown , for not only was my own mind unseated by the strange and hideous thing , but others were tainted with a forgetfulness which can mean nothing if not madness . they have said , i know not for what reason , that i never had a



friend ; but that art , philosophy , and insanity had filled all my tragic life . the lodgers and police on that night soothed me , and the doctor administered something to quiet me , nor did anyone see what a nightmare event had taken place . my stricken friend moved them to no pity , but what they found on the couch in the studio made them give me a praise which sickened me , and now a fame which i spurn in despair as i sit for hours , bald , gray-bearded , shriveled , palsied , drug-crazed , and broken , adoring and praying to the object they found .\n\nfor they deny that i sold the last of my statuary , and point with ecstasy at the thing which the shining shaft of light left cold , petrified , and unvocal . it is all that remains of my friend ; the friend who led me on to madness and wreckage ; a godlike head of such marble as only old hellas could yield , young with the youth that is outside time , and with beauteous bearded face , curved , smiling lips , olympian brow , and dense locks waving and poppy-crowned . they say that that haunting memory-face is modeled from my own , as it was at twenty--five ; but upon the marble base is carven a single name in the letters of attica--hypnos .\n"

b'facts concerning the late arthur jermyn and his family\n\ni\n\nlife is a hideous thing , and from the background behind what we know of it peer daemonical hints of truth which make it sometimes a thousandfold more hideous . science , already oppressive with its shocking revelations , will perhaps be the ultimate exterminator of our human species--if separate species we be--for its reserve of unguessed horrors could never be borne by mortal brains if loosed upon the world . if we knew what we are , we should do as sir arthur jermyn did ; and arthur jermyn soaked himself in oil and set fire to his clothing one night . no one placed the charred fragments in an urn or set a memorial to him who had been ; for certain papers and a certain boxed object were found which made men wish to forget . some who knew him do not admit that he ever existed .\n\narthur jermyn went out on the moor and burned himself after seeing the boxed object which had come from africa . it was this object , and not his peculiar personal appearance , which made him end his life . many would have disliked to live if possessed of the peculiar features of arthur jermyn , but he had been a poet and scholar and had not minded . learning was in his blood , for his great-grandfather , sir robert jermyn , bt . , had been an anthropologist of note , whilst his great--great-grandfather , sir wade jermyn , was one of the earliest explorers of the congo region , and had written eruditely of its tribes , animals , and supposed antiquities . indeed , old sir wade had possessed an intellectual zeal amounting almost to a mania ; his bizarre conjectures on a prehistoric white congolese civilisation earning him much ridicule when his book , observation on the several parts of africa , was published . in 1765 this fearless explorer had been placed in a madhouse at huntingdon .\n\nmadness was in all the jermyns , and people were glad there were not many of them . the line put forth no branches , and arthur was the last of it . if he had not been , one can not say what he would have done when the object came . the jermyns never seemed to look quite right--something was amiss , though arthur was the worst , and the old family portraits in jermyn house showed fine faces enough before sir wade\'s time . certainly , the madness began with sir wade , whose wild stories of africa were at once the delight and terror of his few friends . it showed in his collection of trophies and specimens , which were not such as a normal man

would accumulate and preserve , and appeared strikingly in the oriental seclusion in which he kept his wife . the latter , he had said , was the daughter of a portuguese trader whom he had met in africa ; and did not like english ways . she , with an infant son born in africa , had accompanied him back from the second and longest of his trips , and had gone with him on the third and last , never returning . no one had ever seen her closely , not even the servants ; for her disposition had been violent and singular . during her brief stay at jermyn house she occupied a remote wing , and was waited on by her husband alone . sir wade was , indeed , most peculiar in his solicitude for his family ; for when he returned to africa he would permit no one to care for his young son save a loathsome black woman from guinea . upon coming back , after the death of lady jermyn , he himself assumed complete care of the boy .\n\nbut it was the talk of sir wade , especially when in his cups , which chiefly led his friends to deem him mad . in a rational age like the eighteenth century it was unwise for a man of learning to talk about wild sights and strange scenes under a congo moon ; of the gigantic walls and pillars of a forgotten city , crumbling and vine-grown , and of damp , silent , stone steps leading interminably down into the darkness of abysmal treasure-vaults and inconceivable catacombs . especially was it unwise to rave of the living things that might haunt such a place ; of creatures half of the jungle and half of the impiously aged city--fabulous creatures which even a pliny might describe with scepticism ; things that might have sprung up after the great apes had overrun the dying city with the walls and the pillars , the vaults and the weird carvings . yet after he came home for the last time sir wade would speak of such matters with a shudderingly uncanny zest , mostly after his third glass at the knight\'s head ; boasting of what he had found in the jungle and of how he had dwelt among terrible ruins known only to him . and finally he had spoken of the living things in such a manner that he was taken to the madhouse . he had shown little regret when shut into the barred room at huntingdon , for his mind moved curiously . ever since his son had commenced to grow out of infancy , he had liked his home less and less , till at last he had seemed to dread it . the knight\'s head had been his headquarters , and when he was confined he expressed some vague gratitude as if for protection . three years later he died .\n\nwade jermyn\'s son philip was a highly peculiar person . despite a strong physical resemblance to his father , his appearance and conduct were in many particulars so coarse that he was universally shunned . though he did not inherit the madness which was feared by some , he was densely stupid and given to brief periods of uncontrollable violence . in frame he was small , but intensely powerful , and was of incredible agility . twelve years after succeeding to his title he married the daughter of his gamekeeper , a person said to be of gypsy extraction , but before his son was born joined the navy as a common sailor , completing the general disgust which his habits and misalliance had begun . after the close of the american war he was heard of as sailor on a merchantman in the african trade , having a kind of reputation for feats of strength and climbing , but finally disappearing one night as his ship lay off the congo coast .\n\nin the son of sir philip jermyn the now accepted family peculiarity took a strange and fatal turn . tall and fairly handsome , with a sort of weird eastern grace despite certain slight oddities of proportion , robert jermyn

began life as a scholar and investigator . it was he who first studied scientifically the vast collection of relics which his mad grandfather had brought from africa , and who made the family name as celebrated in ethnology as in exploration . in 1815 sir robert married a daughter of the seventh viscount brightholme and was subsequently blessed with three children , the eldest and youngest of whom were never publicly seen on account of deformities in mind and body . saddened by these family misfortunes , the scientist sought relief in work , and made two long expeditions in the interior of africa . in 1849 his second son , nevil , a singularly repellent person who seemed to combine the surliness of philip jermyn with the hauteur of the brightholmes , ran away with a vulgar dancer , but was pardoned upon his return in the following year . he came back to jermyn house a widower with an infant son , alfred , who was one day to be the father of arthur jermyn .\n\nfriends said that it was this series of griefs which unhinged the mind of sir robert jermyn , yet it was probably merely a bit of african folklore which caused the disaster . the elderly scholar had been collecting legends of the onga tribes near the field of his grandfather's and his own explorations , hoping in some way to account for sir wade's wild tales of a lost city peopled by strange hybrid creatures . a certain consistency in the strange papers of his ancestor suggested that the madman's imagination might have been stimulated by native myths . on october 19 , 1852 , the explorer samuel seaton called at jermyn house with a manuscript of notes collected among the ongas , believing that certain legends of a gray city of white apes ruled by a white god might prove valuable to the ethnologist . in his conversation he probably supplied many additional details ; the nature of which will never be known , since a hideous series of tragedies suddenly burst into being . when sir robert jermyn emerged from his library he left behind the strangled corpse of the explorer , and before he could be restrained , had put an end to all three of his children ; the two who were never seen , and the son who had run away . nevil jermyn died in the successful defence of his own two-year-old son , who had apparently been included in the old man's madly murderous scheme . sir robert himself , after repeated attempts at suicide and a stubborn refusal to utter an articulate sound , died of apoplexy in the second year of his confinement .\n\nsir alfred jermyn was a baronet before his fourth birthday , but his tastes never matched his title . at twenty he had joined a band of music-hall performers , and at thirty-six had deserted his wife and child to travel with an itinerant american circus . his end was very revolting . among the animals in the exhibition with which he travelled was a huge bull gorilla of lighter colour than the average ; a surprisingly tractable beast of much popularity with the performers . with this gorilla alfred jermyn was singularly fascinated , and on many occasions the two would eye each other for long periods through the intervening bars . eventually jermyn asked and obtained permission to train the animal , astonishing audiences and fellow performers alike with his success . one morning in chicago , as the gorilla and alfred jermyn were rehearsing an exceedingly clever boxing match , the former delivered a blow of more than the usual force , hurting both the body and the dignity of the amateur trainer . of what followed , members of "the greatest show on earth" do not like to speak . they did not expect to hear sir alfred jermyn emit a shrill , inhuman scream , or to see him seize his clumsy antagonist with both

hands , dash it to the floor of the cage , and bite fiendishly at its hairy throat . the gorilla was off its guard , but not for long , and before anything could be done by the regular trainer , the body which had belonged to a baronet was past recognition .\n\nii\n\narthur jermyn was the son of sir alfred jermyn and a music-hall singer of unknown origin . when the husband and father deserted his family , the mother took the child to jermyn house ; where there was none left to object to her presence . she was not without notions of what a nobleman\'s dignity should be , and saw to it that her son received the best education which limited money could provide . the family resources were now sadly slender , and jermyn house had fallen into woeful disrepair , but young arthur loved the old edifice and all its contents . he was not like any other jermyn who had ever lived , for he was a poet and a dreamer . some of the neighbouring families who had heard tales of old sir wade jermyn\'s unseen portuguese wife declared that her latin blood must be showing itself ; but most persons merely sneered at his sensitiveness to beauty , attributing it to his music--hall mother , who was socially unrecognised . the poetic delicacy of arthur jermyn was the more remarkable because of his uncouth personal appearance . most of the jermyns had possessed a subtly odd and repellent cast , but arthur\'s case was very striking . it is hard to say just what he resembled , but his expression , his facial angle , and the length of his arms gave a thrill of repulsion to those who met him for the first time .\n\nnit was the mind and character of arthur jermyn which atoned for his aspect . gifted and learned , he took highest honours at oxford and seemed likely to redeem the intellectual fame of his family . though of poetic rather than scientific temperament , he planned to continue the work of his forefathers in african ethnology and antiquities , utilising the truly wonderful though strange collection of sir wade . with his fanciful mind he thought often of the prehistoric civilisation in which the mad explorer had so implicitly believed , and would weave tale after tale about the silent jungle city mentioned in the latter\'s wilder notes and paragraphs . for the nebulous utterances concerning a nameless , unsuspected race of jungle hybrids he had a peculiar feeling of mingled terror and attraction , speculating on the possible basis of such a fancy , and seeking to obtain light among the more recent data gleaned by his great-grandfather and samuel seaton amongst the ongas .\n\nnin 1911 , after the death of his mother , sir arthur jermyn determined to pursue his investigations to the utmost extent . selling a portion of his estate to obtain the requisite money , he outfitted an expedition and sailed for the congo . arranging with the belgian authorities for a party of guides , he spent a year in the onga and kahn country , finding data beyond the highest of his expectations . among the kaliris was an aged chief called mwanu , who possessed not only a highly retentive memory , but a singular degree of intelligence and interest in old legends . this ancient confirmed every tale which jermyn had heard , adding his own account of the stone city and the white apes as it had been told to him .\n\nnaccording to mwanu , the gray city and the hybrid creatures were no more , having been annihilated by the warlike n\'bangus many years ago . this tribe , after destroying most of the edifices and killing the live beings , had carried off the stuffed goddess which had been the object of their quest ; the white ape-goddess which the strange beings worshipped , and which was held by congo tradition to be the form of one who had reigned as a

princess among these beings . just what the white apelike creatures could have been , mwanu had no idea , but he thought they were the builders of the ruined city . jermyn could form no conjecture , but by close questioning obtained a very picturesque legend of the stuffed goddess .\n\nthe ape-princess , it was said , became the consort of a great white god who had come out of the west . for a long time they had reigned over the city together , but when they had a son , all three went away . later the god and princess had returned , and upon the death of the princess her divine husband had mummified the body and enshrined it in a vast house of stone , where it was worshipped . then he departed alone . the legend here seemed to present three variants . according to one story , nothing further happened save that the stuffed goddess became a symbol of supremacy for whatever tribe might possess it . it was for this reason that the n\'bangus carried it off . a second story told of a god\'s return and death at the feet of his enshrined wife . a third told of the return of the son , grown to manhood--or apehood or godhood , as the case might be--yet unconscious of his identity . surely the imaginative blacks had made the most of whatever events might lie behind the extravagant legendry .\n\nof the reality of the jungle city described by old sir wade , arthur jermyn had no further doubt ; and was hardly astonished when early in 1912 he came upon what was left of it . its size must have been exaggerated , yet the stones lying about proved that it was no mere negro village . unfortunately no carvings could be found , and the small size of the expedition prevented operations toward clearing the one visible passageway that seemed to lead down into the system of vaults which sir wade had mentioned . the white apes and the stuffed goddess were discussed with all the native chiefs of the region , but it remained for a european to improve on the data offered by old mwanu . m . verhaeren , belgian agent at a trading-post on the congo , believed that he could not only locate but obtain the stuffed goddess , of which he had vaguely heard ; since the once mighty n\'bangus were now the submissive servants of king albert\'s government , and with but little persuasion could be induced to part with the gruesome deity they had carried off . when jermyn sailed for england , therefore , it was with the exultant probability that he would within a few months receive a priceless ethnological relic confirming the wildest of his great--great-great-grandfather\'s narratives--that is , the wildest which he had ever heard . countrymen near jermyn house had perhaps heard wilder tales handed down from ancestors who had listened to sir wade around the tables of the knight\'s head .\n\narthur jermyn waited very patiently for the expected box from m . verhaeren , meanwhile studying with increased diligence the manuscripts left by his mad ancestor . he began to feel closely akin to sir wade , and to seek relics of the latter\'s personal life in england as well as of his african exploits . oral accounts of the mysterious and secluded wife had been numerous , but no tangible relic of her stay at jermyn house remained . jermyn wondered what circumstance had prompted or permitted such an effacement , and decided that the husband\'s insanity was the prime cause . his great-great-great-grandmother , he recalled , was said to have been the daughter of a portuguese trader in africa . no doubt her practical heritage and superficial knowledge of the dark continent had caused her to flout sir wade\'s tales of the interior , a thing which such a man would not be likely to forgive . she had died in africa , perhaps dragged

thither by a husband determined to prove what he had told . but as jermyn indulged in these reflections he could not but smile at their futility , a century and a half after the death of both his strange progenitors .\n\nin june , 1913 , a letter arrived from m . verhaeren , telling of the finding of the stuffed goddess . it was , the belgian averred , a most extraordinary object ; an object quite beyond the power of a layman to classify . whether it was human or simian only a scientist could determine , and the process of determination would be greatly hampered by its imperfect condition . time and the congo climate are not kind to mummies ; especially when their preparation is as amateurish as seemed to be the case here . around the creature\'s neck had been found a golden chain bearing an empty locket on which were armorial designs ; no doubt some hapless traveller\'s keepsake , taken by the n\'bangus and hung upon the goddess as a charm . in commenting on the contour of the mummy\'s face , m . verhaeren suggested a whimsical comparison ; or rather , expressed a humorous wonder just how it would strike his correspondent , but was too much interested scientifically to waste many words in levity . the stuffed goddess , he wrote , would arrive duly packed about a month after receipt of the letter .\n\nthe boxed object was delivered at jermyn house on the afternoon of august 3 , 1913 , being conveyed immediately to the large chamber which housed the collection of african specimens as arranged by sir robert and arthur . what ensued can best be gathered from the tales of servants and from things and papers later examined . of the various tales , that of aged soames , the family butler , is most ample and coherent . according to this trustworthy man , sir arthur jermyn dismissed everyone from the room before opening the box , though the instant sound of hammer and chisel showed that he did not delay the operation . nothing was heard for some time ; just how long soames cannot exactly estimate , but it was certainly less than a quarter of an hour later that the horrible scream , undoubtedly in jermyn\'s voice , was heard . immediately afterward jermyn emerged from the room , rushing frantically toward the front of the house as if pursued by some hideous enemy . the expression on his face , a face ghastly enough in repose , was beyond description . when near the front door he seemed to think of something , and turned back in his flight , finally disappearing down the stairs to the cellar . the servants were utterly dumbfounded , and watched at the head of the stairs , but their master did not return . a smell of oil was all that came up from the regions below . after dark a rattling was heard at the door leading from the cellar into the courtyard ; and a stable-boy saw arthur jermyn , glistening from head to foot with oil and redolent of that fluid , steal furtively out and vanish on the black moor surrounding the house . then , in an exaltation of supreme horror , everyone saw the end . a spark appeared on the moor , a flame arose , and a pillar of human fire reached to the heavens . the house of jermyn no longer existed .\n\nthe reason why arthur jermyn\'s charred fragments were not collected and buried lies in what was found afterward , principally the thing in the box . the stuffed goddess was a nauseous sight , withered and eaten away , but it was clearly a mummified white ape of some unknown species , less hairy than any recorded variety , and infinitely nearer mankind--quite shockingly so . detailed description would be rather unpleasant , but two salient particulars must be told , for they fit in revoltingly with certain notes of sir wade jermyn\'s african expeditions and

with the congolese legends of the white god and the ape-princess . the two particulars in question are these : the arms on the golden locket about the creature\'s neck were the jermyn arms , and the jocose suggestion of m . verhaeren about certain resemblance as connected with the shrivelled face applied with vivid , ghastly , and unnatural horror to none other than the sensitive arthur jermyn , great-great-great-grandson of sir wade jermyn and an unknown wife . members of the royal anthropological institute burned the thing and threw the locket into a well , and some of them do not admit that arthur jermyn ever existed .\n'

b'the evil clergyman\n\n"yes , he lived here--but i don\'t advise your doing anything . your curiosity makes you irresponsible . we never come here at night , and it\'s only because of his will that we keep it this way . you know what he did . that abominable society took charge at last , and we don\'t know where he is buried . there was no way the law or anything else could reach the society .\n\n"i hope you won\'t stay till after dark . and i beg of you to let that thing on the table--the thing that looks like a match-box--alone . we don\'t know what it is , but we suspect it has something to do with what he did . we even avoid looking at it very steadily ."\n\nafter a time the man left me alone in the attic room . it was very dingy and dusty , and only primitively furnished , but it had a neatness which showed it was not a slum-denizen\'s quarters . there were shelves full of theological and classical books , and another bookcase containing treatises on magic--paracelsus , albertus magnus , trithemius , hermes trismegistus , borellus , and others in a strange alphabet whose titles i could not decipher . the furniture was very plain . there was a door , but it led only into a closet . the only egress was the aperture in the floor up to which the crude , steep staircase led . the windows were of bull\'s-eye pattern , and the black oak beams bespoke unbelievable antiquity . plainly , this house was of the old world . i seemed to know where i was , but cannot recall what i then knew . certainly the town was not london . my impression is of a small seaport .\n\nthe small object on the table fascinated me intensely . i seemed to know what to do with it , for i drew a pocket electric light--or what looked like one--out of my pocket and nervously tested its flashes . the light was not white but violet , and seemed less like true light than like some radioactive bombardment . i recall that i did not regard it as a common flashlight--indeed , i had a common flashlight in another pocket .\n\nit was getting dark , and the ancient roofs and chimney-pots outside looked very queer through the bull\'s-eye window-panes . finally i summoned up courage and propped the small object up on the table against a book--then turned the rays of the peculiar violet light upon it . the light seemed now to be more like a rain of hail or small violet particles than like a continuous beam . as the particles struck the glassy surface at the center of the strange device , they seemed to produce a crackling noise like the sputtering of a vacuum tube through which sparks are passed . the dark glassy surface displayed a pinkish glow , and a vague white shape seemed to be taking form at its center . then i noticed that i was not alone in the room--and put the ray--projector back in my pocket .\n\nbut the newcomer did not speak--nor did i hear any sound whatever during all the immediately following moments . everything was shadowy pantomime , as if seen at a vast distance through some intervening haze--although on the other

hand the newcomer and all subsequent comers loomed large and close , as if both near and distant , according to some abnormal geometry .\n\nthe newcomer was a thin , dark man of medium height attired in the clerical garb of the anglican church . he was apparently about thirty years old , with a sallow , olive complexion and fairly good features , but an abnormally high forehead . his black hair was well cut and neatly brushed , and he was clean-shaven though blue-chinned with a heavy growth of beard . he wore rimless spectacles with steel bows . his build and lower facial features were like other clergymen i had seen , but he had a vastly higher forehead , and was darker and more intelligent-looking--also more subtly and concealedly evil-looking . at the present moment--having just lighted a faint oil lamp--he looked nervous , and before i knew it he was casting all his magical books into a fireplace on the window side of the room (where the wall slanted sharply) which i had not noticed before . the flames devoured the volumes greedily--leaping up in strange colors and emitting indescribably hideous odors as the strangely hieroglyphed leaves and wormy bindings succumbed to the devastating element . all at once i saw there were others in the room--grave-looking men in clerical costume , one of whom wore the bands and knee-breeches of a bishop . though i could hear nothing , i could see that they were bringing a decision of vast import to the first-comer . they seemed to hate and fear him at the same time , and he seemed to return these sentiments . his face set itself into a grim expression , but i could see his right hand shaking as he tried to grip the back of a chair . the bishop pointed to the empty case and to the fireplace (where the flames had died down amidst a charred , non-committal mass) , and seemed filled with a peculiar loathing . the first-comer then gave a wry smile and reached out with his left hand toward the small object on the table . everyone then seemed frightened . the procession of clerics began filing down the steep stairs through the trapdoor in the floor , turning and making menacing gestures as they left . the bishop was last to go .\n\nthe first-comer now went to a cupboard on the inner side of the room and extracted a coil of rope . mounting a chair , he attached one end of the rope to a hook in the great exposed central beam of black oak , and began making a noose with the other end . realizing he was about to hang himself , i started forward to dissuade or save him . he saw me and ceased his preparations , looking at me with a kind of triumph which puzzled and disturbed me . he slowly stepped down from the chair and began gliding toward me with a positively wolfish grin on his dark , thin-lipped face .\n\ni felt somehow in deadly peril , and drew out the peculiar ray-projector as a weapon of defense . why i thought it could help me , i do not know . i turned it on--full in his face , and saw the sallow features glow first with violet and then with pinkish light . his expression of wolfish exultation began to be crowded aside by a look of profound fear--which did not , however , wholly displace the exultation . he stopped in his tracks--then , flailing his arms wildly in the air , began to stagger backwards . i saw he was edging toward the open stair-well in the floor , and tried to shout a warning , but he did not hear me . in another instant he had lurched backward through the opening and was lost to view .\n\ni found difficulty in moving toward the stair-well , but when i did get there i found no crushed body on the floor below . instead there was a clatter of people coming up with lanterns , for the spell of phantasmal silence had broken , and i once



more heard sounds and saw figures as normally tri-dimensional . something had evidently drawn a crowd to this place . had there been a noise i had not heard ?\n\npresently the two people (simple villagers , apparently) farthest in the lead saw me--and stood paralyzed . one of them shrieked loudly and reverberantly :\n\n"ahrrh ! . . .it be\`ee , zur ? again ?"\n\nthen they all turned and fled frantically . all , that is , but one . when the crowd was gone i saw the grave-bearded man who had brought me to this place--standing alone with a lantern . he was gazing at me gaspingly and fascinatedly , but did not seem afraid . then he began to ascend the stairs , and joined me in the attic . he spoke :\n\n"so you didn\`t let it alone ! i\`m sorry . i know what has happened . it happened once before , but the man got frightened and shot himself . you ought not to have made him come back . you know what he wants . but you mustn\`t get frightened like the other man he got . something very strange and terrible has happened to you , but it didn\`t get far enough to hurt your mind and personality . if you\`ll keep cool , and accept the need for making certain radical readjustments in your life , you can keep right on enjoying the world , and the fruits of your scholarship . but you can\`t live here--and i don\`t think you\`ll wish to go back to london . i\`d advise america .\n\n"you mustn\`t try anything more with that--thing . nothing can be put back now . it would only make matters worse to do--or summon--anything . you are not as badly off as you might be--but you must get out of here at once and stay away . you\`d better thank heaven it didn\`t go further . . .\n\n"i\`m going to prepare you as bluntly as i can . there\`s been a certain change--in your personal appearance . he always causes that . but in a new country you can get used to it . there\`s a mirror up at the other end of the room , and i\`m going to take you to it . you\`ll get a shock--though you will see nothing repulsive ."\n\ni was now shaking with a deadly fear , and the bearded man almost had to hold me up as he walked me across the room to the mirror , the faint lamp (i . e . , that formerly on the table , not the still fainter lantern he had brought) in his free hand . this is what i saw in the glass :\n\na thin , dark man of medium stature attired in the clerical garb of the anglican church , apparently about thirty , and with rimless , steel--bowed glasses glistening beneath a sallow , olive forehead of abnormal height .\n\nit was the silent first-comer who had burned his books .\n\nfor all the rest of my life , in outward form , i was to be that man !\n'

b\`the other gods\n\nbut now they have betaken themselves to unknown kadath in the cold waste where no man treads , and are grown stern , having no higher peak whereto to flee at the coming of men . they are grown stern , and where once they suffered men to displace them , they now forbid men to come ; or coming , to depart . it is well for men that they know not of kadath in the cold waste ; else they would seek injudiciously to scale it .\n\nsometimes when earth\`s gods are homesick they visit in the still of the night the peaks where once they dwelt , and weep softly as they try to play in the olden way on remembered slopes . men have felt the tears of the gods on white-capped thurai , though they have thought it rain ; and have heard the sighs of the gods in the plaintive dawn-winds of lerion . in cloud-ships the gods are wont to travel , and wise cotters have legends that keep them from certain high peaks at night when it is cloudy , for the gods are not lenient as of old .\n\nnin ulthar , which lies beyond the river skai , once dwelt an old man avid to behold the gods

of earth ; a man deeply learned in the seven cryptical books of earth , and familiar with the pnakotic manuscripts of distant and frozen lomar . his name was barzai the wise , and the villagers tell of how he went up a mountain on the night of the strange eclipse .\n\nbarzai knew so much of the gods that he could tell of their comings and goings , and guessed so many of their secrets that he was deemed half a god himself . it was he who wisely advised the burgesses of ulthar when they passed their remarkable law against the slaying of cats , and who first told the young priest atal where it is that black cats go at midnight on st . john\'s eve . barzai was learned in the lore of the earth\'s gods , and had gained a desire to look upon their faces . he believed that his great secret knowledge of gods could shield him from their wrath , so resolved to go up to the summit of high and rocky hatheg-kla on a night when he knew the gods would be there .\n\nhatheg-kla is far in the stony desert beyond hatheg , for which it is named , and rises like a rock statue in a silent temple . around its peak the mists play always mournfully , for mists are the memories of the gods , and the gods loved hatheg-kla when they dwelt upon it in the old days . often the gods of earth visit hatheg-kla in their ships of clouds , casting pale vapors over the slopes as they dance reminiscently on the summit under a clear moon . the villagers of hatheg say it is ill to climb the hatheg-kla at any time , and deadly to climb it by night when pale vapors hide the summit and the moon ; but barzai heeded them not when he came from neighboring ulthar with the young priest atal , who was his disciple . atal was only the son of an innkeeper , and was sometimes afraid ; but barzai\'s father had been a landgrave who dwelt in an ancient castle , so he had no common superstition in his blood , and only laughed at the fearful cotters .\n\nbanzai and atal went out of hatheg into the stony desert despite the prayers of peasants , and talked of earth\'s gods by their campfires at night . many days they traveled , and from afar saw lofty hatheg-kla with his aureole of mournful mist . on the thirteenth day they reached the mountain\'s lonely base , and atal spoke of his fears . but barzai was old and learned and had no fears , so led the way up the slope that no man had scaled since the time of sansu , who is written of with fright in the moldy pnakotic manuscripts .\n\nthe way was rocky , and made perilous by chasms , cliffs , and falling stones . later it grew cold and snowy ; and barzai and atal often slipped and fell as they hewed and plodded upward with staves and axes . finally the air grew thin , and the sky changed color , and the climbers found it hard to breathe ; but still they toiled up and up , marveling at the strangeness of the scene and thrilling at the thought of what would happen on the summit when the moon was out and the pale vapours spread around . for three days they climbed higher and higher toward the roof of the world ; then they camped to wait for the clouding of the moon .\n\nfor four nights no clouds came , and the moon shone down cold through the thin mournful mist around the silent pinnacle . then on the fifth night , which was the night of the full moon , barzai saw some dense clouds far to the north , and stayed up with atal to watch them draw near . thick and majestic they sailed , slowly and deliberately onward ; ranging themselves round the peak high above the watchers , and hiding the moon and the summit from view . for a long hour the watchers gazed , whilst the vapours swirled and the screen of clouds grew thicker and more restless . barzai was wise in the lore of earth\'s gods , and listened hard for certain sounds ,

but atal felt the chill of the vapours and the awe of the night , and feared much . and when barzai began to climb higher and beckon eagerly , it was long before atal would follow .\n\nso thick were the vapours that the way was hard , and though atal followed at last , he could scarce see the gray shape of barzai on the dim slope above in the clouded moonlight . barzai forged very far ahead , and seemed despite his age to climb more easily than atal ; fearing not the steepness that began to grow too great for any save a strong and dauntless man , nor pausing at wide black chasms that atal could scarce leap . and so they went up wildly over rocks and gulfs , slipping and stumbling , and sometimes awed at the vastness and horrible silence of bleak ice pinnacles and mute granite steeps .\n\nvery suddenly barzai went out of atal's sight , scaling a hideous cliff that seemed to bulge outward and block the path for any climber not inspired of earth's gods . atal was far below , and planning what he should do when he reached the place , when curiously he noticed that the light had grown strong , as if the cloudless peak and moonlit meetingplace of the gods were very near . and as he scrambled on toward the bulging cliff and litten sky he felt fears more shocking than any he had known before . then through the high mists he heard the voice of barzai shouting wildly in delight :\n\n"i have heard the gods . i have heard earth's gods singing in revelry on hatheg-kla ! the voices of earth's gods are known to barzai the prophet ! the mists are thin and the moon is bright , and i shall see the gods dancing wildly on hatheg-kla that they loved in youth . the wisdom of barzai hath made him greater than earth's gods , and against his will their spells and barriers are as naught ; barzai will behold the gods , the proud gods , the secret gods , the gods of earth who spurn the sight of man !"

natal could not hear the voices barzai heard , but he was now close to the bulging cliff and scanning it for footholds . then he heard barzai's voice grow shriller and louder :\n\n"the mist is very thin , and the moon casts shadows on the slope ; the voices of earth's gods are high and wild , and they fear the coming of barzai the wise , who is greater than they . . .the moon's light flickers , as earth's gods dance against it ; i shall see the dancing forms of the gods that leap and howl in the moonlight . . .the light is dimmer and the gods are afraid . . ."

whilst barzai was shouting these things atal felt a spectral change in all the air , as if the laws of earth were bowing to greater laws ; for though the way was steeper than ever , the upward path was now grown fearsomely easy , and the bulging cliff proved scarce an obstacle when he reached it and slid perilously up its convex face . the light of the moon had strangely failed , and as atal plunged upward through the mists he heard barzai the wise shrieking in the shadows :\n\n"the moon is dark , and the gods dance in the night ; there is terror in the sky , for upon the moon hath sunk an eclipse foretold in no books of men or of earth's gods . . .there is unknown magic on hatheg-kla , for the screams of the frightened gods have turned to laughter , and the slopes of ice shoot up endlessly into the black heavens whither i am plunging . . .hei ! hei ! at last ! in the dim light i behold the gods of earth !"

and now atal , slipping dizzily up over inconceivable steeps , heard in the dark a loathsome laughing , mixed with such a cry as no man else ever heard save in the phlegethon of unrelatable nightmares ; a cry wherein reverberated the horror and anguish of a haunted lifetime packed into one atrocious moment :\n\n"the other gods ! the other gods ! the gods of

the outer hells that guard the feeble gods of earth ! . . .look away . . .go back . . .do not see ! do not see ! the vengeance of the infinite abysses . . .that cursed , that damnable pit . . .merciful gods of earth , i am falling into the sky !" \n\nand as atal shut his eyes and stopped his ears and tried to hump downward against the frightful pull from unknown heights , there resounded on hatheg-kla that terrible peal of thunder which awaked the good cotters of the plains and the honest burgesses of hatheg , nir and ulthar , and caused them to behold through the clouds that strange eclipse of the moon that no book ever predicted . and when the moon came out at last atal was safe on the lower snows of the mountain without sight of earth\'s gods , or of the other gods . \n\nnow it is told in the moldy pnakotic manuscripts that sansu found naught but wordless ice and rock when he did climb hatheg-kla in the youth of the world . yet when the men of ulthar and nir and hatheg crushed their fears and scaled that haunted steep by day in search of barzai the wise , they found graven in the naked stone of the summit a curious and cyclopean symbol fifty cubits wide , as if the rock had been riven by some titanic chisel . and the symbol was like to one that learned men have discerned in those frightful parts of the pnakotic manuscripts which were too ancient to be read . this they found . \n\nbarzai the wise they never found , nor could the holy priest atal ever be persuaded to pray for his soul\'s repose . moreover , to this day the people of ulthar and nir and hatheg fear eclipses , and pray by night when pale vapors hide the mountain-top and the moon . and above the mists on hatheg-kla , earth\'s gods sometimes dance reminiscently ; for they know they are safe , and love to come from unknown kadath in ships of clouds and play in the olden way , as they did when earth was new and men not given to the climbing of inaccessible places . \n'

b\'the picture in the house \n\nmost horrible of all sights are the little unpainted wooden houses remote from travelled ways , usually squatted upon some damp grassy slope or leaning against some gigantic outcropping of rock . two hundred years and more they have leaned or squatted there , while the vines have crawled and the trees have swelled and spread . they are almost hidden now in lawless luxuriances of green and guardian shrouds of shadow ; but the small-paned windows still stare shockingly , as if blinking through a lethal stupor which wards off madness by dulling the memory of unutterable things . \n\nin such houses have dwelt generations of strange people , whose like the world has never seen . seized with a gloomy and fanatical belief which exiled them from their kind , their ancestors sought the wilderness for freedom . there the scions of a conquering race indeed flourished free from the restrictions of their fellows , but cowered in an appalling slavery to the dismal phantasms of their own minds . divorced from the enlightenment of civilization , the strength of these puritans turned into singular channels ; and in their isolation , morbid self-repression , and struggle for life with relentless nature , there came to them dark furtive traits from the prehistoric depths of their cold northern heritage . by necessity practical and by philosophy stern , these folks were not beautiful in their sins . erring as all mortals must , they were forced by their rigid code to seek concealment above all else ; so that they came to use less and less taste in what they concealed . only the silent , sleepy , staring houses in the backwoods can tell all that has lain hidden since the early days , and they are not communicative , being loath to shake off the drowsiness which helps them

forget . sometimes one feels that it would be merciful to tear down these houses , for they must often dream .\n\nit was to a time-battered edifice of this description that i was driven one afternoon in november , 1896 , by a rain of such chilling copiousness that any shelter was preferable to exposure . i had been travelling for some time amongst the people of the miskatonic valley in quest of certain genealogical data ; and from the remote , devious , and problematical nature of my course , had deemed it convenient to employ a bicycle despite the lateness of the season . now i found myself upon an apparently abandoned road which i had chosen as the shortest cut to arkham , overtaken by the storm at a point far from any town , and confronted with no refuge save the antique and repellent wooden building which blinked with bleared windows from between two huge leafless elms near the foot of a rocky hill . distant though it is from the remnant of a road , this house none the less impressed me unfavorably the very moment i espied it . honest , wholesome structures do not stare at travellers so slyly and hauntingly , and in my genealogical researches i had encountered legends of a century before which biased me against places of this kind . yet the force of the elements was such as to overcome my scruples , and i did not hesitate to wheel my machine up the weedy rise to the closed door which seemed at once so suggestive and secretive .\n\ni had somehow taken it for granted that the house was abandoned , yet as i approached it i was not so sure , for though the walks were indeed overgrown with weeds , they seemed to retain their nature a little too well to argue complete desertion . therefore instead of trying the door i knocked , feeling as i did so a trepidation i could scarcely explain . as i waited on the rough , mossy rock which served as a door-step , i glanced at the neighboring windows and the panes of the transom above me , and noticed that although old , rattling , and almost opaque with dirt , they were not broken . the building , then , must still be inhabited , despite its isolation and general neglect . however , my rapping evoked no response , so after repeating the summons i tried the rusty latch and found the door unfastened . inside was a little vestibule with walls from which the plaster was falling , and through the doorway came a faint but peculiarly hateful odor . i entered , carrying my bicycle , and closed the door behind me . ahead rose a narrow staircase , flanked by a small door probably leading to the cellar , while to the left and right were closed doors leading to rooms on the ground floor .\n\nleaning my cycle against the wall i opened the door at the left , and crossed into a small low-ceiled chamber but dimly lighted by its two dusty windows and furnished in the barest and most primitive possible way . it appeared to be a kind of sitting-room , for it had a table and several chairs , and an immense fireplace above which ticked an antique clock on a mantel . books and papers were very few , and in the prevailing gloom i could not readily discern the titles . what interested me was the uniform air of archaism as displayed in every visible detail . most of the houses in this region i had found rich in relics of the past , but here the antiquity was curiously complete ; for in all the room i could not discover a single article of definitely post-revolutionary date . had the furnishings been less humble , the place would have been a collector's paradise .\n\nas i surveyed this quaint apartment , i felt an increase in that aversion first excited by the bleak exterior of the house . just what it was that i feared or loathed , i could by no means define ; but

something in the whole atmosphere seemed redolent of unhallowed age , of unpleasant crudeness , and of secrets which should be forgotten . i felt disinclined to sit down , and wandered about examining the various articles which i had noticed . the first object of my curiosity was a book of medium size lying upon the table and presenting such an antediluvian aspect that i marvelled at beholding it outside a museum or library . it was bound in leather with metal fittings , and was in an excellent state of preservation ; being altogether an unusual sort of volume to encounter in an abode so lowly . when i opened it to the title page my wonder grew even greater , for it proved to be nothing less rare than pigafetta\'s account of the congo region , written in latin from the notes of the sailor lopex and printed at frankfurt in 1598 . i had often heard of this work , with its curious illustrations by the brothers de bry , hence for a moment forgot my uneasiness in my desire to turn the pages before me . the engravings were indeed interesting , drawn wholly from imagination and careless descriptions , and represented negroes with white skins and caucasian features ; nor would i soon have closed the book had not an exceedingly trivial circumstance upset my tired nerves and revived my sensation of disquiet . what annoyed me was merely the persistent way in which the volume tended to fall open of itself at plate xii , which represented in gruesome detail a butcher\'s shop of the cannibal anziques . i experienced some shame at my susceptibility to so slight a thing , but the drawing nevertheless disturbed me , especially in connection with some adjacent passages descriptive of anzique gastronomy .\n\ni had turned to a neighboring shelf and was examining its meagre literary contents --an eighteenth century bible , a "pilgrim\'s progress" of like period , illustrated with grotesque woodcuts and printed by the almanack-maker isaiah thomas , the rotting bulk of cotton mather\'s "magnalia christi americana ," and a few other books of evidently equal age--when my attention was aroused by the unmistakable sound of walking in the room overhead . at first astonished and startled , considering the lack of response to my recent knocking at the door , i immediately afterward concluded that the walker had just awakened from a sound sleep , and listened with less surprise as the footsteps sounded on the creaking stairs . the tread was heavy , yet seemed to contain a curious quality of cautiousness ; a quality which i disliked the more because the tread was heavy . when i had entered the room i had shut the door behind me . now , after a moment of silence during which the walker may have been inspecting my bicycle in the hall , i heard a fumbling at the latch and saw the paneled portal swing open again .\n\nin the doorway stood a person of such singular appearance that i should have exclaimed aloud but for the restraints of good breeding . old , white-bearded , and ragged , my host possessed a countenance and physique which inspired equal wonder and respect . his height could not have been less than six feet , and despite a general air of age and poverty he was stout and powerful in proportion . his face , almost hidden by a long beard which grew high on the cheeks , seemed abnormally ruddy and less wrinkled than one might expect ; while over a high forehead fell a shock of white hair little thinned by the years . his blue eyes , though a trifle bloodshot , seemed inexplicably keen and burning . but for his horrible unkemptness the man would have been as distinguished-looking as he was impressive . this unkemptness , however , made him offensive despite his face and figure . of what his clothing consisted i could hardly tell

, for it seemed to me no more than a mass of tatters surmounting a pair of high, heavy boots ; and his lack of cleanliness surpassed description .\n\nthe appearance of this man , and the instinctive fear he inspired , prepared me for something like enmity ; so that i almost shuddered through surprise and a sense of uncanny incongruity when he motioned me to a chair and addressed me in a thin, weak voice full of fawning respect and ingratiating hospitality . his speech was very curious , an extreme form of yankee dialect i had thought long extinct ; and i studied it closely as he sat down opposite me for conversation .\n\n"ketched in the rain , be ye ?" he greeted . "glad ye was nigh the haouse en\ ' hed the sense ta come right in . i calc\ 'late i was alseep , else i\ 'd a heerd ye--i ain\ 't as young as i uster be , an\ ' i need a paowerful sight o\ ' naps naowadays . trav\ 'lin fur ? i hain\ 't seed many folks \ 'long this rud sence they tuk off the arkham stage ." \n\ni replied that i was going to arkham , and apologized for my rude entry into his domicile , whereupon he continued .\n\n"glad ta see ye , young sir--new faces is scurce around here , an\ ' i hain\ 't got much ta cheer me up these days . guess yew hail from bosting , don\ 't ye ? i never ben thar , but i kin tell a taown man when i see \ 'im--we hed one fer deestrick schoolmaster in \ 'eighty-four , but he quit suddent an\ ' no one never heerd on \ 'im sence--" here the old man lapsed into a kind of chuckle , and made no explanation when i questioned him . he seemed to be in an aboundingly good humor , yet to possess those eccentricities which one might guess from his grooming . for some time he rambled on with an almost feverish geniality , when it struck me to ask him how he came by so rare a book as pigafetta\ 's "regnum congo ." the effect of this volume had not left me , and i felt a certain hesitancy in speaking of it , but curiosity overmastered all the vague fears which had steadily accumulated since my first glimpse of the house . to my relief , the question did not seem an awkward one , for the old man answered freely and volubly .\n\n"oh , that afriky book ? cap\ 'n ebenezzer holt traded me thet in \ 'sixty--eight--him as was kilt in the war ." something about the name of ebenezzer holt caused me to look up sharply . i had encountered it in my genealogical work , but not in any record since the revolution . i wondered if my host could help me in the task at which i was laboring , and resolved to ask him about it later on . he continued .\n\n"ebenezzer was on a salem merchantman for years , an\ ' picked up a sight o\ ' queer stuff in every port . he got this in london , i guess--he uster like ter buy things at the shops . i was up ta his haouse onct , on the hill , tradin\ ' hosses , when i see this book . i relished the picters , so he give it in on a swap . \ 'tis a queer book--here , leave me git on my spectacles--" the old man fumbled among his rags , producing a pair of dirty and amazingly antique glasses with small octagonal lenses and steel bows . donning these , he reached for the volume on the table and turned the pages lovingly .\n\n"ebenezzer cud read a leetle o\ ' this--\ 'tis latin--but i can\ 't . i had two er three schoolmasters read me a bit , and passon clark , him they say got draownded in the pond--kin yew make anything outen it ?" i told him that i could , and translated for his benefit a paragraph near the beginning . if i erred , he was not scholar enough to correct me ; for he seemed childishly pleased at my english version . his proximity was becoming rather obnoxious , yet i saw no way to escape without offending him . i was amused at the childish fondness of this ignorant old man for the pictures in a

book he could not read , and wondered how much better he could read the few books in english which adorned the room . this revelation of simplicity removed much of the ill-defined apprehension i had felt , and i smiled as my host rambled on : \n\n"queer haow picters kin set a body thinkin\' . take this un here near the front . hey yew ever seed trees like thet , with big leaves a floppin\' over an\' daown ? and them men--them can\'t be niggers--they dew beat all . kinder like injuns , i guess , even ef they be in afriky . some o\' these here critters looks like monkeys , or half monkeys an\' half men , but i never heerd o\' nothin\' like this un . "here he pointed to a fabulous creature of the artist , which one might describe as a sort of dragon with the head of an alligator . \n\n"but naow i\'ll show ye the best un--over here nigh the middle--"the old man\'s speech grew a trifle thicker and his eyes assumed a brighter glow ; but his fumbling hands , though seemingly clumsier than before , were entirely adequate to their mission . the book fell open , almost of its own accord and as if from frequent consultation at this place , to the repellent twelfth plate showing a butcher\'s shop amongst the anzique cannibals . my sense of restlessness returned , though i did not exhibit it . the especially bizarre thing was that the artist had made his africans look like white men--the limbs and quarters hanging about the walls of the shop were ghastly , while the butcher with his axe was hideously incongruous . but my host seemed to relish the view as much as i disliked it . \n\n"what d\'ye think o\' this--ain\'t never see the like hereabouts , eh ? when i see this i telled eb holt , \'that\'s suthin\' ta stir ye up an\' make yer blood tickle . \' when i read in scripeter about slayin\'--like them midianites was slew--i kinder think things , but i ain\'t got no picter of it . here a body kin see all they is to it--i s\'pose \'tis sinful , but ain\'t we all born an\' livin\' in sin ?--thet feller bein\' chopped up gives me a tickle every time i look at \'im--i hey ta keep lookin\' at \'im--see whar the butcher cut off his feet ? thar\'s his head on thet bench , with one arm side of it , an\' t\'other arm\'s on the other side o\' the meat block . " \n\nas the man mumbled on in his shocking ecstasy the expression on his hairy , spectacled face became indescribable , but his voice sank rather than mounted . my own sensations can scarcely be recorded . all the terror i had dimly felt before rushed upon me actively and vividly , and i knew that i loathed the ancient and abhorrent creature so near me with an infinite intensity . his madness , or at least his partial perversion , seemed beyond dispute . he was almost whispering now , with a huskiness more terrible than a scream , and i trembled as i listened . \n\n"as i says , \'tis queer haow picters sets ye thinkin\' . d\'ye know , young sir , i\'m right sot on this un here . arter i got the book off eb i uster look at it a lot , especial when i\'d heerd passon clark rant o\' sundays in his big wig . onct i tried suthin\' funny--here , young sir , don\'t git skeert--all i done was ter look at the picter afore i kilt the sheep for market--killin\' sheep was kinder more fun arter lookin\' at it--" the tone of the old man now sank very low , sometimes becoming so faint that his words were hardly audible . i listened to the rain , and to the rattling of the bleared , small-paned windows , and marked a rumbling of approaching thunder quite unusual for the season . once a terrific flash and peal shook the frail house to its foundations , but the whisperer seemed not to notice it . \n\n"killin\' sheep was kinder more fun--but d\'ye know , \'twan\'t



quite satisfyin\' . queer haow a cravin\' gits a holt on ye--as ye love the almighty , young man , don\'t tell nobody , but i swar ter gawd thet picter begun to make me hungry fer victuals i couldn\'t raise nor buy--here , set still , what\'s ailin\' ye ?--i didn\'t do nothin\' , only i wondered haow \'twud be ef i did--they say meat makes blood an\' flesh , an\' gives ye new life , so i wondered ef \'twudn\'t make a man live longer an\' longer ef \'twas more the same--" but the whisperer never continued . the interruption was not produced by my fright , nor by the rapidly increasing storm amidst whose fury i was presently to open my eyes on a smoky solitude of blackened ruins . it was produced by a very simple though somewhat unusual happening .\n\nthe open book lay flat between us , with the picture staring repulsively upward . as the old man whispered the words "more the same" a tiny splattering impact was heard , and something showed on the yellowed paper of the upturned volume . i thought of the rain and of a leaky roof , but rain is not red . on the butcher\'s shop of the anzique cannibals a small red spattering glistened picturesquely , lending vividness to the horror of the engraving . the old man saw it , and stopped whispering even before my expression of horror made it necessary ; saw it and glanced quickly toward the floor of the room he had left an hour before . i followed his glance , and beheld just above us on the loose plaster of the ancient ceiling a large irregular spot of wet crimson which seemed to spread even as i viewed it . i did not shriek or move , but merely shut my eyes . a moment later came the titanic thunderbolt of thunderbolts ; blasting that accursed house of unutterable secrets and bringing the oblivion which alone saved my mind .\n'

b\'the hunter of the dark\n\ni have seen the dark universe yawning\n\nwhere the black planets roll without aim ,\n\nwhere they roll in their horror unheeded ,\n\nwithout knowledge or lustre or name .\n\ncautious investigators will hesitate to challenge the common belief that robert blake was killed by lightning , or by some profound nervous shock derived from an electrical discharge . it is true that the window he faced was unbroken , but nature has shown herself capable of many freakish performances . the expression on his face may easily have arisen from some obscure muscular source unrelated to anything he saw , while the entries in his diary are clearly the result of a fantastic imagination aroused by certain local superstitions and by certain old matters he had uncovered . as for the anomalous conditions at the deserted church of federal hill--the shrewd analyst is not slow in attributing them to some charlatanry , conscious or unconscious , with at least some of which blake was secretly connected .\n\nfor after all , the victim was a writer and painter wholly devoted to the field of myth , dream , terror , and superstition , and avid in his quest for scenes and effects of a bizarre , spectral sort . his earlier stay in the city--a visit to a strange old man as deeply given to occult and forbidden lore as he--had ended amidst death and flame , and it must have been some morbid instinct which drew him back from his home in milwaukee . he may have known of the old stories despite his statements to the contrary in the diary , and his death may have nipped in the bud some stupendous hoax destined to have a literary reflection .\n\namong those , however , who have examined and correlated all this evidence , there remain several who cling to less rational and commonplace theories . they are inclined to take much of blake\'s diary at its face value , and point

significantly to certain facts such as the undoubted genuineness of the old church record , the verified existence of the disliked and unorthodox starry wisdom sect prior to 1877 , the recorded disappearance of an inquisitive reporter named edwin m . lillibridge in 1893 , and--above all--the look of monstrous , transfiguring fear on the face of the young writer when he died . it was one of these believers who , moved to fanatical extremes , threw into the bay the curiously angled stone and its strangely adorned metal box found in the old church steeple--the black windowless steeple , and not the tower where blake\'s diary said those things originally were . though widely censured both officially and unofficially , this man--a reputable physician with a taste for odd folklore--averred that he had rid the earth of something too dangerous to rest upon it .\n\nbetween these two schools of opinion the reader must judge for himself . the papers have given the tangible details from a sceptical angle , leaving for others the drawing of the picture as robert blake saw it--or thought he saw it--or pretended to see it . now studying the diary closely , dispassionately , and at leisure , let us summarize the dark chain of events from the expressed point of view of their chief actor .\n\nyoung blake returned to providence in the winter of 1934-5 , taking the upper floor of a venerable dwelling in a grassy court off college street--on the crest of the great eastward hill near the brown university campus and behind the marble john hay library . it was a cosy and fascinating place , in a little garden oasis of village-like antiquity where huge , friendly cats sunned themselves atop a convenient shed . the square georgian house had a monitor roof , classic doorway with fan carving , small-paned windows , and all the other earmarks of early nineteenth century workmanship . inside were six-panelled doors , wide floorboards , a curving colonial staircase , white adam-period mantels , and a rear set of rooms three steps below the general level .\n\nblake\'s study , a large southwest chamber , overlooked the front garden on one side , while its west windows--before one of which he had his desk--faced off from the brow of the hill and commanded a splendid view of the lower town\'s outspread roofs and of the mystical sunsets that flamed behind them . on the far horizon were the open countryside\'s purple slopes . against these , some two miles away , rose the spectral hump of federal hill , bristling with huddled roofs and steeples whose remote outlines wavered mysteriously , taking fantastic forms as the smoke of the city swirled up and enmeshed them . blake had a curious sense that he was looking upon some unknown , ethereal world which might or might not vanish in dream if ever he tried to seek it out and enter it in person .\n\nhaving sent home for most of his books , blake bought some antique furniture suitable for his quarters and settled down to write and paint--living alone , and attending to the simple housework himself . his studio was in a north attic room , where the panes of the monitor roof furnished admirable lighting . during that first winter he produced five of his best-known short stories--the burrower beneath , the stairs in the crypt , shaggai , in the vale of pnath , and the feaster from the stars--and painted seven canvases ; studies of nameless , unhuman monsters , and profoundly alien , non-terrestrial landscapes .\n\nat sunset he would often sit at his desk and gaze dreamily off at the outspread west--the dark towers of memorial hall just below , the georgian court-house belfry , the lofty pinnacles of the downtown section , and that shimmering , spire-crowned mound in the

distance whose unknown streets and labyrinthine gables so potently provoked his fancy . from his few local acquaintances he learned that the far-off slope was a vast italian quarter , though most of the houses were remnant of older yankee and irish days . now and then he would train his field-glasses on that spectral , unreachable world beyond the curling smoke ; picking out individual roofs and chimneys and steeples , and speculating upon the bizarre and curious mysteries they might house . even with optical aid federal hill seemed somehow alien , half fabulous , and linked to the unreal , intangible marvels of blake\'s own tales and pictures . the feeling would persist long after the hill had faded into the violet , lamp-starred twilight , and the court-house floodlights and the red industrial trust beacon had blazed up to make the night grotesque .

all the distant objects on federal hill , a certain huge , dark church most fascinated blake . it stood out with especial distinctness at certain hours of the day , and at sunset the great tower and tapering steeple loomed blackly against the flaming sky . it seemed to rest on especially high ground ; for the grimy facade , and the obliquely seen north side with sloping roof and the tops of great pointed windows , rose boldly above the tangle of surrounding ridgepoles and chimney-pots . peculiarly grim and austere , it appeared to be built of stone , stained and weathered with the smoke and storms of a century and more . the style , so far as the glass could show , was that earliest experimental form of gothic revival which preceded the stately upjohn period and held over some of the outlines and proportions of the georgian age . perhaps it was reared around 1810 or 1815 .

months passed , blake watched the far-off , forbidding structure with an oddly mounting interest . since the vast windows were never lighted , he knew that it must be vacant . the longer he watched , the more his imagination worked , till at length he began to fancy curious things . he believed that a vague , singular aura of desolation hovered over the place , so that even the pigeons and swallows shunned its smoky eaves . around other towers and belfries his glass would reveal great flocks of birds , but here they never rested . at least , that is what he thought and set down in his diary . he pointed the place out to several friends , but none of them had even been on federal hill or possessed the faintest notion of what the church was or had been .

in the spring a deep restlessness gripped blake . he had begun his long-planned novel--based on a supposed survival of the witch-cult in maine--but was strangely unable to make progress with it . more and more he would sit at his westward window and gaze at the distant hill and the black , frowning steeple shunned by the birds . when the delicate leaves came out on the garden boughs the world was filled with a new beauty , but blake\'s restlessness was merely increased . it was then that he first thought of crossing the city and climbing bodily up that fabulous slope into the smoke-wreathed world of dream .

late in april , just before the aeon-shadowed walpurgis time , blake made his first trip into the unknown . plodding through the endless downtown streets and the bleak , decayed squares beyond , he came finally upon the ascending avenue of century-worn steps , sagging doric porches , and blear-paned cupolas which he felt must lead up to the long-known , unreachable world beyond the mists . there were dingy blue-and-white street signs which meant nothing to him , and presently he noted the strange , dark faces of the drifting crowds , and the foreign signs over curious shops in brown , decade-weathered buildings .

nowhere could he find any of the objects he had seen from afar ; so that once more he half fancied that the federal hill of that distant view was a dream-world never to be trod by living human feet .\n\nnow and then a battered church facade or crumbling spire came in sight , but never the blackened pile that he sought . when he asked a shopkeeper about a great stone church the man smiled and shook his head , though he spoke english freely . as blake climbed higher , the region seemed stranger and stranger , with bewildering mazes of brooding brown alleys leading eternally off to the south . he crossed two or three broad avenues , and once thought he glimpsed a familiar tower . again he asked a merchant about the massive church of stone , and this time he could have sworn that the plea of ignorance was feigned . the dark man's face had a look of fear which he tried to hide , and blake saw him make a curious sign with his right hand .\n\nthen suddenly a black spire stood out against the cloudy sky on his left , above the tiers of brown roofs lining the tangled southerly alleys . blake knew at once what it was , and plunged toward it through the squalid , unpaved lanes that climbed from the avenue . twice he lost his way , but he somehow dared not ask any of the patriarchs or housewives who sat on their doorsteps , or any of the children who shouted and played in the mud of the shadowy lanes .\n\nat last he saw the tower plain against the southwest , and a huge stone bulk rose darkly at the end of an alley . presently he stood in a wind-swept open square , quaintly cobblestoned , with a high bank wall on the farther side . this was the end of his quest ; for upon the wide , iron-railed , weed-grown plateau which the wall supported--a separate , lesser world raised fully six feet above the surrounding streets--there stood a grim , titan bulk whose identity , despite blake's new perspective , was beyond dispute .\n\nthe vacant church was in a state of great decrepitude . some of the high stone buttresses had fallen , and several delicate finials lay half lost among the brown , neglected weeds and grasses . the sooty gothic windows were largely unbroken , though many of the stone mullions were missing . blake wondered how the obscurely painted panes could have survived so well , in view of the known habits of small boys the world over . the massive doors were intact and tightly closed . around the top of the bank wall , fully enclosing the grounds , was a rusty iron fence whose gate--at the head of a flight of steps from the square--was visibly padlocked . the path from the gate to the building was completely overgrown . desolation and decay hung like a pall above the place , and in the birdless eaves and black , ivyless walls blake felt a touch of the dimly sinister beyond his power to define .\n\nthere were very few people in the square , but blake saw a policeman at the northerly end and approached him with questions about the church . he was a great wholesome irishman , and it seemed odd that he would do little more than make the sign of the cross and mutter that people never spoke of that building . when blake pressed him he said very hurriedly that the italian priest warned everybody against it , vowing that a monstrous evil had once dwelt there and left its mark . he himself had heard dark whispers of it from his father , who recalled certain sounds and rumours from his boyhood .\n\nthere had been a bad sect there in the old days--an outlaw sect that called up awful things from some unknown gulf of night . it had taken a good priest to exorcise what had come , though there did be those who said that merely the light could do it . if father o'malley were alive there would

be many a thing he could tell . but now there was nothing to do but let it alone . it hurt nobody now , and those that owned it were dead or far away . they had run away like rats after the threatening talk in \'77 , when people began to mind the way folks vanished now and then in the neighbourhood . some day the city would step in and take the property for lack of heirs , but little good would come of anybody\'s touching it . better it be left alone for the years to topple , lest things be stirred that ought to rest forever in their black abyss .

after the policeman had gone blake stood staring at the sullen steepled pile . it excited him to find that the structure seemed as sinister to others as to him , and he wondered what grain of truth might lie behind the old tales the bluecoat had repeated . probably they were mere legends evoked by the evil look of the place , but even so , they were like a strange coming to life of one of his own stories .

the afternoon sun came out from behind dispersing clouds , but seemed unable to light up the stained , sooty walls of the old temple that towered on its high plateau . it was odd that the green of spring had not touched the brown , withered growths in the raised , iron-fenced yard . blake found himself edging nearer the raised area and examining the bank wall and rusted fence for possible avenues of ingress . there was a terrible lure about the blackened fane which was not to be resisted . the fence had no opening near the steps , but round on the north side were some missing bars . he could go up the steps and walk round on the narrow coping outside the fence till he came to the gap . if the people feared the place so wildly , he would encounter no interference .

he was on the embankment and almost inside the fence before anyone noticed him . then , looking down , he saw the few people in the square edging away and making the same sign with their right hands that the shopkeeper in the avenue had made . several windows were slammed down , and a fat woman darted into the street and pulled some small children inside a rickety , unpainted house . the gap in the fence was very easy to pass through , and before long blake found himself wading amidst the rotting , tangled growths of the deserted yard . here and there the worn stump of a headstone told him that there had once been burials in the field ; but that , he saw , must have been very long ago . the sheer bulk of the church was oppressive now that he was close to it , but he conquered his mood and approached to try the three great doors in the facade . all were securely locked , so he began a circuit of the cyclopean building in quest of some minor and more penetrable opening . even then he could not be sure that he wished to enter that haunt of desertion and shadow , yet the pull of its strangeness dragged him on automatically .

a yawning and unprotected cellar window in the rear furnished the needed aperture . peering in , blake saw a subterrene gulf of cobwebs and dust faintly litten by the western sun\'s filtered rays . debris , old barrels , and ruined boxes and furniture of numerous sorts met his eye , though over everything lay a shroud of dust which softened all sharp outlines . the rusted remains of a hot-air furnace showed that the building had been used and kept in shape as late as mid-victorian times .

acting almost without conscious initiative , blake crawled through the window and let himself down to the dust-carpeted and debris-strewn concrete floor . the vaulted cellar was a vast one , without partitions ; and in a corner far to the right , amid dense shadows , he saw a black archway evidently leading upstairs . he felt a peculiar sense of oppression at being

actually within the great spectral building , but kept it in check as he cautiously scouted about--finding a still-intact barrel amid the dust , and rolling it over to the open window to provide for his exit . then , bracing himself , he crossed the wide , cobweb-festooned space toward the arch . half-choked with the omnipresent dust , and covered with ghostly gossamer fibres , he reached and began to climb the worn stone steps which rose into the darkness . he had no light , but groped carefully with his hands . after a sharp turn he felt a closed door ahead , and a little fumbling revealed its ancient latch . it opened inward , and beyond it he saw a dimly illumined corridor lined with worm-eaten panelling .\n\nonce on the ground floor , blake began exploring in a rapid fashion . all the inner doors were unlocked , so that he freely passed from room to room . the colossal nave was an almost eldritch place with its drifts and mountains of dust over box pews , altar , hour-glass pulpit , and sounding-board and its titanic ropes of cobweb stretching among the pointed arches of the gallery and entwining the clustered gothic columns . over all this hushed desolation played a hideous leaden light as the declining afternoon sun sent its rays through the strange , half-blackened panes of the great apsidal windows .\n\nthe paintings on those windows were so obscured by soot that blake could scarcely decipher what they had represented , but from the little he could make out he did not like them . the designs were largely conventional , and his knowledge of obscure symbolism told him much concerning some of the ancient patterns . the few saints depicted bore expressions distinctly open to criticism , while one of the windows seemed to show merely a dark space with spirals of curious luminosity scattered about in it . turning away from the windows , blake noticed that the cobwebbed cross above the altar was not of the ordinary kind , but resembled the primordial ankh or crux ansata of shadowy egypt .\n\nin a rear vestry room beside the apse blake found a rotting desk and ceiling-high shelves of mildewed , disintegrating books . here for the first time he received a positive shock of objective horror , for the titles of those books told him much . they were the black , forbidden things which most sane people have never even heard of , or have heard of only in furtive , timorous whispers ; the banned and dreaded repositories of equivocal secret and immemorial formulae which have trickled down the stream of time from the days of man\'s youth , and the dim , fabulous days before man was . he had himself read many of them--a latin version of the abhorred necronomicon , the sinister liber ivonis , the infamous cultes des goules of comte d\'erlette , the unaussprechlichen kulten of von junzt , and old ludvig prinn\'s hellish de vermis mysteriis . but there were others he had known merely by reputation or not at all--the pnakotic manuscripts , the book of dzyan , and a crumbling volume of wholly unidentifiable characters yet with certain symbols and diagrams shuddering recognizable to the occult student . clearly , the lingering local rumours had not lied . this place had once been the seat of an evil older than mankind and wider than the known universe .\n\nin the ruined desk was a small leatherbound record-book filled with entries in some odd cryptographic medium . the manuscript writing consisted of the common traditional symbols used today in astronomy and anciently in alchemy , astrology , and other dubious arts--the devices of the sun , moon , planets , aspects , and zodiacal signs--here massed in solid pages of text , with divisions and paragraphings suggesting that each symbol answered to some alphabetical letter

.\n\nin the hope of later solving the cryptogram , blake bore off this volume in his coat pocket . many of the great tomes on the shelves fascinated him unutterably , and he felt tempted to borrow them at some later time . he wondered how they could have remained undisturbed so long . was he the first to conquer the clutching , pervasive fear which had for nearly sixty years protected this deserted place from visitors ?\n\nhaving now thoroughly explored the ground floor , blake ploughed again through the dust of the spectral nave to the front vestibule , where he had seen a door and staircase presumably leading up to the blackened tower and steeple--objects so long familiar to him at a distance . the ascent was a choking experience , for dust lay thick , while the spiders had done their worst in this constricted place . the staircase was a spiral with high , narrow wooden treads , and now and then blake passed a clouded window looking dizzily out over the city . though he had seen no ropes below , he expected to find a bell or peal of bells in the tower whose narrow , louvre-boarded lancet windows his field-glass had studied so often . here he was doomed to disappointment ; for when he attained the top of the stairs he found the tower chamber vacant of chimes , and clearly devoted to vastly different purposes .\n\nthe room , about fifteen feet square , was faintly lighted by four lancet windows , one on each side , which were glazed within their screening of decayed louvre-boards . these had been further fitted with tight , opaque screens , but the latter were now largely rotted away . in the centre of the dust-laden floor rose a curiously angled stone pillar dome four feet in height and two in average diameter , covered on each side with bizarre , crudely incised and wholly unrecognizable hieroglyphs . on this pillar rested a metal box of peculiarly asymmetrical form ; its hinged lid thrown back , and its interior holding what looked beneath the decade-deep dust to be an egg-shaped or irregularly spherical object some four inches through . around the pillar in a rough circle were seven high-backed gothic chairs still largely intact , while behind them , ranging along the dark-panelled walls , were seven colossal images of crumbling , black-painted plaster , resembling more than anything else the cryptic carved megaliths of mysterious easter island . in one corner of the cobwebbed chamber a ladder was built into the wall , leading up to the closed trap door of the windowless steeple above .\n\nas blake grew accustomed to the feeble light he noticed odd bas-reliefs on the strange open box of yellowish metal . approaching , he tried to clear the dust away with his hands and handkerchief , and saw that the figurings were of a monstrous and utterly alien kind ; depicting entities which , though seemingly alive , resembled no known life-form ever evolved on this planet . the four-inch seeming sphere turned out to be a nearly black , red-striated polyhedron with many irregular flat surfaces ; either a very remarkable crystal of some sort or an artificial object of carved and highly polished mineral matter . it did not touch the bottom of the box , but was held suspended by means of a metal band around its centre , with seven queerly-designed supports extending horizontally to angles of the box's inner wall near the top . this stone , once exposed , exerted upon blake an almost alarming fascination . he could scarcely tear his eyes from it , and as he looked at its glistening surfaces he almost fancied it was transparent , with half-formed worlds of wonder within . into his mind floated pictures of alien orbs with great stone towers , and other orbs with titan mountains and no mark

of life , and still remoter spaces where only a stirring in vague blacknesses  
told of the presence of consciousness and will .\n\nwhen he did look away , it  
was to notice a somewhat singular mound of dust in the far corner near the  
ladder to the steeple . just why it took his attention he could not tell , but  
something in its contours carried a message to his unconscious mind . ploughing  
toward it , and brushing aside the hanging cobwebs as he went , he began to  
discern something grim about it . hand and handkerchief soon revealed the truth  
, and blake gasped with a baffling mixture of emotions . it was a human skeleton  
, and it must have been there for a very long time . the clothing was in shreds  
, but some buttons and fragments of cloth bespoke a man\'s grey suit . there  
were other bits of evidence--shoes , metal clasps , huge buttons for round cuffs  
, a stickpin of bygone pattern , a reporter\'s badge with the name of the old  
providence telegram , and a crumbling leather pocketbook . blake examined the  
latter with care , finding within it several bills of antiquated issue , a  
celluloid advertising calendar for 1893 , some cards with the name "edwin m .  
lillibridge" , and a paper covered with pencilled memoranda .\n\nthis paper held  
much of a puzzling nature , and blake read it carefully at the dim westward  
window . its disjointed text included such phrases as the following :\n\nprof .  
enoch bowen home from egypt may 1844--buys old free-will church in july--his  
archaeological work & studies in occult well known .\n\nndr drowne of 4th baptist  
warns against starry wisdom in sermon 29 dec . 1844 .\n\ncongregation 97 by end  
of \'45 .\n\n1846--3 disappearances--first mention of shining trapezohedron  
.\n\n7 disappearances 1848--stories of blood sacrifice begin .\n\ninvestigation  
1853 comes to nothing--stories of sounds .\n\nnfr o\'malley tells of devil-  
worship with box found in great egyptian ruins--says they call up something that  
can\'t exist in light . flees a little light , and banished by strong light .  
then has to be summoned again . probably got this from deathbed confession of  
francis x . feeney , who had joined starry wisdom in \'49 . these people say the  
shining trapezohedron shows them heaven & other worlds , & that the haunter of  
the dark tells them secrets in some way .\n\nstory of orrin b . eddy 1857 . they  
call it up by gazing at the crystal , & have a secret language of their own  
.\n\n200 or more in cong . 1863 , exclusive of men at front .\n\nirish boys mob  
church in 1869 after patrick regan\'s disappearance .\n\nveiled article in j .  
14 march \'72 , but people don\'t talk about it .\n\n6 disappearances 1876--  
secret committee calls on mayor doyle .\n\naction promised feb . 1877--church  
closes in april .\n\nngang--federal hill boys--threaten dr--and vestrymen in may  
.\n\n181 persons leave city before end of \'77--mention no names .\n\nghost  
stories begin around 1880--try to ascertain truth of report that no human being  
has entered church since 1877 .\n\nnask lanigan for photograph of place taken  
1851 . . .\n\nrestoring the paper to the pocketbook and placing the latter in  
his coat , blake turned to look down at the skeleton in the dust . the  
implications of the notes were clear , and there could be no doubt but that this  
man had come to the deserted edifice forty-two years before in quest of a  
newspaper sensation which no one else had been bold enough to attempt . perhaps  
no one else had known of his plan--who could tell ? but he had never returned to  
his paper . had some bravely-suppressed fear risen to overcome him and bring on  
sudden heart-failure ? blake stooped over the gleaming bones and noted their  
peculiar state . some of them were badly scattered , and a few seemed oddly



dissolved at the ends . others were strangely yellowed , with vague suggestions of charring . this charring extended to some of the fragments of clothing . the skull was in a very peculiar state--stained yellow , and with a charred aperture in the top as if some powerful acid had eaten through the solid bone . what had happened to the skeleton during its four decades of silent entombment here blake could not imagine .\n\nbefore he realized it , he was looking at the stone again , and letting its curious influence call up a nebulous pageantry in his mind . he saw processions of robed , hooded figures whose outlines were not human , and looked on endless leagues of desert lined with carved , sky-reaching monoliths . he saw towers and walls in nighted depths under the sea , and vortices of space where wisps of black mist floated before thin shimmerings of cold purple haze . and beyond all else he glimpsed an infinite gulf of darkness , where solid and semisolid forms were known only by their windy stirrings , and cloudy patterns of force seemed to superimpose order on chaos and hold forth a key to all the paradoxes and arcana of the worlds we know .\n\nthen all at once the spell was broken by an access of gnawing , indeterminate panic fear . blake choked and turned away from the stone , conscious of some formless alien presence close to him and watching him with horrible intentness . he felt entangled with something --something which was not in the stone , but which had looked through it at him --something which would ceaselessly follow him with a cognition that was not physical sight . plainly , the place was getting on his nerves--as well it might in view of his gruesome find . the light was waning , too , and since he had no illuminant with him he knew he would have to be leaving soon .\n\nit was then , in the gathering twilight , that he thought he saw a faint trace of luminosity in the crazily angled stone . he had tried to look away from it , but some obscure compulsion drew his eyes back . was there a subtle phosphorescence of radio-activity about the thing ? what was it that the dead man's notes had said concerning a shining trapezohedron ? what , anyway , was this abandoned lair of cosmic evil ? what had been done here , and what might still be lurking in the bird-shunned shadows ? it seemed now as if an elusive touch of foetor had arisen somewhere close by , though its source was not apparent . blake seized the cover of the long-open box and snapped it down . it moved easily on its alien hinges , and closed completely over the unmistakably glowing stone .\n\nat the sharp click of that closing a soft stirring sound seemed to come from the steeple's eternal blackness overhead , beyond the trap-door . rats , without question--the only living things to reveal their presence in this accursed pile since he had entered it . and yet that stirring in the steeple frightened him horribly , so that he plunged almost wildly down the spiral stairs , across the ghoulish nave , into the vaulted basement , out amidst the gathering dust of the deserted square , and down through the teeming , fear-haunted alleys and avenues of federal hill towards the sane central streets and the home-like brick sidewalks of the college district .\n\nduring the days which followed , blake told no one of his expedition . instead , he read much in certain books , examined long years of newspaper files downtown , and worked feverishly at the cryptogram in that leather volume from the cobwebbed vestry room . the cipher , he soon saw , was no simple one ; and after a long period of endeavour he felt sure that its language could not be english , latin , greek , french , spanish , italian , or german . evidently he would have to draw upon the deepest wells of his strange

erudition .\n\nevery evening the old impulse to gaze westwards returned , and he saw the black steeple as of yore amongst the bristling roofs of a distant and half-fabulous world . but now it held a fresh note of terror for him . he knew the heritage of evil lore it masked , and with the knowledge his vision ran riot in queer new ways . the birds of spring were returning , and as he watched their sunset flights he fancied they avoided the gaunt , lone spire as never before . when a flock of them approached it , he thought , they would wheel and scatter in panic confusion--and he could guess at the wild twitterings which failed to reach him across the intervening miles .\n\nit was in june that blake\'s diary told of his victory over the cryptogram . the text was , he found , in the dark aklo language used by certain cults of evil antiquity , and known to him in a halting way through previous researches . the diary is strangely reticent about what blake deciphered , but he was patently awed and disconcerted by his results . there are references to a haunter of the dark awaked by gazing into the shining trapezohedron , and insane conjectures about the black gulfs of chaos from which it was called . the being is spoken of as holding all knowledge , and demanding monstrous sacrifices . some of blake\'s entries show fear lest the thing , which he seemed to regard as summoned , stalk abroad ; though he adds that the streetlights form a bulwark which cannot be crossed .\n\nof the shining trapezohedron he speaks often , calling it a window on all time and space , and tracing its history from the days it was fashioned on dark yuggoth , before ever the old ones brought it to earth . it was treasured and placed in its curious box by the crinoid things of antarctica , salvaged from their ruins by the serpent-men of valusia , and peered at aeons later in lemuria by the first human beings . it crossed strange lands and stranger seas , and sank with atlantis before a minoan fisher meshed it in his net and sold it to swarthy merchants from nighted khem . the pharaoh nephren-ka built around it a temple with a windowless crypt , and did that which caused his name to be stricken from all monuments and records . then it slept in the ruins of that evil fane which the priests and the new pharaoh destroyed , till the delver\'s spade once more brought it forth to curse mankind .\n\nnearly in july the newspapers oddly supplement blake\'s entries , though in so brief and casual a way that only the diary has called general attention to their contribution . it appears that a new fear had been growing on federal hill since a stranger had entered the dreaded church . the italians whispered of unaccustomed stirrings and bumpings and scrapings in the dark windowless steeple , and called on their priests to banish an entity which haunted their dreams . something , they said , was constantly watching at a door to see if it were dark enough to venture forth . press items mentioned the longstanding local superstitions , but failed to shed much light on the earlier background of the horror . it was obvious that the young reporters of today are no antiquarians . in writing of these things in his diary , blake expresses a curious kind of remorse , and talks of the duty of burying the shining trapezohedron and of banishing what he had evoked by letting daylight into the hideous jutting spire . at the same time , however , he displays the dangerous extent of his fascination , and admits a morbid longing--pervading even his dreams--to visit the accursed tower and gaze again into the cosmic secrets of the glowing stone .\n\nthen something in the journal on the morning of 17 july threw the diarist into a veritable fever of horror . it was

only a variant of the other half-humorous items about the federal hill restlessness , but to blake it was somehow very terrible indeed . in the night a thunderstorm had put the city\'s lighting-system out of commission for a full hour , and in that black interval the italians had nearly gone mad with fright . those living near the dreaded church had sworn that the thing in the steeple had taken advantage of the street lamps\' absence and gone down into the body of the church , flopping and bumping around in a viscous , altogether dreadful way . towards the last it had bumped up to the tower , where there were sounds of the shattering of glass . it could go wherever the darkness reached , but light would always send it fleeing .\n\nwhen the current blazed on again there had been a shocking commotion in the tower , for even the feeble light trickling through the grime-blackened , louvre-boarded windows was too much for the thing . it had bumped and slithered up into its tenebrous steeple just in time--for a long dose of light would have sent it back into the abyss whence the crazy stranger had called it . during the dark hour praying crowds had clustered round the church in the rain with lighted candles and lamps somehow shielded with folded paper and umbrellas--a guard of light to save the city from the nightmare that stalks in darkness . once , those nearest the church declared , the outer door had rattled hideously .\n\nbut even this was not the worst . that evening in the bulletin blake read of what the reporters had found . aroused at last to the whimsical news value of the scare , a pair of them had defied the frantic crowds of italians and crawled into the church through the cellar window after trying the doors in vain . they found the dust of the vestibule and of the spectral nave ploughed up in a singular way , with pits of rotted cushions and satin pew-linings scattered curiously around . there was a bad odour everywhere , and here and there were bits of yellow stain and patches of what looked like charring . opening the door to the tower , and pausing a moment at the suspicion of a scraping sound above , they found the narrow spiral stairs wiped roughly clean .\n\nin the tower itself a similarly half-swept condition existed . they spoke of the heptagonal stone pillar , the overturned gothic chairs , and the bizarre plaster images ; though strangely enough the metal box and the old mutilated skeleton were not mentioned . what disturbed blake the most--except for the hints of stains and charring and bad odours--was the final detail that explained the crashing glass . every one of the tower\'s lancet windows was broken , and two of them had been darkened in a crude and hurried way by the stuffing of satin pew-linings and cushion-horsehair into the spaces between the slanting exterior louvre-boards . more satin fragments and bunches of horsehair lay scattered around the newly swept floor , as if someone had been interrupted in the act of restoring the tower to the absolute blackness of its tightly curtained days .\n\nyellowish stains and charred patches were found on the ladder to the windowless spire , but when a reporter climbed up , opened the horizontally-sliding trap-door and shot a feeble flashlight beam into the black and strangely foetid space , he saw nothing but darkness , and a heterogeneous litter of shapeless fragments near the aperture . the verdict , of course , was charlatanry . somebody had played a joke on the superstitious hill-dwellers , or else some fanatic had striven to bolster up their fears for their own supposed good . or perhaps some of the younger and more sophisticated dwellers had staged an elaborate hoax on the outside world . there was an amusing aftermath when the

police sent an officer to verify the reports . three men in succession found ways of evading the assignment , and the fourth went very reluctantly and returned very soon without adding to the account given by the reporters .

.\n\nfrom this point onwards blake\'s diary shows a mounting tide of insidious horror and nervous apprehension . he upbraids himself for not doing something , and speculates wildly on the consequences of another electrical breakdown . it had been verified that on three occasions--during thunderstorms--he telephoned the electric light company in a frantic vein and asked that desperate precautions against a lapse of power be taken . now and then his entries show concern over the failure of the reporters to find the metal box and stone , and the strangely marred old skeleton , when they explored the shadowy tower room . he assumed that these things had been removed--whither , and by whom or what , he could only guess . but his worst fears concerned himself , and the kind of unholy rapport he felt to exist between his mind and that lurking horror in the distant steeple--that monstrous thing of night which his rashness had called out of the ultimate black spaces . he seemed to feel a constant tugging at his will , and callers of that period remember how he would sit abstractedly at his desk and stare out of the west window at that far-off spire-bristling mound beyond the swirling smoke of the city . his entries dwell monotonously on certain terrible dreams , and of a strengthening of the unholy rapport in his sleep . there is mention of a night when he awakened to find himself fully dressed , outdoors , and headed automatically down college hill towards the west . again and again he dwells on the fact that the thing in the steeple knows where to find him .

. \n\nthe week following 30 july is recalled as the time of blake\'s partial breakdown . he did not dress , and ordered all his food by telephone . visitors remarked the cords he kept near his bed , and he said that sleep-walking had forced him to bind his ankles every night with knots which would probably hold or else waken him with the labour of untying . in his diary he told of the hideous experience which had brought the collapse . after retiring on the night of the 30th , he had suddenly found himself groping about in an almost black space . all he could see were short , faint , horizontal streaks of bluish light , but he could smell an overpowering foetor and hear a curious jumble of soft , furtive sounds above him . whenever he moved he stumbled over something , and at each noise there would come a sort of answering sound from above--a vague stirring , mixed with the cautious sliding of wood on wood .

. \n\nonce his groping hands encountered a pillar of stone with a vacant top , whilst later he found himself clutching the rungs of a ladder built into the wall , and fumbling his uncertain way upwards towards some region of intenser stench where a hot , searing blast beat down against him . before his eyes a kaleidoscopic range of phantasmal images played , all of them dissolving at intervals into the picture of a vast , unplumbed abyss of night wherein whirled suns and worlds of an even profounder blackness . he thought of the ancient legends of ultimate chaos , at whose centre sprawls the blind idiot god azathoth , lord of all things , encircled by his flopping horde of mindless and amorphous dancers , and lulled by the thin monotonous piping of a demoniac flute held in nameless paws .

. \n\nthen a sharp report from the outer world broke through his stupor and roused him to the unutterable horror of his position . what it was , he never knew--perhaps it was some belated peal from the fireworks heard all

summer on federal hill as the dwellers hail their various patron saints , or the saints of their native villages in italy . in any event he shrieked aloud , dropped frantically from the ladder , and stumbled blindly across the obstructed floor of the almost lightless chamber that encompassed him .\n\nhe knew instantly where he was , and plunged recklessly down the narrow spiral staircase , tripping and bruising himself at every turn . there was a nightmare flight through a vast cobwebbed nave whose ghostly arches reached up to realms of leering shadow , a sightless scramble through a littered basement , a climb to regions of air and street lights outside , and a mad racing down a spectral hill of gibbering gables , across a grim , silent city of tall black towers , and up the steep eastward precipice to his own ancient door .\n\nnon regaining consciousness in the morning he found himself lying on his study floor fully dressed . dirt and cobwebs covered him , and every inch of his body seemed sore and bruised . when he faced the mirror he saw that his hair was badly scorched while a trace of strange evil odour seemed to cling to his upper outer clothing . it was then that his nerves broke down . thereafter , lounging exhaustedly about in a dressing-gown , he did little but stare from his west window , shiver at the threat of thunder , and make wild entries in his diary .\n\nthe great storm broke just before midnight on 8 august . lightning struck repeatedly in all parts of the city , and two remarkable fireballs were reported . the rain was torrential , while a constant fusillade of thunder brought sleeplessness to thousands . blake was utterly frantic in his fear for the lighting system , and tried to telephone the company around 1 a .m . though by that time service had been temporarily cut off in the interests of safety . he recorded everything in his diary--the large , nervous , and often undecipherable , hieroglyphs telling their own story of growing frenzy and despair , and of entries scrawled blindly in the dark .\n\nhe had to keep the house dark in order to see out of the window , and it appears that most of his time was spent at his desk , peering anxiously through the rain across the glistening miles of downtown roofs at the constellation of distant lights marking federal hill . now and then he would fumblingly make an entry in his diary , so that detached phrases such as "the lights must not go" ; "it knows where i am" ; "i must destroy it" ; and "it is calling to me , but perhaps it means no injury this time" ; are found scattered down two of the pages .\n\nthen the lights went out all over the city . it happened at 2 .12 a .m . according to power-house records , but blake\'s diary gives no indication of the time . the entry is merely , "lights out--god help me ." on federal hill there were watchers as anxious as he , and rain-soaked knots of men paraded the square and alleys around the evil church with umbrella-shaded candles , electric flashlights , oil lanterns , crucifixes , and obscure charms of the many sorts common to southern italy . they blessed each flash of lightning , and made cryptical signs of fear with their right hands when a turn in the storm caused the flashes to lessen and finally to cease altogether . a rising wind blew out most of the candles , so that the scene grew threatening dark . someone roused father merluzzo of spirito santo church , and he hastened to the dismal square to pronounce whatever helpful syllables he could . of the restless and curious sounds in the blackened tower , there could be no doubt whatever .\n\nfor what happened at 2 .35 we have the testimony of the priest , a young , intelligent , and well-educated person ; of patrolman william j .

monohan of the central station , an officer of the highest reliability who had paused at that part of his beat to inspect the crowd ; and of most of the seventy-eight men who had gathered around the church\'s high back wall--especially those in the square where the eastward fa\xc3\xa7ade was visible . of course there was nothing which can be proved as being outside the order of nature . the possible causes of such an event are many . no one can speak with certainty of the obscure chemical processes arising in a vast , ancient , ill-aired , and long-deserted building of heterogeneous contents . mephitic vapours --spontaneous combustion--pressure of gases born of long decay--any one of numberless phenomena might be responsible . and then , of course , the factor of conscious charlatanry can by no means be excluded . the thing was really quite simple in itself , and covered less than three minutes of actual time . father merluzzo , always a precise man , looked at his watch repeatedly .\n\nit started with a definite swelling of the dull fumbling sounds inside the black tower . there had for some time been a vague exhalation of strange , evil odours from the church , and this had now become emphatic and offensive . then at last there was a sound of splintering wood and a large , heavy object crashed down in the yard beneath the frowning easterly fa\xc3\xa7ade . the tower was invisible now that the candles would not burn , but as the object neared the ground the people knew that it was the smoke-grimed louvre-boarding of that tower\'s east window .\n\nimmediately afterwards an utterly unbearable foetor welled forth from the unseen heights , choking and sickening the trembling watchers , and almost prostrating those in the square . at the same time the air trembled with a vibration as of flapping wings , and a sudden east-blowing wind more violent than any previous blast snatched off the hats and wrenched the dripping umbrellas from the crowd . nothing definite could be seen in the candleless night , though some upward-looking spectators thought they glimpsed a great spreading blur of denser blackness against the inky sky--something like a formless cloud of smoke that shot with meteorlike speed towards the east .\n\nthat was all . the watchers were half numbed with fright , awe , and discomfort , and scarcely knew what to do , or whether to do anything at all . not knowing what had happened , they did not relax their vigil ; and a moment later they sent up a prayer as a sharp flash of belated lightning , followed by an earsplitting crash of sound , rent the flooded heavens . half an hour later the rain stopped , and in fifteen minutes more the street lights sprang on again , sending the weary , bedraggled watchers relievedly back to their homes .\n\nthe next day\'s papers gave these matters minor mention in connection with the general storm reports . it seems that the great lightning flash and deafening explosion which followed the federal hill occurrence were even more tremendous farther east , where a burst of the singular foetor was likewise noticed . the phenomenon was most marked over college hill , where the crash awakened all the sleeping inhabitants and led to a bewildered round of speculations . of those who were already awake only a few saw the anomalous blaze of light near the top of the hill , or noticed the inexplicable upward rush of air which almost stripped the leaves from the trees and blasted the plants in the gardens . it was agreed that the lone , sudden lightning-bolt must have struck somewhere in this neighbourhood , though no trace of its striking could afterwards be found . a youth in the tau omega fraternity house thought he

saw a grotesque and hideous mass of smoke in the air just as the preliminary flash burst , but his observation has not been verified . all of the few observers , however , agree as to the violent gust from the west and the flood of intolerable stench which preceded the belated stroke , whilst evidence concerning the momentary burned odour after the stroke is equally general .\n\nthese points were discussed very carefully because of their probable connection with the death of robert blake . students in the psi delta house , whose upper rear windows looked into blake\'s study , noticed the blurred white face at the westward window on the morning of the ninth , and wondered what was wrong with the expression . when they saw the same face in the same position that evening , they felt worried , and watched for the lights to come up in his apartment . later they rang the bell of the darkened flat , and finally had a policeman force the door .\n\nthe rigid body sat bolt upright at the desk by the window , and when the intruders saw the glassy , bulging eyes , and the marks of stark , convulsive fright on the twisted features , they turned away in sickened dismay . shortly afterwards the coroner\'s physician made an examination , and despite the unbroken window reported electrical shock , or nervous tension induced by electrical discharge , as the cause of death . the hideous expression he ignored altogether , deeming it a not improbable result of the profound shock as experienced by a person of such abnormal imagination and unbalanced emotions . he deduced these latter qualities from the books , paintings , and manuscripts found in the apartment , and from the blindly scrawled entries in the diary on the desk . blake had prolonged his frenzied jottings to the last , and the broken-pointed pencil was found clutched in his spasmodically contracted right hand .\n\nthe entries after the failure of the lights were highly disjointed , and legible only in part . from them certain investigators have drawn conclusions differing greatly from the materialistic official verdict , but such speculations have little chance for belief among the conservative . the case of these imaginative theorists has not been helped by the action of superstitious doctor dexter , who threw the curious box and angled stone--an object certainly self-luminous as seen in the black windowless steeple where it was found--into the deepest channel of narragansett bay . excessive imagination and neurotic unbalance on blake\'s part , aggravated by knowledge of the evil bygone cult whose startling traces he had uncovered , form the dominant interpretation given those final frenzied jottings . these are the entries--or all that can be made of them :\n\nlights still out--must be five minutes now . everything depends on lightning . yaddith grant it will keep up ! . . .some influence seems beating through it . . .rain and thunder and wind deafen . . .the thing is taking hold of my mind . . .\n\ntrouble with memory . i see things i never knew before . other worlds and other galaxies . . .dark . . .the lightning seems dark and the darkness seems light . . .\n\nit cannot be the real hill and church that i see in the pitch-darkness . must be retinal impression left by flashes . heaven grant the italians are out with their candles if the lightning stops !\n\nwhat am i afraid of ? is it not an avatar of nyarlathotep , who in antique and shadowy khem even took the form of man ? i remember yuggoth , and more distant shaggai , and the ultimate void of the black planets . . .\n\nthe long , winging flight through the void . . .cannot cross the universe of light . . .re-created by the thoughts caught in the shining trapezohedron . . .send it through the

horrible abysses of radiance . . . \n\nmy name is blake--robert harrison blake of  
620 east knapp street , milwaukee , wisconsin . . . i am on this planet . .  
.\n\nnazathoth have mercy !--the lightning no longer flashes--horrible--i can see  
everything with a monstrous sense that is not sight--light is dark and dark is  
light . . . those people on the hill . . . guard . . . candles and charms . .  
.\n\ntheir priests . . . \n\nsense of distance gone--far is near and near is far . no  
light--no glass--see that steeple--that tower--window--can hear--roderick usher  
--am mad or going mad--the thing is stirring and fumbling in the tower . \n\ni am  
it and it is i--i want to get out . . . must get out and unify the forces . . . it  
knows where i am . . . \n\ni am robert blake , but i see the tower in the dark .  
there is a monstrous odour . . . senses transfigured . . . boarding at that tower  
window cracking and giving way . . . i\xc3\xa4 . . . ngai . . . ygg . . . \n\ni see  
it--coming here--hell-wind--titan blue--black wing--yog sothoth save me--the  
three-lobed burning eye . . . \n'

b'the thing on the doorstep\n\ni\n\nit is true that i have sent six bullets  
through the head of my best friend , and yet i hope to show by this statement  
that i am not his murderer . at first i shall be called a madman--madder than  
the man i shot in his cell at the arkham sanitarium . later some of my readers  
will weigh each statement , correlate it with the known facts , and ask  
themselves how i could have believed otherwise than i did after facing the  
evidence of that horror--that thing on the doorstep . \n\nuntil then i also saw  
nothing but madness in the wild tales i have acted on . even now i ask myself  
whether i was misled--or whether i am not mad after all . i do not know--but  
others have strange things to tell of edward and asenath derby , and even the  
stolid police are at their wits\' ends to account for that last terrible visit .  
they have tried weakly to concoct a theory of a ghastly jest or warning by  
discharged servants , yet they know in their hearts that the truth is something  
infinitely more terrible and incredible . \n\nso i say that i have not murdered  
edward derby . rather have i avenged him , and in so doing purged the earth of a  
horror whose survival might have loosed untold terrors on all mankind . there  
are black zones of shadow close to our daily paths , and now and then some evil  
soul breaks a passage through . when that happens , the man who knows must  
strike before reckoning the consequences . \n\ni have known edward pickman derby  
all his life . eight years my junior , he was so precocious that we had much in  
common from the time he was eight and i was sixteen . he was the most phenomenal  
child scholar i have ever known , and at seven was writing verse of a sombre ,  
fantastic , almost morbid cast which astonished the tutors surrounding him .  
perhaps his private education and coddled seclusion had something to do with his  
premature flowering . an only child , he had organic weaknesses which startled  
his doting parents and caused them to keep him closely chained to their side .  
he was never allowed out without his nurse , and seldom had a chance to play  
unconstrainedly with other children . all this doubtless fostered a strange  
secretive life in the boy , with imagination as his one avenue of freedom  
.\n\nat any rate , his juvenile learning was prodigious and bizarre ; and his  
facile writings such as to captivate me despite my greater age . about that time  
i had leanings toward art of a somewhat grotesque cast , and i found in this  
younger child a rare kindred spirit . what lay behind our joint love of shadows  
and marvels was , no doubt , the ancient , mouldering , and subtly fearsome town



in which we live--witch-cursed , legend-haunted arkham , whose huddled , sagging gambrel roofs and crumbling georgian balustrades brood out the centuries beside the darkly muttering miskatonic .\n\nas time went by i turned to architecture and gave up my design of illustrating a book of edward\'s demoniac poems , yet our comradeship suffered no lessening . young derby\'s odd genius developed remarkably , and in his eighteenth year his collected nightmare-lyrics made a real sensation when issued under the title azathoth and other horrors . he was a close correspondent of the notorious baudelairean poet justin geoffrey , who wrote the people of the monolith and died screaming in a madhouse in 1926 after a visit to a sinister , ill-regarded village in hungary .\n\nin self-reliance and practical affairs , however , derby was greatly retarded because of his coddled existence . his health had improved , but his habits of childish dependence were fostered by over-careful parents , so that he never travelled alone , made independent decisions , or assumed responsibilities . it was early seen that he would not be equal to a struggle in the business or professional arena , but the family fortune was so ample that this formed no tragedy . as he grew to years of manhood he retained a deceptive aspect of boyishness . blond and blue-eyed , he had the fresh complexion of a child ; and his attempt to raise a moustache were discernible only with difficulty . his voice was soft and light , and his unexercised life gave him a juvenile chubbiness rather than the paunchiness of premature middle age . he was of good height , and his handsome face would have made him a notable gallant had not his shyness held him to seclusion and bookishness .\n\nnderby\'s parents took him abroad every summer , and he was quick to seize on the surface aspects of european thought and expression . his poe-like talents turned more and more toward the decadent , and other artistic sensitiveness and yearnings were half-aroused in him . we had great discussions in those days . i had been through harvard , had studied in a boston architect\'s office , had married , and had finally returned to arkham to practise my profession--settling in the family homestead in saltonstall street since my father had moved to florida for his health . edward used to call almost every evening , till i came to regard him as one of the household . he had a characteristic way of ringing the doorbell or sounding the knocker that grew to be a veritable code signal , so that after dinner i always listened for the familiar three brisk strokes followed by two more after a pause . less frequently i would visit at his house and note with envy the obscure volumes in his constantly growing library .\n\nnderby went through miskatonic university in arkahm since his parents would not let him board away from them . he entered at sixteen and completed his course in three years , majoring in english and french literature and receiving high marks in everything but mathematics and the sciences . he mingled very little with the other students , though looking enviously at the "daring" or "bohemian" set--whose superficially "smart" language and meaningless ironic pose he aped , and whose dubious conduct he wished he dared adopt .\n\nwhat he did do was to become an almost fanatical devotee of subterranean magical lore , for which miskatonic\'s library was and is famous . always a dweller on the surface of phantasy and strangeness , he now delved deep into the actual runes and riddles left by a fabulous past for the guidance or puzzlement of posterity . he read things like the frightful book of eibon , the unaussprechlichen kulten of von junzt , and the forbidden

necronomicon of the mad arab abdul alhazred , though he did not tell his parents he had seen them . edward was twenty when my son and only child was born , and seemed pleased when i named the newcomer edward derby upton after him .\n\nby the time he was twenty-five edward derby was a prodigiously learned man and a fairly well known poet and fantaisiste though his lack of contacts and responsibilities had slowed down his literary growth by making his products derivative and over-bookish . i was perhaps his closest friend--finding him an inexhaustible mine of vital theoretical topics , while he relied on me for advice in whatever matters he did not wish to refer to his parents . he remained single--more through shyness , inertia , and parental protectiveness than through inclination--and moved in society only to the slightest and most perfunctory extent . when the war came both health and ingrained timidity kept him at home . i went to plattsburg for a commission but never got overseas .\n\nso the years wore on . edward\'s mother died when he was thirty-four and for months he was incapacitated by some odd psychological malady . his father took him to europe , however , and he managed to pull out of his trouble without visible effects . afterward he seemed to feel a sort of grotesque exhilaration , as if of partial escape from some unseen bondage . he began to mingle in the more "advanced" college set despite his middle age , and was present at some extremely wild doings--on one occasion paying heavy blackmail (which he borrowed of me) to keep his presence at a certain affair from his father\'s notice . some of the whispered rumors about the wild miskatonic set were extremely singular . there was even talk of black magic and of happenings utterly beyond credibility .\n\nii\n\nedward was thirty-eight when he met asenath waite . she was , i judge , about twenty-three at the time ; and was taking a special course in mediaeval metaphysics at miskatonic . the daughter of a friend of mine had met her before --in the hall school at kingsport--and had been inclined to shun her because of her odd reputation . she was dark , smallish , and very good-looking except for overprotuberant eyes ; but something in her expression alienated extremely sensitive people . it was , however , largely her origin and conversation which caused average folk to avoid her . she was one of the innsmouth waites , and dark legends have clustered for generations about crumbling , half-deserted innsmouth and its people . there are tales of horrible bargains about the year 1850 , and of a strange element "not quite human" in the ancient families of the run-down fishing port--tales such as only old--time yankees can devise and repeat with proper awesomeness .\n\nasenath\'s case was aggravated by the fact that she was ephraim waite\'s daughter--the child of his old age by an unknown wife who always went veiled . ephraim lived in a half-decayed mansion in washington street , innsmouth , and those who had seen the place (arkham folk avoid going to innsmouth whenever they can) declared that the attic windows were always boarded , and that strange sounds sometimes floated from within as evening drew on . the old man was known to have been a prodigious magical student in his day , and legend averred that he could raise or quell storms at sea according to his whim . i had seen him once or twice in my youth as he came to arkham to consult forbidden tomes at the college library , and had hated his wolfish , saturnine face with its tangle of iron-grey beard . he had died insane --under rather queer circumstances--just before his daughter (by his will made a nominal ward of the principal) entered the hall school , but she had been his

morbidly avid pupil and looked fiendishly like him at times .\n\nthe friend whose daughter had gone to school with asenath waite repeated many curious things when the news of edward\'s acquaintance with her began to spread about . asenath , it seemed , had posed as a kind of magician at school ; and had really seemed able to accomplish some highly baffling marvels . she professed to be able to raise thunderstorms , though her seeming success was generally laid to some uncanny knack at prediction . all animals markedly disliked her , and she could make any dog howl by certain motions of her right hand . there were times when she displayed snatches of knowledge and language very singular--and very shocking--for a young girl ; when she would frighten her schoolmates with leers and winks of an inexplicable kind , and would seem to extract an obscene zestful irony from her present situation .\n\nmost unusual , though , were the well-attested cases of her influence over other persons . she was , beyond question , a genuine hypnotist . by gazing peculiarly at a fellow-student she would often give the latter a distinct feeling of exchanged personality--as if the subject were placed momentarily in the magician\'s body and able to stare half across the room at her real body , whose eyes blazed and protruded with an alien expression . asenath often made wild claims about the nature of consciousness and about its independence of the physical frame--or at least from the life-processes of the physical frame . her crowning rage , however , was that she was not a man ; since she believed a male brain had certain unique and far-reaching cosmic powers . given a man\'s brain , she declared , she could not only equal but surpass her father in mastery of unknown forces .\n\nedward met asenath at a gathering of "intelligentsia" held in one of the students\' rooms , and could talk of nothing else when he came to see me the next day . he had found her full of the interests and erudition which engrossed him most , and was in addition wildly taken with her appearance . i had never seen the young woman , and recalled casual references only faintly , but i knew who she was . it seemed rather regrettable that derby should become so upheaved about her ; but i said nothing to discourage him , since infatuation thrives on opposition . he was not , he said , mentioning her to his father .\n\nin the next few weeks i heard of very little but asenath from young derby . others now remarked edward\'s autumnal gallantry , though they agreed that he did not look even nearly his actual age , or seem at all inappropriate as an escort for his bizarre divinity . he was only a trifle paunchy despite his indolence and self-indulgence , and his face was absolutely without lines . asenath , on the other hand , had the premature crow\'s feet which come from the exercises of an intense will .\n\nabout this time edward brought the girl to call on me , and i at once saw that his interest was by no means one-sided . she eyed him continually with an almost predatory air , and i perceived that their intimacy was beyond untangling . soon afterward i had a visit from old mr . derby , whom i had always admired and respected . he had heard the tales of his son\'s new friendship , and had wormed the whole truth out of "the boy ."edward meant to marry asenath , and had even been looking at houses in the suburbs . knowing my usually great influence with his son , the father wondered if i could help to break the ill-advised affair off ; but i regretfully expressed my doubts . this time it was not a question of edward\'s weak will but of the woman\'s strong will . the perennial child had transferred his dependence from the parental image to a new and

stronger image , and nothing could be done about it .\n\nthe wedding was performed a month later--by a justice of the peace , according to the bride\'s request . mr . derby , at my advice , offered no opposition , and he , my wife , my son , and i attended the brief ceremony--the other guests being wild young people from the college . asenath had bought the old crowninshield place in the country at the end of high street , and they proposed to settle there after a short trip to innsmouth , whence three servants and some books and household goods were to be brought . it was probably not so much consideration for edward and his father as a personal wish to be near the college , its library , and its crowd of "sophisticates ," that made asenath settle in arkham instead of returning permanently home .\n\nwhen edward called on me after the honeymoon i thought he looked slightly changed . asenath had made him get rid of the undeveloped moustache , but there was more than that . he looked soberer and more thoughtful , his habitual pout of childish rebelliousness being exchanged for a look almost of genuine sadness . i was puzzled to decide whether i liked or disliked the change . certainly he seemed for the moment more normally adult than ever before . perhaps the marriage was a good thing--might not the change of dependence form a start toward actual neutralisaton , leading ultimately to responsible independence ? he came alone , for asenath was very busy . she had brought a vast store of books and apparatus from innsmouth (derby shuddered as he spoke the name) , and was finishing the restoration of the crowninshield house and grounds .\n\nher home--in that town--was a rather disgusting place , but certain objects in it had taught him some surprising things . he was progressing fast in esoteric lore now that he had asenath\'s guidance . some of the experiments she proposed were very daring and radical--he did not feel at liberty to describe them--but he had confidence in her powers and intentions . the three servants were very queer--an incredibly aged couple who had been with old ephraim and referred occasionally to him and to asenath\'s dead mother in a cryptic way , and a swarthy young wench who had marked anomalies of feature and seemed to exude a perpetual odour of fish .\n\niiii\n\nfor the next two years i saw less and less of derby . a fortnight would sometimes slip by without the familiar three-and-two strokes at the front door ; and when he did call--or when , as happened with increasing infrequency , i called on him--he was very little disposed to converse on vital topics . he had become secretive about those occult studies which he used to describe and discuss so minutely , and preferred not to talk of his wife . she had aged tremendously since her marriage , till now--oddly enough--she seemed the elder of the two . her face held the most concentratedly determined expression i had ever seen , and her whole aspect seemed to gain a vague , unplaceable repulsiveness . my wife and son noticed it as much as i , and we all ceased gradually to call on her--for which , edward admitted in one of his boyishly tactless moments , she was unmitigatedly grateful . occasionally the derbys would go on long trips--ostensibly to europe , though edward sometimes hinted at obscurer destinations .\n\nit was after the first year that people began talking about the change in edward derby . it was very casual talk , for the change was purely psychological ; but it brought up some interesting points . now and then , it seemed edward was observed to wear an expression and to do things wholly incompatible with his usual flabby nature . for example--although in the old days he could not drive a car , he was now

seen occasionally to dash into or out of the old crowninshield driveway with asenath\'s powerful packard , handling it like a master , and meeting traffic entanglements with a skill and determination utterly alien to his accustomed nature . in such cases he seemed always to be just back from some trip or just starting on one--what sort of trip , no one could guess , although he mostly favoured the innsmouth road .\n\noddly , the metamorphosis did not seem altogether pleasing . people said he looked too much like his wife , or like old ephraim waite himself , in these moments--or perhaps these moments seemed unnatural because they were so rare . sometimes , hours after starting out in this way , he would return listlessly sprawled on the rear seat of the car while an obviously hired chauffeur or mechanic drove . also , his preponderant aspect on the streets during his decreasing round of social contacts (including , i may say , his calls on me) was the old-time indecisive one--its irresponsible childishness even more marked than in the past . while asenath\'s face aged , edward--aside from those exceptional occasions--actually relaxed into a kind of exaggerated immaturity , save when a trace of the new sadness or understanding would flash across it . it was really very puzzling . meanwhile the derbys almost dropped out of the gay college circle--not through their own disgust , we heard , but because something about their present studies shocked even the most callous of the other decadents .\n\nit was in the third year of the marriage that edward began to hint openly to me of a certain fear and dissatisfaction . he would let fall remarks about things "going too far ," and would talk darkly about the need of "gaining his identity ."at first i ignored such references , but in time i began to question him guardedly , remembering what my friend\'s daughter had said about asenath\'s hypnotic influence over the other girls at school--the cases where students had thought they were in her body looking across the room at themselves . this questioning seemed to make him at once alarmed and grateful , and once he mumbled something about having a serious talk with me later . about this time old mr . derby died , for which i was afterward very thankful . edward was badly upset , though by no means disorganized . he had seen astonishingly little of his parent since his marriage , for asenath had concentrated in herself all his vital sense of family linkage . some called him callous in his loss--especially since those jaunty and confident moods in the car began to increase . he now wished to move back into the old family mansion , but asenath insisted on staying in the crowninshield house to which she had become well adjusted .\n\nnot long afterward my wife heard a curious thing from a friend--one of the few who had not dropped the derbys . she had been out to the end of high street to call on the couple , and had seen a car shoot briskly out of the drive with edward\'s oddly confident and almost sneering face above the wheel . ringing the bell , she had been told by the repulsive wench that asenath was also out ; but had chanced to look at the house in leaving . there , at one of edward\'s library windows , she had glimpsed a hastily withdrawn face --a face whose expression of pain , defeat , and wistful hopelessness was poignant beyond description . it was--incredibly enough in view of its usual domineering cast--asenath\'s ; yet the caller had vowed that in that instant the sad , muddled eyes of poor edward were gazing out from it .\n\nedward\'s calls now grew a trifle more frequent , and his hints occasionally became concrete . what he said was not to be believed , even in centuried and legend-haunted

arkham ; but he threw out his dark lore with a sincerity and convincingness which made one fear for his sanity . he talked about terrible meetings in lonely places , of cyclopean ruins in the heart of the maine woods beneath which vast staircases led down to abysses of nighted secrets , of complex angles that led through invisible walls to other regions of space and time , and of hideous exchanges of personality that permitted explorations in remote and forbidden places , on other worlds , and in different space--time continua .\n\nhe would now and then back up certain crazy hints by exhibiting objects which utterly nonplussed me--elusively coloured and bafflingly textured objects like nothing ever heard of on earth , whose insane curves and surfaces answered no conceivable purpose , and followed no conceivable geometry . these things , he said , came "from outside" ; and his wife knew how to get them . sometimes--but always in frightened and ambiguous whisper--he would suggest things about old ephraim waite , whom he had seen occasionally at the college library in the old days . these adumbrations were never specific , but seemed to revolve around some especially horrible doubt as to whether the old wizard were really dead--in a spiritual as well as corporeal sense .\n\nat times derby would halt abruptly in his revelations , and i wondered whether asenath could possibly have divined his speech at a distance and cut him off through some unknown sort of telepathic mesmerism--some power of the kind she had displayed at school . certainly , she suspected that he told me things , for as the weeks passed she tried to stop his visits with words and glances of a most inexplicable potency . only with difficulty could he get to see me , for although he would pretend to be going somewhere else , some invisible force would generally clog his motions or make him forget his destination for the time being . his visits usually came when asenath was way--"away in her own body ," as he once oddly put it . she always found out later--the servants watched his goings and coming--but evidently she thought it inexpedient to do anything drastic .\n\niv\nnderby had been married more than three years on that august day when i got that telegram from maine . i had not seen him for two months , but had heard he was away "on business" . asenath was supposed to be with him , though watchful gossip declared there was someone upstairs in the house behind the doubly curtained windows . they had watched the purchases made by the servants . and now the town marshal of chesuncook had wired of the draggled madman who stumbled out of the woods with delirious ravings and screamed to me for protection . it was edward--and he had been just able to recall his own name and address .\n\nchesuncook is close to the wildest , deepest , and least explored forest belt in maine , and it took a whole day of feverish jolting through fantastic and forbidding scenery to get there in a car . i found derby in a cell at the town farm , vacillating between frenzy and apathy . he knew me at once , and began pouring out a meaningless , half-incoherent torrent of words in my direction .\n\n"dan , for god's sake ! the pit of the shoggoths ! down the six thousand steps . . . the abomination of abominations . . . i never would let her take me , and then i found myself there--ia ! shub-niggurath !--the shape rose up from the altar , and there were five hundred that howled--the hooded thing bleated \'kamog ! kamog !\'--that was old ephraim\'s secret name in the coven--i was there , where she promised she wouldn\'t take me--a minute before i was locked in the library , and then i was there where she had gone with my body--in the place of utter blasphemy , the

unholy pit where the black realm begins and the watcher guards the gate--i saw a shoggoth--it changed shape--i can't stand it--i'll kill her if she ever sends me there again--i'll kill that entity--her , him , it--i'll kill it ! i'll kill it with my own hands !"

nit took me an hour to quiet him , but he subsided at last . the next day i got him decent clothes in the village , and set out with him for arkham . his fury of hysteria was spent , and he was inclined to be silent , though he began muttering darkly to himself when the car passed through augusta--as if the sight of a city aroused unpleasant memories . it was clear that he did not wish to go home ; and considering the fantastic delusions he seemed to have about his wife--delusions undoubtedly springing from some actual hypnotic ordeal to which he had been subjected--i thought it would be better if he did not . i would , i resolved , put him up myself for a time ; no matter what unpleasantness it would make with asenath . later i would help him get a divorce , for most assuredly there were mental factors which made this marriage suicidal for him . when we struck open country again derby's muttering faded away , and i let him nod and drowse on the seat beside me as i drove .

during our sunset dash through portland the muttering commenced again , more distinctly than before , and as i listened i caught a stream of utterly insane drivel about asenath . the extent to which she had preyed on edward's nerves was plain , for he had woven a whole set of hallucinations around her . his present predicament , he mumbled furtively , was only one of a long series . she was getting hold of him , and he knew that some day she would never let go . even now she probably let him go only when she had to , because she couldn't hold on long at a time . she constantly took his body and went to nameless places for nameless rites , leaving him in her body and locking him upstairs--but sometimes she couldn't hold on , and he would find himself suddenly in his own body again in some far-off , horrible , and perhaps unknown place . sometimes she'd get hold of him again and sometimes she couldn't . often he was left stranded somewhere as i had found him--time and again he had to find his way home from frightful distances , getting somebody to drive the car after he found it .

the worst thing was that she was holding on to him longer and longer at a time . she wanted to be a man--to be fully human--that was why she got hold of him . she had sensed the mixture of fine-wrought brain and weak will in him . some day she would crowd him out and disappear with his body--disappear to become a great magician like her father and leave him marooned in that female shell that wasn't even quite human . yes , he knew about the innsmouth blood now . there had been traffick with things from the sea--it was horrible . . . and old ephraim--he had known the secret , and when he grew old did a hideous thing to keep alive--he wanted to live forever--asenath would succeed--one successful demonstration had taken place already .

as derby muttered on i turned to look at him closely , verifying the impression of change which an earlier scrutiny had given me . paradoxically , he seemed in better shape than usual--harder , more normally developed , and without the trace of sickly flabbiness caused by his indolent habits . it was as if he had been really active and properly exercised for the first time in his coddled life , and i judged that asenath's force must have pushed him into unwonted channels of motion and alertness . but just now his mind was in a pitiable state ; for he was mumbling wild extravagances about his wife , about black magic , about old ephraim , and about

some revelation which would convince even me . he repeated names which i recognized from bygone browsings in forbidden volumes , and at times made me shudder with a certain thread of mythological consistency--or convincing coherence--which ran through his maundering . again and again he would pause , as if to gather courage for some final and terrible disclosure .\n\n"dan , dan , don't you remember him--wild eyes and the unkempt beard that never turned white ? he glared at me once , and i never forgot it . now she glares that way . and i know why ! he found it in the necronomicon--the formula . i don't dare tell you the page yet , but when i do you can read and understand . then you will know what has engulfed me . on , on , on , on--body to body to body--he means never to die . the life-glow--he knows how to break the link . . .it can flicker on a while even when the body is dead . i'll give you hints and maybe you'll guess . listen , dan--do you know why my wife always takes such pains with that silly backhand writing ? have you ever seen a manuscript of old ephraim's ? do you want to know why i shivered when i saw some hasty notes asenath had jotted down ?\n\n"asenath--is there such a person ? why did they half-think there was poison in old ephraim's stomach ? why do the gilmans whisper about the way he shrieked --like a frightened child--when he went mad and asenath locked him up in the padded attic room where--the other--had been ? was it old ephraim's soul that was locked in ? who locked in whom ? why had he been looking for months for someone with a fine mind and a weak will ?--why did he curse that his daughter wasn't a son ? tell me ? daniel upton--what devilish exchange was perpetrated in the house of horror where that blasphemous monster had his trusting , weak-willed half-human child at his mercy ? didn't he make it permanent--as she'll do in the end with me ? tell me why that thing that calls itself asenath writes differently off guard , so that you can't tell its script from--"\n\n"then the thing happened . derby's voice was rising to a thin treble scream as he raved , when suddenly it was shut off with an almost mechanical click . i thought of those other occasions at my home when his confidences had abruptly ceased--when i had half-fancied that some obscure telepathic wave of asenath's mental force was intervening to keep him silent . this , though , was something altogether different--and , i felt , infinitely more horrible . the face beside me was twisted almost unrecognizably for a moment , while through the whole body there passed a shivering motion--as if all the bones , organs , muscles , nerves , and glands were adjusting themselves to a radically different posture , set of stresses , and general personality .\n\n"just where the supreme horror lay , i could not for my life tell ; yet there swept over me such a swamping wave of sickness and repulsion--such a freezing , petrifying sense of utter alienage and abnormality--that my grasp of the wheel grew feeble and uncertain . the figure beside me seemed less like a lifelong friend than like some monstrous intrusion from outer space--some damnable , utterly accursed focus of unknown and malign cosmic forces .\n\n"i had faltered only a moment , but before another moment was over my companion had seized the wheel and forced me to change places with him . the dusk was now very thick , and the lights of portland far behind , so i could not see much of his face . the blaze of his eyes , though , was phenomenal ; and i knew that he must now be in that queerly energized state--so unlike his usual self--which so many people had noticed . it seemed odd and incredible that listless edward derby--he who could never assert himself , and who had never



learned to drive--should be ordering me about and taking the wheel of my own car , yet that was precisely what had happened . he did not speak for some time , and in my inexplicable horror i was glad he did not .\n\nin the lights of biddeford and saco i saw his firmly set mouth , and shivered at the blaze of his eyes . the people were right--he did look damnably like his wife and like old ephraim when in these moods . i did not wonder that the moods were disliked--there was certainly something unnatural in them , and i felt the sinister element all the more because of the wild ravings i had been hearing . this man , for all my lifelong knowledge of edward pickman derby , was a stranger--an intrusion of some sort from the black abyss .\n\nhe did not speak until we were on a dark stretch of road , and when he did his voice seemed utterly unfamiliar . it was deeper , firmer , and more decisive than i had ever known it to be ; while its accent and pronunciation were altogether changed--though vaguely , remotely , and rather disturbingly recalling something i could not quite place . there was , i thought , a trace of very profound and very genuine irony in the timbre--not the flashy , meaninglessly jaunty pseudo-irony of the callow "sophisticate , " which derby had habitually affected , but something grim , basic , pervasive , and potentially evil . i marvelled at the self-possession so soon following the spell of panic-struck muttering .\n\n"i hope you'll forget my attack back there , upton , " he was saying . "you know what my nerves are , and i guess you can excuse such things . i'm enormously grateful , of course , for this lift home .\n\n"and you must forget , too , any crazy things i may have been saying about my wife--and about things in general . that's what comes from overstudy in a field like mine . my philosophy is full of bizarre concepts , and when the mind gets worn out it cooks up all sorts of imaginary concrete applications . i shall take a rest from now on--you probably won't see me for some time , and you needn't blame asenath for it .\n\n"this trip was a bit queer , but it's really very simple . there are certain indian relics in the north wood--standing stones , and all that--which mean a good deal in folklore , and asenath and i are following that stuff up . it was a hard search , so i seem to have gone off my head . i must send somebody for the car when i get home . a month's relaxation will put me on my feet ."\n\ni do not recall just what my own part of the conversation was , for the baffling alienage of my seatmate filled all my consciousness . with every moment my feeling of elusive cosmic horror increased , till at length i was in a virtual delirium of longing for the end of the drive . derby did not offer to relinquish the wheel , and i was glad of the speed with which portsmouth and newburyport flashed by .\n\nat the junction where the main highway runs inland and avoids innsmouth , i was half-afraid my driver would take the bleak shore road that goes through that damnable place . he did not , however , but darted rapidly past rowley and ipswich toward our destination . we reached arkham before midnight , and found the lights still on at the old crowninshield house . derby left the car with a hasty repetition of his thanks , and i drove home alone with a curious feeling of relief . it had been a terrible drive--all the more terrible because i could not quite tell why --and i did not regret derby's forecast of a long absence from my company .\n\n\nthe next two months were full of rumours . people spoke of seeing derby more and more in his new energized state , and asenath was scarcely ever in to her callers . i had only one visit from edward , when he called briefly in

asenath\'s car--duly reclaimed from wherever he had left it in maine--to get some books he had lent me . he was in his new state , and paused only long enough for some evasively polite remarks . it was plain that he had nothing to discuss with me when in this condition--and i noticed that he did not even trouble to give the old three-and-two signal when ringing the doorbell . as on that evening in the car , i felt a faint , infinitely deep horror which i could not explain ; so that his swift departure was a prodigious relief .\n\nin mid-september derby was away for a week , and some of the decadent college set talked knowingly of the matter--hinting at a meeting with a notorious cult-leader , lately expelled from england , who had established headquarters in new york . for my part i could not get that strange ride from maine out of my head . the transformation i had witnessed had affected me profoundly , and i caught myself again and again trying to account for the thing--and for the extreme horror it had inspired in me .\n\nbut the oddest rumours were those about the sobbing in the old crowninshield house . the voice seemed to be a woman\'s , and some of the younger people thought it sounded like asenath\'s . it was heard only at rare intervals , and would sometimes be choked off as if by force . there was talk of an investigation , but this was dispelled one day when asenath appeared in the streets and chatted in a sprightly way with a large number of acquaintances--apologizing for her recent absence and speaking incidentally about the nervous breakdown and hysteria of a guest from boston . the guest was never seen , but asenath\'s appearance left nothing to be said . and then someone complicated matters by whispering that the sobs had once or twice been in a man\'s voice .\n\nnone evening in mid-october , i heard the familiar three-and-two ring at the front door . answering it myself , i found edward on the steps , and saw in a moment that his personality was the old one which i had not encountered since the day of his ravings on that terrible ride from chesuncook . his face was twitching with a mixture of odd emotions in which fear and triumph seemed to share dominion , and he looked furtively over his shoulder as i closed the door behind him .\n\nfollowing me clumsily to the study , he asked for some whiskey to steady his nerves . i forbore to question him , but waited till he felt like beginning whatever he wanted to say . at length he ventured some information in a choking voice .\n\n"asenath has gone , dan . we had a long talk last night while the servants were out , and i made her promise to stop preying on me . of course i had certain--certain occult defences i never told you about . she had to give in , but got frightfully angry . just packed up and started for new york--walked right out to catch the eight-twenty in to boston . i suppose people will talk , but i can\'t help that . you needn\'t mention that there was any trouble--just say she\'s gone on a long research trip .\n\n"she\'s probably going to stay with one of her horrible groups of devotees . i hope she\'ll go west and get a divorce--anyhow , i\'ve made her promise to keep away and let me alone . it was horrible , dan--she was stealing my body--crowding me out--making a prisoner of me . i lay low and pretended to let her do it , but i had to be on the watch . i could plan if i was careful , for she can\'t read my mind literally , or in detail . all she could read of my planning was a sort of general mood of rebellion--and she always thought i was helpless . never thought i could get the best of her . . .but i had a spell or two that worked ."\n\n"derby looked over his shoulder and took some more whiskey .\n\n"i paid off

those damned servants this morning when they got back . they were ugly about it , and asked questions , but they went . they\'re her kin--innsmouth people--and were hand and glove with her . i hope they\'ll let me alone--i didn\'t like the way they laughed when they walked away . i must get as many of dad\'s old servants again as i can . i\'ll move back home now .\n\n"i suppose you think i\'m crazy , dan--but arkham history ought to hint at things that back up what i\'ve told you--and what i\'m going to tell you . you\'ve seen one of the changes , too--in your car after i told you about asenath that day coming home from maine . that was when she got me--drove me out of my body . the last thing i remember was when i was all worked up trying to tell you what that she-devil is . then she got me , and in a flash i was back at the house--in the library where those damned servants had me locked up--and in that cursed fiend\'s body that isn\'t even human . . .you know it was she you must have ridden home with--that preying wolf in my body--you ought to have known the difference !"\n\ni shuddered as derby paused . surely , i had known the difference--yet could i accept an explanation as insane as this ? but my distracted caller was growing even wilder .\n\n"i had to save myself--i had to , dan ! she\'d have got me for good at hallowmass--they hold a sabbat up there beyond chesuncook , and the sacrifice would have clinched things . she\'d have got me for good--she\'d have been i , and i\'d have been she--forever--too late--my body\'d have been hers for good--she\'d have been a man , and fully human , just as she wanted to be--i suppose she\'d have put me out of the way--killed her own ex-body with me in it , damn her , just as she did before--just as she did , or it did before--"edward\'s face was now atrociously distorted , and he bent it uncomfortably close to mine as his voice fell to a whisper .\n\n"you must know what i hinted in the car--that she isn\'t asenath at all , but really old ephraim himself . i suspected it a year and a half ago , and i know it now . her handwriting shows it when she goes off guard--sometimes she jots down a note in writing that\'s just like her father\'s manuscripts , stroke for stroke--and sometimes she says things that nobody but an old man like ephraim could say . he changed forms with her when he felt death coming--she was the only one he could find with the right kind of brain and a weak enough will--he got her body permanently , just as she almost got mine , and then poisoned the old body he\'d put her into . haven\'t you seen old ephraim\'s soul glaring out of that she-devil\'s eyes dozens of times--and out of mine when she has control of my body ?"\n\nthe whisperer was panting , and paused for breath . i said nothing ; and when he resumed his voice was nearer normal . this , i reflected , was a case for the asylum , but i would not be the one to send him there . perhaps time and freedom from asenath would do its work . i could see that he would never wish to dabble in morbid occultism again .\n\n"i\'ll tell you more later--i must have a long rest now . i\'ll tell you something of the forbidden horrors she led me into--something of the age-old horrors that even now are festering in out-of-the-way corners with a few monstrous priests to keep them alive . some people know things about the universe that nobody ought to know , and can do things that nobody ought to be able to do . i\'ve been in it up to my neck , but that\'s the end . today i\'d burn that damned necronomicon and all the rest if i were librarian at miskatonic .\n\n"but she can\'t get me now . i must get out of that accursed house as soon as i can , and settle down at home . you\'ll help me , i know , if i need help .

those devilish servants , you know--and if people should get too inquisitive about asenath . you see , i can't give them her address . . .then there are certain groups of searchers--certain cults , you know--that might misunderstand our breaking up . . .some of them have damnably curious ideas and methods . i know you'll stand by me if anything happens--even if i have to tell you a lot that will shock you . . ."

ni had edward stay and sleep in one of the guest-chambers that night , and in the morning he seemed calmer . we discussed certain possible arrangements for his moving back into the derby mansion , and i hoped he would lose no time in making the change . he did not call the next evening , but i saw him frequently during the ensuing weeks . we talked as little as possible about strange and unpleasant things , but discussed the renovation of the old derby house , and the travels which edward promised to take with my son and me the following summer .

of asenath we said almost nothing , for i saw that the subject was a peculiarly disturbing one . gossip , of course , was rife ; but that was no novelty in connection with the strange menage at the old crowninshield house . one thing i did not like was what derby's banker let fall in an over-expansive mood at the miskatonic club--about the cheques edward was sending regularly to a moses and abigail sargent and a eunice babson in innsmouth . that looked as if those evil-faced servants were extorting some kind of tribute from him--yet he had not mentioned the matter to me .

ni wished that the summer--and my son's harvard vacation--would come , so that we could get edward to europe . he was not , i soon saw , mending as rapidly as i had hoped he would ; for there was something a bit hysterical in his occasional exhilaration , while his moods of fright and depression were altogether too frequent . the old derby house was ready by december , yet edward constantly put off moving . though he hated and seemed to fear the crowninshield place , he was at the same time queerly enslaved by it . he could not seem to begin dismantling things , and invented every kind of excuse to postpone action . when i pointed this out to him he appeared unaccountably frightened . his father's old butler --who was there with other reacquired servants--told me one day that edward's occasional prowlings about the house , and especially down cellar , looked odd and unwholesome to him . i wondered if asenath had been writing disturbing letters , but the butler said there was no mail which could have come from her .

nvi nit was about christmas that derby broke down one evening while calling on me . i was steering the conversation toward next summer's travels when he suddenly shrieked and leaped up from his chair with a look of shocking , uncontrollable fright--a cosmic panic and loathing such as only the nether gulfs of nightmare could bring to any sane mind .

"my brain ! my brain ! god , dan --it's tugging--from beyond--knocking--clawing--that she-devil--even now--ephraim--kamog ! kamog !--the pit of the shoggoths--ia ! shub-niggurath ! the goat with a thousand young ! . . ."

"the flame--the flame--beyond body , beyond life--in the earth--oh , god !" ni pulled him back to his chair and poured some wine down his throat as his frenzy sank to a dull apathy . he did not resist , but kept his lips moving as if talking to himself . presently i realized that he was trying to talk to me , and bent my ear to his mouth to catch the feeble words .

"again , again--she's trying--i might have known--nothing can stop that force ; not distance nor magic , nor death--it comes and comes , mostly in the night--i can't leave--it's horrible--oh , god , dan , if

you only knew as i do just how horrible it is . . ."

when he had slumped down into a stupor i propped him with pillows and let normal sleep overtake him . i did not call a doctor , for i knew what would be said of his sanity , and wished to give nature a chance if i possibly could . he waked at midnight , and i put him to bed upstairs , but he was gone by morning . he had let himself quietly out of the house--and his butler , when called on the wire , said he was at home pacing about the library .

edward went to pieces rapidly after that . he did not call again , but i went daily to see him . he would always be sitting in his library , staring at nothing and having an air of abnormal listening . sometimes he talked rationally , but always on trivial topics . any mention of his trouble , of future plans , or of asenath would send him into a frenzy . his butler said he had frightful seizures at night , during which he might eventually do himself harm .

i had a long talk with his doctor , banker , and lawyer , and finally took the physician with two specialist colleagues to visit him . the spasms that resulted from the first questions were violent and pitiable--and that evening a closed car took his poor struggling body to the arkham sanitarium . i was made his guardian and called on him twice weekly--almost weeping to hear his wild shrieks , awesome whispers , and dreadful , droning repetitions of such phrases as "i had to do it--i had to do it--it'll get me--it'll get me--down there--down there in the dark--mother ! mother ! dan ! save me--save me--"

how much hope of recovery there was , no one could say , but i tried my best to be optimistic . edward must have a home if he emerged , so i transferred his servants to the derby mansion , which would surely be his sane choice . what to do about the crowninshield place with its complex arrangements and collections of utterly inexplicable objects i could not decide , so left it momentarily untouched--telling the derby household to go over and dust the chief rooms once a week , and ordering the furnace man to have a fire on those days .

the final nightmare came before candlemas--heralded , in cruel irony , by a false gleam of hope . one morning late in january the sanitarium telephoned to report that edward's reason had suddenly come back . his continuous memory , they said , was badly impaired ; but sanity itself was certain . of course he must remain some time for observation , but there could be little doubt of the outcome . all going well , he would surely be free in a week .

i hastened over in a flood of delight , but stood bewildered when a nurse took me to edward's room . the patient rose to greet me , extending his hand with a polite smile ; but i saw in an instant that he bore the strangely energized personality which had seemed so foreign to his own nature--the competent personality i had found so vaguely horrible , and which edward himself had once vowed was the intruding soul of his wife . there was the same blazing vision--so like asenath's and old ephraim's --and the same firm mouth ; and when he spoke i could sense the same grim , pervasive irony in his voice--the deep irony so redolent of potential evil . this was the person who had driven my car through the night five months before--the person i had not seen since that brief call when he had forgotten the oldtime doorbell signal and stirred such nebulous fears in me--and now he filled me with the same dim feeling of blasphemous alienage and ineffable cosmic hideousness .

he spoke affably of arrangements for release--and there was nothing for me to do but assent , despite some remarkable gaps in his recent memories . yet i felt that something was terribly , inexplicably wrong and

abnormal . there were horrors in this thing that i could not reach . this was a sane person--but was it indeed the edward derby i had known ? if not , who or what was it--and where was edward ? ought it to be free or confined--or ought it to be extirpated from the face of the earth ? there was a hint of the abysmally sardonic in everything the creature said--the asenath-like eyes lent a special and baffling mockery to certain words about the early liberty earned by an especially close confinement ! i must have behaved very awkwardly , and was glad to beat a retreat .\n\nall that day and the next i racked my brain over the problem . what had happened ? what sort of mind looked out through those alien eyes in edward\'s face ? i could think of nothing but this dimly terrible enigma , and gave up all efforts to perform my usual work . the second morning the hospital called up to say that the recovered patient was unchanged , and by evening i was close to a nervous collapse--a state i admit , though others will vow it coloured my subsequent vision . i have nothing to say on this point except that no madness of mine could account for all the evidence .\n\nvii\n\nit was in the night--after that second evening--that stark , utter horror burst over me and weighted my spirit with a black , clutching panic from which it can never shake free . it began with a telephone call just before midnight . i was the only one up , and sleepily took down the receiver in the library . no one seemed to be on the wire , and i was about to hang up and go to bed when my ear caught a very faint suspicion of sound at the other end . was someone trying under great difficulties to talk ? as i listened i thought i heard a sort of half--liquid bubbling noise--"glub . . . glub . . . glub"--which had an odd suggestion of inarticulate , unintelligible word and syllable divisions . i called "who is it ?" but the only answer was "glub . . . glub . . . glub-glub ." i could only assume that the noise was mechanical ; but fancying that it might be a case of a broken instrument able to receive but not to send , i added , "i can\'t hear you . better hang up and try information ." immediately i heard the receiver go on the hook at the other end .\n\nthis , i say , was just about midnight . when the call was traced afterward it was found to come from the old crowninshield house , though it was fully half a week from the housemaid\'s day to be there . i shall only hint what was found at that house--the upheaval in a remote cellar storeroom , the tracks , the dirt , the hastily rifled wardrobe , the baffling marks on the telephone , the clumsily used stationery , and the detestable stench lingering over everything . the police , poor fools , have their smug little theories , and are still searching for those sinister discharged servants--who have dropped out of sight amidst the present furore . they speak of a ghoulish revenge for things that were done , and say i was included because i was edward\'s best friend and adviser .\n\nidiots ! do they fancy those brutish clowns could have forged that handwriting ? do they fancy they could have brought what later came ? are they blind to the changes in that body that was edward\'s ? as for me , i now believe all that edward derby ever told me . there are horrors beyond life\'s edge that we do not suspect , and once in a while man\'s evil prying calls them just within our range . ephraim--asenath--that devil called them in , and they engulfed edward as they are engulfing me .\n\ncan i be sure that i am safe ? those powers survive the life of the physical form . the next day--in the afternoon , when i pulled out of my prostration and was able to walk and talk coherently--i went to the madhouse and

shot him dead for edward\'s and the world\'s sake , but can i be sure till he is cremated ? they are keeping the body for some silly autopsies by different doctors--but i say he must be cremated . he must be cremated--he who was not edward derby when i shot him . i shall go mad if he is not , for i may be the next . but my will is not weak--and i shall not let it be undermined by the terrors i know are seething around it . one life--ephraim , asenath , and edward --who now ? i will not be driven out of my body . . . i will not change souls with that bullet-ridden lich in the madhouse !\n\nbut let me try to tell coherently of that final horror . i will not speak of what the police persistently ignored--the tales of that dwarfed , grotesque , malodorous thing met by at least three wayfarers in high street just before two o\'clock , and the nature of the single footprints in certain places . i will say only that just about two the doorbell and knocker waked me--doorbell and knocker both , applied alternately and uncertainly in a kind of weak desperation , and each trying to keep edward\'s old signal of three-and-two strokes .\n\nroused from sound sleep , my mind leaped into a turmoil . derby at the door--and remembering the old code ! that new personality had not remembered it . . . was edward suddenly back in his rightful state ? why was he here in such evident stress and haste ? had he been released ahead of time , or had he escaped ? perhaps , i thought as i flung on a robe and bounded downstairs , his return to his own self had brought raving and violence , revoking his discharge and driving him to a desperate dash for freedom . whatever had happened , he was good old edward again , and i would help him !\n\nwhen i opened the door into the elm-arched blackness a gust of insufferably foetid wind almost flung me prostrate . i choked in nausea , and for a second scarcely saw the dwarfed , humped figure on the steps . the summons had been edward\'s , but who was this foul , stunted parody ? where had edward had time to go ? his ring had sounded only a second before the door opened .\n\nthe caller had on one of edward\'s overcoats--its bottom almost touching the ground , and its sleeves rolled back yet still covering the hands . on the head was a slouch hat pulled low , while a black silk muffler concealed the face . as i stepped unsteadily forward , the figure made a semi-liquid sound like that i had heard over the telephone--"glub . . . glub . . ."--and thrust at me a large , closely written paper impaled on the end of a long pencil . still reeling from the morbid and unaccountable foetor , i seized the paper and tried to read it in the light from the doorway .\n\nbeyond question , it was in edward\'s script . but why had he written when he was close enough to ring--and why was the script so awkward , coarse and shaky ? i could make out nothing in the dim half light , so edged back into the hall , the dwarf figure clumping mechanically after but pausing on the inner door\'s threshold . the odour of this singular messenger was really appalling , and i hoped (not in vain , thank god ! ) that my wife would not wake and confront it .\n\nthen , as i read the paper , i felt my knees give under me and my vision go black . i was lying on the floor when i came to , that accursed sheet still clutched in my fear-rigid hand . this is what it said .\n\n"dan--go to the sanitarium and kill it . exterminate it . it isn\'t edward derby any more . she got me--it\'s asenath--and she has been dead three months and a half . i lied when i said she had gone away . i killed her . i had to . it was sudden , but we were alone and i was in my right body . i saw a candlestick and smashed her head

in . she would have got me for good at hallowmass .\n\n"i buried her in the farther cellar storeroom under some old boxes and cleaned up all the traces . the servants suspected next morning , but they have such secrets that they dare not tell the police . i sent them off , but god knows what they--and others of the cult--will do .\n\n"i thought for a while i was all right , and then i felt the tugging at my brain . i knew what it was--i ought to have remembered . a soul like hers--or ephraim\'s--is half detached , and keeps right on after death as long as the body lasts . she was getting me--making me change bodies with her --seizing my body and putting me in that corpse of hers buried in the cellar .\n\n"i knew what was coming--that\'s why i snapped and had to go to the asylum . then it came--i found myself choked in the dark--in asenath\'s rotting carcass down there in the cellar under the boxes where i put it . and i knew she must be in my body at the sanitarium--permanently , for it was after hallowmass , and the sacrifice would work even without her being there--sane , and ready for release as a menace to the world . i was desperate , and in spite of everything i clawed my way out .\n\n"i\'m too far gone to talk--i couldn\'t manage to telephone--but i can still write . i\'ll get fixed up somehow and bring this last word and warning . kill that fiend if you value the peace and comfort of the world . see that it is cremated . if you don\'t , it will live on and on , body to body forever , and i can\'t tell you what it will do . keep clear of black magic , dan , it\'s the devil\'s business . goodbye--you\'ve been a great friend . tell the police whatever they\'ll believe--and i\'m damnably sorry to drag all this on you . i\'ll be at peace before long--this thing won\'t hold together much more . hope you can read this . and kill that thing--kill it .\n\nyours--ed ."\n\nit was only afterward that i read the last half of this paper , for i had fainted at the end of the third paragraph . i fainted again when i saw and smelled what cluttered up the threshold where the warm air had struck it . the messenger would not move or have consciousness any more .\n\nthe butler , tougher-fibred than i , did not faint at what met him in the hall in the morning . instead , he telephoned the police . when they came i had been taken upstairs to bed , but the--other mass--lay where it had collapsed in the night . the men put handkerchiefs to their noses .\n\nwhat they finally found inside edward\'s oddly-assorted clothes was mostly liquescent horror . there were bones , too--and a crushed-in skull . some dental work positively identified the skull as asenath\'s .\n'

b"the book\n\nmy memories are very confused . there is even much doubt as to where they begin ; for at times i feel appalling vistas of years stretching behind me , while at other times it seems as if the present moment were an isolated point in a grey , formless infinity . i am not even certain how i am communicating this message . while i know i am speaking , i have a vague impression that some strange and perhaps terrible mediation will be needed to bear what i say to the points where i wish to be heard . my identity , too , is bewilderingly cloudy . i seem to have suffered a great shock--perhaps from some utterly monstrous outgrowth of my cycles of unique , incredible experience .\n\nthese cycles of experience , of course , all stem from that worm-riddled book . i remember when i found it--in a dimly lighted place near the black , oily river where the mists always swirl . that place was very old , and the ceiling-high shelves full of rotting volumes reached back endlessly through



windowless inner rooms and alcoves . there were , besides , great formless heaps of books on the floor and in crude bins ; and it was in one of these heaps that i found the thing . i never learned its title , for the early pages were missing ; but it fell open toward the end and gave me a glimpse of something which sent my senses reeling .\n\nthere was a formula--a sort of list of things to say and do--which i recognized as something black and forbidden ; something which i had read of before in furtive paragraphs of mixed abhorrence and fascination penned by those strange ancient delvers into the universe's guarded secrets whose decaying texts i loved to absorb . it was a key--a guide--to certain gateways and transitions of which mystics have dreamed and whispered since the race was young , and which lead to freedoms and discoveries beyond the three dimensions and realms of life and matter that we know . not for centuries had any man recalled its vital substance or known where to find it , but this book was very old indeed . no printing-press , but the hand of some half--crazed monk , had traced these ominous latin phrases in uncials of awesome antiquity .\n\ni remember how the old man leered and tittered , and made a curious sign with his hand when i bore it away . he had refused to take pay for it , and only long afterwards did i guess why . as i hurried home through those narrow , winding , mist-cloaked waterfront streets i had a frightful impression of being stealthily followed by softly padding feet . the centuried , tottering houses on both sides seemed alive with a fresh and morbid malignity--as if some hitherto closed channel of evil understanding had abruptly been opened . i felt that those walls and over-hanging gables of mildewed brick and fungoid plaster and timber--with eyelike , diamond-paned windows that leered--could hardly desist from advancing and crushing me yet i had read only the least fragment of that blasphemous rune before closing the book and bringing it away .\n\ni remember how i read the book at last--white-faced , and locked in the attic room that i had long devoted to strange searchings . the great house was very still , for i had not gone up till after midnight . i think i had a family then--though the details are very uncertain--and i know there were many servants . just what the year was i cannot say ; for since then i have known many ages and dimensions , and have had all my notions of time dissolved and refashioned . it was by the light of candles that i read--i recall the relentless dripping of the wax--and there were chimes that came every now and then from distant belfries . i seemed to keep track of those chimes with a peculiar intentness , as if i feared to hear some very remote , intruding note among them .\n\nthen came the first scratching and fumbling at the dormer window that looked out high above the other roofs of the city . it came as i droned aloud the ninth verse of that primal lay , and i knew amidst my shudders what it meant . for he who passes the gateways always wins a shadow , and never again can he be alone . i had evoked--and the book was indeed all i had suspected . that night i passed the gateway to a vortex of twisted time and vision , and when morning found me in the attic room i saw in the walls and shelves and fittings that which i had never seen before .\n\nnor could i ever after see the world as i had known it . mixed with the present scene was always a little of the past and a little of the future , and every once-familiar object loomed alien in the new perspective brought by my widened sight . from then on i walked in a fantastic dream of unknown and half-known shapes ; and with each new gateway crossed , the less plainly could i recognise the things of the narrow

sphere to which i had so long been bound . what i saw about me , none else saw ; and i grew doubly silent and aloof lest i be thought mad . dogs had a fear of me , for they felt the outside shadow which never left my side . but still i read more--in hidden , forgotten books and scrolls to which my new vision led me--and pushed through fresh gateways of space and being and life-patterns toward the core of the unknown cosmos .\n\ni remember the night i made the five concentric circles of fire on the floor , and stood in the innermost one chanting that monstrous litany the messenger from tartary had brought . the walls melted away , and i was swept by a black wind through gulfs of fathomless grey with the needle-like pinnacles of unknown mountains miles below me . after a while there was utter blackness , and then the light of myriad stars forming strange , alien constellations . finally i saw a green-litten plain far below me , and discerned on it the twisted towers of a city built in no fashion i had ever known or read or dreamed of . as i floated closer to that city i saw a great square building of stone in an open space , and felt a hideous fear clutching at me . i screamed and struggled , and after a blankness was again in my attic room sprawled flat over the five phosphorescent circles on the floor . in that night's wandering there was no more of strangeness than in many a former night's wandering ; but there was more of terror because i knew i was closer to those outside gulfs and worlds than i had ever been before . thereafter i was more cautious with my incantations , for i had no wish to be cut off from my body and from the earth in unknown abysses whence i could never return . . .\n"

b'polaris\n\ninto the north window of my chamber glows the pole star with uncanny light . all through the long hellish hours of blackness it shines there . and in the autumn of the year , when the winds from the north curse and whine , and the red-leaved trees of the swamp mutter things to one another in the small hours of the morning under the horned waning moon , i sit by the casement and watch that star . down from the heights reels the glittering cassiopeia as the hours wear on , while charles' wain lumbers up from behind the vapour-soaked swamp trees that sway in the night wind . just before dawn arcturus winks ruddily from above the cemetery on the low hillock , and coma berenices shimmers weirdly afar off in the mysterious east ; but still the pole star leers down from the same place in the black vault , winking hideously like an insane watching eye which strives to convey some strange message , yet recalls nothing save that it once had a message to convey . sometimes , when it is cloudy , i can sleep .\n\nwell do i remember the night of the great aurora , when over the swamp played the shocking corruscations of the daemon light . after the beam came clouds , and then i slept .\n\nand it was under a horned waning moon that i saw the city for the first time . still and somnolent did it lie , on a strange plateau in a hollow between strange peaks . of ghastly marble were its walls and its towers , its columns , domes , and pavements . in the marble streets were marble pillars , the upper parts of which were carven into the images of grave bearded men . the air was warm and stirred not . and overhead , scarce ten degrees from the zenith , glowed that watching pole star . long did i gaze on the city , but the day came not . when the red aldebaran , which blinked low in the sky but never set , had crawled a quarter of the way around the horizon , i saw light and motion in the houses and the streets . forms\n\nstrangely robed , but at once noble and familiar , walked abroad and under the horned waning moon

men talked wisdom in a tongue which i understood , though it was unlike any language which i had ever known . and when the red aldebaran had crawled more than half-way around the horizon , there were again darkness and silence .\n\nwhen i awaked , i was not as i had been . upon my memory was graven the vision of the city , and within my soul had arisen another and vaguer recollection , of whose nature i was not then certain . thereafter , on the cloudy nights when i could not sleep , i saw the city often ; sometimes under the hot , yellow rays of a sun which did not set , but which wheeled low in the horizon . and on the clear nights the pole star leered as never before .\n\ngradually i came to wonder what might be my place in that city on the strange plateau betwixt strange peaks . at first content to view the scene as an all-observant uncorporeal presence , i now desired to define my relation to it , and to speak my mind amongst the grave men who conversed each day in the public squares . i said to myself , "this is no dream , for by what means can i prove the greater reality of that other life in the house of stone and brick south of the sinister swamp and the cemetery on the low hillock , where the pole star peeps into my north window each night ?"\n\nnone night as i listened to the discourses in the large square containing many statues , i felt a change ; and perceived that i had at last a bodily form . nor was i a stranger in the streets of olathoe , which lies on the plateau of sarkia , betwixt the peaks of noton and kadiphonek . it was my friend alos who spoke , and his speech was one that pleased my soul , for it was the speech of a true man and patriot . that night had the news come of daikos\' fall , and of the advance of the inutos ; squat , hellish yellow fiends who five years ago had appeared out of the unknown west to ravage the confines of our kingdom , and to besiege many of our towns . having taken the fortified places at the foot of the mountains , their way now lay open to the plateau , unless every citizen could resist with the strength of ten men . for the squat creatures were mighty in the arts of war , and knew not the scruples of honour which held back our tall , grey-eyed men of lomar from ruthless conquest .\n\nalos , my friend , was commander of all the forces on the plateau , and in him lay the last hope of our country . on this occasion he spoke of the perils to be faced and exhorted the men of olathoe , bravest of the lomarians , to sustain the traditions of their ancestors , who when forced to move southward from zobna before the advance of the great ice sheet (even as our descendents must some day flee from the land of lomar) valiantly and victoriously swept aside the hairy , long-armed , cannibal gnophkehs that stood in their way . to me alos denied the warriors part , for i was feeble and given to strange faintings when subjected to stress and hardships . but my eyes were the keenest in the city , despite the long hours i gave each day to the study of the pnakotic manuscripts and the wisdom of the zobnarian fathers ; so my friend , desiring not to doom me to inaction , rewarded me with that duty which was second to nothing in importance . to the watchtower of thapnen he sent me , there to serve as the eyes of our army . should the inutos attempt to gain the citadel by the narrow pass behind the peak noton and thereby surprise the garrison , i was to give the signal of fire which would warn the waiting soldiers and save the town from immediate disaster .\n\nalone i mounted the tower , for every man of stout body was needed in the passes below . my brain was sore dazed with excitement and fatigue , for i had not slept in many days ;

yet was my purpose firm , for i loved my native land of lomar , and the marble  
 city olathoe that lies betwixt the peaks noton and kadiphonek .\n\nbut as i  
 stood in the tower\'s topmost chamber , i beheld the horned waning moon , red  
 and sinister , quivering through the vapours that hovered over the distant  
 valley of banof . and through an opening in the roof glittered the pale pole  
 star , fluttering as if alive , and leering like a fiend and tempter . methought  
 its spirit whispered evil counsel , soothing me to traitorous somnolence with a  
 damnable rhythmical promise which it repeated over and over :\n\nslumber ,  
 watcher , till the spheres .\n\nsix and twenty thousand years\n\nhave revolv\'d ,  
 and i return\nto the spot where now i burn .\n\nother stars anon shall rise\nto  
 the axis of the skies ;\n\nstars that soothe and stars that bless\n\nwith a sweet  
 forgetfulness :\n\nonly when my round is o\'er\n\nshall the past disturb thy door  
 .\n\nvainly did i struggle with my drowsiness , seeking to connect these strange  
 words with some lore of the skies which i had learnt from the pnakotic  
 manuscripts . my head , heavy and reeling , drooped to my breast , and when next  
 i looked up it was in a dream , with the pole star grinning at me through a  
 window from over the horrible and swaying trees of a dream swamp . and i am  
 still dreaming . in my shame and despair i sometimes scream frantically ,  
 begging the dream-creatures around me to waken me ere the inutos steal up the  
 pass behind the peak noton and take the citadel by surprise ; but these  
 creatures are daemons , for they laugh at me and tell me i am not dreaming .  
 they mock me whilst i sleep , and whilst the squat yellow foe may be creeping  
 silently upon us . i have failed in my duties and betrayed the marble city of  
 olathoe ; i have proven false to alos , my friend and commander . but still  
 these shadows of my dreams deride me . they say there is no land of lomar , save  
 in my nocturnal imaginings that in these realms where the pole star shines high  
 , and red aldebaran crawls low around the horizon , there has been naught save  
 ice and snow for thousands of years of years , and never a man save squat ,  
 yellow creatures , blighted by the\n\ncold , called "esquimaux ." \n\nand as i  
 writhe in my guilty agony , frantic to save the city whose peril every moment  
 grows , and vainly striving to shake off this unnatural dream of a house of  
 stone and brick south of a sinister swamp and a cemetery on a low hillock , the  
 pole star , evil and monstrous , leers down from the black vault , winking  
 hideously like an insane watching eye which strives to convey some message , yet  
 recalls nothing save that it once had a message to convey .\n'

b"what the moon brings\n\nit was in the spectral summer when the moon shone  
 down on the old garden where i wandered ; the spectral summer of narcotic  
 flowers and humid seas of foliage that bring wild and many-coloured dreams . and  
 as i walked by the shallow crystal stream i saw unwonted ripples tipped with  
 yellow light , as if those placid waters were drawn on in resistless currents to  
 strange oceans that are not in the world . silent and sparkling , bright and  
 baleful , those moon-cursed waters hurried i knew not whither ; whilst from the  
 embowered banks white lotos-blossoms fluttered one by one in the opiate night-  
 wind and dropped despairingly into the stream , swirling away horribly under the  
 arched , carven bridge , and staring back with the sinister resignation of calm  
 , dead faces .\n\nand as i ran along the shore , crushing sleeping flowers with  
 heedless feet and maddened ever by the fear of unknown things and the lure of  
 the dead faces , i saw that the garden had no end under that moon ; for where by

day the walls were , there stretched now only new vistas of trees and paths , flowers and shrubs , stone idols and pagodas , and bendings of the yellow-litten stream past grassy banks and under grotesque bridges of marble . and the lips of the dead lotos-faces whispered sadly , and bade me follow , nor did i cease my steps till the stream became a river , and joined amidst marshes of swaying reeds and beaches of gleaming sand the shore of a vast and nameless sea .\n\nupon that sea the hateful moon shone , and over its unvocal waves weird perfumes breeded . and as i saw therein the lotos-faces vanish , i longed for nets that i might capture them and learn from them the secrets which the moon had brought upon the night . but when that moon went over to the west and the still tide ebbed from the sullen shore , i saw in that light old spires that the waves almost uncovered , and white columns gay with festoons of green seaweed . and knowing that to this sunken place all the dead had come , i trembled and did not wish again to speak with the lotos-faces .\n\nyet when i saw afar out in the sea a black condor descend from the sky to seek rest on a vast reef , i would fain have questioned him , and asked him of those whom i had known when they were alive . this i would have asked him had he not been so far away , but he was very far , and could not be seen at all when he drew nigh that gigantic reef .\n\nso i watched the tide go out under that sinking moon , and saw gleaming the spires , the towers , and the roofs of that dead , dripping city . and as i watched , my nostrils tried to close against the perfume--conquering stench of the world's dead ; for truly , in this unplaced and forgotten spot had all the flesh of the churchyards gathered for puffy sea-worms to gnaw and glut upon .\n\nover these horrors the evil moon now hung very low , but the puffy worms of the sea need no moon to feed by . and as i watched the ripples that told of the writhing of worms beneath , i felt a new chill from afar out whither the condor had flown , as if my flesh had caught a horror before my eyes had seen it .\n\nnor had my flesh trembled without cause , for when i raised my eyes i saw that the waters had ebbed very low , shewing much of the vast reef whose rim i had seen before . and when i saw that the reef was but the black basalt crown of a shocking eikon whose monstrous forehead now shown in the dim moonlight and whose vile hooves must paw the hellish ooze miles below , i shrieked and shrieked lest the hidden face rise above the waters , and lest the hidden eyes look at me after the slinking away of that leering and treacherous yellow moon .\n\nand to escape this relentless thing i plunged gladly and unhesitantly into the stinking shallows where amidst weedy walls and sunken streets fat sea-worms feast upon the world's dead .\n"

b'nyarlathotep\n\nnyarlathotep . . .the crawling chaos . . .i am the last . . .i will tell the audient void . . .\n\ni do not recall distinctly when it began , but it was months ago . the general tension was horrible . to a season of political and social upheaval was added a strange and brooding apprehension of hideous physical danger ; a danger widespread and all-embracing , such a danger as may be imagined only in the most terrible phantasms of the night . i recall that the people went about with pale and worried faces , and whispered warnings and prophecies which no one dared consciously repeat or acknowledge to himself that he had heard . a sense of monstrous guilt was upon the land , and out of the abysses between the stars swept chill currents that made men shiver in dark and lonely places . there was a daemonic alteration in the sequence of

the seasons--the autumn heat lingered fearsomely , and everyone felt that the world and perhaps the universe had passed from the control of known gods or forces to that of gods or forces which were unknown .\n\nand it was then that nyarlathotep came out of egypt . who he was , none could tell , but he was of the old native blood and looked like a pharaoh . the fellahin knelt when they saw him , yet could not say why . he said he had risen up out of the blackness of twenty-seven centuries , and that he had heard messages from places not on this planet . into the lands of civilisation came nyarlathotep , swarthy , slender , and sinister , always buying strange instruments of glass and metal and combining them into instruments yet stranger . he spoke much of the sciences --of electricity and psychology--and gave exhibitions of power which sent his spectators away speechless , yet which swelled his fame to exceeding magnitude . men advised one another to see nyarlathotep , and shuddered . and where nyarlathotep went , rest vanished ; for the small hours were rent with the screams of nightmare . never before had the screams of nightmare been such a public problem ; now the wise men almost wished they could forbid sleep in the small hours , that the shrieks of cities might less horribly disturb the pale , pitying moon as it glimmered on green waters gliding under bridges , and old steeples crumbling against a sickly sky .\n\ni remember when nyarlathotep came to my city--the great , the old , the terrible city of unnumbered crimes . my friend had told me of him , and of the impelling fascination and allurements of his revelations , and i burned with eagerness to explore his uttermost mysteries . my friend said they were horrible and impressive beyond my most fevered imaginings ; and what was thrown on a screen in the darkened room prophesied things none but nyarlathotep dared prophesy , and in the sputter of his sparks there was taken from men that which had never been taken before yet which shewed only in the eyes . and i heard it hinted abroad that those who knew nyarlathotep looked on sights which others saw not .\n\nit was in the hot autumn that i went through the night with the restless crowds to see nyarlathotep ; through the stifling night and up the endless stairs into the choking room . and shadowed on a screen , i saw hooded forms amidst ruins , and yellow evil faces peering from behind fallen monuments . and i saw the world battling against blackness ; against the waves of destruction from ultimate space ; whirling , churning , struggling around the dimming , cooling sun . then the sparks played amazingly around the heads of the spectators , and hair stood up on end whilst shadows more grotesque than i can tell came out and squatted on the heads . and when i , who was colder and more scientific than the rest , mumbled a trembling protest about "imposture" and "static electricity ," nyarlathotep drove us all out , down the dizzy stairs into the damp , hot , deserted midnight streets . i screamed aloud that i was not afraid ; that i never could be afraid ; and others screamed with me for solace . we swore to one another that the city was exactly the same , and still alive ; and when the electric lights began to fade we cursed the company over and over again , and laughed at the queer faces we made .\n\ni believe we felt something coming down from the greenish moon , for when we began to depend on its light we drifted into curious involuntary marching formations and seemed to know our destinations though we dared not think of them . once we looked at the pavement and found the blocks loose and displaced by grass , with scarce a line of rusted metal to shew where the tramways had run .

and again we saw a tram-car , lone , windowless , dilapidated , and almost on its side . when we gazed around the horizon , we could not find the third tower by the river , and noticed that the silhouette of the second tower was ragged at the top . then we split up into narrow columns , each of which seemed drawn in a different direction . one disappeared in a narrow alley to the left , leaving only the echo of a shocking moan . another filed down a weed-choked subway entrance , howling with a laughter that was mad . my own column was sucked toward the open country , and presently i felt a chill which was not of the hot autumn ; for as we stalked out on the dark moor , we beheld around us the hellish moon-glitter of evil snows . trackless , inexplicable snows , swept asunder in one direction only , where lay a gulf all the blacker for its glittering walls . the column seemed very thin indeed as it plodded dreamily into the gulf . i lingered behind , for the black rift in the green-litten snow was frightful , and i thought i had heard the reverberations of a disquieting wail as my companions vanished ; but my power to linger was slight . as if beckoned by those who had gone before , i half-floated between the titanic snowdrifts , quivering and afraid , into the sightless vortex of the unimaginable .\n\nscreamingly sentient , dumbly delirious , only the gods that were can tell . a sickened , sensitive shadow writhing in hands that are not hands , and whirled blindly past ghastly midnights of rotting creation , corpses of dead worlds with sores that were cities , charnel winds that brush the pallid stars and make them flicker low . beyond the worlds vague ghosts of monstrous things ; half-seen columns of unsanctified temples that rest on nameless rocks beneath space and reach up to dizzy vacua above the spheres of light and darkness . and through this revolting graveyard of the universe the muffled , maddening beating of drums , and thin , monotonous whine of blasphemous flutes from inconceivable , unlighted chambers beyond time ; the detestable pounding and piping whereunto dance slowly , awkwardly , and absurdly the gigantic , tenebrous ultimate gods--the blind , voiceless , mindless gargoyles whose soul is nyarlathotep .\n'

b"the beast in the cave\n\nthe horrible conclusion which had been gradually intruding itself upon my confused and reluctant mind was now an awful certainty . i was lost , completely , hopelessly lost in the vast and labyrinthine recess of the mammoth cave . turn as i might , in no direction could my straining vision seize on any object capable of serving as a guidepost to set me on the outward path . that nevermore should i behold the blessed light of day , or scan the pleasant hills and dales of the beautiful world outside , my reason could no longer entertain the slightest unbelief . hope had departed . yet , indoctrinated as i was by a life of philosophical study , i derived no small measure of satisfaction from my unimpassioned demeanour ; for although i had frequently read of the wild frenzies into which were thrown the victims of similar situations , i experienced none of these , but stood quiet as soon as i clearly realised the loss of my bearings .\n\nnor did the thought that i had probably wandered beyond the utmost limits of an ordinary search cause me to abandon my composure even for a moment . if i must die , i reflected , then was this terrible yet majestic cavern as welcome a sepulchre as that which any churchyard might afford , a conception which carried with it more of tranquillity than of despair .\n\nstarving would prove my ultimate fate ; of

this i was certain . some , i knew , had gone mad under circumstances such as these , but i felt that this end would not be mine . my disaster was the result of no fault save my own , since unknown to the guide i had separated myself from the regular party of sightseers ; and , wandering for over an hour in forbidden avenues of the cave , had found myself unable to retrace the devious windings which i had pursued since forsaking my companions .\n\nalready my torch had begun to expire ; soon i would be enveloped by the total and almost palpable blackness of the bowels of the earth . as i stood in the waning , unsteady light , i idly wondered over the exact circumstances of my coming end . i remembered the accounts which i had heard of the colony of consumptives , who , taking their residence in this gigantic grotto to find health from the apparently salubrious air of the underground world , with its steady , uniform temperature , pure air , and peaceful quiet , had found , instead , death in strange and ghastly form . i had seen the sad remains of their ill-made cottages as i passed them by with the party , and had wondered what unnatural influence a long sojourn in this immense and silent cavern would exert upon one as healthy and vigorous as i . now , i grimly told myself , my opportunity for settling this point had arrived , provided that want of food should not bring me too speedy a departure from this life .\n\nas the last fitful rays of my torch faded into obscurity , i resolved to leave no stone unturned , no possible means of escape neglected ; so , summoning all the powers possessed by my lungs , i set up a series of loud shoutings , in the vain hope of attracting the attention of the guide by my clamour . yet , as i called , i believed in my heart that my cries were to no purpose , and that my voice , magnified and reflected by the numberless ramparts of the black maze about me , fell upon no ears save my own .\n\nall at once , however , my attention was fixed with a start as i fancied that i heard the sound of soft approaching steps on the rocky floor of the cavern .\n\nwas my deliverance about to be accomplished so soon ? had , then , all my horrible apprehensions been for naught , and was the guide , having marked my unwarranted absence from the party , following my course and seeking me out in this limestone labyrinth ? whilst these joyful queries arose in my brain , i was on the point of renewing my cries , in order that my discovery might come the sooner , when in an instant my delight was turned to horror as i listened ; for my ever acute ear , now sharpened in even greater degree by the complete silence of the cave , bore to my benumbed understanding the unexpected and dreadful knowledge that these footfalls were not like those of any mortal man . in the unearthly stillness of this subterranean region , the tread of the booted guide would have sounded like a series of sharp and incisive blows . these impacts were soft , and stealthy , as of the paws of some feline . besides , when i listened carefully , i seemed to trace the falls of four instead of two feet .\n\ni was now convinced that i had by my own cries aroused and attracted some wild beast , perhaps a mountain lion which had accidentally strayed within the cave . perhaps , i considered , the almighty had chosen for me a swifter and more merciful death than that of hunger ; yet the instinct of self-preservation , never wholly dormant , was stirred in my breast , and though escape from the on-coming peril might but spare me for a sterner and more lingering end , i determined nevertheless to part with my life at as high a price as i could command . strange as it may seem , my mind conceived of no intent on the part of



the visitor save that of hostility . accordingly , i became very quiet , in the hope that the unknown beast would , in the absence of a guiding sound , lose its direction as had i , and thus pass me by . but this hope was not destined for realisation , for the strange footfalls steadily advanced , the animal evidently having obtained my scent , which in an atmosphere so absolutely free from all distracting influences as is that of the cave , could doubtless be followed at great distance .\n\nseeing therefore that i must be armed for defense against an uncanny and unseen attack in the dark , i groped about me the largest of the fragments of rock which were strewn upon all parts of the floor of the cavern in the vicinity , and grasping one in each hand for immediate use , awaited with resignation the inevitable result . meanwhile the hideous pattering of the paws drew near . certainly , the conduct of the creature was exceedingly strange . most of the time , the tread seemed to be that of a quadruped , walking with a singular lack of unison betwixt hind and fore feet , yet at brief and infrequent intervals i fancied that but two feet were engaged in the process of locomotion . i wondered what species of animal was to confront me ; it must , i thought , be some unfortunate beast who had paid for its curiosity to investigate one of the entrances of the fearful grotto with a life--long confinement in its interminable recesses . it doubtless obtained as food the eyeless fish , bats and rats of the cave , as well as some of the ordinary fish that are wafted in at every freshet of green river , which communicates in some occult manner with the waters of the cave . i occupied my terrible vigil with grotesque conjectures of what alteration cave life might have wrought in the physical structure of the beast , remembering the awful appearances ascribed by local tradition to the consumptives who had died after long residence in the cave . then i remembered with a start that , even should i succeed in felling my antagonist , i should never behold its form , as my torch had long since been extinct , and i was entirely unprovided with matches . the tension on my brain now became frightful . my disordered fancy conjured up hideous and fearsome shapes from the sinister darkness that surrounded me , and that actually seemed to press upon my body . nearer , nearer , the dreadful footfalls approached . it seemed that i must give vent to a piercing scream , yet had i been sufficiently irresolute to attempt such a thing , my voice could scarce have responded . i was petrified , rooted to the spot . i doubted if my right arm would allow me to hurl its missile at the oncoming thing when the crucial moment should arrive . now the steady pat , pat , of the steps was close at hand ; now very close . i could hear the laboured breathing of the animal , and terror-struck as i was , i realised that it must have come from a considerable distance , and was correspondingly fatigued . suddenly the spell broke . my right hand , guided by my ever trustworthy sense of hearing , threw with full force the sharp-angled bit of limestone which it contained , toward that point in the darkness from which emanated the breathing and pattering , and , wonderful to relate , it nearly reached its goal , for i heard the thing jump , landing at a distance away , where it seemed to pause .\n\nhaving readjusted my aim , i discharged my second missile , this time most effectively , for with a flood of joy i listened as the creature fell in what sounded like a complete collapse and evidently remained prone and unmoving . almost overpowered by the great relief which rushed over me , i reeled back against the wall . the breathing continued , in heavy , gasping

inhalations and expirations , whence i realised that i had no more than wounded the creature . and now all desire to examine the thing ceased . at last something allied to groundless , superstitious fear had entered my brain , and i did not approach the body , nor did i continue to cast stones at it in order to complete the extinction of its life . instead , i ran at full speed in what was , as nearly as i could estimate in my frenzied condition , the direction from which i had come . suddenly i heard a sound or rather , a regular succession of sounds . in another instant they had resolved themselves into a series of sharp , metallic clicks . this time there was no doubt . it was the guide . and then i shouted , yelled , screamed , even shrieked with joy as i beheld in the vaulted arches above the faint and glimmering effulgence which i knew to be the reflected light of an approaching torch . i ran to meet the flare , and before i could completely understand what had occurred , was lying upon the ground at the feet of the guide , embracing his boots and gibbering , despite my boasted reserve , in a most meaningless and idiotic manner , pouring out my terrible story , and at the same time overwhelming my auditor with protestations of gratitude . at length , i awoke to something like my normal consciousness . the guide had noted my absence upon the arrival of the party at the entrance of the cave , and had , from his own intuitive sense of direction , proceeded to make a thorough canvass of by-passages just ahead of where he had last spoken to me , locating my whereabouts after a quest of about four hours .\n\nby the time he had related this to me , i , emboldened by his torch and his company , began to reflect upon the strange beast which i had wounded but a short distance back in the darkness , and suggested that we ascertain , by the flashlight's aid , what manner of creature was my victim . accordingly i retraced my steps , this time with a courage born of companionship , to the scene of my terrible experience . soon we descried a white object upon the floor , an object whiter even than the gleaming limestone itself . cautiously advancing , we gave vent to a simultaneous ejaculation of wonderment , for of all the unnatural monsters either of us had in our lifetimes beheld , this was in surpassing degree the strangest . it appeared to be an anthropoid ape of large proportions , escaped , perhaps , from some itinerant menagerie . its hair was snow-white , a thing due no doubt to the bleaching action of a long existence within the inky confines of the cave , but it was also surprisingly thin , being indeed largely absent save on the head , where it was of such length and abundance that it fell over the shoulders in considerable profusion . the face was turned away from us , as the creature lay almost directly upon it . the inclination of the limbs was very singular , explaining , however , the alternation in their use which i had before noted , whereby the beast used sometimes all four , and on other occasions but two for its progress . from the tips of the fingers or toes , long rat-like claws extended . the hands or feet were not prehensile , a fact that i ascribed to that long residence in the cave which , as i before mentioned , seemed evident from the all-pervading and almost unearthly whiteness so characteristic of the whole anatomy . no tail seemed to be present .\n\nthe respiration had now grown very feeble , and the guide had drawn his pistol with the evident intent of despatching the creature , when a sudden sound emitted by the latter caused the weapon to fall unused . the sound was of a nature difficult to describe . it was not like the normal note of any known species of

simian , and i wonder if this unnatural quality were not the result of a long continued and complete silence , broken by the sensations produced by the advent of the light , a thing which the beast could not have seen since its first entrance into the cave . the sound , which i might feebly attempt to classify as a kind of deep-tone chattering , was faintly continued .\n\nall at once a fleeting spasm of energy seemed to pass through the frame of the beast . the paws went through a convulsive motion , and the limbs contracted . with a jerk , the white body rolled over so that its face was turned in our direction . for a moment i was so struck with horror at the eyes thus revealed that i noted nothing else . they were black , those eyes , deep jetty black , in hideous contrast to the snow--white hair and flesh . like those of other cave denizens , they were deeply sunken in their orbits , and were entirely destitute of iris . as i looked more closely , i saw that they were set in a face less prognathous than that of the average ape , and infinitely less hairy . the nose was quite distinct . as we gazed upon the uncanny sight presented to our vision , the thick lips opened , and several sounds issued from them , after which the thing relaxed in death .\n\nthe guide clutched my coat sleeve and trembled so violently that the light shook fitfully , casting weird moving shadows on the walls .\n\ni made no motion , but stood rigidly still , my horrified eyes fixed upon the floor ahead .\n\nthe fear left , and wonder , awe , compassion , and reverence succeeded in its place , for the sounds uttered by the stricken figure that lay stretched out on the limestone had told us the awesome truth . the creature i had killed , the strange beast of the unfathomed cave , was , or had at one time been a man ! ! !\n"

b"pickman's model\n\ni know i'm more nervous than i was when you saw me last year , but you don't need to hold a clinic over it . there's plenty of reason , god knows , and i fancy i'm lucky to be sane at all . why the third degree ? you didn't use to be so inquisitive .\n\nwell , if you must hear it , i don't know why you shouldn't . maybe you ought to , anyhow , for you kept writing me like a grieved parent when you heard i'd begun to cut the art club and keep away from pickman . now that he's disappeared i go round to the club once in a while , but my nerves aren't what they were .\n\nno , i don't know what's become of pickman , and i don't like to guess . you might have surmised i had some inside information when i dropped him--and that's why i don't want to think where he's gone . let the police find what they can--it won't be much , judging from the fact that they don't know yet of the old north end place he hired under the name of peters .\n\ni'm not sure that i could find it again myself--not that i'd ever try , even in broad daylight !\n\nyes , i do know , or am afraid i know , why he maintained it . i'm coming to that . and i think you'll understand before i'm through why i don't tell the police . they would ask me to guide them , but i couldn't go back there even if i knew the way . there was something there--and now i can't use the subway or (and you may as well have your laugh at this , too) go down into cellars any more .\n\ni should think you'd have known i didn't drop pickman for the same silly reasons that fussy old women like dr . reid or joe minot or rosworth did . morbid art doesn't shock me , and when a man has the genius pickman had i feel it an honour to know him , no matter what direction his work takes . boston never had a greater painter than richard upton pickman . i said it at first and i say it still , and i never swerved an inch , either ,

when he showed that 'ghoul feeding' . that , you remember , was when minot cut him .\n\nyou know , it takes profound art and profound insight into nature to turn out stuff like pickman's . any magazine-cover hack can splash paint around wildly and call it a nightmare or a witches' sabbath or a portrait of the devil , but only a great painter can make such a thing really scare or ring true . that's because only a real artist knows the actual anatomy of the terrible or the physiology of fear--the exact sort of lines and proportions that connect up with latent instincts or hereditary memories of fright , and the proper colour contrasts and lighting effects to stir the dormant sense of strangeness . i don't have to tell you why a fuseli really brings a shiver while a cheap ghost-story frontispiece merely makes us laugh . there's something those fellows catch --beyond life--that they're able to make us catch for a second . dor\xc3\xa9 had it . sime has it . angarola of chicago has it . and pickman had it as no man ever had it before or--i hope to heaven--ever will again .\n\ndon't ask me what it is they see . you know , in ordinary art , there's all the difference in the world between the vital , breathing things drawn from nature or models and the artificial truck that commercial small fry reel off in a bare studio by rule . well , i should say that the really weird artist has a kind of vision which makes models , or summons up what amounts to actual scenes from the spectral world he lives in . anyhow , he manages to turn out results that differ from the pretender's mince-pie dreams in just about the same way that the life painter's results differ from the concoctions of a correspondence--school cartoonist . if i had ever seen what pickman saw--but no ! here , let's have a drink before we get any deeper . god , i wouldn't be alive if i'd ever seen what that man--if he was a man--saw ; !\n\nyou recall that pickman's forte was faces . i don't believe anybody since goya could put so much of sheer hell into a set of features or a twist of expression . and before goya you have to go back to the mediaeval chaps who did the gargoyles and chimaeras on notre dame and mont saint-michel . they believed all sorts of things--and maybe they saw all sorts of things , too , for the middle ages had some curious phases i remember your asking pickman yourself once , the year before you went away , wherever in thunder he got such ideas and visions . wasn't that a nasty laugh he gave you ? it was partly because of that laugh that reid dropped him . reid , you know , had just taken up comparative pathology , and was full of pompous 'inside stuff' about the biological or evolutionary significance of this or that mental or physical symptom . he said pickman repelled him more and more every day , and almost frightened him towards the last--that the fellow's features and expression were slowly developing in a way he didn't like ; in a way that wasn't human . he had a lot of talk about diet , and said pickman must be abnormal and eccentric to the last degree . i suppose you told reid , if you and he had any correspondence over it , that he'd let pickman's paintings get on his nerves or harrow up his imagination . i know i told him that myself--then .\n\nbut keep in mind that i didn't drop pickman for anything like this . on the contrary , my admiration for him kept growing ; for that 'ghoul feeding' was a tremendous achievement . as you know , the club wouldn't exhibit it , and the museum of fine arts wouldn't accept it as a gift ; and i can add that nobody would buy it , so pickman had it right in his house till he went . now his father has it in salem--you know pickman comes of old salem stock , and had a witch ancestor

hanged in 1692 .\n\ni got into the habit of calling on pickman quite often , especially after i began making notes for a monograph on weird art . probably it was his work which put the idea into my head , and anyhow , i found him a mine of data and suggestions when i came to develop it . he showed me all the paintings and drawings he had about ; including some pen-and--ink sketches that would , i verily believe , have got him kicked out of the club if many of the members had seen them . before long i was pretty nearly a devotee , and would listen for hours like a schoolboy to art theories and philosophic speculations wild enough to qualify him for the danvers asylum . my hero-worship , coupled with the fact that people generally were commencing to have less and less to do with him , made him get very confidential with me ; and one evening he hinted that if i were fairly close-mouthed and none too squeamish , he might show me something rather unusual--something a bit stronger than anything he had in the house .\n\n'you know ,' he said , 'there are things that won't do for newbury street--things that are out of place here , and that can't be conceived here , anyhow . it's my business to catch the overtones of the soul , and you won't find those in a parvenu set of artificial streets on made land . back bay isn't boston--it isn't anything yet , because it's had no time to pick up memories and attract local spirits . if there are any ghosts here , they're the tame ghosts of a salt marsh and a shallow cove ; and i want human ghosts--the ghosts of beings highly organized enough to have looked on hell and known the meaning of what they saw .\n\n'the place for an artist to live is the north end . if any aesthete were sincere , he'd put up with the slums for the sake of the massed traditions . god , man ! don't you realize that places like that weren't merely made , but actually grew ? generation after generation lived and felt and died there , and in days when people weren't afraid to live and fed and die . don't you know there was a mill on copp's hill in 1632 , and that half the present streets were laid out by 1650 ? i can show you houses that have stood two centuries and a half and more ; houses that have witnessed what would make a modern house crumble into powder . what do moderns know of life and the forces behind it ? you call the salem witchcraft a delusion , but i'll wager my four-times--great-grandmother could have told you things . they hanged her on gallows hill , with cotton mather looking sanctimoniously on . mather , damn him , was afraid somebody might succeed in kicking free of this accursed cage of monotony --i wish someone had laid a spell on him or sucked his blood in the night !\n\n'i can show you a house he lived in , and i can show you another one he was afraid to enter in spite of all his fine bold talk . he knew things he didn't dare put into that stupid magnalia or that puerile wonders of the invisible world . look here , do you know the whole north end once had a set of tunnels that kept certain people in touch with each other's houses , and the burying ground , and the sea ? let them prosecute and persecute above ground--things went on every day that they couldn't reach , and voices laughed at night that they couldn't place !\n\n'why , man , out of ten surviving houses built before 1700 and not moved since i'll wager that in eight i can show you something queer in the cellar . there's hardly a month that you don't read of workmen finding bricked-up arches and wells leading nowhere in this or that old place as it comes down--you could see one near henchman street from the elevated last year . there were witches and what their spells summoned ; pirates and what they

brought in from the sea ; smugglers ; privateers--and i tell you , people knew how to live , and how to enlarge the bounds of life , in the old time ! this wasn't the only world a bold and wise man could know--faugh ! and to think of today in contrast , with such pale-pink brains that even a club of supposed artists gets shudders and convulsions if a picture goes beyond the feelings of a beacon street tea-table !\n\nthe only saving grace of the present is that it's too damned stupid to question the past very closely . what do maps and records and guide--books really tell of the north end ? bah ! at a guess i'll guarantee to lead you to thirty or forty alleys and networks of alleys north of prince street that aren't suspected by ten living beings outside of the foreigners that swarm them . and what do those dagoes know of their meaning ? no , thurber , these ancient places are dreaming gorgeously and over-flowing with wonder and terror and escapes from the commonplace , and yet there's not a living soul to understand or profit by them . or rather , there's only one living soul--for i haven't been digging around in the past for nothing ; !\n\nsee here , you're interested in this sort of thing . what if i told you that i've got another studio up there , where i can catch the night--spirit of antique horror and paint things that i couldn't even think of in newbury street ? naturally i don't tell those cursed old maids at the club--with reid , damn him , whispering even as it is that i'm a sort of monster bound down the toboggan of reverse evolution . yes , thurber , i decided long ago that one must paint terror as well as beauty from life , so i did some exploring in places where i had reason to know terror lives .\n\ni've got a place that i don't believe three living nordic men besides myself have ever seen . it isn't so very far from the elevated as distance goes , but it's centuries away as the soul goes . i took it because of the queer old brick well in the cellar--one of the sort i told you about . the shack's almost tumbling down so that nobody else would live there , and i'd hate to tell you how little i pay for it . the windows are boarded up , but i like that all the better , since i don't want daylight for what i do . i paint in the cellar , where the inspiration is thickest , but i've other rooms furnished on the ground floor . a sicilian owns it , and i've hired it under the name of peters .\n\nnow , if you're game , i'll take you there tonight . i think you'd enjoy the pictures , for , as i said , i've let myself go a bit there . it's no vast tour--i sometimes do it on foot , for i don't want to attract attention with a taxi in such a place . we can take the shuttle at the south station for battery street , and after that the walk isn't much .\n\nwell , eliot , there wasn't much for me to do after that harangue but to keep myself from running instead of walking for the first vacant cab we could sight . we changed to the elevated at the south station , and at about twelve o'clock had climbed down the steps at battery street and struck along the old waterfront past constitution wharf . i didn't keep track of the cross streets , and can't tell you yet which it was we turned up , but i know it wasn't greenough lane .\n\nwhen we did turn , it was to climb through the deserted length of the oldest and dirtiest alley i ever saw in my life , with crumbling-looking gables , broken small-paned windows , and archaic chimneys that stood out half-disintegrated against the moonlit sky . i don't believe there were three houses in sight that hadn't been standing in cotton mather's time--certainly i glimpsed at least two with an overhang , and once i thought i saw a peaked roof-line of

the almost forgotten pre--gambrel type , though antiquarians tell us there are none left in boston .\n\nfrom that alley , which had a dim light , we turned to the left into an equally silent and still narrower alley with no light at all : and in a minute made what i think was an obtuse-angled bend towards the right in the dark . not long after this pickman produced a flashlight and revealed an antediluvian ten-panelled door that looked damnably worm--eaten . unlocking it , he ushered me into a barren hallway with what was once splendid dark-oak panelling--simple , of course , but thrillingly suggestive of the times of andros and phipps and the witchcraft . then he took me through a door on the left , lighted an oil lamp , and told me to make myself at home .\n\nnow , eliot , i'm what the man in the street would call fairly 'hard--boiled ,' but i'll confess that what i saw on the walls of that room gave me a bad turn . they were his pictures , you know--the ones he couldn't paint or even show in newbury street--and he was right when he said he had 'let himself go .' here--have another drink--i need one anyhow !\n\nthere's no use in my trying to tell you what they were like , because the awful , the blasphemous horror , and the unbelievable loathsomeness and moral foetor came from simple touches quite beyond the power of words to classify . there was none of the exotic technique you see in sidney sime , none of the trans-saturnian landscapes and lunar fungi that clark ashton smith uses to freeze the blood . the backgrounds were mostly old churchyards , deep woods , cliffs by the sea , brick tunnels , ancient panelled rooms , or simple vaults of masonry . copp's hill burying ground , which could not be many blocks away from this very house , was a favourite scene .\n\nthe madness and monstrosity lay in the figures in the foreground--for pickman's morbid art was pre-eminently one of demoniac portraiture . these figures were seldom completely human , but often approached humanity in varying degree . most of the bodies , while roughly bipedal , had a forward slumping , and a vaguely canine cast . the texture of the majority was a kind of unpleasant rubberiness . ugh ! i can see them now ! their occupations--well , don't ask me to be too precise . they were usually feeding--i won't say on what . they were sometimes shown in groups in cemeteries or underground passages , and often appeared to be in battle over their prey--or rather , their treasure-trove . and what damnable expressiveness pickman sometimes gave the sightless faces of this charnel booty ! occasionally the things were shown leaping through open windows at night , or squatting on the chests of sleepers , worrying at their throats . one canvas showed a ring of them baying about a hanged witch on gallows hill , whose dead face held a close kinship to theirs .\n\nbut don't get the idea that it was all this hideous business of theme and setting which struck me faint . i'm not a three-year-old kid , and i'd seen much like this before . it was the faces , eliot , those accursed faces , that leered and slavered out of the canvas with the very breath of life ! by god , man , i verily believe they were alive ! that nauseous wizard had waked the fires of hell in pigment , and his brush had been a nightmare-spawning wand . give me that decanter , eliot !\n\nthere was one thing called 'the lesson'--heaven pity me , that i ever saw it ! listen--can you fancy a squatting circle of nameless dog-like things in a churchyard teaching a small child how to feed like themselves ? the price of a changeling , i suppose--you know the old myth about how the weird people leave their spawn in cradles in exchange for the human babes they steal . pickman was

showing what happens to those stolen babes--how they grow up--and then i began to see a hideous relationship in the faces of the human and non-human figures . he was , in all his gradations of morbidity between the frankly non-human and the degradedly human , establishing a sardonic linkage and evolution . the dog-things were developed from mortals !\n\nand no sooner had i wondered what he made of their own young as left with mankind in the form of changelings , than my eye caught a picture embodying that very thought . it was that of an ancient puritan interior--a heavily beamed room with lattice windows , a settle , and clumsy seventeenth-century furniture , with the family sitting about while the father read from the scriptures . every face but one showed nobility and reverence , but that one reflected the mockery of the pit . it was that of a young man in years , and no doubt belonged to a supposed son of that pious father , but in essence it was the kin of the unclean things . it was their changeling--and in a spirit of supreme irony pickman had given the features a very perceptible resemblance to his own .\n\nby this time pickman had lighted a lamp in an adjoining room and was politely holding open the door for me ; asking me if i would care to see his 'modern studies .' i hadn't been able to give him much of my opinions--i was too speechless with fright and loathing--but i think he fully understood and felt highly complimented . and now i want to assure you again , eliot , that i'm no mollycoddle to scream at anything which shows a bit of departure from the usual . i'm middle-aged and decently sophisticated , and i guess you saw enough of me in france to know i'm not easily knocked out . remember , too , that i'd just about recovered my wind and gotten used to those frightful pictures which turned colonial new england into a kind of annex of hell . well , in spite of all this , that next room forced a real scream out of me , and i had to clutch at the doorway to keep from keeling over . the other chamber had shown a pack of ghouls and witches over-running the world of our forefathers , but this one brought the horror right into our own daily life !\n\nngod , how that man could paint ! there was a study called 'subway accident ,' in which a flock of the vile things were clambering up from some unknown catacomb through a crack in the floor of the boston street subway and attacking a crowd of people on the platform . another showed a dance on copp's hill among the tombs with the background of today . then there were any number of cellar views , with monsters creeping in through holes and rifts in the masonry and grinning as they squatted behind barrels or furnaces and waited for their first victim to descend the stairs .\n\nnone disgusting canvas seemed to depict a vast cross-section of beacon hill , with ant-like armies of the mephitic monsters squeezing themselves through burrows that honeycombed the ground . dances in the modern cemeteries were freely pictured , and another conception somehow shocked me more than all the rest--a scene in an unknown vault , where scores of the beasts crowded about one who had a well-known boston guidebook and was evidently reading aloud . all were pointing to a certain passage , and every face seemed so distorted with epileptic and reverberant laughter that i almost thought i heard the fiendish echoes . the title of the picture was , 'holmes , lowell and longfellow lie buried in mount auburn .' \n\nas i gradually steadied myself and got readjusted to this second room of deviltry and morbidity , i began to analyse some of the points in my sickening loathing . in the first place , i said to myself , these things repelled because of the utter inhumanity and



callous crudity they showed in pickman . the fellow must be a relentless enemy of all mankind to take such glee in the torture of brain and flesh and the degradation of the mortal tenement . in the second place , they terrified because of their very greatness . their art was the art that convinced--when we saw the pictures we saw the demons themselves and were afraid of them . and the queer part was , that pickman got none of his power from the use of selectiveness or bizarrerie . nothing was blurred , distorted , or conventionalized ; outlines were sharp and lifelike , and details were almost painfully defined . and the faces !\n\nit was not any mere artist's interpretation that we saw ; it was pandemonium itself , crystal clear in stark objectivity . that was it , by heaven ! the man was not a fantaisiste or romanticist at all--he did not even try to give us the churning , prismatic ephemera of dreams , but coldly and sardonically reflected some stable , mechanistic , and well-established horror--world which he saw fully , brilliantly , squarely , and unfalteringly . god knows what that world can have been , or where he ever glimpsed the blasphemous shapes that loped and trotted and crawled through it ; but whatever the baffling source of his images , one thing was plain . pickman was in every sense--in conception and in execution--a thorough , painstaking , and almost scientific realist .\n\nmy host was now leading the way down the cellar to his actual studio , and i braced myself for some hellish efforts among the unfinished canvases . as we reached the bottom of the damp stairs he fumed his flash-light to a corner of the large open space at hand , revealing the circular brick curb of what was evidently a great well in the earthen floor . we walked nearer , and i saw that it must be five feet across , with walls a good foot thick and some six inches above the ground level --solid work of the seventeenth century , or i was much mistaken . that , pickman said , was the kind of thing he had been talking about--an aperture of the network of tunnels that used to undermine the hill . i noticed idly that it did not seem to be bricked up , and that a heavy disc of wood formed the apparent cover . thinking of the things this well must have been connected with if pickman's wild hints had not been mere rhetoric , i shivered slightly ; then turned to follow him up a step and through a narrow door into a room of fair size , provided with a wooden floor and furnished as a studio . an acetylene gas outfit gave the light necessary for work .\n\nthe unfinished pictures on easels or propped against the walls were as ghastly as the finished ones upstairs , and showed the painstaking methods of the artist . scenes were blocked out with extreme care , and pencilled guide lines told of the minute exactitude which pickman used in getting the right perspective and proportions . the man was great--i say it even now , knowing as much as i do . a large camera on a table excited my notice , and pickman told me that he used it in taking scenes for backgrounds , so that he might paint them from photographs in the studio instead of carting his outfit around the town for this or that view . he thought a photograph quite as good as an actual scene or model for sustained work , and declared he employed them regularly .\n\nthere was something very disturbing about the nauseous sketches and half-finished monstrosities that leered round from every side of the room , and when pickman suddenly unveiled a huge canvas on the side away from the light i could not for my life keep back a loud scream --the second i had emitted that night . it echoed and echoed through the dim

vaultings of that ancient and nitrous cellar , and i had to choke back a flood of reaction that threatened to burst out as hysterical laughter . merciful creator ! eliot , but i don't know how much was real and how much was feverish fancy . it doesn't seem to me that earth can hold a dream like that !\n\nit was a colossal and nameless blasphemy with glaring red eyes , and it held in bony claws a thing that had been a man , gnawing at the head as a child nibbles at a stick of candy . its position was a kind of crouch , and as one looked one felt that at any moment it might drop its present prey and seek a juicier morsel . but damn it all , it wasn't even the fiendish subject that made it such an immortal fountain--head of all panic--not that , nor the dog face with its pointed ears , bloodshot eyes , flat nose , and drooling lips . it wasn't the scaly claws nor the mould-caked body nor the half-hooved feet--none of these , though any one of them might well have driven an excitable man to madness .\n\nit was the technique , eliot--the cursed , the impious , the unnatural technique ! as i am a living being , i never elsewhere saw the actual breath of life so fused into a canvas . the monster was there--it glared and gnawed and gnawed and glared--and i knew that only a suspension of nature's laws could ever let a man paint a thing like that without a model--without some glimpse of the nether world which no mortal unsold to the fiend has ever had .\n\npinned with a thumb-tack to a vacant part of the canvas was a piece of paper now badly curled up--probably , i thought , a photograph from which pickman meant to paint a background as hideous as the nightmare it was to enhance . i reached out to uncurl and look at it , when suddenly i saw pickman start as if shot . he had been listening with peculiar intensity ever since my shocked scream had waked unaccustomed echoes in the dark cellar , and now he seemed struck with a fright which , though not comparable to my own , had in it more of the physical than of the spiritual . he drew a revolver and motioned me to silence , then stepped out into the main cellar and closed the door behind him .\n\ni think i was paralysed for an instant . imitating pickman's listening , i fancied i heard a faint scurrying sound somewhere , and a series of squeals or beats in a direction i couldn't determine . i thought of huge rats and shuddered . then there came a subdued sort of clatter which somehow set me all in gooseflesh--a furtive , groping kind of clatter , though i can't attempt to convey what i mean in words . it was like heavy wood falling on stone or brick--wood on brick--what did that make me think of ?\n\nit came again , and louder . there was a vibration as if the wood had fallen farther than it had fallen before . after that followed a sharp grating noise , a shouted gibberish from pickman , and the deafening discharge of all six chambers of a revolver , fired spectacularly as a lion tamer might fire in the air for effect . a muffled squeal or squawk , and a thud . then more wood and brick grating , a pause , and the opening of the door--at which i'll confess i started violently . pickman reappeared with his smoking weapon , cursing the bloated rats that infested the ancient well .\n\n'the deuce knows what they eat , thurber ,' he grinned , 'for those archaic tunnels touched graveyard and witch-den and sea-coast . but whatever it is , they must have run short , for they were devilish anxious to get out . your yelling stirred them up , i fancy . better be cautious in these old places--our rodent friends are the one drawback , though i sometimes think they're a positive asset by way of atmosphere and colour .'\n\nwell , eliot , that was the end of the night's

adventure . pickman had promised to show me the place , and heaven knows he had done it . he led me out of that tangle of alleys in another direction , it seems , for when we sighted a lamp-post we were in a half-familiar street with monotonous rows of mingled tenement blocks and old houses . charter street , it turned out to be , but i was too flustered to notice just where we hit it . we were too late for the elevated , and walked back downtown through hanover street . i remember that wall . we switched from tremont up beacon , and pickman left me at the corner of joy , where i turned off . i never spoke to him again .\n\nwhy did i drop him ? don't be impatient . wait till i ring for coffee . we've had enough of the other stuff , but i for one need something . no--it wasn't the paintings i saw in that place ; though i'll swear they were enough to get him ostracised in nine-tenths of the homes and clubs of boston , and i guess you won't wonder now why i have to steer clear of subways and cellars . it was--something i found in my coat the next morning . you know , the curled-up paper tacked to the frightful canvas in the cellar ; the thing i thought was a photograph of some scene he meant to use as a background for that monster . that last scare had come while i was reaching to uncurl it , and it seems i had vacantly crumpled it into my pocket . but here's the coffee--take it black , eliot , if you're wise .\n\nyes , that paper was the reason i dropped pickman ; richard upton pickman , the greatest artist i have ever known--and the foulest being that ever leaped the bounds of life into the pits of myth and madness . eliot--old reid was right . he wasn't strictly human . either he was born in strange shadow , or he'd found a way to unlock the forbidden gate . it's all the same now , for he's gone--back into the fabulous darkness he loved to haunt . here , let's have the chandelier going .\n\ndon't ask me to explain or even conjecture about what i burned . don't ask me , either , what lay behind that mole-like scrambling pickman was so keen to pass off as rats . there are secrets , you know , which might have come down from old salem times , and cotton mather tells even stranger things . you know how damned lifelike pickman's paintings were--how we all wondered where he got those faces .\n\nwell--that paper wasn't a photograph of any background , after all . what it showed was simply the monstrous being he was painting on that awful canvas . it was the model he was using--and its background was merely the wall of the cellar studio in minute detail . but by god , eliot , it was a photograph from life !\n"

b'from beyond\n\nthat crawford tillinghast should ever have studied science and philosophy was a mistake . these things should be left to the frigid and impersonal investigator for they offer two equally tragic alternatives to the man of feeling and action ; despair , if he fail in his quest , and terrors unutterable and unimaginable if he succeed . tillinghast had once been the prey of failure , solitary and melancholy ; but now i knew , with nauseating fears of my own , that he was the prey of success . i had indeed warned him ten weeks before , when he burst forth with his tale of what he felt himself about to discover . he had been flushed and excited then , talking in a high and unnatural , though always pedantic , voice .\n\n"what do we know , " he had said , "of the world and the universe about us ? our means of receiving impressions are absurdly few , and our notions of surrounding objects infinitely narrow . we see things only as we are constructed to see them , and can gain no idea of their absolute nature . with five feeble senses we pretend to comprehend the

boundlessly complex cosmos , yet other beings with wider , stronger , or different range of senses might not only see very differently the things we see , but might see and study whole worlds of matter , energy , and life which lie close at hand yet can never be detected with the senses we have . i have always believed that such strange , inaccessible worlds exist at our very elbows , and now i believe i have found a way to break down the barriers . i am not joking . within twenty-four hours that machine near the table will generate waves acting on unrecognized sense organs that exist in us as atrophied or rudimentary vestiges . those waves will open up to us many vistas unknown to man and several unknown to anything we consider organic life . we shall see that at which dogs howl in the dark , and that at which cats prick up their ears after midnight . we shall see these things , and other things which no breathing creature has yet seen . we shall overleap time , space , and dimensions , and without bodily motion peer to the bottom of creation ."

when tillinghast said these things i remonstrated , for i knew him well enough to be frightened rather than amused ; but he was a fanatic , and drove me from the house . now he was no less a fanatic , but his desire to speak had conquered his resentment , and he had written me imperatively in a hand i could scarcely recognize . as i entered the abode of the friend so suddenly metamorphosed to a shivering gargoyle , i became infected with the terror which seemed stalking in all the shadows . the words and beliefs expressed ten weeks before seemed bodied forth in the darkness beyond the small circle of candle light , and i sickened at the hollow , altered voice of my host . i wished the servants were about , and did not like it when he said they had all left three days previously . it seemed strange that old gregory , at least , should desert his master without telling as tried a friend as i . it was he who had given me all the information i had of tillinghast after i was repulsed in rage .

yet i soon subordinated all my fears to my growing curiosity and fascination . just what crawford tillinghast now wished of me i could only guess , but that he had some stupendous secret or discovery to impart , i could not doubt . before i had protested at his unnatural prying into the unthinkable ; now that he had evidently succeeded to some degree i almost shared his spirit , terrible though the cost of victory appeared . up through the dark emptiness of the house i followed the bobbing candle in the hand of this shaking parody on man . the electricity seemed to be turned off , and when i asked my guide he said it was for a definite reason .

"it would be too much . . . i would not dare ," he continued to mutter . i especially noted his new habit of muttering , for it was not like him to talk to himself . we entered the laboratory in the attic , and i observed that detestable electrical machine , glowing with a sickly , sinister violet luminosity . it was connected with a powerful chemical battery , but seemed to be receiving no current ; for i recalled that in its experimental stage it had sputtered and purred when in action . in reply to my question tillinghast mumbled that this permanent glow was not electrical in any sense that i could understand .

he now seated me near the machine , so that it was on my right , and turned a switch somewhere below the crowning cluster of glass bulbs . the usual sputtering began , turned to a whine , and terminated in a drone so soft as to suggest a return to silence . meanwhile the luminosity increased , waned again , then assumed a pale , outr\xc3\xa8 colour or blend of colours which i could neither place nor describe

. tillinghast had been watching me , and noted my puzzled expression .\n\n"do you know what that is ?" he whispered , "that is ultra-violet ."he chuckled oddly at my surprise . "you thought ultra-violet was invisible , and so it is-- but you can see that and many other invisible things now .\n\n"listen to me ! the waves from that thing are waking a thousand sleeping senses in us ; senses which we inherit from aeons of evolution from the state of detached electrons to the state of organic humanity . i have seen the truth , and i intend to show it to you . do you wonder how it will seem ? i will tell you ."here tillinghast seated himself directly opposite me , blowing out his candle and staring hideously into my eyes . "your existing sense-organs--ears first , i think--will pick up many of the impressions , for they are closely connected with the dormant organs . then there will be others . you have heard of the pineal gland ? i laugh at the shallow endocrinologist , fellow-dupe and fellow-parvenu of the freudian . that gland is the great sense organ of organs--i have found out . it is like sight in the end , and transmits visual pictures to the brain . if you are normal , that is the way you ought to get most of it . . .i mean get most of the evidence from beyond ."\n\ni looked about the immense attic room with the sloping south wall , dimly lit by rays which the every day eye cannot see . the far corners were all shadows and the whole place took on a hazy unreality which obscured its nature and invited the imagination to symbolism and phantasm . during the interval that tillinghast was long silent i fancied myself in some vast incredible temple of long-dead gods ; some vague edifice of innumerable black stone columns reaching up from a floor of damp slabs to a cloudy height beyond the range of my vision . the picture was very vivid for a while , but gradually gave way to a more horrible conception ; that of utter , absolute solitude in infinite , sightless , soundless space . there seemed to be a void , and nothing more , and i felt a childish fear which prompted me to draw from my hip pocket the revolver i carried after dark since the night i was held up in east providence . then from the farthestmost regions of remoteness , the sound softly glided into existence . it was infinitely faint , subtly vibrant , and unmistakably musical , but held a quality of surpassing wildness which made its impact feel like a delicate torture of my whole body . i felt sensations like those one feels when accidentally scratching ground glass . simultaneously there developed something like a cold draught , which apparently swept past me from the direction of the distant sound . as i waited breathlessly i perceived that both sound and wind were increasing ; the effect being to give me an odd notion of myself as tied to a pair of rails in the path of a gigantic approaching locomotive . i began to speak to tillinghast , and as i did so all the unusual impressions abruptly vanished . i saw only the man , the glowing machines , and the dim apartment . tillinghast was grinning repulsively at the revolver which i had almost unconsciously drawn , but from his expression i was sure he had seen and heard as much as i , if not a great deal more . i whispered what i had experienced and he bade me to remain as quiet and receptive as possible .\n\n"don't move ," he cautioned , "for in these rays we are able to be seen as well as to see . i told you the servants left , but i didn't tell you how . it was that thick-witted house-keeper--she turned on the lights downstairs after i had warned her not to , and the wires picked up sympathetic vibrations . it must have been frightful--i could hear the screams up here in spite of all i was

seeing and hearing from another direction , and later it was rather awful to find those empty heaps of clothes around the house . mrs . updike\'s clothes were close to the front hall switch--that\'s how i know she did it . it got them all . but so long as we don\'t move we\'re fairly safe . remember we\'re dealing with a hideous world in which we are practically helpless . . .keep still !"

"the combined shock of the revelation and of the abrupt command gave me a kind of paralysis , and in my terror my mind again opened to the impressions coming from what tillinghast called "beyond ."i was now in a vortex of sound and motion , with confused pictures before my eyes . i saw the blurred outlines of the room , but from some point in space there seemed to be pouring a seething column of unrecognizable shapes or clouds , penetrating the solid roof at a point ahead and to the right of me . then i glimpsed the temple-like effect again , but this time the pillars reached up into an aerial ocean of light , which sent down one blinding beam along the path of the cloudy column i had seen before . after that the scene was almost wholly kaleidoscopic , and in the jumble of sights , sounds , and unidentified sense-impressions i felt that i was about to dissolve or in some way lose the solid form . one definite flash i shall always remember . i seemed for an instant to behold a patch of strange night sky filled with shining , revolving spheres , and as it receded i saw that the glowing suns formed a constellation or galaxy of settled shape ; this shape being the distorted face of crawford tillinghast . at another time i felt the huge animate things brushing past me and occasionally walking or drifting through my supposedly solid body , and thought i saw tillinghast look at them as though his better trained senses could catch them visually . i recalled what he had said of the pineal gland , and wondered what he saw with this preternatural eye ."

"suddenly i myself became possessed of a kind of augmented sight . over and above the luminous and shadowy chaos arose a picture which , though vague , held the elements of consistency and permanence . it was indeed somewhat familiar , for the unusual part was superimposed upon the usual terrestrial scene much as a cinema view may be thrown upon the painted curtain of a theater . i saw the attic laboratory , the electrical machine , and the unsightly form of tillinghast opposite me ; but of all the space unoccupied by familiar objects not one particle was vacant . indescribable shapes both alive and otherwise were mixed in disgusting disarray , and close to every known thing were whole worlds of alien , unknown entities . it likewise seemed that all the known things entered into the composition of other unknown things and vice versa . foremost among the living objects were inky , jellyfish monstrosities which flabbily quivered in harmony with the vibrations from the machine . they were present in loathsome profusion , and i saw to my horror that they overlapped ; that they were semi-fluid and capable of passing through one another and through what we know as solids . these things were never still , but seemed ever floating about with some malignant purpose . sometimes they appeared to devour one another , the attacker launching itself at its victim and instantaneously obliterating the latter from sight . shudderingly i felt that i knew what had obliterated the unfortunate servants , and could not exclude the thing from my mind as i strove to observe other properties of the newly visible world that lies unseen around us . but tillinghast had been watching me and was speaking ."

"you see them ? you see them ? you see the things that float and flop about you and through you

every moment of your life ? you see the creatures that form what men call the pure air and the blue sky ? have i not succeeded in breaking down the barrier ; have i not shown you worlds that no other living men have seen ?" i heard his scream through the horrible chaos , and looked at the wild face thrust so offensively close to mine . his eyes were pits of flame , and they glared at me with what i now saw was overwhelming hatred . the machine droned detestably .\n\n"you think those floundering things wiped out the servants ? fool , they are harmless ! but the servants are gone , aren't they ? you tried to stop me ; you discouraged me when i needed every drop of encouragement i could get ; you were afraid of the cosmic truth , you damned coward , but now i've got you ! what swept up the servants ? what made them scream so loud ? . . .don't know , eh ! you'll know soon enough . look at me--listen to what i say--do you suppose there are really any such things as time and magnitude ? do you fancy there are such things as form or matter ? i tell you , i have struck depths that your little brain can't picture . i have seen beyond the bounds of infinity and drawn down demons from the stars . . .i have harnessed the shadows that stride from world to world to sow death and madness . . .space belongs to me , do you hear ? things are hunting me now--the things that devour and dissolve--but i know how to elude them . it is you they will get , as they got the servants . . .stirring , dear sir ? i told you it was dangerous to move , i have saved you so far by telling you to keep still--saved you to see more sights and to listen to me . if you had moved , they would have been at you long ago . don't worry , they won't hurt you . they didn't hurt the servants--it was the seeing that made the poor devils scream so . my pets are not pretty , for they come out of places where aesthetic standards are--very different . disintegration is quite painless , i assure you--but i want you to see them . i almost saw them , but i knew how to stop . you are curious ? i always knew you were no scientist . trembling , eh . trembling with anxiety to see the ultimate things i have discovered . why don't you move , then ? tired ? well , don't worry , my friend , for they are coming . . .look , look , curse you , look . . .it's just over your left shoulder . . ."\n\nwhat remains to be told is very brief , and may be familiar to you from the newspaper accounts . the police heard a shot in the old tillinghast house and found us there--tillinghast dead and me unconscious . they arrested me because the revolver was in my hand , but released me in three hours , after they found it was apoplexy which had finished tillinghast and saw that my shot had been directed at the noxious machine which now lay hopelessly shattered on the laboratory floor . i did not tell very much of what i had seen , for i feared the coroner would be skeptical ; but from the evasive outline i did give , the doctor told me that i had undoubtedly been hypnotized by the vindictive and homicidal madman .\n\ni wish i could believe that doctor . it would help my shaky nerves if i could dismiss what i now have to think of the air and the sky about and above me . i never feel alone or comfortable , and a hideous sense of pursuit sometimes comes chillingly on me when i am weary . what prevents me from believing the doctor is one simple fact --that the police never found the bodies of those servants whom they say crawford tillinghast murdered .\n'

b'the horror at martin's beach\n\ni have never heard an even approximately adequate explanation of the horror at martin's beach . despite the large number

of witnesses , no two accounts agree ; and the testimony taken by local authorities contains the most amazing discrepancies .\n\nperhaps this haziness is natural in view of the unheard-of character of the horror itself , the almost paralytic terror of all who saw it , and the efforts made by the fashionable wavecrest inn to hush it up after the publicity created by prof . ahon\'s article "are hypnotic powers confined to recognized humanity ?"\n\nagainst all these obstacles i am striving to present a coherent version ; for i beheld the hideous occurrence , and believe it should be known in view of the appalling possibilities it suggests . martin\'s beach is once more popular as a watering-place , but i shudder when i think of it . indeed , i cannot look at the ocean at all now without shuddering .\n\nfate is not always without a sense of drama and climax , hence the terrible happening of august 8 , 1922 , swiftly followed a period of minor and agreeably wonder-fraught excitement at martin\'s beach . on may 17 the crew of the fishing smack alma of gloucester , under capt . james p . orne , killed , after a battle of nearly forty hours , a marine monster whose size and aspect produced the greatest possible stir in scientific circles and caused certain boston naturalists to take every precaution for its taxidermic preservation .\n\nthe object was some fifty feet in length , of roughly cylindrical shape , and about ten feet in diameter . it was unmistakably a gilled fish in its major affiliations ; but with certain curious modifications such as rudimentary forelegs and six-toed feet in place of pectoral fins , which prompted the widest speculation . its extraordinary mouth , its thick and scaly hide , and its single , deep-set eye were wonders scarcely less remarkable than its colossal dimensions ; and when the naturalists pronounced it an infant organism , which could not have been hatched more than a few days , public interest mounted to extraordinary heights .\n\ncapt . orne , with typical yankee shrewdness , obtained a vessel large enough to hold the object in its hull , and arranged for the exhibition of his prize . with judicious carpentry he prepared what amounted to an excellent marine museum , and , sailing south to the wealthy resort district of martin\'s beach , anchored at the hotel wharf and reaped a harvest of admission fees .\n\nthe intrinsic marvelousness of the object , and the importance which it clearly bore in the minds of many scientific visitors from near and far , combined to make it the season\'s sensation . that it was absolutely unique--unique to a scientifically revolutionary degree--was well understood . the naturalists had shown plainly that it radically differed from the similarly immense fish caught off the florida coast ; that , while it was obviously an inhabitant of almost incredible depths , perhaps thousands of feet , its brain and principal organs indicated a development startlingly vast , and out of all proportion to anything hitherto associated with the fish tribe .\n\non the morning of july 20 the sensation was increased by the loss of the vessel and its strange treasure . in the storm of the preceding night it had broken from its moorings and vanished forever from the sight of man , carrying with it the guard who had slept aboard despite the threatening weather . capt . orne , backed by extensive scientific interests and aided by large numbers of fishing boats from gloucester , made a thorough and exhaustive searching cruise , but with no result other than the prompting of interest and conversation . by august 7 hope was abandoned , and capt . orne had returned to the wavecrest inn to wind up his business affairs at martin\'s beach and confer with certain of



the scientific men who remained there . the horror came on august 8 .\n\nit was in the twilight , when grey sea-birds hovered low near the shore and a rising moon began to make a glittering path across the waters . the scene is important to remember , for every impression counts . on the beach were several strollers and a few late bathers ; stragglers from the distant cottage colony that rose modestly on a green hill to the north , or from the adjacent cliff-perched inn whose imposing towers proclaimed its allegiance to wealth and grandeur .\n\nwell within viewing distance was another set of spectators , the loungers on the inn\'s high-ceiled and lantern-lighted veranda , who appeared to be enjoying the dance music from the sumptuous ballroom inside . these spectators , who included capt . orne and his group of scientific confreres , joined the beach group before the horror progressed far ; as did many more from the inn . certainly there was no lack of witnesses , confused though their stories be with fear and doubt of what they saw .\n\nthere is no exact record of the time the thing began , although a majority say that the fairly round moon was "about a foot" above the low-lying vapors of the horizon . they mention the moon because what they saw seemed subtly connected with it--a sort of stealthy , deliberate , menacing ripple which rolled in from the far skyline along the shimmering lane of reflected moonbeams , yet which seemed to subside before it reached the shore .\n\nmany did not notice this ripple until reminded by later events ; but it seems to have been very marked , differing in height and motion from the normal waves around it . some called it cunning and calculating . and as it died away craftily by the black reefs afar out , there suddenly came belching up out of the glitter-streaked brine a cry of death ; a scream of anguish and despair that moved pity even while it mocked it .\n\nfirst to respond to the cry were the two life guards then on duty ; sturdy fellows in white bathing attire , with their calling proclaimed in large red letters across their chests . accustomed as they were to rescue work , and to the screams of the drowning , they could find nothing familiar in the unearthly ululation ; yet with a trained sense of duty they ignored the strangeness and proceeded to follow their usual course .\n\nhastily seizing an air-cushion , which with its attached coil of rope lay always at hand , one of them ran swiftly along the shore to the scene of the gathering crowd ; whence , after whirling it about to gain momentum , he flung the hollow disc far out in the direction from which the sound had come . as the cushion disappeared in the waves , the crowd curiously awaited a sight of the hapless being whose distress had been so great ; eager to see the rescue made by the massive rope .\n\nbut that rescue was soon acknowledged to be no swift and easy matter ; for , pull as they might on the rope , the two muscular guards could not move the object at the other end . instead , they found that object pulling with equal or even greater force in the very opposite direction , till in a few seconds they were dragged off their feet and into the water by the strange power which had seized on the proffered life-preserver .\n\nnone of them , recovering himself , called immediately for help from the crowd on the shore , to whom he flung the remaining coil of rope ; and in a moment the guards were seconded by all the hardier men , among whom capt . orne was foremost . more than a dozen strong hands were now tugging desperately at the stout line , yet wholly without avail .\n\nhard as they tugged , the strange force at the other end tugged harder ; and since neither side relaxed for an instant , the rope

became rigid as steel with the enormous strain . the struggling participants , as well as the spectators , were by this time consumed with curiosity as to the nature of the force in the sea . the idea of a drowning man had long been dismissed ; and hints of whales , submarines , monsters , and demons now passed freely around . where humanity had first led the rescuers , wonder kept them at their task ; and they hauled with a grim determination to uncover the mystery .\n\nit being decided at last that a whale must have swallowed the air-cushion , capt . orne , as a natural leader , shouted to those on shore that a boat must be obtained in order to approach , harpoon , and land the unseen leviathan . several men at once prepared to scatter in quest of a suitable craft , while others came to supplant the captain at the straining rope , since his place was logically with whatever boat party might be formed . his own idea of the situation was very broad , and by no means limited to whales , since he had to do with a monster so much stranger . he wondered what might be the acts and manifestations of an adult of the species of which the fifty-foot creature had been the merest infant .\n\nand now there developed with appalling suddenness the crucial fact which changed the entire scene from one of wonder to one of horror , and dazed with fright the assembled band of toilers and onlookers . capt . orne , turning to leave his post at the rope , found his hands held in their place with unaccountable strength ; and in a moment he realized that he was unable to let go of the rope . his plight was instantly divined , and as each companion tested his own situation the same condition was encountered . the fact could not be denied--every struggler was irresistibly held in some mysterious bondage to the hempen line which was slowly , hideously , and relentlessly pulling them out to sea .\n\nspeechless horror ensued ; a horror in which the spectators were petrified to utter inaction and mental chaos . their complete demoralization is reflected in the conflicting accounts they give , and the sheepish excuses they offer for their seemingly callous inertia . i was one of them , and know .\n\neven the strugglers , after a few frantic screams and futile groans , succumbed to the paralyzing influence and kept silent and fatalistic in the face of unknown powers . there they stood in the pallid moonlight , blindly pulling against a spectral doom and swaying monotonously backward and forward as the water rose first to their knees , then to their hips . the moon went partly under a cloud , and in the half-light the line of swaying men resembled some sinister and gigantic centipede , writhing in the clutch of a terrible creeping death .\n\nharder and harder grew the rope , as the tug in both directions increased , and the strands swelled with the undisturbed soaking of the rising waves . slowly the tide advanced , till the sands so lately peopled by laughing children and whispering lovers were now swallowed by the inexorable flow . the herd of panic-stricken watchers surged blindly backward as the water crept above their feet , while the frightful line of strugglers swayed hideously on , half submerged , and now at a substantial distance from their audience . silence was complete .\n\nthe crowd , having gained a huddling-place beyond reach of the tide , stared in mute fascination ; without offering a word of advice or encouragement , or attempting any kind of assistance . there was in the air a nightmare fear of impending evils such as the world had never before known .\n\nminutes seemed lengthened into hours , and still that human snake of swaying torsos was seen above the fast rising tide . rhythmically it undulated ;

slowly , horribly , with the seal of doom upon it . thicker clouds now passed over the ascending moon , and the glittering path on the waters faded nearly out .\n\nvery dimly writhed the serpentine line of nodding heads , with now and then the livid face of a backward-glancing victim gleaming pale in the darkness . faster and faster gathered the clouds , till at length their angry rifts shot down sharp tongues of febrile flame . thunders rolled , softly at first , yet soon increasing to a deafening , maddening intensity . then came a culminating crash--a shock whose reverberations seemed to shake land and sea alike--and on its heels a cloudburst whose drenching violence overpowered the darkened world as if the heavens themselves had opened to pour forth a vindictive torrent .\n\nthe spectators , instinctively acting despite the absence of conscious and coherent thought , now retreated up the cliff steps to the hotel veranda . rumors had reached the guests inside , so that the refugees found a state of terror nearly equal to their own . i think a few frightened words were uttered , but cannot be sure .\n\nsome , who were staying at the inn , retired in terror to their rooms ; while others remained to watch the fast sinking victims as the line of bobbing heads showed above the mounting waves in the fitful lightning flashes . i recall thinking of those heads , and the bulging eyes they must contain ; eyes that might well reflect all the fright , panic , and delirium of a malignant universe--all the sorrow , sin , and misery , blasted hopes and unfulfilled desires , fear , loathing and anguish of the ages since time\'s beginning ; eyes alight with all the soul-racking pain of eternally blazing infernos .\n\nand as i gazed out beyond the heads , my fancy conjured up still another eye ; a single eye , equally alight , yet with a purpose so revolting to my brain that the vision soon passed . held in the clutches of an unknown vise , the line of the damned dragged on ; their silent screams and unuttered prayers known only to the demons of the black waves and the night-wind .\n\nthere now burst from the infuriate sky such a mad cataclysm of satanic sound that even the former crash seemed dwarfed . amidst a blinding glare of descending fire the voice of heaven resounded with the blasphemies of hell , and the mingled agony of all the lost reverberated in one apocalyptic , planet-rending peal of cyclopean din . it was the end of the storm , for with uncanny suddenness the rain ceased and the moon once more cast her pallid beams on a strangely quieted sea .\n\nthere was no line of bobbing heads now . the waters were calm and deserted , and broken only by the fading ripples of what seemed to be a whirlpool far out in the path of the moonlight whence the strange cry had first come . but as i looked along that treacherous lane of silvery sheen , with fancy fevered and senses overwrought , there trickled upon my ears from some abysmal sunken waste the faint and sinister echoes of a laugh .\n'

b"azathoth\n\nwhen age fell upon the world , and wonder went out of the minds of men ; when grey cities reared to smoky skies tall towers grim and ugly , in whose shadow none might dream of the sun or of spring's flowering meads ; when learning stripped the earth of her mantle of beauty and poets sang no more of twisted phantoms seen with bleared and inward looking eyes ; when these things had come to pass , and childish hopes had gone forever , there was a man who traveled out of life on a quest into spaces whither the world's dreams had fled .\n\nof the name and abode of this man little is written , for they were of the waking world only ; yet it is said that both were obscure . it is enough to say

that he dwelt in a city of high walls where sterile twilight reigned , that he toiled all day among shadow and turmoil , coming home at evening to a room whose one window opened not to open fields and groves but on to a dim court where other windows stared in dull despair . from that casement one might see only walls and windows , except sometimes when one leaned so far out and peered at the small stars that passed . and because mere walls and windows must soon drive a man to madness who dreams and reads much , the dweller in that room used night after night to lean out and peer aloft to glimpse some fragment of things beyond the waking world and the tall cities . after years he began to call the slow sailing stars by name , and to follow them in fancy when they glided regretfully out of sight ; till at length his vision opened to many secret vistas whose existence no common eye suspected . and one night a mighty gulf was bridged , and the dream haunted skies swelled down to the lonely watcher's window to merge with the close air of his room and to make him a part of their fabulous wonder .\n\nthere came to that room wild streams of violet midnight glittering with dust of gold , vortices of dust and fire , swirling out of the ultimate spaces and heavy perfumes from beyond the worlds . opiate oceans poured there , litten by suns that the eye may never behold and having in their whirlpools strange dolphins and sea-nymphs of unrememberable depths . noiseless infinity eddied around the dreamer and wafted him away without touching the body that leaned stiffly from the lonely window ; and for days not counted in men's calendars the tides of far spheres that bore him gently to join the course of other cycles that tenderly left him sleeping on a green sunrise shore , a green shore fragrant with lotus blossoms and starred by red camalotes . . .\n"

b"the street\n\nmen of strength and honour fashioned that street : good valiant men of our blood who had come from the blessed isles across the sea . at first it was but a path trodden by bearers of water from the woodland spring to the cluster of houses by the beach . then , as more men came to the growing cluster of houses and looked about for places to dwell , they built cabins along the north side , cabins of stout oaken logs with masonry on the side toward the forest , for many indians lurked there with fire-arrows . and in a few years more , men built cabins on the south side of the street .\n\nup and down the street walked grave men in conical hats , who most of the time carried muskets or fowling pieces . and there were also their bonneted wives and sober children . in the evening these men with their wives and children would sit about gigantic hearths and read and speak . very simple were the things of which they read and spoke , yet things which gave them courage and goodness and helped them by day to subdue the forest and till the fields . and the children would listen and learn of the laws and deeds of old , and of that dear england which they had never seen or could not remember .\n\nthere was war , and thereafter no more indians troubled the street . the men , busy with labour , waxed prosperous and as happy as they knew how to be . and the children grew up comfortable , and more families came from the mother land to dwell on the street . and the children's children , and the newcomers' children , grew up . the town was now a city , and one by one the cabins gave place to houses--simple , beautiful houses of brick and wood , with stone steps and iron railings and fanlights over the doors . no flimsy creations were these houses , for they were made to serve many a generation . within there were carven mantels and graceful stairs , and

sensible , pleasing furniture , china , and silver , brought from the mother land .\n\nso the street drank in the dreams of a young people and rejoiced as its dwellers became more graceful and happy . where once had been only strength and honour , taste and learning now abode as well . books and paintings and music came to the houses , and the young men went to the university which rose above the plain to the north . in the place of conical hats and small-swords , of lace and snowy periwigs , there were cobblestones over which clattered many a blooded horse and rumbled many a gilded coach ; and brick sidewalks with horse blocks and hitching-posts .\n\nthere were in that street many trees : elms and oaks and maples of dignity ; so that in the summer , the scene was all soft verdure and twittering bird-song . and behind the houses were walled rose-gardens with hedged paths and sundials , where at evening the moon and stars would shine bewitchingly while fragrant blossoms glistened with dew .\n\nso the street dreamed on , past wars , calamities , and change . once , most of the young men went away , and some never came back . that was when they furled the old flag and put up a new banner of stripes and stars . but though men talked of great changes , the street felt them not , for its folk were still the same , speaking of the old familiar things in the old familiar accounts . and the trees still sheltered singing birds , and at evening the moon and stars looked down upon dewy blossoms in the walled rose-gardens .\n\nin time there were no more swords , three-cornered hats , or periwigs in the street . how strange seemed the inhabitants with their walking--sticks , tall beavers , and cropped heads ! new sounds came from the distance--first strange puffings and shrieks from the river a mile away , and then , many years later , strange puffings and shrieks and rumblings from other directions . the air was not quite so pure as before , but the spirit of the place had not changed . the blood and soul of their ancestors had fashioned the street . nor did the spirit change when they tore open the earth to lay down strange pipes , or when they set up tall posts bearing weird wires . there was so much ancient lore in that street , that the past could not easily be forgotten .\n\nthen came days of evil , when many who had known the street of old knew it no more , and many knew it who had not known it before , and went away , for their accents were coarse and strident , and their mien and faces unpleasing . their thoughts , too , fought with the wise , just spirit of the street , so that the street pined silently as its houses fell into decay , and its trees died one by one , and its rose-gardens grew rank with weeds and waste . but it felt a stir of pride one day when again marched forth young men , some of whom never came back . these young men were clad in blue .\n\nwith the years , worse fortune came to the street . its trees were all gone now , and its rose-gardens were displaced by the backs of cheap , ugly new buildings on parallel streets . yet the houses remained , despite the ravages of the years and the storms and worms , for they had been made to serve many a generation . new kinds of faces appeared in the street , swarthy , sinister faces with furtive eyes and odd features , whose owners spoke unfamiliar words and placed signs in known and unknown characters upon most of the musty houses . push-carts crowded the gutters . a sordid , undefinable stench settled over the place , and the ancient spirit slept .\n\ngreat excitement once came to the street . war and revolution were raging across the seas ; a dynasty had collapsed , and its degenerate subjects were flocking with dubious intent to the

western land . many of these took lodgings in the battered houses that had once known the songs of birds and the scent of roses . then the western land itself awoke and joined the mother land in her titanic struggle for civilization . over the cities once more floated the old flag , companioned by the new flag , and by a plainer , yet glorious tricolour . but not many flags floated over the street , for therein brooded only fear and hatred and ignorance . again young men went forth , but not quite as did the young men of those other days . something was lacking . and the sons of those young men of other days , who did indeed go forth in olive-drab with the true spirit of their ancestors , went from distant places and knew not the street and its ancient spirit .\n\nover the seas there was a great victory , and in triumph most of the young men returned . those who had lacked something lacked it no longer , yet did fear and hatred and ignorance still brood over the street ; for many had stayed behind , and many strangers had come from distance places to the ancient houses . and the young men who had returned dwelt there no longer . swarthy and sinister were most of the strangers , yet among them one might find a few faces like those who fashioned the street and moulded its spirit . like and yet unlike , for there was in the eyes of all a weird , unhealthy glitter as of greed , ambition , vindictiveness , or misguided zeal . unrest and treason were abroad amongst an evil few who plotted to strike the western land its death blow , that they might mount to power over its ruins , even as assassins had mounted in that unhappy , frozen land from whence most of them had come . and the heart of that plotting was in the street , whose crumbling houses teemed with alien makers of discord and echoed with the plans and speeches of those who yearned for the appointed day of blood , flame and crime .\n\nof the various odd assemblages in the street , the law said much but could prove little . with great diligence did men of hidden badges linger and listen about such places as petrovitch's bakery , the squalid rifkin school of modern economics , the circle social club , and the liberty cafe . there congregated sinister men in great numbers , yet always was their speech guarded or in a foreign tongue . and still the old houses stood , with their forgotten lore of nobler , departed centuries ; of sturdy colonial tenants and dewy rose-gardens in the moonlight . sometimes a lone poet or traveler would come to view them , and would try to picture them in their vanished glory ; yet of such travelers and poets there were not many .\n\nthe rumour now spread widely that these houses contained the leaders of a vast band of terrorists , who on a designated day were to launch an orgy of slaughter for the extermination of america and of all the fine old traditions which the street had loved . handbills and papers fluttered about filthy gutters ; handbills and papers printed in many tongues and in many characters , yet all bearing messages of crime and rebellion . in these writings the people were urged to tear down the laws and virtues that our fathers had exalted , to stamp out the soul of the old america--the soul that was bequeathed through a thousand and a half years of anglo-saxon freedom , justice , and moderation . it was said that the swart men who dwelt in the street and congregated in its rotting edifices were the brains of a hideous revolution , that at their word of command many millions of brainless , besotted beasts would stretch forth their noisome talons from the slums of a thousand cities , burning , slaying , and destroying till the land of our fathers should be no more . all this was said and repeated , and many looked

forward in dread to the fourth day of july , about which the strange writings hinted much ; yet could nothing be found to place the guilt . none could tell just whose arrest might cut off the damnable plotting at its source . many times came bands of blue-coated police to search the shaky houses , though at last they ceased to come ; for they too had grown tired of law and order , and had abandoned all the city to its fate . then men in olive-drab came , bearing muskets , till it seemed as if in its sad sleep the street must have some haunting dreams of those other days , when musketbearing men in conical hats walked along it from the woodland spring to the cluster of houses by the beach . yet could no act be performed to check the impending cataclysm , for the swart , sinister men were old in cunning .\n\nso the street slept uneasily on , till one night there gathered in petrovitch's bakery , and the rifkin school of modern economics , and the circle social club , and liberty cafe , and in other places as well , vast hordes of men whose eyes were big with horrible triumph and expectation . over hidden wires strange messages traveled , and much was said of still stranger messages yet to travel ; but most of this was not guessed till afterward , when the western land was safe from the peril . the men in olive-drab could not tell what was happening , or what they ought to do ; for the swart , sinister men were skilled in subtlety and concealment .\n\nand yet the men in olive-drab will always remember that night , and will speak of the street as they tell of it to their grandchildren ; for many of them were sent there toward morning on a mission unlike that which they had expected . it was known that this nest of anarchy was old , and that the houses were tottering from the ravages of the years and the storms and worms ; yet was the happening of that summer night a surprise because of its very queer uniformity . it was , indeed , an exceedingly singular happening , though after all , a simple one . for without warning , in one of the small hours beyond midnight , all the ravages of the years and the storms and the worms came to a tremendous climax ; and after the crash there was nothing left standing in the street save two ancient chimneys and part of a stout brick wall . nor did anything that had been alive come alive from the ruins . a poet and a traveler , who came with the mighty crowd that sought the scene , tell odd stories . the poet says that all through the hours before dawn he beheld sordid ruins indistinctly in the glare of the arc-lights ; that there loomed above the wreckage another picture wherein he could describe moonlight and fair houses and elms and oaks and maples of dignity . and the traveler declares that instead of the place's wonted stench there lingered a delicate fragrance as of roses in full bloom . but are not the dreams of poets and the tales of travelers notoriously false ?\n\nthere be those who say that things and places have souls , and there be those who say they have not ; i dare not say , myself , but i have told you of the street .\n"],

shape=(20,), dtype=string)

## 5 Tokenize Data

```
[5]: # impacts first embedding layer and size of embedding matrix
# bigger vocabulary means less unknown tokens
# 10,000 might be changed
# 50,000 is a good number for a large corpus
vocabulary_size = 10_000

encoder = layers.TextVectorization(
    max_tokens=vocabulary_size,
    standardize=None, # we already standardized
    # we want to keep punctuation
    split="whitespace", # split by whitespace
    output_mode="int", # integer representation
)

encoder.adapt(dataset_original_all)
```

```
[6]: vocabulary = encoder.get_vocabulary()
print(vocabulary)

# punctuation is part of the vocabulary
# this means that the model will learn to predict punctuation
# vocabulary is ordered alphabetically, then by frequency
```

```
['', '[UNK]', 'the', ',', '.', 'and', 'of', 'a', 'to', 'in', 'i', 'was', 'that',
'had', 'it', 'he', 'his', 'with', 'as', 'at', 'for', 'from', 'but', ';', 'my',
'which', 'on', 'not', 'were', 'me', 'they', 'by', 'be', 'there', 'all', 'when',
'could', 'no', 'or', 'have', 'this', 'him', 'what', 'one', 'an', 'some', 'been',
'would', 'out', 'so', 'seemed', 'now', 'its', 'old', 'about', 'more', 'their',
'is', 'up', 'then', 'only', 'saw', 'we', 'did', 'into', 'you', 'who', 'house',
'very', 'before', 'like', 'them', 'after', 'time', 'through', 'if', 'never',
'things', 'where', 'even', 'man', 'than', 'strange', 'her', 'street', 'place',
'over', 'night', 'must', 'down', 'she', '?', 'other', 'found', 'are', 'those',
'heard', 'thing', 'men', 'though', 'see', 'seen', 'do', 'any', 'such', 'came',
'yet', 'might', 'know', 'these', 'something', 'once', 'many', 'away', 'thought',
'well', '!', 'our', 'upon', 'light', 'ever', 'almost', 'said', 'most', 'made',
'long', 'great', 'whose', 'dark', 'back', 'much', 'door', 'black', 'beyond',
'knew', 'certain', 'ammi', 'felt', 'come', 'way', 'room', 'face', 'still',
'two', 'tell', 'nothing', 'while', 'told', 'can', 'again', 'last', 'eyes',
'will', 'known', 'since', 'first', 'new', 'left', 'just', 'people', 'floor',
'far', 'began', 'world', 'horror', 'body', 'years', 'own', 'himself', 'day',
'unknown', 'too', 'off', 'life', 'end', 'window', 'say', 'how', 'city', 'stone',
'sometimes', 'jermyn', 'blake', 'around', 'went', 'gods', 'another', 'toward',
'looked', 'near', 'moon', 'hill', 'nahum', 'above', 'terrible', 'mind',
'because', 'windows', 'little', 'kind', 'get', 'against', 'gone', 'fear',
'same', 'every', 'earth', 'always', 'look', 'friend', 'cellar', 'ancient',
'turned', 'till', 'hideous', 'edward', 'days', 'young', 'without', 'houses',
```



'has', 'don't', 'behind', 'small', 'less', 'later', 'half', 'form', 'few',  
'family', 'three', 'sound', 'set', 'right', 'pickman', 'myself', 'moment',  
'got', 'derby', 'curious', 'white', 'space', 'nor', 'why', 'under', 'open',  
'may', 'make', 'horrible', 'here', 'grew', 'go', 'asenath', 'anything', 'wild',  
'us', 'next', 'evil', 'both', 'think', 'sir', 'outside', 'object', 'brought',  
'arkham', 'alone', 'took', 'sort', 'soon', 'sense', 'ground', 'being', 'air',  
'wife', 'walls', 'perhaps', 'often', 'let', 'keep', 'home', 'high', 'harris',  
'gave', 'called', 'son', 'read', 'lay', 'indeed', 'hand', 'good', 'enough',  
'death', 'tried', 'trees', 'sky', 'sinister', 'servants', 'odd', 'morning',  
'find', 'feet', 'close', 'across', 'talk', 'suddenly', 'stood', 'side', 'queer',  
'part', 'others', 'name', 'itself', 'church', 'wall', 'tales', 'taken', 'sight',  
'save', 'quite', 'nature', 'head', 'having', 'died', 'despite', 'colour',  
'attic', 'voice', 'past', 'monstrous', 'hours', 'held', 'faces', 'expression',  
'became', 'an', 'among', 'am', 'wind', 'vast', 'uncle', 'tower', 'passed',  
'north', 'mad', 'large', 'human', 'grey', 'faint', 'each', 'year', 'wondered',  
'steps', 'spoke', 'shunned', 'reached', 'rather', 'dust', 'within', 'terror',  
'sleep', 'should', 'road', 'put', 'places', 'madness', 'low', 'however',  
'happened', 'god', 'give', 'father', 'dreams', 'course', 'appeared', 'wonder',  
'town', 'second', 'scene', 'matter', 'edward's', 'during', 'doubt', 'distant',  
'dead', 'darkness', 'college', 'barzai', '.', 'work', 'words', 'water',  
'vague', 'take', 'stairs', 'speak', 'sounds', 'point', 'peculiar', 'noticed',  
'narrow', 'hope', 'front', 'frightened', 'followed', 'fancy', 'evening', 'call',  
'brain', 'book', 'arthur', 'along', 'used', 'use', 'thin', 'soul', 'singular',  
'showed', 'present', 'none', 'merely', 'led', 'land', 'heavy', 'frightful',  
'finally', 'everything', 'else', 'case', 'building', 'books', 'below', 'atal',  
'whole', 'whatever', 'tillinghast', 'streets', 'stars', 'silent', 'show',  
'shall', 'several', 'scream', 'returned', 'remember', 'person', 'nearly',  
'moved', 'living', 'kept', 'child', 'can't', 'between', 'zann', 'wholly',  
'weird', 'walked', 'view', 'spot', 'rest', 'paper', 'opened', 'nahum's', 'line',  
'lights', 'least', 'i'm', 'general', 'full', 'forth', 'direction', 'deep',  
'clouds', 'broken', 'brick', 'alive', 'yard', 'times', 'round', 'return',  
'recall', 'really', 'rain', 'police', 'ought', 'music', 'listened', 'length',  
'force', 'feeble', 'features', 'familiar', 'dream', 'dim', 'country', 'common',  
'change', 'certainly', 'blood', 'amidst', 'age', 'able', 'zenas', 'woods',  
'wood', 'wish', 'whom', 'west', 'struck', 'state', 'shining', 'sent', 'seem',  
'poor', 'nervous', 'move', 'morbid', 'looking', 'longer', 'locked', 'live',  
'library', 'hold', 'help', 'hear', 'guess', 'given', 'done', 'diary', 'cave',  
'asked', 'afraid', 'accursed', ':', 'your', 'worlds', 'wished', 'wise',  
'whispered', 'watched', 'wade', 'visit', 'talked', 'table', 'spectral',  
'shocking', 'sharp', 'secrets', 'region', 'probably', 'power', 'nameless',  
'means', 'legends', 'instant', 'hour', 'hands', 'growing', 'going', 'fright',  
'fell', 'eye', 'especially', 'entered', 'cut', 'crowd', 'coming', 'closed',  
'children', 'born', 'blackness', 'beside', 'become', 'alien', 'afterward',  
'account', ' ', 'yellow', 'ye', 'whilst', 'vegetation', 'utterly',  
'themselves', 'strangely', 'spirit', 'south', 'sea', 'scarcely', 'roofs',  
'recalled', 'pale', 'note', 'met', 'i'll', 'grown', 'grotesque', 'four',  
'forbidden', 'five', 'fireplace', 'filled', 'earth's', 'early', 'distance',  
'didn't', 'dared', 'crumbling', 'cold', 'changed', 'caused', 'car', 'cannot',

'box', 'blake's', 'better', 'asenath's', 'wildly', 'week', 'wasn't', 'vision',  
 'viol', 'vanished', 'utter', 'usual', 'unnatural', 'uncle's', 'square', 'shot',  
 'shock', 'shape', 'shadow', 'seems', 'screamed', 'rose', 'river', 'red', 'ran',  
 'quest', 'presence', 'possessed', 'physical', 'persons', 'path', 'nyarlathotep',  
 'nightmare', 'mine', 'mercy', 'memory', 'lost', 'lore', 'lightning', 'instead',  
 'increased', 'greater', 'glass', 'french', 'following', 'federal', 'fears',  
 'feared', 'deserted', 'creature', 'continued', 'chair', 'century', 'bizarre',  
 'benefit', 'believe', 'begun', 'beast', 'ask', 'art', 'also', 'wooden', 'waves',  
 'watching', 'universe', 'turn', 'trace', 'tale', 'taking', 'studio', 'strong',  
 'strangeness', 'steeple', 'soft', 'smoke', 'silence', 'shore', 'scientific',  
 'school', 'ruins', 'remote', 'remained', 'reason', 'real', 'professors',  
 'possible', 'played', 'picture', 'occasionally', 'o', 'notes', 'normal',  
 'motion', 'midnight', 'merwin', 'marble', 'man's', 'lived', 'leave', 'learned',  
 'leading', 'latter', 'late', 'knows', 'knowledge', 'it's', 'imagination',  
 'horrors', 'hatheg-kla', 'guide', 'gardner', 'fragments', 'dwelt', 'drove',  
 'doors', 'describe', 'curiously', 'cosmic', 'conscious', 'built', 'boy',  
 'boston', 'blasted', 'beneath', 'believed', 'bad', 'ago', 'actual', 'i',  
 'waters', 'want', 'vacant', 'try', 'truth', 'top', 'thick', 'strength',  
 'sought', 'somehow', 'slowly', 'slope', 'six', 'simple', 'shapes', 'shadowy',  
 'shadows', 'senses', 'secret', 'run', 'rue', 'rope', 'roof', 'robert',  
 'reflected', 'question', 'providence', 'pole', 'pointed', 'pictures', 'opening',  
 'odour', 'objects', 'need', 'mrs', 'months', 'metal', 'local', 'language',  
 'laid', 'inside', 'i'd', 'huge', 'hidden', 'height', 'heaven', 'heads', 'glow',  
 'glad', 'getting', 'furniture', 'fully', 'frantic', 'forces', 'fire', 'feeling',  
 'fancied', 'fact', 'evidently', 'east', 'ears', 'different', 'd'auseil',  
 'couldn't', 'complete', 'climb', 'clearly', 'chairs', 'burst', 'boys', 'bottom',  
 'bore', 'best', 'attention', 'absence', '.i', 'whether', 'war', 'valley',  
 'uncanny', 'ultimate', 'towers', 'third', 'tall', 'summer', 'substance',  
 'study', 'studied', 'stranger', 'steep', 'stay', 'star', 'spring', 'solid',  
 'shown', 'short', 'series', 'screams', 'rotting', 'rising', 'relief', 'realms',  
 'rare', 'quality', 'prepared', 'playing', 'pit', 'pass', 'papers', 'paint',  
 'outlines', 'order', 'obtained', 'notice', 'moving', 'mentioned', 'marked',  
 'manuscripts', 'luminosity', 'lone', 'listening', 'lighted', 'leaving',  
 'largely', 'interest', 'innsmouth', 'influence', 'host', 'horse', 'highly',  
 'health', 'hard', 'hall', 'hair', 'grass', 'glimpsed', 'ghastly', 'forgotten',  
 'feel', 'farm', 'fantastic', 'entries', 'drawn', 'distorted', 'declared',  
 'decided', 'daughter', 'data', 'cry', 'crowninshield', 'creatures',  
 'consciousness', 'connected', 'commenced', 'closely', 'clear', 'chamber',  
 'caught', 'capt', 'brown', 'brittle', 'bit', 'beach', 'awful', 'assumed',  
 'aroused', 'appearance', 'ammi's', 'ahead', 'aged', 'africa', 'abnormal', '?',  
 'you'll', 'written', 'won't', 'woman', 'weak', 'watchers', 'waited', 'vital',  
 'vapour', 'unusual', 'until', 'twilight', 'trying', 'true', 'towards',  
 'together', 'threw', 'there's', 'ten', 'surely', 'sure', 'sudden', 'stream',  
 'storm', 'start', 'staircase', 'source', 'slightly', 'sit', 'shuddered',  
 'shrieked', 'seven', 'servant', 'sane', 'safe', 'remembered', 'rays', 'quickly',  
 'proved', 'proper', 'plain', 'party', 'pair', 'oddly', 'obscure', 'nerves',  
 'mouth', 'mother', 'moments', 'miskatonic', 'meteor', 'mere', 'meant',  
 'machine', 'luminous', 'lie', 'laws', 'laughed', 'impression', 'hideously',

'hellish', 'heath', 'hardly', 'guard', 'grim', 'green', 'goddess', 'gigantic',  
 'garret', 'further', 'fumbling', 'free', 'fragment', 'forward', 'forms',  
 'forced', 'folk', 'flash', 'final', 'fields', 'fascination', 'erich', 'ephraim',  
 'england', 'eliot', 'either', 'dropped', 'drew', 'doctor', 'dimly',  
 'desolation', 'degree', 'definite', 'dance', 'curiosity', 'corner',  
 'connection', 'congo', 'cloudy', 'climbed', 'chimney', 'chaos', 'ceased',  
 'candles', 'business', 'buried', 'broke', 'brief', 'behold', 'aspect',  
 'antique', 'afternoon', 'acid', 'abysses', '.it', 'the', '!', 'youth',  
 'worst', 'windowless', 'william', 'wide', 'whence', 'wheel', 'weeks', 'walk',  
 'volume', 'visible', 'vigil', 'vapours', 'unseen', 'twisted', 'trembling',  
 'touch', 'thereafter', 'thaddeus', 'telling', 'swept', 'sun', 'stuffed',  
 'story', 'stories', 'stones', 'stench', 'started', 'spread', 'spheres',  
 'spectators', 'spaces', 'someone', 'soil', 'size', 'single', 'shut', 'shouted',  
 'shook', 'sensation', 'seized', 'search', 'sank', 'rooms', 'rise', 'rhoby',  
 'revealed', 'result', 'remains', 'record', 'quiet', 'purpose', 'produced',  
 'presently', 'poet', 'plunged', 'placed', 'pickman's', 'phosphorescence',  
 'period', 'partly', 'pail', 'orne', 'nearer', 'mostly', 'modern', 'mixed',  
 'mists', 'making', 'lot', 'lonely', 'lips', 'legend', 'lack', 'irony', 'iron',  
 'infinitely', 'inexplicable', 'idea', 'i've', 'hot', 'hole', 'hint', 'grow',  
 'greatest', 'glowing', 'gaze', 'fungi', 'freely', 'forever', 'foetor',  
 'floated', 'figure', 'fallen', 'fall', 'fairly', 'faintly', 'experience',  
 'expected', 'existence', 'existed', 'evidence', 'english', 'element',  
 'electrical', 'developed', 'deeply', 'deaths', 'damp', 'crawled', 'cot',  
 'conversation', 'colours', 'cloud', 'chill', 'centuries', 'cause', 'carried',  
 'carefully', 'canvas', 'calm', 'calling', 'burned', 'bulging', 'bridge',  
 'breathing', 'breath', 'beheld', 'beard', 'baffling', 'attempt', 'altogether',  
 'although', 'alleys', 'ain't', 'according', '.the', 'yellowish', 'wrote',  
 'writing', 'wisdom', 'whispering', 'western', 'weeds', 'watch', 'visits',  
 'violet', 'victim', 'upper', 'university', 'understand', 'trouble', 'trip',  
 'trapezohedron', 'torch', 'thousand', 'terrors', 'suspected', 'suspect',  
 'surface', 'summit', 'suggestions', 'studies', 'struggling', 'stronger',  
 'stopped', 'stop', 'stirred', 'stir', 'staring', 'stare', 'speech', 'species',  
 'somewhat', 'smell', 'small-paned', 'slight', 'slept', 'significance', 'shaft',  
 'send', 'seeing', 'sanity', 'rock', 'restlessness', 'repeated', 'remarkable',  
 'records', 'recognized', 'realized', 'profound', 'powers', 'powerful', 'points',  
 'pocket', 'pnakotic', 'play', 'plateau', 'plaster', 'pillar', 'piece',  
 'personality', 'peculiarly', 'panes', 'paintings', 'overhead', 'occurred',  
 'notion', 'noted', 'noise', 'nobody', 'natural', 'named', 'muttering', 'mould',  
 'moonlit', 'moonlight', 'monster', 'minds', 'message', 'merciful', 'mention',  
 'mental', 'matters', 'm', 'lying', 'loved', 'lines', 'lies', 'leaves',  
 'learning', 'laugh', 'laboratory', 'knowing', 'kitchen', 'kill', 'june', 'july',  
 'joined', 'isn't', 'interested', 'insane', 'inn', 'increasing', 'immediately',  
 'imaginative', 'horses', 'horizon', 'hints', 'hinted', 'higher', 'heart',  
 'haunted', 'gulfs', 'gulf', 'growth', 'gossip', 'globule', 'glance',  
 'generally', 'garden', 'furtive', 'frenzy', 'frenzied', 'frantically', 'formed',  
 'follow', 'flesh', 'fine', 'falling', 'faded', 'fabulous', 'events', 'empty',  
 'electric', 'easily', 'driven', 'drive', 'dripping', 'doorway', 'disturbed',  
 'disliked', 'details', 'despair', 'desk', 'dare', 'damned', 'damnable',

'cursed', 'crossed', 'covered', 'cosmos', 'convey', 'completely', 'company',  
'comes', 'club', 'circumstance', 'charred', 'cast', 'capable', 'burn', 'buggy',  
'brooding', 'bring', 'blue', 'blind', 'blasphemous', 'birds', 'big', 'beings',  
'beam', 'bands', 'background', 'august', 'artist', 'approaching', 'approached',  
'apparently', 'apartment', 'amongst', 'added', 'action', 'accounts', 'abruptly',  
'abroad', 'abandoned', '"it', 'write', "world's", 'word', 'winter', 'wildest',  
'wilder', 'whispers', 'waste', 'warning', 'waning', 'waking', 'various',  
'vaguely', 'upward', 'upstairs', 'unutterable', 'unpleasant', 'unfamiliar',  
'unconscious', 'ulthar', 'truly', 'trifle', 'trembled', 'touched', 'today',  
'title', 'tide', 'thunder', "that's", 'taste', 'ta', 'swaying', 'swarthy',  
'swamp', 'surprise', 'supposed', 'suppose', 'superstitious', 'sunset',  
'suffered', 'subject', 'stricken', 'stirring', 'steady', 'stark', 'spite',  
'spell', 'speaking', 'sounded', 'somewhere', 'snow', 'slopes', 'sights',  
'sidewalk', 'sides', 'sickly', 'shrieking', 'shivered', 'sheer', 'shed',  
'shaking', 'sensations', 'seek', 'scarce', 'sat', 'rustics', 'roughly', 'ring',  
'resolved', 'residence', 'reid', 'reach', 'ravings', 'rats', 'public', 'prove',  
'priest', 'position', 'poison', 'plainly', 'physician', 'photograph',  
'personal', 'peaks', 'peak', 'paused', 'parts', 'parents', 'outer', 'opposite',  
'oil', 'occult', 'nocturnal', 'neither', 'neighboring', 'needed', 'necessary',  
'mystery', 'mumbled', 'month', 'mist', 'miles', 'memories', 'melted',  
'meanwhile', 'mass', "martin's", 'married', 'marriage', 'mansion', 'manner',  
'mankind', 'magic', 'madhouse', 'lower', 'leaped', 'lead', 'law', 'lantern',  
'ladder', 'killed', 'invisible', 'intervening', 'interior', 'instruments',  
'inner', 'information', 'infinite', 'incredible', 'impressions', 'images',  
'humanity', 'hell', 'hats', 'hatheg', 'habits', 'greatly', 'gradually',  
'glittering', 'georgian', 'genius', 'gathered', 'furnished', 'fungous', 'fruit',  
'fresh', 'freedom', 'formless', 'forget', 'forehead', 'flowers', 'flame', 'fit',  
'fish', 'figures', 'fence', 'fed', 'exposed', 'excitement', 'excited', 'except',  
'examined', 'everyone', 'escape', 'equal', 'entire', 'encountered', 'effect',  
'dumb', 'drop', 'dreadful', 'dread', 'dr', 'doom', 'dogs', 'distinct',  
'displayed', 'discharge', 'disappeared', 'dirt', 'dimensions', 'difficulty',  
'die', 'dexter', 'detail', 'desire', 'description', "derby's", 'depths',  
'delight', 'dawn', 'dan', 'curtained', 'current', 'crude', 'creeping', 'crazy',  
'court', 'constantly', 'considerable', 'connect', 'condition', 'concerning',  
'columns', 'coloured', 'clutching', 'clothing', 'cliff', 'cities', 'choking',  
'changes', 'catch', 'cases', 'carrington', 'care', 'burning', 'bulk', 'brushed',  
'bringing', 'boughs', 'blindly', 'blackened', 'beauty', 'beams', 'barn',  
'badly', 'average', 'autumn', 'atmosphere', 'arrived', 'appalling', 'aperture',  
'anyone', 'answered', 'animals', 'already', 'alfred', 'african', 'afar',  
'admit', 'actually', 'abode', ".'", '"you', "zann's", 'worse', 'worn', 'worms',  
'worked', 'whither', 'whipple', 'whine', 'ways', 'wanted', 'vowed', 'void',  
'vistas', 'violent', 'verhaeren', 'vapors', 'unmistakably', 'unlike', 'unholy',  
'uncovered', 'twice', 'twenty', 'turning', 'travelled', 'traces', 'tottering',  
'titanic', 'thrown', 'throat', 'thoughts', 'theories', 'tension', 'telephone',  
'symbol', 'surrounding', 'sunlight', 'sunken', 'suggestion', 'succeed',  
'subtly', 'stumbled', 'structure', 'strike', 'stout', 'storms', 'stony',  
'steadily', 'station', 'startled', 'standing', 'squat', 'spoken', 'spire',  
'spectrum', 'sorts', 'social', 'skies', 'skeleton', 'situation', 'signs',

'signal', 'sightless', 'shutter', 'shrieks', 'showing', 'shoulder', 'shop',  
'shone', 'shiver', 'shelves', 'sheets', 'shaky', 'settle', 'sensitive',  
'seemingly', 'scholar', 'scenes', 'scattered', 'sake', 'rusted', 'roulet',  
'rose-gardens', 'rocky', 'riot', 'ringing', 'revolver', 'revelation',  
'returning', 'response', 'reservoir', 'resembled', 'reporters', 'rent',  
'removed', 'relics', 'reigned', 'regions', 'recovered', 'recorded', 'recent',  
'rear', 'reality', 'reading', 'rattling', 'rapidly', 'questioning', 'qualities',  
'puzzled', 'provided', 'proportions', 'property', 'promise', 'practical',  
'possibly', 'player', 'plants', 'pierce', 'phrases', 'philosophy', 'pencil',  
'peal', 'peace', 'patch', 'panic', 'paid', 'pages', 'ordinary', 'observation',  
'number', 'news', 'neck', 'nebulous', 'nave', 'nauseous', 'native', 'mysteries',  
'mounting', 'mounted', 'mortal', 'mood', 'monsters', 'missing', 'minutes',  
'minute', 'middle', 'messenger', 'mechanical', 'mean', 'material', 'master',  
'maria', 'maine', 'main', 'loomed', 'lofty', 'listen', 'lingering', 'lingered',  
'lest', 'leered', 'latin', 'lately', 'lane', 'jungle', 'jermyn's', 'italians',  
'island', 'inhabitants', 'infinity', 'infant', 'included', 'inch', 'impossible',  
'immense', 'ignorance', 'identity', 'ice', 'husband', 'hurt', 'hung',  
'horribly', 'honour', 'hollow', 'history', 'hills', 'heights', 'heavens',  
'he'd', 'hastened', 'happening', 'hapless', 'hammer', 'hairy', 'guards',  
'gruesome', 'growths', 'groping', 'gothic', 'golden', 'goes', 'glimpse',  
'gleaming', 'glassy', 'git', 'gazing', 'gardners', 'gables', 'future',  
'furtively', 'friends', 'frequently', 'frame', 'fourth', 'forty', 'former',  
'foreigners', 'foot', 'flung', 'flight', 'flat', 'flashed', 'firm', 'finding',  
'fifth', 'field', 'feverish', 'fever', 'façade', 'fate', 'fast', 'fashion',  
'fascinated', 'fainted', 'faced', 'extent', 'expressed', 'exeter', 'exactly',  
'exact', 'equally', 'ephraim's', 'entity', 'energy', 'elements', 'elder', 'ef',  
'eaten', 'ear', 'duty', 'dutee', 'dull', 'dubious', 'dreamed', 'dreaded',  
'draw', 'dragged', 'downtown', 'doing', 'disgust', 'discussed', 'directly',  
'detestable', 'determined', 'detached', 'desperate', 'desert', 'departed',  
'delicate', 'deeper', 'decay', 'daylight', 'darkly', 'damnable', 'damn',  
'daily', 'cross', 'creaking', 'courage', 'contrary', 'continuous', 'conception',  
'column', 'collected', 'cobwebs', 'cobwebbed', 'coat', 'coarse', 'clothes',  
'circle', 'choked', 'childish', 'chief', 'cats', 'carven', 'calls', 'butler',  
'buildings', 'brighter', 'branches', 'bounds', 'bodily', 'bodies', 'blow',  
'blossoms', 'bent', 'belief', 'beginning', 'begin', 'beautiful', 'bay',  
'barred', 'bare', 'bank', 'backward', 'awesome', 'awed', 'awe', 'aside', 'arms',  
'archaic', 'april', 'approach', 'anyhow', 'antiquity', 'animal', 'ancestors',  
'aloud', 'alley', 'agreed', 'abyss', 'absolutely', '1815', 'yes', 'yawning',  
'wrong', 'writhing', 'wreckage', 'wouldn't', 'worried', 'woodland', 'wolfish',  
'wives', 'withered', 'witch', 'widely', 'wholesome', 'wherein', 'whenever',  
'whar', 'wet', 'westward', 'welcome', 'weather', 'warned', 'wandered',  
'walking', 'waked', 'waiting', 'waite', 'wait', 'vortex', 'volumes', 'voices',  
'visitors', 'viscous', 'violently', 'violence', 'village', 'veterinary',  
'verified', 'venture', 'venerable', 'vault', 'value', 'valleys', 'vain',  
'uttered', 'usually', 'upton', 'unrecognizable', 'unlocked', 'undoubtedly',  
'unaccountable', 'unable', 'tunnels', 'triumph', 'tremendous', 'tread',  
'traveler', 'travel', 'tradition', 'tongues', 'tongue', 'tired', 'three-and-  
two', 'they're', 'thet', 'therein', 'therefore', 'theater', 'tended', 'ten-

acre', 'temple', 'tells', 'tear', 'tangle', 'talking', 'tainted', 'system',  
'swelled', 'swayed', 'surviving', 'survived', 'surfaces', 'supreme',  
'superstition', 'suns', 'summoned', 'suggestive', 'suggested', 'succession',  
'success', 'succeeded', 'stuff', 'struggle', 'strongest', 'striking', 'strains',  
'straining', 'stolid', 'steeple', 'stealthy', 'statement', 'st', 'squatted',  
'spiral', 'specimen', 'special', 'sparks', 'spade', 'sorry', 'somebody',  
'solitude', 'softly', 'society', 'snapped', 'smile', 'sleeping', 'sitting',  
'similar', 'sign', 'sickened', 'shows', 'shortly', 'shine', 'shimmering',  
'she'd', 'shared', 'shapeless', 'shake', 'separate', 'seldom', 'seething',  
'seeking', 'section', 'seated', 'seat', 'seas', 'scratching', 'scraped',  
'science', 'says', 'saved', 'sanitarium', 'salem', 'sad', 'rumours', 'rumour',  
'ruined', 'roulets', 'rolled', 'rim', 'ridicule', 'revolution', 'results',  
'restless', 'resemblance', 'repellent', 'repeatedly', 'rented', 'remembering',  
'relentless', 'relaxed', 'relation', 'regular', 'reef', 'receiving', 'received',  
'realised', 'range', 'raised', 'raise', 'rainy', 'questions', 'queerly',  
'quarters', 'puzzling', 'pure', 'pulled', 'pull', 'proportion', 'prompted',  
'promised', 'progress', 'priests', 'pretty', 'preceded', 'pouring', 'possess',  
'policeman', 'poe', 'pleasant', 'pillars', 'pile', 'pieces', 'phosphorescent',  
'pervasive', 'perspective', 'persistent', 'periods', 'peril', 'perceived',  
'peaked', 'paws', 'pause', 'pattern', 'pasture', 'passing', 'passages',  
'particulars', 'particular', 'partial', 'pallid', 'outspread', 'original',  
'organs', 'organic', 'ordered', 'ooze', 'olive-drab', 'older', 'olathoe',  
'ocean', 'occasions', 'occasional', 'obstacles', 'observed', 'numbers',  
'noxious', 'noton', 'northeast', 'noisome', 'nights', 'newspaper', 'newcomer',  
'nervously', 'neglected', 'naught', 'names', 'n'bangus', 'mysterious', 'mwanu',  
'mutter', 'museum', 'muffled', 'mountains', 'mound', 'motions', 'morbidity',  
'moor', 'moods', 'monotonous', 'money', 'mixture', 'mirror', 'mingled',  
'mighty', 'meteorite', 'messages', 'menace', 'medium', 'medical', 'meat',  
'measure', 'massive', 'masonry', 'marvels', 'maps', 'manuscript', 'makes',  
'lurking', 'lurked', 'love', 'louder', 'loose', 'london', 'lomar', 'loathsome',  
'loathing', 'lives', 'linger', 'limestone', 'liberty', 'leering', 'leaning',  
'leaned', 'laughter', 'lamp', 'knocker', 'knocked', 'kinder', 'kin', 'key',  
'kaleidoscopic', 'joy', 'intervals', 'inspired', 'inhabited', 'inclined',  
'impressed', 'imagine', 'image', 'ignored', 'hysterical', 'hurried', 'huddled',  
'household', 'horned', 'hoped', 'holt', 'holding', 'hired', 'highest', 'hide',  
'herself', 'heerd', 'hearing', 'healthy', 'haunting', 'haunt', 'hatred',  
'hateful', 'hat', 'harmless', 'haow', 'hallway', 'grounds', 'grinning',  
'greyish', 'gray', 'graveyard', 'grave', 'gorilla', 'glowed', 'glistening',  
'ghoulish', 'ghosts', 'gets', 'generation', 'genealogical', 'gazed',  
'gathering', 'gas', 'gained', 'gain', 'gable', 'fury', 'forest', 'foreign',  
'folks', 'folklore', 'foetid', 'flood', 'flee', 'flashlight', 'flashes',  
'fixed', 'fitted', 'first-comer', 'finished', 'fiendish', 'feverishly',  
'fellows', 'fellow', 'fearsome', 'fearful', 'father's', 'fat', 'fashioned',  
'farther', 'far-off', 'failure', 'failed', 'facts', 'facial', 'extreme',  
'extraordinary', 'extended', 'explorer', 'explored', 'explain', 'experienced',  
'exist', 'exhalation', 'exchanged', 'exceedingly', 'examining', 'evoked',  
'evident', 'event', 'ether', 'especial', 'escaped', 'entry', 'entirely',  
'enter', 'endless', 'emotions', 'emitting', 'elihi', 'elevated', 'eldritch',

'eighteenth', 'edifice', 'eastward', 'dwellers', 'dwarfed', 'dug', 'dry',  
 'drugs', 'doubtless', 'doorbell', 'does', 'disturbing', 'district',  
 'distinctly', 'dissolved', 'discovery', 'discharged', 'disappearing', 'dingy',  
 'dignity', 'devoted', 'devil', 'designs', 'demons', 'demoniac', 'definitely',  
 'deepest', 'deal', 'deadly', 'dash', 'darkened', 'dancing', 'cyclopean',  
 'curse', 'currents', 'crystal', 'cryptic', 'crushed', 'crowds', 'crowded',  
 'crossing', 'cries', 'crept', 'crawford', 'crash', 'cotton', 'cooling',  
 'contrast', 'contours', 'constellation', 'conjecture', 'confused', 'confined',  
 'conduct', 'command', 'colossal', 'colony', 'colonial', 'collection',  
 'coherent', 'clutched', 'clustered', 'cluster', 'clerical', 'claws', 'clatter',  
 'clammy', 'circles', 'chimneys', 'chesuncook', 'charring', 'characteristic',  
 'chance', 'chambers', 'center', 'cavern', 'cautious', 'casting', 'carved',  
 'carboys', 'candle', 'callous', 'cabins', 'bygone', 'burns', 'burial',  
 'bubbling', 'brow', 'broad', 'brittleness', 'break', 'brains', 'bow', 'bound',  
 'borne', 'bones', 'bold', 'blocks', 'blessed', 'blend', 'bleak', 'blandot',  
 'betwixt', 'bed', 'beat', 'bearing', 'bear', 'beaker', 'beacon', 'basement',  
 'barrier', 'band', 'azathoth', 'awake', 'avenues', 'avenue', 'asylum', 'ascent',  
 'article', 'arranged', 'arose', 'arches', 'archer', 'apprehension', 'apparent',  
 'apes', 'answer', 'ann', 'anguish', 'angled', 'altar', 'alos', 'alienage',  
 'aid', 'ages', 'afterwards', 'advance', 'adult', 'adjacent', 'abysmal', '.m',  
 '"', '"', '"the"', '&', '!--the', 'zeal', 'youthful', 'younger', "you're", "you'd",  
 'yew', 'yellowed', 'yankee', 'writings', 'wore', 'wonders', 'witnessed',  
 'witchcraft', 'wires', 'wiped', 'winds', 'wider', 'whitish', 'whisperer',  
 'whisper', 'whirling', 'whirled', 'wherever', 'whereby', 'wharf', 'well-sweep',  
 'weapon', 'waving', 'watcher', 'ward', 'wandering', "wade's", 'vivid',  
 'visitor', 'visions', 'visibly', 'virtually', 'villagers', 'victory', 'victims',  
 'vibrations', 'vestibule', 'version', 'vaults', 'vaulted', 'vastly', 'variety',  
 'vanish', 'vainly', 'uster', 'useless', 'unwonted', 'unwholesome', 'unreal',  
 'unkempt', 'unhealthy', 'unhallowed', 'unfortunate', 'unfinished', 'unfastened',  
 'unearthly', 'undisturbed', 'understood', 'understanding', 'uncomfortable',  
 'uncertain', 'unbroken', 'unbelievable', 'unaccountably', 'un', 'ugly',  
 'tugging', 'tube', 'trivial', 'trickled', 'tribe', 'traveled', 'transferred',  
 'trained', 'train', 'traditions', 'track', 'traced', "tower's", 'touching',  
 'touches', 'total', 'topics', 'titles', 'titan', 'timidity', 'thus', 'thurber',  
 'thrust', 'throckmorton', 'threatening', 'thousands', 'thoroughly', 'thorough',  
 'thirty', 'thicker', 'thar', 'thank', 'text', 'tethered', 'tested', 'ter',  
 'tense', 'tenants', 'telephoned', 'technique', 'taught', 'takes', 'symbols',  
 'swirling', 'swiftly', 'swart', "suthin'", 'surprisingly', 'surmises',  
 'superstitions', 'summons', 'suggesting', 'suggest', 'sucks', 'sucked',  
 'succumbed', 'subway', 'subtle', 'subsequent', 'sturdy', 'stupor', 'stupid',  
 'stunted', 'studying', 'students', 'student', 'strove', 'strokes', 'stroke',  
 'stock', 'stern', 'stepped', 'steel', 'steal', 'stayed', 'starry', 'stared',  
 'stand', 'stage', 'sputtering', 'sprawled', 'sprang', 'splash', 'spirits',  
 'spires', 'sphere', 'spent', 'spells', 'speed', 'speechless', 'speculations',  
 'spectroscope', 'specimens', 'specific', 'souls', 'sore', 'sooner', "son's",  
 'solvents', 'sold', 'soaking', 'snows', 'smoky', 'smith', 'smiled', 'slumber',  
 'skull', 'sixteen', 'site', 'sister', 'silly', 'silhouette', 'silently',  
 'shudders', 'shudderingly', 'shuddering', 'shrivelled', 'shriek', 'shoot',

'shocked', 'shivering', 'shifting', 'shelf', 'sheep', 'sheds', 'shallow',  
 'shadowed', 'settlers', 'settled', 'served', 'serve', 'september', 'sending',  
 'seize', 'sect', 'secretive', 'seclusion', 'season', 'searching', 'script',  
 'screen', 'screaming', 'scientist', 'scientifically', 'scare', 'satin',  
 'sardonic', 'sallow', 'saints', 'sailor', 'sailed', 'sadly', 'sacrifice',  
 'rushed', 'rural', 'roused', 'rotted', 'roses', 'robbins', 'ripples', 'ripple',  
 'rigid', 'rickety', 'rhode', 'revolting', 'reverberations', 'revelations',  
 'rested', 'respect', 'resignation', 'reserve', 'rescue', 'reputation',  
 'repulsively', 'repulsion', 'represented', 'reports', 'report', 'remnant',  
 'remarked', 'remaining', 'remain', 'related', 'regret', 'regard', 'refused',  
 'reflections', 'reflection', 'reflect', 'references', 'refer', 'reeling',  
 'redolent', 'recognize', 'recognised', 'recalls', 'reared', 'realm', 'reaching',  
 'ravages', 'rattled', 'ragged', 'rage', 'radically', 'race', 'quivering',  
 'quick', 'questioned', 'quarter', 'pushed', 'puritan', 'pulling', 'prosperous',  
 'propped', 'properties', 'profoundly', 'prodigious', 'processes', 'printed',  
 'princess', 'preying', 'prey', 'previous', 'presumably', 'premature',  
 'prehistoric', 'precipitous', 'prayers', 'powder', 'positively', 'portuguese',  
 'polite', 'poisoned', 'poets', 'ploughed', 'plodded', 'pleased', 'planning',  
 'planets', 'planet', 'pity', 'pits', 'pinnacles', 'picters', 'pictor', 'picked',  
 'philip', 'phenomenal', 'phebe', 'pharaoh', 'phantasmal', 'petrified',  
 'permanently', 'performers', 'penetrating', 'penetrate', 'peering', 'peer',  
 'pay', 'pausing', 'patterns', 'patient', 'paths', 'patches', 'parody',  
 'paragraph', 'pandemonium', 'painter', 'painted', 'pain', 'packed', 'owned',  
 'overwhelming', 'overgrown', 'outward', 'outcome', 'otherwise', 'originally',  
 'origin', 'oriental', 'oppressive', 'opposition', 'ones', 'ominous', 'offer',  
 'october', 'obtain', 'obscured', 'oaks', "o'clock", 'nurse', 'numerous',  
 'notions', 'nostrils', 'normally', 'nodding', 'nitrous', 'nitre', 'nir',  
 'nighted', 'night-wind', "night's", 'nigh', 'newly', 'newbury', 'neighing',  
 'neighbouring', 'necronomicon', 'necessity', 'naturalists', 'narragansett',  
 'myth', 'muttered', 'mute', 'musty', 'musician', 'murdered', 'mud', 'mr',  
 'mountain', 'mouldy', 'motioned', 'monstrosity', 'momentarily', 'model',  
 'mocking', 'mission', 'minor', 'mineral', 'merest', 'memory-face', 'members',  
 'meeting', 'meaningless', 'me--and', 'maybe', 'mather', 'massed', 'marvelled',  
 'marks', 'manifestations', 'managed', 'magical', 'low-ceiled', 'loud', 'lotos-  
 faces', 'loss', 'lose', 'loosed', 'lodgers', 'locket', 'location', 'litten',  
 'literary', 'listlessly', 'liquid', 'linkage', 'link', 'limited', 'limbs',  
 'likewise', 'likely', 'liked', 'lighting', 'lifetime', 'lied', 'letters',  
 'letter', 'lent', 'leers', 'leather', 'lean', 'leader', 'latch', 'lanterns',  
 'lanes', 'lancet', 'lain', 'lacked', 'labour', "knight's", 'kadath', 'justice',  
 'jumble', "john's", 'job', 'jermyns', 'italian', 'issued', 'irregular',  
 'inward', 'involved', 'investigations', 'investigation', 'inutos', 'intrusion',  
 'intruding', 'interval', 'interests', 'intent', 'intensity', 'intangible',  
 'intact', 'insistent', 'insisted', 'insidious', 'insanity', 'inquisitive',  
 'inky', 'inexplicably', 'induced', 'indians', 'indian', 'independence',  
 'incredibly', 'inconceivable', 'inches', 'inaccessible', 'importance',  
 'immediate', 'imaginings', 'imagined', 'ii', 'idle', 'hypnotic', 'howling',  
 'howl', 'hovered', 'hotel', 'hooded', 'homestead', 'hillock', 'heterogeneous',  
 'hero', 'heritage', 'heat', 'heaps', "he's", 'haze', 'haunter', 'hate',



'hastily', 'harvest', 'harris's', 'harder', 'hanged', 'hang', 'handle',  
 'handed', 'hail', 'habit', 'gust', 'guarded', 'grewed', 'groups', 'group',  
 'grip', 'greying', 'grease', 'grateful', 'grassy', 'granted', 'graceful',  
 'god's', 'gnarled', 'gleamed', 'glaring', 'glared', 'gland', 'giving', 'gives',  
 'german', 'genuine', 'gentle', 'gazette', 'gay', 'gather', 'gateways',  
 'gardens', 'gambrel', 'futile', 'frowning', 'friendly', 'frequent', 'frankly',  
 'foundations', 'footprints', 'footfalls', 'fool', 'food', 'fog', 'fluttered',  
 'floating', 'flights', 'flames', 'flag', 'fitful', 'fishing', 'filtered',  
 'fifty', 'fifteen', 'fiend', 'fearsomely', 'fathers', 'faster', 'farmer',  
 'fanatical', 'fanatic', 'families', 'fame', 'false', 'exultation', 'extremely',  
 'extravagant', 'extra', 'extending', 'explorations', 'explanation',  
 'expedition', 'exotic', 'existing', 'examiner', 'examine', 'evolution',  
 'evenings', 'europe', 'etienne', 'eternally', 'entrance', 'engulfed',  
 'energized', 'enemy', 'ends', 'encounter', 'emitted', 'emerged', 'elsewhere',  
 'elms', 'electricity', 'eight', 'eh', 'egypt', 'efforts', 'effects',  
 'education', 'edging', 'eclipse', 'echoes', 'echoed', 'eaves', 'easy',  
 'earliest', 'earlier', 'eagerness', 'dying', 'dwell', 'dusty', 'drowsiness',  
 'driver', 'drink', 'dreaming', 'dreamer', 'drawing', 'drastic', 'downstairs',  
 'doubly', 'dormant', 'dog', 'dispute', 'disposed', 'disordered', 'dismal',  
 'disgusting', 'diseased', 'discuss', 'discoveries', 'disaster',  
 'disappointment', 'directions', 'digging', 'differently', 'difference',  
 'diameter', 'devilish', 'detestably', 'determine', 'determination',  
 'destructive', 'design', 'described', 'derived', 'derbys', 'deposit',  
 'dependence', 'departure', 'dense', 'demon', 'democrat-wagon', 'delved',  
 'delivered', 'define', 'deemed', 'deeds', 'deafening', 'dazed', 'darker',  
 'dank', 'dangerous', 'danger', 'dampness', 'daemoniac', 'd'ye', 'cycles',  
 'cunning', 'cryptogram', 'crucial', 'cremated', 'crackling', 'cows', 'cousin',  
 'couch', 'cotters', 'cottage', 'coroner', 'corona', 'corners', 'copp's', 'cool',  
 'convulsive', 'convenient', 'contents', 'constant', 'considering', 'considered',  
 'conservative', 'consciously', 'conjured', 'conjectures', 'conical',  
 'confinement', 'concrete', 'conceive', 'conceivable', 'composition', 'complex',  
 'complained', 'companion', 'community', 'commencing', 'comfortable', 'collapse',  
 'coil', 'code', 'coddled', 'clutch', 'clouded', 'closing', 'clock', 'cling',  
 'climbing', 'clearness', 'classify', 'clark', 'civilisation', 'churchyard',  
 'chosen', 'chisel', 'chimes', 'chests', 'cheap', 'charnel', 'charlatanry',  
 'characters', 'character', 'certainty', 'centre', 'central', 'cemetery',  
 'cataclysm', 'casual', 'carelessly', 'camp', 'caller', 'buy', 'butcher's',  
 'busy', 'burying', 'brushing', 'brood', 'bridges', 'bricks', 'breakdown',  
 'boyhood', 'boxes', 'boxed', 'borrowed', 'borealis', 'bolt', 'boldly',  
 'bodiless', 'bobbing', 'blurred', 'blinding', 'blighted', 'blew', 'bleared',  
 'blazed', 'blaze', 'blast', 'blasphemy', 'bishop', 'bicycle', 'besides', 'bell',  
 'believing', 'belgian', 'belated', 'becoming', 'beating', 'bearded', 'battle',  
 'battery', 'battered', 'basis', 'bars', 'barriers', 'barren', 'barrels', 'ball',  
 'baffled', 'awakened', 'awaked', 'avoid', 'avid', 'automatically',  
 'authorities', 'austere', 'attributing', 'attracted', 'attract', 'astonished',  
 'associations', 'aspects', 'artificial', 'array', 'arrangements', 'arisen',  
 'aren't', 'applied', 'apples', 'ape', 'anzique', 'anxious', 'antiquities',  
 'antiquarian', 'anomalous', 'angry', 'ancestor', 'anatomy', 'analysis', 'amid',

'altered', 'all--the', 'alike', 'aldebaran', 'agony', 'affected', 'affair',  
 'aerolite', 'advised', 'advice', 'advancing', 'advanced', 'admitted',  
 'additional', 'adding', 'acting', 'acted', 'accustomed', 'accompanied',  
 'accept', 'abundance', 'absolute', 'abnormality', 'abigail', 'abhorrent', "a'",  
 '8', '.must', '.look', '.jest', "'tis", "'what', 'zenith', 'yuggoth',  
 'youngest', 'yielded', 'yawned', 'writer', 'wrinkled', 'wounded', 'worshipped',  
 'worry', 'wormy', 'woodwork', 'wont', 'wonderful', "woman's", 'wolf', 'wizard',  
 'witnesses', 'witches', 'wire', 'winks', 'winking', 'winding', 'wilderness',  
 'widespread', 'widened', 'whistled', 'whiskey', 'whinnied', 'whining',  
 'whimsical', 'whim', 'whereas', "what's", 'whales', 'westminster', "weren't",  
 'wench', 'wells', 'weirdly', 'weight', 'weedy', 'weave', 'weary', 'wear',  
 'weakness', "we're", 'waxed', 'wavecrest', 'wave', 'waterfront', 'washington',  
 'warm', 'wants', 'walled', 'walks', 'walker', 'waken', 'wake', 'wain', 'wagon',  
 'wager', 'wafted', 'vulgar', 'vortices', 'von', 'voids', 'vividness',  
 'vitality', 'visited', 'vines', 'vindictive', 'vile', 'viewed', 'vicinity',  
 'vibration', 'vestry', 'vestiges', 'vestige', 'vessel', 'verse', 'veritable',  
 'verily', 'verdure', 'verdict', 'veranda', 'ventured', 'vent', 'veiled',  
 'vehicles', 'varying', 'variants', 'vaguer', 'vacuum', 'v', 'utmost', 'urn',  
 'upset', 'upland', 'upheaval', 'up--and', 'unwise', 'unwarranted', 'unvocal',  
 'unutterably', 'unthinkable', 'unreachable', 'unplaceable', 'unpainted',  
 'unnerved', 'unmistakable', 'unlock', 'unlighted', 'unkemptness', 'unique',  
 'unimagined', 'unimaginable', 'uniform', 'unhinged', 'unhappy', 'unfortunately',  
 'unfathomed', 'underground', 'uncurl', 'uncover', 'uncouth', 'uncontrollable',  
 'unclean', 'uncannily', 'unaussprechlichen', 'unaffected', 'unaccustomed',  
 'ultra-violet', 'ultimately', 'typical', 'type', 'two-hour', 'twitching',  
 'twelve', 'turmoil', 'tumbled', 'tugged', 'tug', 'trustworthy', 'trunks',  
 'troubled', 'tribute', 'tribes', 'tree-roots', 'treads', 'treacherous',  
 'travels', 'travelers', 'trap-door', 'transfigured', 'trainer', 'tragic',  
 'trader', 'trade', 'tracing', 'torture', 'torrent', 'tone', 'tomes', 'tombs',  
 'toiled', 'tips', 'tipped', 'tiny', 'tightly', 'tightened', 'tied', 'tickles',  
 'ticking', 'thunderstorm', 'thud', 'thronged', 'threshold', 'three-cornered',  
 'thread', 'thoughtful', 'thomas', 'thither', 'thinking', "thinkin'", 'thing--  
 and', 'thickly', "they'll", 'theme', 'texture', 'testing', 'testimony',  
 'terrific', 'terribly', 'terraced', 'terms', 'tenement', 'tenebrous',  
 'tenacious', 'temporary', 'temperature', 'telepathic', 'telegram', 'teeth',  
 'teeming', 'tears', 'task', 'tangled', 'tangible', 'talks', "tain't", 'tables',  
 'tablecloth', 'sympathetic', 'symbolism', 'sworn', 'swore', 'swirled', 'swift',  
 'sweet', 'sweep', 'swarm', 'swallowed', 'suspicion', 'survive', 'survival',  
 'surprising', 'surprised', 'surpassing', 'surged', 'supremacy', 'supply',  
 'superimposed', 'sumptuous', "summer's", "summ'at's", 'sullen', 'suitable',  
 'sufficiently', 'suddenness', 'successful', 'succeeding', 'subterrene',  
 'subterranean', 'substantial', 'subside', 'subsequently', 'stupendous',  
 'stumbling', 'stumble', 'strugglers', 'striving', 'strives', 'stripped',  
 'stretching', 'stretched', 'stretch', 'stress', 'strangers', 'strain',  
 'straightening', 'straightened', 'straight', 'storeroom', 'store', 'stooped',  
 'stole', 'stirrings', 'stinking', 'still-born', 'stifling', 'sticky', 'stick',  
 'stephen', 'step', 'steeps', 'steepness', 'steeple--that', 'staying', 'statues',  
 'statue', 'starting', 'stake', 'staircases', 'stair-well', 'stains', 'stained',

'staggered', 'stable', 'squirrels', 'squatting', 'squares', 'squalid',  
 'sputtered', 'sputter', 'spurn', 'sprung', 'spreading', 'sprawls', 'splendid',  
 'spiritual', 'spherical', 'speculation', 'speculating', 'spasmodically',  
 'southwest', 'sources', 'sorrow', 'sordid', 'sophisticated', 'sooty', 'soot',  
 'sons', 'something--something', "somethin'", "some'at", 'sojourn', 'softened',  
 'sober', 'sobbing', 'soames', 'snowy', 'snow-white', 'smelled', 'smashed',  
 'smaller', 'slums', 'slow', 'sloping', 'slipping', 'slip', 'slightest',  
 'slender', 'sleeper', 'slaying', 'slabs', 'skyey', 'skunk-cabbages', 'skunk-  
 cabbage', 'sketches', 'sixty', 'sitting-room', 'sinking', 'sink', 'singularly',  
 'singing', 'sin', 'simply', 'similarly', 'simian', 'sime', 'silicon', 'sidney',  
 'sidewalks', 'sickness', 'sickish', 'sickening', 'shyness', 'shun', 'shudder',  
 'shub-niggurath', 'shrunk', 'shriller', 'shreds', 'shouting', 'shops',  
 'shopkeeper', 'shockingly', 'ships', 'shingled', 'shines', 'sheltered', 'sheet',  
 "she'll", 'shattered', 'share', 'shame', 'shaggai', 'settlement', 'sets',  
 'serious', 'separated', 'sensitiveness', 'self-preservation', 'seeming', 'seed',  
 'secretly', 'seconds', 'seaton', 'searchings', 'seaport', 'seaman', 'seal',  
 'sea-worms', 'scruples', 'screens', 'screening', 'scrawled', 'scientists',  
 'scheme', 'scent', 'scatter', 'scaly', 'scaling', 'scaled', 'saying', 'saving',  
 'satyrlike', 'sansu', 'samuel', 'samples', 'sailing', 'sagging', 'sadness',  
 'ruth', 'rusty', 'rushing', 'runs', 'runaway', 'rumors', 'rudimentary', 'rough',  
 'ropes', 'roots', 'roll', 'rocks', 'robed', 'rises', 'risen', 'rimless',  
 'rifts', 'rift', 'rifkin', 'ridgepoles', 'ride', 'rid', 'richard', 'rhythmical',  
 'rewarded', 'reward', 'reverence', 'reverberated', 'revelry', 'reveal',  
 'retreat', 'reticent', 'retain', 'restrained', 'restoring', 'responsible',  
 'responsibilities', 'respond', 'resounded', 'resist', 'researches', 'research',  
 'request', 'repulsive', 'repose', 'reporter', 'reported', 'replied', 'repelled',  
 'repeat', 'renting', 'rend', 'removal', 'remoteness', 'reminiscently',  
 'reminded', 'remarks', 'reluctance', 'relic', 'released', 'release', 'relative',  
 'relate', 'regularly', 'regretfully', 'regarded', 'refusing', 'reeled',  
 'recesses', 'receiver', 'receive', 'recalling', 'realize', 'ready',  
 'readjusted', 'readily', 'reaction', 'raving', 'rational', 'rathbone',  
 'rapport', 'rapping', 'rapid', 'rank', 'ranging', 'rang', 'rambled', 'rails',  
 'radiations', 'radiance', 'racing', 'rabbits', 'rabbit', 'quietly', 'quell',  
 'pursued', 'pursue', 'purposes', 'purple', 'puffy', 'puffings', 'psychological',  
 'proximity', 'provoked', 'provide', 'proud', 'protest', 'protection',  
 'proposed', 'proof', 'profusion', 'professional', 'professed', 'prof',  
 'proclaimed', 'process', 'proceeded', 'problem', 'probable', 'privateersman',  
 'prismatic', 'prints', 'primary', 'primal', 'price', 'previously',  
 'preternatural', 'pretended', 'pretend', 'press', 'preserved', 'preservation',  
 'presented', 'preparation', 'precisely', 'precise', 'preceding', 'praying',  
 'pray', 'praise', 'practically', 'poured', 'poultry', 'potential', 'post',  
 'possibilities', 'positive', 'portland', 'portal', 'porous', 'popular',  
 'poetic', 'pocketbook', 'plotting', 'pleasing', 'plate', 'plasticity',  
 'plastic', 'plans', 'planned', 'placid', 'pitying', 'piping', 'pipes',  
 'pinkish', 'pineal', "pigafetta's", "pierce's", 'picturesque', 'pick', 'phrase',  
 'phials', 'phenomenon', 'phenomenally', 'phases', 'phantasy', 'phantasms', 'pew-  
 linings', 'pets', "petrovitch's", 'peters', 'perversion', 'persuasion',  
 'perspiration', 'persistently', 'permitted', 'permission', 'permanent',

'periwigs', 'perilously', 'perfumes', 'performed', 'perceptions', 'perceptibly',  
 'peopled', 'pencilled', 'peleg', 'peered', 'pears', 'pawed', 'paul',  
 'pattering', 'pat', 'passon', 'passes', 'passage', 'particularly', 'particles',  
 'paris', 'parental', 'parent', 'paralytic', 'paragraphs', 'panting', 'panorama',  
 'panelling', 'paneling', 'painting', 'painstaking', 'page', 'p', 'owners',  
 'owner', 'overrun', 'overpowered', 'overheard', 'overhear', 'overcome', 'outen',  
 'ours', 'orgy', 'organ', 'ordering', 'orchards', 'orchard', 'orbs', 'optical',  
 'oppression', 'opinion', 'opiate', 'openly', 'opaque', 'ongas', 'onga', 'onct',  
 'olympian', 'olive', 'oldest', 'olden', 'old-time', 'old-fashioned', 'officers',  
 'officer', 'offering', 'offered', 'offensive', 'odours', 'oceans', 'occurrence',  
 'occupied', 'occasion', 'obviously', 'obvious', 'obtaining', 'obstacle',  
 'obscurity', 'obscurely', 'obscene', 'oak', 'o'malley', 'numberless', 'numbed',  
 'nucleus', 'nowhere', 'now--the', 'november', 'notorious', "nothin'", 'notable',  
 'noses', 'nose', 'northerly', 'nonplussed', 'non-human', 'ninth', 'nineteenth',  
 'newer', 'nevil', 'nevertheless', 'nevermore', 'nethermost', 'nether',  
 'neighbourhood', 'neglect', "needn't", 'nausea', 'naturally', 'nasty', 'nabby',  
 'myths', "mustn't", 'mustiness', 'muskets', "musician's", 'musical', 'music-  
 rack', 'music-hall', 'muscular', 'mummified', 'moustache', 'mournful', 'mount',  
 'motioning', "mother's", 'mossy', 'mortals', 'moreover', 'morbidly',  
 'moonbeams', 'monuments', 'monstrosities', 'monotonously', 'monkeys', 'monitor',  
 'momentary', 'moldy', 'modifications', 'models', 'mockery', 'moan', 'mistaken',  
 'mistake', 'missile', 'minot', 'miniature', 'mindless', 'milwaukee', 'military',  
 'mildewed', 'miasmal', 'methods', "meteor's", 'metaphysics', 'metallic',  
 'merluzzo', 'merchantman', 'merchant', 'mephitic', 'menacing', "men's",  
 'memorial', 'melancholy', 'mehitabel', 'meet', 'mediaeval', 'mechanism',  
 'mechanically', 'meaning', 'meagre', 'me)', 'maze', "mather's", 'marsh',  
 'markedly', 'mark', 'marine', 'march', 'maples', 'mantels', 'mantel', 'mammoth',  
 'malodorous', 'malignant', 'malign', 'malevolence', 'male', 'majority',  
 'majestic', 'mainly', 'maiden', 'magnitude', 'magnetic', 'magician', 'madman',  
 'madly', 'maddening', 'lure', 'lurched', 'lungs', 'lucky', 'louvre-boards',  
 'louvre-boarded', 'loudly', 'lord', 'looks', "lookin'", 'locks', 'locality',  
 'loathsomeness', 'loathed', "livin'", 'livestock', 'live-stock', 'littered',  
 'litter', 'lit', 'lion', 'lined', 'lifelong', 'lifelike', 'level', 'letting',  
 'lethal', "let's", 'lesser', 'lenient', 'legions', 'legendry', 'legend-haunted',  
 'learn', 'leaping', 'leap', 'lawn', 'laughing', "latter's", 'largest', 'lapsed',  
 'landscapes', 'landscape', 'lands', 'lamps', 'lady', 'lad', 'lacking',  
 'labyrinthine', 'kulten', 'know--that', 'knots', 'knocking', 'knees', 'kinship',  
 'kindly', 'kilt', 'killing', 'kicking', 'khem', 'keys', 'keeps', 'keeping',  
 'keenest', 'keen', 'kamog', 'kadiphonek', 'juvenile', 'junzt', 'jump', 'judged',  
 'judge', 'jottings', 'joint', 'john', 'jest', 'jaunty', 'january', 'j', 'ivory',  
 'iv', 'itinerant', 'items', 'italy', 'it--or', "it--i'll", 'it--i', 'it--a',  
 'isolation', 'isolated', 'irresponsible', 'irresistibly', 'iron-railed',  
 'irish', 'investigators', 'investigator', 'interpretation', 'interminable',  
 'interesting', 'intentness', 'intensely', 'intense', 'intellectual',  
 'instinctively', 'instinct', 'instantly', 'inspiration', 'insight', 'insects',  
 'innermost', 'inherit', 'inhalations', 'influences', 'infected', 'infantile',  
 'inevitable', 'inertia', 'indulged', 'indescribable', 'increase', 'including',  
 'inarticulate', 'inane', 'inactive', 'inaction', 'impulse', 'improve',

'impressive', 'impossibility', 'import', 'impious', 'impending', 'impacts',  
 'impact', 'immortal', 'illusion', 'ill', 'iii', 'ignorant', 'idly', 'ideas',  
 'hysteria', 'hypnos', 'hybrid', 'husky', "husband's", 'hurting', 'hurriedly',  
 'huntingdon', 'hundred', 'hump', 'humorous', 'humid', 'humble', 'hues', 'hue',  
 'howled', 'hostility', 'hopkins', 'hopes', 'hopelessly', 'hook', 'honourable',  
 'honest', 'homes', 'hogs', 'hoax', 'hoary', 'hitherto', 'historical', 'him--  
 and', 'hillside', 'hieroglyphs', 'hideousness', 'hey', 'hesitate', 'hers',  
 'herbage', 'hence', 'helpless', 'helped', 'hells', 'hellas', 'hed', 'heavily',  
 'headquarters', 'haying', "haven't", 'hauled', 'hath', 'hated', 'hasty',  
 'harvard', 'harmonies', 'happy', 'happens', 'happenings', 'happen', 'haouse',  
 'hannah', 'hanging', 'handwriting', 'handsome', 'handkerchief', 'handbills',  
 'halted', 'hallowmass', 'half-choked', "hain't", 'haggard', "hadn't", 'hack',  
 'habitual', 'gutters', 'guilt', 'guidance', 'guests', 'guest', 'guessed',  
 'guardian', 'grotto', 'groped', 'greenwich', 'greenish', 'green-litten', 'great-  
 grandfather', 'graves', 'graven', 'gravely', 'gratitude', 'grating', 'grasp',  
 'grant', 'grandfather', 'grandeur', 'grace', 'goya', 'gouged', 'gotten',  
 'gossips', "good--she'd", 'goings', 'gnawing', 'gnawed', 'gloucester',  
 'glistened', 'gliding', 'glided', 'glens', 'glassy-eyed', 'glasses', 'glare',  
 'glanced', 'gits', 'girl', 'gifted', 'gibbering', 'giant', 'ghostly', 'ghost',  
 'geometry', "geologist's", 'generations', 'gateway', 'gate', 'gasped', 'gasp',  
 'gases', 'gas-mask', 'gargoyles', "gardner's", 'garb', 'gaps', 'gap', 'game',  
 'gallows', 'fuseli', 'furnish', 'furnace', 'fumes', 'frozen', 'frightfully',  
 'friendship', 'frensy', 'france', 'fragrant', 'foxes', 'foul', 'fought',  
 'fostered', 'fortune', 'forming', 'forgot', 'forgetfulness', 'forged',  
 'foremost', 'forefathers', 'forbidding', 'forbid', 'folded', 'flying', 'fluids',  
 'fluid', 'flowering', 'flow', 'florida', 'flora', 'flopping', 'flooded',  
 'flock', 'flicker', 'fled', 'fittings', 'fits', 'filthy', 'fiendishly', 'fewer',  
 'fevered', 'fer', 'feigned', 'feels', "feeding", 'feed', 'feebly', 'febrile',  
 'fear-haunted', 'favourite', 'fatigue', 'fathomless', 'fashionable', 'farms',  
 'farmers', 'farewell', 'fantaisiste', 'fane', 'fanciful', 'famous',  
 'familiarity', 'fair', 'failing', 'fading', 'faculties', 'exude', 'extinct',  
 'exterior', 'expressions', 'explosion', 'exploring', 'explore', 'exploration',  
 'explanations', 'explained', 'experimental', 'experiences', 'expensive',  
 'expeditions', 'expectations', 'expect', 'expanse', 'exhilaration',  
 'exhibition', 'exhibit', 'exhaustive', 'exerted', 'excuse', 'exchange',  
 'exceptional', 'excellent', 'exaggerated', 'everywhere', 'eventually',  
 'evasively', 'european', 'ethnology', 'ethereal', 'eternal', 'estimate',  
 'essence', 'erudition', 'equivocal', 'epileptic', 'epidemic', 'entities',  
 'ensued', 'enshrined', 'enjoying', 'enjoyed', 'endlessly', 'ended',  
 'encouragement', 'enclosing', 'emptied', 'employ', 'emit', 'embarked',  
 'elusive', 'elkanah', 'elderly', 'effort', 'educated', 'edifices', 'ecstasy',  
 'economics', 'echoing', 'eccentricities', 'ebenezer', 'ebbed', 'eb', 'eat',  
 'eastern', 'earthen', 'eager', 'dweller', 'dusk', 'duplication', 'dumped',  
 'dumbly', 'drowning', 'drooped', 'droning', 'droned', 'drifting', 'dressed',  
 'dreamily', 'dream-world', 'drag', 'dozen', 'doubled-up', 'doorstep', 'doomed',  
 'donning', 'dominant', 'dogged', "doesn't", 'dizzy', 'dizzily', 'divisions',  
 'divined', 'disused', 'disturb', 'distress', 'dissolving', 'disquiet',  
 'displaced', 'displace', 'disperse', 'dismissed', 'disjointed',

'disintegration', 'disease', 'discovered', 'discover', 'discerned', 'discern',  
'disc', 'disappearances', 'disappearance', 'directed', 'dimmer', 'diligence',  
'dilapidated', 'differing', 'differ', 'dictated', 'diagrams', 'dewy', 'dew',  
'devour', 'devotee', 'devious', 'developing', 'develop', 'devastating',  
'detective', 'detect', 'detailed', 'destruction', 'destroying', 'destroy',  
'destined', 'destinations', 'destination', 'desperation', 'desired',  
'desertion', 'descent', 'descended', 'descend', 'des', 'depth', 'depend',  
'deny', 'denser', 'delirium', 'delirious', 'deliberate', 'defense', 'defeat',  
'deer', 'deem', 'decline', 'decision', 'decipher', 'decide', 'decently',  
'december', 'decaying', 'decayed', 'decadent', 'dear', 'de', 'daytime', 'date',  
'darted', 'darkest', 'daemon', 'cylindrical', 'cycle', 'cuttings', 'cutting',  
'curving', 'curled', 'curb', 'cults', 'culminating', 'cryptical', 'crypt',  
'crushing', 'crumble', 'crowning', 'crop', 'crookes', 'crime', 'credit',  
"creature's", 'creation', 'crazily', 'crawling', 'crashing', 'craftily',  
'covering', 'cover', 'court-house', 'couple', 'countryside', 'cottages',  
'correlated', 'correct', 'corpse', 'core', 'coping', 'convulsions',  
'convincing', 'convinced', 'conveyed', 'control', 'contracted', 'continue',  
'containing', 'contained', 'contain', 'contacts', 'consumptives',  
'construction', 'constitution', 'consisting', 'consistency', 'consisted',  
'consequences', 'conquest', 'conquered', 'congregated', 'congolese',  
'confusion', 'confronted', 'confront', 'confirmed', 'confines', 'confident',  
'confessed', 'confess', 'condor', 'conditions', 'concluded', 'concerned',  
'concern', 'conceived', 'concealment', 'concealed', 'comprehend', 'composer',  
'complexion', 'complaint', 'companions', 'commotion', 'commonplace',  
'commission', 'commander', 'commanded', "comin'", 'comfort', 'comer',  
'combined', 'collecting', 'colleagues', 'collapsed', 'cobblestones', 'coast',  
'clutches', 'clumsy', 'clumsily', 'cloudburst', 'closer', 'climax', 'climate',  
'cliffs', 'click', 'clean-shaven', 'clawing', 'clawed', "clark's",  
'civilization', "city's", 'citadel', 'circumstances', 'churning', 'churchyards',  
'chronicle', 'choice', 'chips', 'chimney-pots', 'childishly', 'chiefly',  
'chicago', 'chemical', 'cheeks', 'checked', 'check', 'chasms', 'charms',  
'charge', "chapman's", 'channels', 'channel', 'changing', 'chain', 'centuried',  
'cemeteries', 'cellars', 'cell', 'celebrated', 'ceiling-high', 'ceiling',  
'cease', 'caverns', 'cavernous', 'caved', 'cautiously', 'causes', 'caude',  
'casement', 'carvings', 'carrying', 'careless', 'careful', 'captain',  
'canvases', 'cannibals', 'cannibal', 'callers', 'cage', 'cafe', 'buttons',  
'butcher', 'burnt', 'burgesses', 'bumped', "bull's-eye", 'build', 'bubble',  
'brush', 'brother', 'brook', 'bristling', 'brings', 'bright', 'breathed',  
'breast', 'breaking', 'breadth', 'brave', "boy's", 'bows', 'bowen', 'bounded',  
'bought', 'boots', 'bookcase', 'bony', 'bondage', 'bolted', 'boat', 'boarded',  
'bluish', 'blowing', 'bloodshot', 'block', 'blinking', 'blinked', 'blight',  
'blazing', 'bits', 'bites', 'bite', 'birth', 'bins', 'bewildered', 'betrayed',  
'bespoke', 'beset', 'ben', 'belonged', 'belfries', 'belching', 'behaved',  
'beats', 'beasts', 'base', "barzai's", 'baronet', 'banks', 'banker', 'bald',  
'bakery', 'bade', 'backwoods', 'backgrounds', 'babel', 'axe', 'awoke',  
'awkwardly', 'awkward', 'awakening', 'awaken', 'awaited', 'aversion', 'averred',  
'authentic', 'audience', 'attired', 'attending', 'attempts', 'attempting',  
'attacking', 'attack', 'attached', 'atrocious', 'ate', 'astonishing', 'assure',

'asking', 'ascribed', 'ascertain', 'ascending', 'ascend', 'arts', 'artists',  
 'articles', 'arter', 'arrive', 'arrested', 'arranging', 'arrangement', 'army',  
 'armed', 'arm', 'area', 'ardent', 'arch', 'appears', 'appear', 'apparatus',  
 'apoplexy', 'ape-princess', 'apathy', 'anywhere', 'anybody', 'anxiety',  
 'antiquated', 'antiquarians', 'anthropomorphic', 'anthropological',  
 'antediluvian', 'antagonist', 'answering', 'annals', "ann's", 'anglican',  
 'angles', 'angle', 'anger', 'angell', 'andros', 'analyze', 'anaemia', 'amused',  
 'ample', 'american', 'america', 'amazingly', 'alteration', 'alone--i',  
 'almighty', 'allowed', 'allied', 'alight', 'alertness', 'air-cushion', 'aim',  
 'agree', 'aggressive', 'aggravated', 'aftermath', 'afriky', 'afford',  
 'affinity', 'affairs', 'aether', 'aeons', 'advise', 'advent', 'adorned',  
 'adequate', 'address', 'addition', 'actively', 'active', 'act', 'acres',  
 'acquaintance', 'acknowledged', 'accumulate', 'accordingly', 'accidentally',  
 'access', 'accepted', 'absurdly', 'absurd', 'absent', 'abnormally', '7', '2',  
 '1913', '1893', '1877', '1861', '1804', '1768', '1761', '17', '1598', '.you',  
 '.they', '.that', '.some', '.seeds', '.one', '.in', '.he', '.glub', ".dun't",  
 '.i', ".here", '(where', "'ghoul", "'em", "'this", "'my", "'i\m", "'glad',  
 "'ebenezer", "'dan", "'but", 'zur', 'zones', 'zodiacal', 'zobnarian', 'zobna',  
 'zinneas', 'zestful', 'zest', 'yourself', 'yours--ed', 'you--but', 'you--and',  
 'you've', 'york--walked', 'york', 'yore', 'yield', 'yer', 'yells', 'yellow-  
 litten', 'yelling', 'yelled', "years'", 'yearnings', 'yearned', 'year--a', 'ye--  
 ye', 'ye--i', 'ye--as', 'yawns', 'yards', 'yankees', 'yaddith', 'xii', 'x',  
 'wry', 'wrought', 'writhed', 'writhe', 'writes', 'wrists', 'wrinkles',  
 'wriggling', 'wrenched', 'wreak', 'wrath', 'woven', 'worthy', 'worth',  
 'worrying', 'wormed', 'worm-riddled', 'worm-eaten', 'worm--eaten', 'works',  
 'workmen', 'workmanship', 'working', 'wordless', 'wooing', 'woodshed',  
 'woodcuts', 'woodcut', 'woodchucks', 'woodchuck', 'wood--standing', 'wonted',  
 'wonderment', 'wonder-fraught', 'women', 'wolves', 'woeful', "wits'", 'within--  
 for', 'withdrawn', 'with--that', "witches'", 'witch-den', 'witch-cult', 'witch--  
 fires', "wit's", 'wistfulness', 'wistful', 'wisps', 'wisely', 'wisconsin',  
 'wired', 'wins', 'wings', 'winging', 'wing--yog', 'wing', 'wine', 'windy',  
 'windows--before', 'window-pierced', 'window-panes', 'window--the', 'windmill',  
 'windings', 'wind-whipped', 'wind-swept', 'willows', "william's", 'will--he',  
 'wildness', 'wig', 'wife--delusions', 'wife--and', 'widower', 'widowed',  
 'widmanstatten', 'widest', 'widening', 'wide-planked', 'why--knew', 'why--and',  
 'whitmarsh', "whitman's", 'whitman', 'whitewash', 'whiter', 'whiteness',  
 'whiten', 'white-haired', 'white-capped', 'white-bearded', 'whistling',  
 'whispered--and', 'whisper--he', 'whirlpools', 'whirlpool', 'whipple--who',  
 'whinny', 'whims', 'whereupon', 'whereunto', 'whereto', 'whereabouts', 'where--  
 the', 'wheeled', 'wheaton', 'whatsoever', 'whale', 'wetly', 'westwards', 'west--  
 the', 'werewolves', 'were--how', 'welled', 'well-ordered', 'well-meaning',  
 'well-marked', 'well-known', 'well-established', 'well-educated', 'well-  
 defined', 'well-bred', 'well-attested', 'well--that', 'well--seething', 'well--  
 in', 'well--i', 'well--he', 'well--"', 'welcomed', "welcome's", 'weirdness',  
 'weirder', 'weighted', 'weighing', 'weigh', 'weeping', 'weep', 'weekly--almost',  
 'weed-grown', 'weed-choked', 'wednesday', 'wedding', 'weathered', 'weather-  
 beaten', 'wearing', 'weapons', 'wealthy', 'wealth', 'weaknesses', 'weakly',  
 'weak-willed', 'weak--and', "we've", 'wayfarers', 'way--killed', 'way--"away',

'wax--and', 'wavered', 'watery', 'watering-place', 'water-pipe', 'water--it',  
 'watchtower', 'watchful', 'watches', 'watcher's', 'wasting-away', 'wasting',  
 'wasted', 'washed', 'wash-stand', 'was--something', 'was--my', 'was--  
 incredibly', 'was--i', 'was--and', 'wars', 'warriors', 'warns', 'warnings',  
 'warn', 'warlike', 'warehouses', 'warehouse', 'wards', 'wardrobe', 'wanly',  
 'waned', 'wanderings', 'wander', 'wand', 'wan', 'walpurgis', 'wallpaper', 'wall  
 --especially', 'walking--sticks', 'wakeful', 'waites', 'waite's', 'wail',  
 'wading', 'w', 'vulgarly', 'vowing', 'vow', 'voted', 'voluntary', 'voluntarily',  
 'volubly', 'voiceless', 'voice--the', 'vividly', 'vitally', 'visually',  
 'visual', 'visitor's', 'visitations', 'vision--so', 'vise', 'viscount',  
 'visages', 'virus', 'virulent', 'virtuous', 'virtues', 'virtue', 'virtual',  
 'virgin', 'viols', 'viol-player', 'vine-shaded', 'vine-grown', 'vindictiveness',  
 'villages', 'village-like', 'vii', 'vigour', 'vigorously', 'vigorous',  
 'vigilant', 'views', 'viewing', 'victuals', 'victoriously', 'victims--ignorant',  
 'vice', 'vibrant', 'vi', 'vexation', 'vestrymen', 'vertically', 'verticality',  
 'verses', 'versa', 'vermis', 'verifying', 'verify', 'verbs', 'vengeance',  
 'vein', 'vegetable', 'vaultings', 'vastness', 'vaster', 'variant', 'vapours--  
 spontaneous', 'vapour-soaked', 'vaporous', 'vantage-point', 'vanishment',  
 'vanishing', 'vampirish', 'vampires--the', 'vampires', 'vampire', 'valusia',  
 'valuable', 'valiantly', 'valiant', 'vales', 'vale', 'vacua', 'vacillating',  
 'vacation--would', 'vacantly', 'uttermost', 'utterances', 'utterance',  
 'utilising', 'usual--harder', 'using--and', 'ushered', 'usher--am', 'uses',  
 'uselessly', 'useful', 'use--"', 'urns', 'urged', 'upwards', 'upward-looking',  
 'upturned', 'upton--what', 'upstairs--but', 'uprightly', 'upright', 'uppermost',  
 'uplands', 'upjohn', 'upholsterer', 'upheaved', 'updike's', 'upbraids', 'up--  
 probably', 'unwilling', 'unweakened', 'unvisitable', 'unversed', 'unveiled',  
 'unuttered', 'unusual--something', 'unused', 'untying', 'unturned',  
 'untransmissible', 'untouched--telling', 'untouched', 'untold', 'untied',  
 'untangling', 'unsuspected', 'unsuccessful', 'unstopping', 'unstirred',  
 'unsteady', 'unsteadily', 'unspeakably', 'unsold', 'unsightly', 'unshackled',  
 'unseated', 'unsanitary', 'unsanctioned', 'unsanctified', 'unrest',  
 'unrememberable', 'unrelated', 'unrelatable', 'unrecognized', 'unrecognizably',  
 'unrecognised', 'unreality', 'unprovided', 'unprotected', 'unprecedented--and',  
 'unprecedented', 'unpopularity', 'unplumbed', 'unpleasing', 'unpleasantness',  
 'unplaced', 'unpaved', 'unparticled', 'unorthodox', 'unofficially',  
 'unoccupied', 'unnumbered', 'unnamed', 'unnamable', 'unmoving', 'unmoved',  
 'unmitigatedly', 'unmitigated', 'unmentionable', 'unmanageable', 'unlocking',  
 'unlit', 'unless', 'unknowingly', 'unkept', 'universes', 'universe--all',  
 'universe's', 'universally', 'units', 'unison', 'unique--unique',  
 'unintelligible', 'uninjured', 'unimpassioned', 'unify', 'uniformity',  
 'unidentified', 'unidentifiable', 'unhurt', 'unhuman', 'unhesitatingly',  
 'unhesitantly', 'unheeded', 'unheard-of', 'unhealthful', 'unharmful',  
 'unguessed', 'unfulfilled', 'unformed', 'unfolded', 'unfavorably',  
 'unflinching', 'unexpected', 'unexercised', 'uneasy', 'uneasiness',  
 'uneasily', 'unearthed', 'undulated', 'undreamable', 'undoubted',  
 'undimensioned', 'undeveloped', 'undermined', 'undermine', 'underlying',  
 'undergrowth', 'underground--but', 'undergone', 'undergo', 'undercurrent',  
 'undefinable', 'undecipherable', 'uncovering', 'uncorporeal', 'unconstrainedly',



'unconsciously', 'uncomfortably', 'uncle--the', 'unclassified', 'uncials',  
 'unchanged', 'uncertainly', 'uncertain--and', 'unbreathing', 'unbelievably',  
 'unbelief', 'unbearable', 'unbalanced', 'unbalance', 'unanimous', 'un--over',  
 'umbrellas--a', 'umbrellas', 'umbrella-shaded', 'ululation', 'ugh', 'two-year-  
 old', 'twitterings', 'twittering', 'twisting', 'twist', 'twinkling', 'twinkled',  
 'twenty-three', 'twenty-seven', 'twenty-four', 'twenty-five', 'twenty--five',  
 'twelfth', 'tutors', 'tumbling', 'tuk', 'tugging--from', 'trying--i',  
 'trusting', 'trust', 'trudged', 'truck', 'troubling', 'trouble--just',  
 'trotted', 'trophies', 'trooped', 'trodden', 'trod', 'triviality', 'trithemius',  
 'trismegistus', 'trips--ostensibly', 'trips', 'tripping', 'tripods', 'trim',  
 'tricolour', 'tricks', 'tricklings', 'trickling', 'trickle', 'triangular',  
 'trials', 'tri-dimensional', 'trepidation', 'tremont', 'tremendously', 'tree--  
 roots', 'tree', 'treble', 'treatises', 'treated', 'treasured', 'treasure-  
 vaults', 'treasure-trove', 'treasure', 'treason', 'travelling', 'travellers',  
 "traveller's", "trav'lin", 'trapdoor', 'trap', 'transparent', 'transom',  
 'transmits', 'translucency', 'translations', 'translated', 'transitions',  
 'transformation', 'transfiguring', 'transfer', 'transcript', 'transcribed',  
 'trans-saturnian', 'tranquillity', 'tramways', 'tram-car', 'traits',  
 'traitorous', 'training', 'trailing', 'trail', 'tragedy', 'tragedies',  
 'traffick', 'traffic', 'traditional', 'trading-post', "tradin'", 'traded',  
 'tractable', 'tract', 'tracks--then', 'tracks', 'trackless', 'traceable',  
 'township', 'townsfolk', 'towns', 'town--was', "town's", 'towered', 'tower--  
 window--can', 'towed', 'tour--i', 'tougher-fibred', 'totally', 'tossed',  
 'torsos', 'torrid', 'torrential', 'torn', 'torments-', 'torment', 'tore',  
 'tops', 'topple', 'topmost', 'too-youthful', 'too--in', 'too--and', 'too)',  
 'tons', 'tonight', 'tomatoes', 'tolerance', 'told--for', 'toilers', 'toes',  
 'toboggan', 'toadstools', 'tittered', 'titter', 'tissue', 'tireless', 'tipping',  
 'tip-toe', 'tints', 'tint', 'tingled', 'tinged', 'timorous', 'timidly', 'timid',  
 'times--and', 'time-battered', 'time--for', 'time--certainly', "time's",  
 'time"', 'timbre--not', 'timber--with', 'tilting', 'tilt', "tillinghast's",  
 'tight', 'tiers', 'tides', 'ticked', 'thy', 'thurai', 'thunderstorms--he',  
 'thunderstorms', 'thunders', 'thunderbolts', 'thunderbolt', 'thumb-tack',  
 'throws', 'throw', 'throughout', 'throats', 'thrives', 'thrillingly',  
 'thrilling', 'thrill', 'three-year-old', 'three-lobed', 'three-dimensional',  
 'threatened', 'threat', 'thousandfold', "this--ain't", "this--'tis", 'thirty-  
 six', 'thirty-four', 'thirty-eight', 'thirteenth', 'thirsted', 'thinning',  
 'thinned', 'think--will', 'things--the', 'things--and', 'thing--might', 'thing--  
 kill', "thing's", 'thin-lipped', 'thickest', 'thick-witted', 'they--and',  
 'therefrom', 'thereby', 'there--tillinghast', 'there--sane', 'there--it', 'there  
 --ia', 'there--down', 'there--and', 'theory', 'theorists', 'theoretical',  
 'theological', 'thenceforth', 'then--with', 'then--though', 'them--notably',  
 'them--but', 'them--and', 'them--a', 'theirs', 'theatrical', 'theaters', 'the--  
 other', 'that--which', 'that--thing', 'that--all', 'thar--it', "thar's",  
 'thapnen', 'thanks', 'thankless', 'thankful', 'thanked', 'thad', 'textured',  
 'texts', 'tests', 'test--and', 'test', 'terrorists', 'terror-struck', 'terror--  
 their', 'terrified', 'terrible--though', 'terrestrial', 'terrace',  
 'terminating', 'terminated', 'term', 'tenuously', 'tenderly', 'tendency', 'ten-  
 panelled', 'tempter', 'tempted', 'temporarily', 'temples', 'temple-like',

'temple's', 'tempestuously', 'tempestuous', 'temperament', 'telled',  
 'telescopes', 'telephone--but', 'telephone--"glub', 'teemed', 'tearing',  
 'teaching', 'teacher', 'tea-table', 'taxidermic', 'taxi', 'tawdry', 'taunted',  
 'tau', 'tatters', 'tastes', 'tasteless', 'tartary', 'tar', 'tapping', 'tapped',  
 'tapering', 'taown', 'tamer', 'tame', 'talons', 'tallow', 'tallest', 'talked--  
 far', 'talk--i', 'talents', 'taint', 'tail', 'tactless', 'tactfully', 'tacked',  
 'taciturn', 'table--the', 't'other', 'systematic', 'symptom', 'symphonic',  
 'symbolic', 'syllables', 'syllable', 'swung', 'swords', 'swollen', 'switched',  
 "switch--that's", 'switch', 'swirl', 'swing', 'swine', 'swifter', 'swerved',  
 'swelling', 'swell', 'swear--that', 'swear', 'sway', 'swar', 'swap', 'swamping',  
 'swamp-like', 'swallows', 'sustained', 'sustain', 'suspension', 'suspended',  
 'susceptible', 'susceptibility', 'surveying', 'surveyed', 'survey',  
 'surrounded', 'surpassed', 'surpass', 'surmounting', 'surmounted', 'surmised',  
 'surmise', 'surly', 'surliness', 'surging', 'supposedly', 'suppose--you',  
 'supports', 'supported--a', 'supplied', 'supplement', 'supplant', 'supernal',  
 'superimpose', 'superficially', 'superficial', 'sunsets', 'sunrise', 'sunny',  
 'sunned', 'sunk', 'sundials', 'sundays', "sun's", 'summoning', 'summon--  
 anything', 'summers', 'summer--and', 'summarize', 'sulphuric', 'sulphur',  
 'suit', 'suicide', 'suicidal', 'suggests', 'suffering', 'suddent', 'suction',  
 'succumb', 'successfully', 'succeed--one', 'subways', 'suburbs', 'subtractions',  
 'subtlety', 'subtler', 'substance--or', 'subsidence', 'subsided',  
 'subordinated', 'submissive', 'submerged', 'submarines', 'subjects', 'subjected  
 --i', 'subjected', 'subdued', 'subdue', 'subdivided', 'style', 'stuns', 'stump',  
 'stuffing', "stuff'", "students'", 'stubbornly', 'stubborn', 'struggles',  
 'struggler', 'struggled', 'structures', 'strongly', 'stronger-minded',  
 'strollers', 'stroke--and', 'striven', 'strips', 'stripes', 'strip', 'string',  
 'strikingly', 'strident', 'stride', 'strictly', 'strewn', 'stretches',  
 'stresses', 'strengthening', 'strengthen', 'streets--there', 'streetlights',  
 'street--was', 'street--things', 'street--the', 'street--on', 'street--at',  
 'street--and', 'streams', 'streamed', 'streaks', 'straying', 'strayed', 'straw',  
 'strangled', 'strangest', 'stranger--an', 'strang', 'strands', 'stranded',  
 'stragglings', 'stragglers', 'stovepipe', 'stoutest', 'stormy', 'stories--the',  
 'storage', 'stops', 'stools', 'stone--it', 'stone--an', "stone's", 'stomach',  
 'stolidly', 'stolen', 'stimulated', 'stillness', 'still-intact', 'still--saved',  
 'stiffly', 'stiffened', 'sticks', 'stickpin', 'sterner', 'sterile', 'step--and',  
 'stenches', 'stem', 'stellar', 'steering', 'steer', 'steeply', 'steepled',  
 'steeple--the', 'steeple--objects', "steeple's", 'steeper', 'steel--bowed',  
 'steamed', 'stealthily', 'stealing', 'steadier', 'steadied', 'staves',  
 'stature', 'statuary', 'statistical', 'stationery', 'states', 'statements',  
 'stately', 'stated', 'state--stained', 'state--so', 'starving', 'startlingly',  
 'startling', 'starting-point', 'start--i', 'stars--and', 'starred', 'starkly',  
 'stands', 'standards', 'stamping', 'stampeded', 'stamp', 'stammered', 'stalls',  
 'stalks', 'stalking', 'stalked', 'stalk', 'stain', 'stagnant', 'staggering',  
 'stagger', 'stages--and', 'staged', 'stafford', 'stable-boy', 'squeezing',  
 'squeamish', 'squeals', 'squeal', 'squawk', 'squarely', 'square--was',  
 'sprouted', 'sprout', 'springtime', 'springing', "spring's", 'sprightly',  
 'spreads', 'spreading--little', 'sponsoring', 'splotch', 'split', 'splintering',  
 'splintered', 'splendidly', 'splattering', 'splashed', 'splash--water--it',

'spit', 'spirito', 'spire-crowned', 'spire-bristling', 'spirals', 'spinning-  
 wheels', 'spindling', 'spiders', 'speedy', 'speeches', 'speculates',  
 'spectator', 'spectacularly', 'spectacles--"', 'spectacles', 'spectacled',  
 'spectacle', 'specious', 'species--if', 'specially', 'specialist', 'speaks',  
 'speakers', 'speaker', 'speak--nor', 'spawn', 'spattering', 'spattered',  
 'spatial', 'spasms', 'spasm', 'sparse', 'sparkling', 'spark', 'spared', 'spare',  
 'spanned', 'spanish', 'spangled', 'span', 'spadeful', 'spacious', 'space--time',  
 'space--things', 'space--some', 'space--a', 'sowed', 'sow', 'southward',  
 'southern', 'southerly', 'sounds--a', 'soundless', 'sounding-board', 'sounding',  
 'soul-racking', 'soul--for', "soul's", 'sothoth', 'sot', 'sores', 'sorely',  
 'soothing', 'soothed', 'soothe', 'songs', 'sommolent', 'sommolence', 'somewhere  
 --not', 'sometimes--but', 'something--they', 'sombre', 'solving', 'solitary',  
 'solids', 'solicitude', 'sole', 'soldiers', "soldier's", 'solace', 'softer',  
 'soda', 'socially', 'sobs', 'soberer', 'soarings', 'soaked', 'snowdrifts', 'snow  
 --white', 'snorted', 'sniffed', 'sneering', 'sneered', 'snatches', 'snatched',  
 'snap-shots', 'snake', 'smugglers', 'smug', 'smoking', 'smoke-wreathed', 'smoke-  
 grimed', 'smiling', 'smart', 'smallish', 'smallest', 'small-swords', 'smack',  
 'slyly', 'slumping', 'slumped', "slum-denizen's", 'slowed', 'slouch', 'sloop',  
 'slithered', 'slipped', 'slinking', 'slimy', 'slime', 'sliding', 'slid', 'slew--  
 i', 'sleigh', 'sleeves', 'sleeve', 'sleepy', 'sleeplessness', 'sleepily',  
 'sleepers', "sleeper's", 'sleep-walking', 'sleep-those', "slayin'--like",  
 'slavery', 'slavered', 'slaughter', 'slanting', 'slanted', 'slamming',  
 'slammed', 'slackening', 'skyward', 'skyline', 'sky-reaching', 'sky-it', 'sky--  
 something', 'skittish', 'skirts', 'skins', 'skilled', 'skill', 'skeptical',  
 'skeletal', 'skeert--all', 'skai', 'six-toed', 'six-panelled', 'situations',  
 'sits', 'sir--new', 'sinuous', 'sins', 'singular--and', 'singly', 'single--  
 more', 'singer', 'sinful', 'sincerity', 'sincere', 'simultaneously',  
 'simultaneous', 'simplicity', 'similarity', 'similar-and', 'silvery', 'silver',  
 'silk', 'silhouetting', 'signs--here', 'significantly', 'signed', 'sightseers',  
 'sighted', 'sight--light', 'sighs', 'sigh', 'sidewise', 'sickishness', 'sicken',  
 'sicilian', 'shying', 'shuttle', 'shutting', 'shutters', 'shuttered',  
 'shunning', 'shuffled', 'shrubs', 'shrouds', 'shrouded', 'shroud', 'shriveled',  
 'shrink', 'shrill', 'shrieked--like', 'shrewdness', 'shrewd', 'shovel',  
 'shoutings', 'shout', "shouldn't", 'shoulders', 'shortest', 'shooting',  
 'shoggoths--ia', 'shoggoths', 'shoggoth--it', 'shocking--greyish', 'shocking--  
 for', 'shock--though', 'shock--perhaps', 'shiveringly', 'ship', 'shimmers',  
 'shimmerings', 'shimmered', 'shifted', 'shielded', 'shield', 'shied', 'shewing',  
 'shewed', 'shew', 'shepley', 'sheltering', 'shelter', 'shell', 'sheepishly',  
 'sheepish', 'sheen', 'sheared', 'she-devil--even', "she-devil's", 'she-devil',  
 'she--forever--too', "she's", 'shattering', 'sharpness', 'sharply)', 'sharply',  
 'sharpened', 'sharp-angled', 'shape--i', 'shallows', 'shakily', 'shaken',  
 'shafts', 'shadowing', "shack's", 'shabby', 'severed', 'seventy-eight',  
 'seventh', 'seventeenth-century', 'seventeenth', 'seventeen-thirties',  
 'settling', 'setting', 'set--whose', 'serving', 'service', 'servants--who',  
 'servants--told', 'servants--it', 'servants--ann', 'serpentine', 'serpent-men',  
 'sermon', 'seriousness', 'sequence', 'sepulchre', 'separating', 'sentiments',  
 'sentient', 'sensible', 'sensed', 'sense-organs--ears', 'sense-impressions',  
 'sense--in', 'senility', 'sends', 'senct', 'sence--"', 'sence', 'semisolid',

'semicircle', 'semi-putrid', 'semi-liquid', 'semi-fluid', 'semi-farm',  
 'semblance', 'selling', 'self-repression', 'self-reliance', 'self-possession',  
 'self-luminous', 'self-indulgence', 'self--which', 'self', 'selectmen',  
 'selectiveness', 'seizures', 'seizing', 'seekers', 'securing', 'securely',  
 'secure', 'sections', 'seconded', 'secluded', 'seaweed', 'seatmate', 'seasons--  
 the', "season's", 'searing', 'searchlight', 'searches', 'searchers--certain',  
 'searched', "seaman's", 'sea-nymphs', 'sea-coast', 'sea-birds', 'sea--it',  
 'scurrying', 'scurce', 'sculptor', 'scrutiny', 'scrolls', 'scriptures',  
 'scripter', 'scribe', 'screened', 'screamingly', 'scream--the', 'scrapings',  
 'scraping', 'scrambling', 'scrambled', 'scramble', 'scouted', 'scores', 'score--  
 a', 'scorched', 'scions', 'scintillating', 'scintillant', 'sciences--of',  
 'sciences', 'schooner', 'schools', 'schoolmates', 'schoolmasters',  
 'schoolmaster', 'schoolboy', 'school-teacher', 'school--the', 'scholarship',  
 'scepticism', 'sceptical', 'scenery', 'scant', 'scanning', 'scan', 'scale', 'say  
 --do', 'saxifrages', 'saxifrage', 'sawing', 'saw--or', 'saw--but', 'saw--  
 amidst', 'saves', 'savage', 'satyrs', 'saturnine', "satisfyin'", 'satisfied',  
 'satisfaction', 'satanic', 'sashes', 'sash', 'sarkia', 'sargent',  
 'sardonically', 'sarabands', 'sapped', 'saplings', 'sapling', 'sap', 'santo',  
 'sanitarium--permanently', 'sang', 'sands', 'sand', 'sanctimoniously',  
 'same--"', 'same"', 'salvator', 'salvaged', 'salubriousness', 'salubrious',  
 'salty', 'saltonstall', 'salt', 'salient', 'salesman', 'saalem--you', 'saint-  
 michel', 'said--the', 'sages', 'sag', 'safety', 'saddened', 'sacrifices',  
 'saco', 'sabbath', 'sabbat', "s'pose", 's', 'ruts', 'ruthless', 'rustling',  
 'rustled', 'rustic', 'rush', 'running', 'rungs', 'runes', 'rune', 'run-down',  
 'rumblings', 'rumbling', 'rumbled', 'rulership', 'ruled', 'rule', 'ruins--says',  
 'ruin', 'rugose', 'rudiments', 'rude', 'ruddy', 'ruddily', 'rud', 'rubberiness',  
 'royal', 'rows', 'rowley', 'routine', 'rouse', 'roulet--which', "roulet's",  
 'rosworth', 'rosa', 'rooted', 'room--grave-looking', 'room--and', 'roof-line',  
 'romanticist', 'rolling', 'rodent', 'rocket', 'robust', 'robe', 'robbed',  
 'roar', 'roamed', 'roadway', 'roads', 'riven', 'rivalries', 'rites', 'risk',  
 'ripping', 'ripped', 'ripening', 'ripened', 'riots', 'ring--and', 'rigidly',  
 'rigidity', 'rightful', 'right--something', 'right--it', 'right--he', 'rifled',  
 'rife', 'ridiculous', 'rider', 'riddles', 'ridden', 'rich', 'rice',  
 'rhythmically', 'rheumy', 'rhetoric', 'revue', 'revolving', 'revolve',  
 'revolv'd', 'revolutionary', 'revoltingly', 'revolted', 'revoking',  
 'revocation', 'revived', 'revival', 'review', 'reverted', 'reverse',  
 'reverberantly', 'reverberant', 'revenge', 'revealing', 'retrospection',  
 'retreated', 'retraced', 'retrace', 'retiring', 'retired', 'retinal',  
 'retentive', 'retarded', 'retained', 'resumed', 'resulted', 'result--there',  
 'rests', 'restrictions', 'restraints', 'restoration', 'restlessly', 'resting',  
 'restful', 'rest--a', 'responded', 'respiration', 'respected', 'respectable',  
 'resources', 'resort', 'resistless', 'resisted', 'resilience', 'residue',  
 'reservoirs', 'resentment', 'resented', 'resembling', 'rescuers', 'requisite',  
 'require', 'reputable', 'repulsiveness', 'repulsion--such', 'repulsed',  
 'representative', 'repositories', "reporter's", 'reply', 'repetitions',  
 'repetition', 'repeating', 'repass', 'rent--perhaps', 'renovation', 'renewing',  
 'renewed', 'rending', 'render', 'renamed', 'removed--whither', 'remoter',  
 'remotely', 'remorse', 'remonstrated', 'remnants', 'reminiscent',

'reminiscence', 'remind', 'remarkably', 'remark', 'reluctantly', 'reluctant',  
'relished', 'relish', 'relinquish', 'relievedly', 'relied', 'reliability',  
'relentlessly', 'release--and', 'relaxing', 'relaxation', 'relax', 'relativity',  
'relatives', 'relationship', 'relating', 'relates', 'rejuvenated', 'rejoiced',  
'rein', 'rehoboth', 'rehearsing', 'regrettable', 'regia', 'regarding',  
'regan's', 'regaining', 'refusal', 'refugees', 'refuge', 'reflectors',  
'refined', 'referred', 'reference', 'refashioned', 'reels', 'reel', 'reefs',  
'reeds', 'redeem', 'red-striated', 'red-leaved', 'red-gold', 'recurrent',  
'recurrence', 'recumbent', 'recovery', 'recovering', 'record-book',  
'recollection', 'recognizable', 'recognition', 'recognising', 'recognise',  
'recluse', 'reclosing', 'reclined', 'reclaimed', 'reckoning', 'recklessly',  
'recess', 'receptive', 'recently', 'receipt', 'receded', 'rebelliousness',  
'rebellion--and', 'rebellion', 'reassuringly', 'reassuring', 'reasons',  
'reappeared', 'reappear', 'reaped', 'realizing', 'realist', 'realise',  
'realisation', 'real--the', 'reagents', 'reads', 'readjustments', 'reading--  
and', 'readers', 'reader', 'read--i', 'reacquired', 'reachable', 'ray-  
projector', 'ray--projector', 'ray', 'rawboned', 'raw-boned', 'ravines',  
'raven', 'raved', 'rave', 'ravage', 'rattle', 'rationally', 'rate', 'rat-like',  
'rashness', 'rapidity', 'rant', 'ransack', 'random', 'ramparts', 'ramblings',  
'rambling', 'rainbow', 'rain-soaked', 'rain-harassed', 'rain-drenched',  
'railway', 'railings', 'railed', 'rags', 'raging', 'rag', 'raftered',  
'radioactive', 'radio-activity', 'radical--he', 'radical', 'racked', 'racial',  
'quivered', 'quitting', 'quit', 'quieted', 'question--the', 'queries',  
'quenched', 'queerly-designed', 'queerest', 'queerer', 'queer--damnably', 'queer  
--and', 'queer--an', 'quaver', 'quasi-human', 'qualify', 'quaintly', 'quaint',  
'quadruped', 'puzzlement', 'putting', 'putridly', 'putrid', 'push-carts',  
'pursuit', 'purred', 'purposeful', 'puritans', 'purged', 'purely', 'purchases',  
'purchase', 'pupil', 'puncturing', 'punctuated', 'pump', 'pulpit', 'puffed',  
'puerile', 'published', 'publicly', 'publicity', 'psychology--and', 'psi',  
'pseudo-irony', 'pryings', 'prying', 'prudence', 'prowlings', 'prowling',  
'proving', 'providence-built', 'proven', 'protruded', 'protracted', 'protests',  
'protested', 'protestations', 'protestantism--too', 'protectiveness',  
'protected', 'prostration', 'prostrating', 'prostrate', 'prospering',  
'prosecute', 'proportion--still', 'prophet', 'prophecy', 'prophesied',  
'prophecies', 'properly', 'pronunciation', 'pronouns', 'pronounced',  
'pronounce', 'prone', 'promulgated', 'prompting', 'prominent', 'prolonged',  
'projected', 'progressive', 'progressing', 'progressed', 'progress"',  
'prognathous', 'progenitors', 'profounder', 'profit', 'proffered',  
'professors"', 'profession--settling', 'products', 'product', 'producing',  
'producibile', 'produce', 'prodigiously', 'procured', 'processions',  
'procession', 'proceeding', 'problematical', 'probability', 'prize', 'privateers  
--and', 'private', 'prisoner', 'prison', 'prior', 'printing-press', 'prinn's',  
'principally', 'principal)', 'principal', 'prince', 'primordial', 'primitively',  
'primitive', 'prime', 'pried', 'pride', 'prick', 'priceless', 'preyed', 'prey--  
or', 'prevents', 'prevented', 'prevent', 'prevailing', 'pretender's',  
'prestige', 'pressure', 'pressed', 'preserve', 'presents', 'presenting',  
'presentation', 'presbyterian', 'preponderant', 'preponderance', 'prepare',  
'preparations', 'premise', 'prematurely', 'preliminary', 'prejudice',

'prehensile', 'preferring', 'preferred', 'preferable', 'prediction',  
 'predicted', 'predicament', 'predecessor', 'predatory', 'precocious',  
 'precipitating', 'precipitated', 'precipice', 'precautions', 'precaution',  
 'precarious', 'preached', 'pre-eminently', 'pre--gambrel', 'prayer', 'practise',  
 'practice', 'powerfully', 'power-house', 'poverty', 'pout', 'pour', 'pounding',  
 'potter's', 'potently', 'potentially', 'potentialities', 'potent', 'potency',  
 'posture', 'postulating', 'posts', 'postpone', 'posterity', 'post-  
 revolutionary', 'possibility', 'possession', 'possessing', 'positions', 'posed',  
 'pose', 'portsmouth', 'portraiture', 'portraits', 'portrait', 'portion',  
 'portents', 'portentous', 'port--tales', 'port', 'poring', 'porches',  
 'population', 'popularity', 'poppy-crowned', 'pop', 'poorer', 'pools', 'pool',  
 'ponderous', 'pond--kin', 'pompous', 'polyhedron', 'political', 'politely',  
 'polished', 'poles', 'polaris', 'poked', 'pointing', 'poignant', 'poetess',  
 'poems', 'poe-like', 'pnath', 'plungings', 'plunging', 'plunge', 'plumbing',  
 'plumb', 'ploughing', 'plotted', 'plots', 'plot', 'plodding', 'pliny', 'plight',  
 'plenty', 'plea', 'playmate', 'plattsburg', 'platting', 'platform', 'plates',  
 'planks', 'plank', 'planet-rending', 'plan--who', 'plan', 'plaintive', 'plains',  
 'plainer', 'placing', 'placidity', 'places--our', 'place--standing', 'place's',  
 'pizened', 'pitiful', 'pitiable--and', 'pitiable', 'piteous', 'pitching',  
 'pitched', 'pitch-darkness', 'pitch-black', 'pistol', 'pirates', 'pipe',  
 'pious', 'pinned', 'pinnacle', 'pined', 'pillows', 'piled', 'pilasters',  
 'pigment', 'pigeons', 'piercing', 'pierced', 'picturesqueness', 'picturesquely',  
 'pictured', 'pictorial', 'picking', 'pick-axe', 'physique', 'physiology',  
 'physically', 'photographs', 'photographic', 'photographed', 'phosphates',  
 'phlegethon', 'phipps', 'philosophical', 'philosophic', 'phenomena', 'phantoms',  
 'phantasm', 'pews', 'petrifying', 'pestering', 'pest-ridden', 'pest', 'pervade',  
 'perturbing', 'perturbation', 'pertinent', 'persuading', 'persuaded',  
 'personally', 'personality--as', 'person--but', 'persists', 'persistence',  
 'persist', 'persecute', 'perplexing', 'perpetually', 'perpetual', 'perpetrated',  
 'perniciously', 'permit', 'permanent--as', 'permanence', 'perished', 'perish',  
 'perils', 'perilous', 'perfunctory', 'perfume--conquering', 'performances',  
 'perform', 'perfectly', 'perennial', 'perched', 'perceptible', 'people--and',  
 'pentelicus', 'pentecost', 'penned', 'penetrates', 'penetrable', 'pen-and--ink',  
 'pen', 'peleg's', 'peeps', 'peeling', 'pediment', 'pedestrians', 'pedantic',  
 'peculiarity', 'peculiarities', 'pectoral', 'peasants', 'peaked-roofed',  
 'peaked-roof', 'peaceful', 'paying', 'pawtucket', 'pawing', 'paw', 'paving',  
 'pavements', 'pavement', 'paunchy', 'paunchiness', 'patted', 'patron',  
 'patrolman', 'patriot', 'patrick', 'patriarchs', 'patiently', 'pathology',  
 'pathetically', 'pathetic', 'patently', 'pastured', 'pasturage', 'passers-by',  
 'passageway', 'parvenu', 'partook', 'partitions', 'particle', 'participants',  
 'parrot', 'parodies', 'parliament', 'pardoned', 'pardon', 'parched',  
 'paraphernalia', 'paralyzing', 'paralyzed', 'paralysis', 'paralysed',  
 'parallel', 'paragraphings', 'paradoxically', 'paradoxical', 'paradoxes',  
 'paradise', 'paraded', 'paowerful', 'pantomime', 'panics', 'panic-struck',  
 'panic-stricken', 'panic--not', 'panelling--simple', 'panelled', 'paneled',  
 'palsied', 'palpably', 'palpable', 'pallor--qualities', 'pall', 'pale-pink',  
 'painter's', 'paint--living', 'pains', 'painless', 'painfully', 'pagodas',  
 'pageantry', 'pageant', 'padlocked', 'padding', 'padded', 'packard', 'pack',

'pacing', 'oxy-hydrogen', 'oxford', 'owns', "owner's", 'overwrought',  
 'overturning', 'overtured', 'overtones', 'overtaken', 'overtake', 'overstudy',  
 'overstrain', 'overseas', 'overprotuberant', 'overpowering', 'overmastered',  
 'overmantel', 'overlooking', 'overlooked', 'overleap', 'overlapped', 'overhang',  
 'overcoats--its', 'overcame', 'over-running', 'over-hanging', 'over-flowing',  
 'over-expansive', 'over-careful', 'over-bookish', 'oven--these', 'oval',  
 'outside"', 'outrè', 'outright', 'outranks', 'outraced', 'outline', 'outlaw',  
 'outgrowth', 'outfitted', 'outfit', 'outdoors', 'outdid', 'outcropping',  
 'outbreak', 'out-of-the-way', 'out--what', 'out--must', 'out--making', 'out--  
 god', 'oufit', 'others--would', 'other--had', "other's", 'ostracised', 'orrin',  
 'organs--i', 'organized', 'organism', 'orders', 'ordeal', 'orchestra', 'orbits',  
 'oral', 'or--i', 'optimistic', 'opposed', 'opposable', 'opportunity', 'opinions  
 --i', 'operative', 'operations', 'operation', 'operated', 'open-minded',  
 'onwards', 'onward', 'onlookers', 'one-story', 'one-sided', 'one--what', 'one--  
 out', 'one--its', "one's", 'oncoming', 'once-familiar', 'on-coming', 'on--you',  
 'on--perhaps', 'on--full', 'on--body', 'omnipresent', 'ominously', 'omega',  
 'oldtime', 'old--time', 'oily', 'officially', 'official', 'office',  
 'offensively', 'offense', 'offending', 'off--nothing', 'odours--was', 'odors',  
 'odorous', 'odor', 'oddly-assorted', 'oddities', 'oddest', 'octagonal',  
 'occurring', 'occupations--well', 'occupation', 'occultism', 'occluded',  
 'occasions--during', 'occasions--actually', 'obtuse-angled', 'obstruction',  
 'obstructed', 'observers', 'observe', 'observatories', 'obscurer', 'obnoxious',  
 'oblivion', 'obliterating', 'obliterated', 'obliquely', 'obliged', 'obligation',  
 'objectivity', 'objective', 'obeyed', 'obey', 'obedient', 'obadiah', 'oasis',  
 'oaken', 'o'er", 'numbs', 'nullify', 'nuisance', 'nuclei', 'now--oddly', 'now--  
 ephraim--kamog', 'now--better', 'novelty', 'novel--based', 'nourishment',  
 'noun', 'notre', 'notoriously', 'notified', 'notification', 'nothing--stories',  
 'nothing&#160', 'notebooks', 'northwest', 'northward', 'northern', 'nordic',  
 'nooseneck', 'noose', 'noontide', 'nondescript', 'non-volatile', 'non-  
 terrestrial', 'non-material', 'non-committal', 'nominal', 'noises', 'noiseless',  
 'noise--"glub', 'nod', 'nocturnally', 'nobler', "nobleman's", 'noble',  
 'nobility', 'no--it', 'nitric', 'nipped', 'nine-tenths', 'nightmarishly',  
 'nightmares', 'nightmare-spawning', 'nightmare-lyrics', 'night-baying', 'night--  
 watching', 'night--the', 'night--spirit', 'night--in', 'night--i', 'night--at',  
 'night--after', 'niggers--they', 'nicholas', 'nibbles', 'newspapers', 'newport',  
 "newcomers'", 'newburyport', 'never--even', 'neutralisaton', 'neurotic',  
 'networks', 'network', 'nets', 'net', 'nested', 'nest', 'nerving', 'nerves--as',  
 'nerve-racking', 'nephren-ka', 'nephews', 'nephew', 'neighbours', 'neighbors',  
 'negroes', 'negro', 'negative', 'nefandous', 'needs', 'needle-like',  
 'necronomicon--the', 'necessitated', 'neatness', 'neatly', 'nearest', 'neared',  
 'nearby', 'navy', 'nauseating', 'nature--the', 'nature--and', "nature's",  
 'national', 'narrower', 'narratives--that', 'narratives', 'narcotic', 'naps',  
 'naowadays', 'naow', 'nantes', 'name)', 'naked', 'nail', 'nahum--what',  
 'nahum\'s--"can\'t', 'nabby--nahum', 'mythological', 'mystics', 'mystical',  
 'mysteriously', 'mysteriis', 'myself--then', 'myself--not', 'myself--i',  
 'myriad', 'muzzles', 'mutual', 'mutilated', 'musketbearing', 'music--the',  
 'music--hall', 'muscles', 'murderous', 'murderer', "mummy's", 'mummies',  
 'mumbling', 'multitudes', 'multitude', 'multiple-dimensioned', 'mullions',

'muffler', 'muddled', 'much-discussed', 'mourning-cloak', 'mournfully', 'mourn',  
'mountain-top', 'mountain's', 'mouldering', 'moulded', 'mould-caked', 'motor',  
'motives', 'motive', 'motion--as', 'motheaten', 'most--except', 'moss-coated',  
'moss', 'moses', 'mortality', 'morsel', 'morose', 'more--in', 'moral',  
'moorings', 'moon-glitter', 'moon-cursed', 'moon's', 'moods--visited',  
'month's', 'mont', 'monotony--i', 'monoliths', 'monolith', 'monohan',  
'monograph', 'monkey', 'monk', 'money-lender', 'mondes', 'momentum', 'moments--  
or', 'moment--having', 'mollycoddle', 'mole-like', 'modestly', 'moderns',  
'moderation', 'moderate', 'modeled', 'model--without', 'mode', 'mocking--and',  
'mocked', 'mock', 'mobile', 'mob', 'misunderstand', 'mist-cloaked', 'misshapen',  
'missed--upon', 'miss', 'misled--or', 'miskatonic's', 'misguided',  
'misfortunes', 'misery', 'miscellaneous', 'misalliance', 'miracle',  
'minuteness', 'minutely', 'minoan', 'mingle', 'mines', 'mindlessly', 'minded',  
'mind's', 'mince-pie', 'millions', 'mill', 'milky', 'milk', 'mile', 'mildew-  
tainted', 'mild', 'mien', 'midwinter', 'midst', 'midnights', 'midianites',  
'middle-aged', 'middle--the', 'mid-victorian', 'mid-september', 'mid-october',  
'mice', 'miasma', 'metropolis', 'methought', 'meteorlike', 'meteoric',  
'metaphysical', 'metamorphosis', 'metamorphosed', 'mesmerism--some', 'meshed',  
'merwin's', 'merges', 'merge', 'mercy's', 'merchants', 'mentioning', 'mentally',  
'mending', 'menagerie', 'menage', 'men--them', 'men--the', 'memory-face's',  
'memoranda', 'memorable', 'member', 'melons', 'megaliths', 'meetings',  
'meetingplace', 'medley', 'mediation', 'mechanistic', 'mechanic', 'measureless',  
'meaninglessly', 'meals', 'meads', 'meadows', 'meadow', 'me--the', 'me--save',  
'me--making', 'me--listen', 'me--it's', 'me--it'll', 'me--elusively', 'me--  
drove', 'me--down', 'me--doorbell', 'me--a', 'me--', 'mcgregor', 'mazes',  
'mayor', 'maw', 'maundering', 'maturing', 'mattings', 'matter--hinting',  
'mathematics', 'materials', 'materialistic', 'matches', 'matched', 'match-box--  
alone', 'match', 'masts', 'mastery', 'mass--lay', 'mass)', 'masked', 'mask',  
'masculine', 'marvelousness', 'marvellous', 'marveling', 'marvel', 'martinique',  
'marshes', 'marshal', 'marry', 'marred', 'marooned', 'marking', 'market--  
killin'', 'marching', 'marched', 'maple', 'many-coloured', 'mantle',  
'manservant', 'manor-house', 'mankind--quite', 'maniac', 'mania', 'manhood--or',  
'manhood', 'mangy', 'manages', 'manage', 'man--when', 'man--to', 'man--  
saw&#160', 'man--if', 'man--a', 'malleable', 'malignly', 'malignity--as',  
'malignancy', 'maledictions', 'malady', 'makers', 'majoring', 'major',  
'majesty's', 'maintained', 'maine--to', 'maine--but', 'mail', 'maids', 'magnus',  
'magnified', 'magnetism', 'magnalia', 'magician's', 'magic--paracelsus',  
'magazine-cover', 'magazine', 'maelstrom', 'madnesses', 'madman--madder',  
'madman's', 'maddeningly', 'maddened', 'mad--the', 'machines', 'machinery',  
'macabre', 'luxuriances', 'lustre', 'lusciousness', 'lurk', 'lurching', 'lunar',  
'lump', 'lumbers', 'lulled', 'ludvig', 'lowly', 'lowell', 'low-pitched', 'low-  
lying', 'lovingly', 'lovers', 'loved--the', 'louvre-boarding', 'lounging',  
'loungers', 'lotus', 'lotos-blossoms', 'loss--especially', 'lord's', 'lopex',  
'loped', 'lope', 'loosen', 'longstanding', 'longing--pervading', 'longing',  
'longfellow', 'longest', 'longed', 'long-winded', 'long-planned', 'long-open',  
'long-known', 'long-deserted', 'long-dead', 'long-armed', 'long--this',  
'loneness', 'lomarians', 'lomar)', 'logs', 'logically', 'logic', 'lodgings',  
'lodger', 'locomotive', 'locomotion', 'locking', 'locating', 'locate', 'locale',



'loathing--but', 'loath', 'living--whose', 'livin'--it', 'livid', 'live--witch-cursed', 'literature', 'literally', 'litany', 'listless', 'listen--can', 'list', 'liquescent', 'liquefaction', 'lips--my', 'linked', 'lining', 'limned', 'limits', 'limitless', 'lillibridge', 'lillibridge', 'liking', 'likeness', 'like--what', 'lightning-bolt', 'lightly', 'lightless', 'lighting-system', 'lighter', 'light--or', 'light--no', 'light--a', 'lift', 'lifetimes', 'life-sucking', 'life-processes', 'life-preserver', 'life-patterns', 'life-glow--he', 'life-form', 'life-force', 'life--that', 'life--long', 'life--in', 'life--ephraim', 'life's', 'lidgeason', 'lid', 'lich', 'librarian', 'liber', 'levity', 'leviathan', 'level--solid', 'lesson--heaven', 'lessening', 'lessen', 'lerion', 'lenses', 'lengthened', 'lending', 'lemuria', 'leisure', 'legislature', 'legible', 'leetle', 'leered--could', 'lee', 'ledgewise', 'ledges', 'leave--it's', 'leatherbound', 'lease', 'learnt', 'leaps', 'leanings', 'leaky', 'leagues', 'leafless', 'leafage', 'leadership', 'leaders', 'lead', 'layman', 'lawyer', 'lawless', 'launching', 'launched', 'launch', 'lattice', 'latin--but', 'laths', 'later--the', 'later--i', 'later--by', 'latent', 'lateness', 'late--my', 'lasts', 'lasting', 'lasted', 'last--white-faced', 'last--they', 'last--that', 'last--said', 'lashed', 'larger', 'lapsing', 'lapse', 'lapping', 'lapped', 'lantern-lighted', 'lanigan', 'landing', 'landgrave', 'lance', 'lamps', 'lamplight', 'lamp-starred', 'lamp-post', 'lamp--he', 'lambent', 'lake', 'lair', 'lafayette--and', 'lace', 'labyrinth', 'laboured', 'laboring', 'labored', 'laboratories', 'known--nothing', 'known--and', 'knowingly', 'know-his', 'know--the', 'know--faugh', 'know--but', 'know--and', 'knotty', 'knew--perhaps', 'knelt', 'knee-breeches', 'knapp', 'knack', 'kingstown', 'kingsport--and', 'kingdom', 'king', 'kinetic', 'kinds', 'kindred', 'kindness', 'kin--innsmouth', 'kid', 'kicked', 'keyhole', 'key--a', 'kettles', 'kent', 'keerful', 'keepsake', 'keenly', 'keeling', 'kaliris', 'kahn', 'jutting', 'justin', 'junior', 'juncture', 'junction', 'july--his', 'juicier', 'judicious', 'judgments', 'judgment', 'judging', 'jr', 'joyful', 'journal', 'jotted', 'jots', 'jot', 'jolting', 'joking', 'joke', 'joining', 'join', 'joe', 'jocose', 'jetty', 'jester's', 'jester', 'jersey', 'jerked', 'jerk', 'jellyfish', 'jelly', 'jefferson', 'james', 'jacques', 'ivyless', 'ivonis', 'ivied', 'ives', 'item', 'it--when', 'it--it'll', 'it--in', 'it--coming', 'it--and', 'it--', 'it'll', 'it', 'issue', 'isles', 'isaiah', 'is--of', 'is--but', 'irresolute', 'irrelevant', 'irregularly', 'irregularity', 'ironic', 'iron-grey', 'iron-fenced', 'irishman', 'iris', 'iridescence', 'ipswich', 'ionic', 'invulnerability', 'involuntary', 'invited', 'investigate', 'invented', 'intuitive', 'intruders', 'intruder--a', 'intruder', 'intrinsic', 'intricate', 'intricacy', 'intra-atomic', 'intolerable', 'into--something', 'intimated', 'intimate', 'intimacy', 'interstellar', 'interruption', 'interrupted', 'interpreted', 'intermittent', 'interminably', 'interior--a', 'interference', 'interest--an', 'intercepted', 'intentions', 'intensified', 'intenser', 'intend', 'intelligent-looking--also', 'intelligent', 'intelligence', 'insupportable', 'insufferably', 'instrument', 'institute', 'instincts', 'instinctive', 'instantaneously', 'instances', 'install', 'inspecting', 'inspect', 'insolent', 'insistence', 'insidiously', 'insect-like', 'insatiate', 'insanely', 'insane--under', 'inquiry', 'inquiring', 'inordinately', 'innumerable', 'innkeeper', 'inn's', 'inland', 'injury', 'injurious', 'injuns',

'injudiciously', 'initiative', 'inhumanity', 'inhuman', 'inhere', 'inhabitant',  
 'ingress', 'ingratiating', 'ingrained', 'infuriate', 'infrequently',  
 'infrequent', 'infrequency', 'infested', 'inferred', 'infernus', 'infatuation',  
 'infancy', 'infamous', 'inexpedient', 'inexorable', 'inexhaustible',  
 'inevitably', 'inert', 'ineffable', 'industrial', 'indubitably', 'indoors',  
 'indolent', 'indolence', 'indoctrinated', 'individual', 'indistinguishable',  
 'indistinctly', 'indication', 'indicated', 'india', 'indeterminate',  
 'indescribably', 'independent', 'indefinable', 'indecisively', 'indecisive',  
 'incontrovertible', 'incongruous', 'incongruity', 'incompatible', 'inclusive',  
 'includes', 'include', 'inclination--and', 'inclination', 'incisive',  
 'incisions', 'incised', 'incidents', 'incidentally', 'incident', 'inchoate',  
 'incessantly', 'incapacitated', 'incapable', 'incantations', 'incalculably',  
 'inarticulateness', 'inappropriate', 'inaccurately', 'impulses', 'improved',  
 'improbable', 'impressively', 'impoverished', 'impotently', 'imposing',  
 'important', 'implored', 'implicitly', 'implications', 'impiously',  
 'impersonal', 'imperfect', 'imperceptible', 'imperatively', 'impenetrable',  
 'impelling', 'impatient', 'imparted', 'impart', 'impaled', 'impaired',  
 'immortalize', 'imminent', 'immersion', 'immemorial', 'immaturity',  
 'immaterial', 'imitation', 'imitating', 'imbedded', 'imagining', 'imaginary',  
 'imaginable', 'illustrations', 'illustrating', 'illustrated', 'illuminated',  
 'illuminant', 'illogical', 'illnesses', 'illness', 'illimitable', 'ill-starred',  
 'ill-smelling', 'ill-regarded', 'ill-made', 'ill-favoured', 'ill-defined', 'ill-  
 cooked', 'ill-aided', 'ill-advised', 'ignoring', 'ignored--the', 'ignore',  
 'idols', 'idiots', 'idiotic', 'idiot', 'idiomatic', 'identifying', 'identified',  
 'identical', 'icy', 'ichor', 'ice-cold', 'i--i', 'hypnotized', 'hypnotist',  
 'hygienic', 'hydrochloric', 'hybrids', 'huskiness', 'huskily', 'hushed', 'hush',  
 'hurl', 'hunting', 'hunters', 'hunted', 'hungry', 'hunger', 'hungary',  
 'hungarian', 'hundred--aspects', 'humped', 'humor', 'hummed', 'humiliating',  
 'humans', 'human--that', 'human"', 'hull', 'huguenots', 'huddling-place',  
 'huddle', 'howled--the', 'housework', 'housewives', 'houses--simple',  
 "housemaid's", 'householders', 'housed', 'house-keeper--she', 'house--the',  
 'house--one', 'house--in', 'house--and', 'house--an', 'house--a', "house's",  
 'hour-glass', 'hot-air', 'hostile', "host's", 'hosses', 'hospitality',  
 'hospital', 'horses--the', 'horses--of', 'horsehair', 'horror--world', 'horror--  
 that', 'horrificed', 'horrificed', 'horrible--oh', 'horizontally-sliding',  
 'horizontally', 'horizontal', 'hordes', 'horde', 'hoping', 'hopelessness',  
 'hooves', 'hoops', 'hooks', 'honours', 'honeymoon', 'honeycombed',  
 'homogeneous', 'homicidal', 'homesteads', 'homesick', 'home-like', 'home--in',  
 'home--"', 'holy', 'hollyhocks', 'hollows', 'hollowness', 'hollow-cheeked',  
 'holes', 'hoarse', 'hoarded', 'hives', 'hitching-posts', 'hitched', 'hit',  
 'historian', 'hissed', 'hire', 'hips', 'hip', 'hint--that', 'hint--only',  
 'hinges', 'hinged', 'hind', 'him--yet', 'him--wild', 'him--time', 'him--  
 something', 'him--he', 'hilltop', 'hill-dwellers', 'hill--the', 'highway',  
 'high-ceiled', 'high-backed', 'hieroglyphed', 'hiding', 'hiccoughed', 'hewed',  
 'hev', 'hetfield', 'heterogeneity', 'hesitates', 'hesitancy', 'hers--or', 'hero-  
 worship', 'hermes', 'heretofore', 'hereditary', 'hereafter', 'hereabouts', 'here  
 --now', 'here--hell-wind--titan', 'here--have', 'here--but', 'here--and',  
 "here's", 'herd', 'her--seizing', 'her--for', 'heptagonal', 'henchman',

'hempen', 'helps', 'helpful', 'heirs', 'hei', 'heels', 'heedless', 'heeded',  
 'hedged', 'hedge-mustard', 'hectic', 'heaving', 'heaven--ever', 'heating',  
 'heath"', 'heated', 'hearts', 'hearthside', 'hearths', 'heart-failure', 'hear--  
 roderick', 'heaped-up', 'healthier', 'headstones', 'headstone', 'headed',  
 "head's", 'he--had', 'hazy', 'haziness', 'haze--although', 'hazard', 'hayloft',  
 'hay', 'haven', 'hauteur', 'hauntingly', 'hatless', 'hatchling', 'hatched',  
 'haste', 'harrow', 'harrison', 'harrises', 'harpoon', 'harnessed', 'harmony',  
 'harm', 'hardships', 'hardier', 'harangue', 'happiness', 'happens--even',  
 'happen--carrington', 'hanover', 'handling', 'handled', 'handkerchiefs', 'hand-  
 rail', 'hand-holds', 'hampered', 'halting', 'halt', 'hallways',  
 'hallucinations', 'hallowmass--they', "hallowe'en", 'half-way', 'half-visible',  
 'half-think', 'half-swept', 'half-seen', 'half-phosphorescent', 'half-obscured',  
 'half-moon', 'half-light', 'half-known', 'half-incoherent', 'half-humorous',  
 'half-human', "half-hour's", 'half-hour', 'half-hooved', 'half-fused', 'half-  
 formed', 'half-floated', 'half-finished', 'half-fancied', 'half-familiar',  
 'half-fabulous', 'half-doubted', 'half-disintegrated', 'half-deserted', 'half-  
 decayed', 'half-clouded', 'half-blackened', 'half-aroused', 'half-afraid', 'half  
 --liquid', 'half--crazed', 'haggardness', 'habitually', 'gypsy', 'gusts', 'gum',  
 'guinea', 'guilty', 'guiding', 'guides', 'guidepost', 'guided', 'guidebook',  
 'guide--to', 'guide--books', 'guest-chambers', 'guessing', 'guess--he',  
 'guardians', 'guardedly', 'guard--sometimes', 'guarantee', 'grudgingly',  
 'grows', 'groves', 'grove', 'groundless', 'ground--things', 'grotesquely',  
 'gross', 'grooming', 'groans', 'grisly', 'gripped', 'grinned', 'grin', 'grimy',  
 'grimly', 'grime-blackened', 'grieved', 'griefs', 'greys', 'grey-eyed',  
 'gregory', 'greeted', 'greet', 'greenough', 'greenish-yellow', 'greenish-grey',  
 'greene', 'greek', 'greedily--leaping', 'greedily', 'greed', 'greatness',  
 'great-great-great-grandson', 'great-great-great-grandmother', 'great--i',  
 "great--great-great-grandfather's", 'great--great-great-grandfather', 'gray-  
 bearded', 'graveyards', 'gravestones', 'grave-bearded', 'grasses', 'grasping',  
 'grasped', 'granite', 'grandmothers', 'grandfather--a', "grandfather's",  
 'granddaughter', 'grandchildren', 'grandams', 'grain', 'gradual', 'grading',  
 'gradations', 'governor', 'government', 'goules', 'gossamer', 'gorgeously',  
 'gorgeous', 'gooseflesh--a', 'goods', 'goodness', "goodbye--you've", 'good-  
 looking', 'gone--far', 'gone--back', 'golden-rod', 'gold-green', 'gold',  
 "goin'", 'gods--the', 'godlike', 'godless', 'godhood', 'god-like', 'goat',  
 'goal', 'goaded', 'go"', 'gnophkehs', 'gnaw', 'glutted', 'glut', 'glub',  
 'glows', 'glove', 'glossy', 'gloss', 'glory', 'gloriously', 'glorious',  
 'gloomy', 'gloom', 'globules--depend', 'globules', 'globe', 'glittered',  
 'glitter-streaked', 'glitter', 'glint', 'glimmering', 'glimmered', 'glee',  
 'gleaning', 'gleaned', 'gleamingly', 'gleam', 'glazed', 'glassy--a', 'glassily',  
 'glass--see', 'glares', 'glared--and', 'glands', 'glancing', 'glances', 'glance  
 --a', 'gladly', "gittin'", 'girls', 'gilman', 'gilled', 'gilded', 'gift',  
 'gibberish', 'gibbered', 'ghouls', 'ghosts--the', 'ghost-story', 'gestures',  
 'geometrical', 'geoffrey', 'genuineness', 'genuinely', 'gently', 'gentleman',  
 'geniality', 'genial', 'generate', 'gelatinous', 'gawd', 'gaunt', 'gate--i',  
 'gate--at', 'gastronomy', 'gaspingly', 'gasping', 'gaspee', 'gaseous',  
 'garrison', 'gargoyle', 'gang--federal', 'gang', 'gamekeeper', 'gallery',  
 'gallantry', 'gallant', 'gale', 'galaxy', 'galaxies', 'gagged', 'futility',

'fust', 'fussy', 'fusillade', 'fused', 'furtiveness', 'furrow', 'furore',  
 'furnishings', 'furnaces', 'furled', 'fur', 'funny--here', 'fungous-ridden',  
 'fungous-light', 'fungous-cursed', 'fungoid', 'functioning', 'function', 'fun--  
 but', 'fun', 'fumigate', 'fumed', 'fumblingly', 'fumbled', 'fugue', 'fry',  
 'fruits', 'frore', 'frontispiece', 'frontage', 'from--"', 'fringe', 'frigid',  
 'frightful--i', 'frighten', 'fright--a', 'friendliness', 'friend--the', 'friend  
 --one', 'friend--finding', 'friend's', 'freudian', 'freshet', 'frequency',  
 'frenzies', 'french-roofed', 'french-canadians', 'freezing', 'freeze',  
 'freedoms', 'free-will', 'fredericksburg', 'freakish', 'freak', 'fraternity',  
 'frankfurt', 'francis', 'framed', 'frame--or', 'frail', 'fragrance', 'fragments  
 --two', 'fraction', 'fr', 'fowling', 'fours', 'four-times--great-grandmother',  
 'four-inch', 'fountain--head', 'foundation-stones', 'found--into', 'foulest',  
 'forty-two', 'forty-four', 'fortuitous', 'fortnight', 'fortified', 'forties',  
 'forte', 'forsaking', 'formulae', 'formula--a', 'formula', 'formerly',  
 'formations', 'form--but', 'form"', 'forgiveness', 'forgive', 'forgetting',  
 'forewarned', 'forever--asenath', 'foretold', 'forelegs', 'foreigner',  
 'foreground-for', 'forefinger', 'forecast', 'fore', 'forcing', 'forbore',  
 'footsteps', 'footholds', 'foot"', 'fools', 'fondness', 'folklore--averred',  
 'folk-lore', 'folk--a', 'foliage', 'folding', 'foetor-spreading', 'foe',  
 'focussed', 'focused', 'focus', 'flux', 'fluttering', 'flutes', 'flute',  
 'flustered', 'flushed', 'flush', 'flown', 'flout', 'flourished', 'floundering',  
 "floppin'", 'flop', 'floor-boards', 'floor--and', 'floor--a', 'floods',  
 'floodlights', 'flocks', 'flocking', 'float', 'flimsy', 'flickers', 'flickered',  
 'flexible', 'flew', 'fleeting', 'flees', 'fleeing', 'flavour', 'flashy',  
 'flashlights', 'flashlight--indeed', "flashlight's", 'flashes--horrible--i',  
 'flash-light', 'flared', 'flare', 'flapping', 'flanked', 'flaming', 'flamed',  
 'flame-throwers', 'flame-thrower', 'flame--the', 'flame--beyond', 'flailing',  
 'flags', 'flabby', 'flabbiness', 'flabbily', 'fitting', 'fitfully', 'fishy',  
 'fisher', 'firstborn', 'first-hand', 'firmly', 'firmer', 'fireworks',  
 'fireside', 'fires', 'fireflies', 'fired', 'fireballs', 'fire-arrows', 'fins',  
 'finishing', 'finials', 'fingers', 'finer', 'fine-wrought', 'filling', 'filing',  
 'files', 'filed', 'figurings', 'fight', 'fifty-foot', 'fifteenth', 'fiends',  
 "fiend's", 'field-glasses', 'field-glass', 'fibres', 'fetid', 'festoons',  
 'festooned', 'festering', 'fertile', 'feminine', 'female', 'fellow-student',  
 'fellow-physicians', 'fellow-parvenu', 'fellow-dupe', "fellow's", 'felling',  
 'feller', 'fellahin', 'felines', 'feline', 'feet-none', 'fees', 'feeney',  
 'feelings', 'feeds', 'feeding--i', 'february', 'feb', 'feature', 'feats',  
 'feasting', 'feaster', 'feast', 'fearless', 'fearing', 'fear-the', 'fear-rigid',  
 'fear--which', 'fawning', 'favoured', "faun's", 'fault', 'fatigued', 'fathoms',  
 'fatalistic', 'fatal', 'fastening', 'fastened', 'fast-filling', 'fascinating',  
 'fascinates', 'fascinatedly', 'farthest', 'farthermost', 'farmstead',  
 'farmland', 'farmhouse', "farmer's", 'farm-like', 'far-reaching', 'far-away',  
 'fantastically', 'fanlights', 'fanlight', 'fancying', 'fan', 'falteringly',  
 'faltered', 'falls', 'faithful', 'faintings', 'fainting', 'faintest', 'fainter',  
 'fain', 'fail', 'fade--and', 'fade', 'factory', 'factors', 'factories',  
 'factor', 'fact--that', 'facing', 'facile', 'face--a', 'fabric', 'eyes--  
 wolfish', 'eyelike', 'eyeless', 'eyed', 'exultant', 'extremists', 'extremes',  
 'extravagances', 'extraction', 'extracted', 'extract', 'extorting',

'extirpation', 'extirpated', 'extinguished', 'extinguish', 'extinction',  
 'external', 'exterminator', 'extermination', 'exterminate', 'extensive',  
 'exquisitely', 'expressiveness', 'expresses', 'exposure', 'exposing', 'expose',  
 'explosions', 'explorers', 'exploits', 'explicit', 'explanation--or',  
 'explaining', 'expire', 'expirations', 'experiments', 'expelled', 'expecting',  
 'expectation', 'expectancy', 'exorcise', 'exit', 'existence', 'exiled',  
 'exhumed', 'exhume', 'exhorted', 'exhibitions', 'exhibiting', 'exhaustedly',  
 'exhausted', 'exhalations', 'exert', 'exercises', 'exercised', 'exemplified',  
 'execution--a', 'execrable', 'excuses', 'exclusive', 'exclusion', 'excluded',  
 'exclude', 'exclaimed', 'excitedly', 'excite', 'excitable', 'exchanges',  
 'excessive', 'exceeding', 'example--although', 'example', 'examination',  
 'exalted', 'exaltation', 'exaggeration', 'exactitude', 'ex-body', 'evolved',  
 'evolutionary', 'evoked--and', 'evoke', 'evils', 'evil-looking', 'evil-faced',  
 'evidence--shoes', 'evicted', 'everybody', 'evening--that', 'eve', 'evasive',  
 'evading', 'eunice', "etienne's", 'ethnologist', 'ethnological', 'estate',  
 'establishing', 'established', 'essentials', 'essentially', 'espied',  
 'especially--who', 'esoteric', 'escort', 'escapes', 'eruptive', 'eruditely',  
 'erroneous', 'erring', 'erred', 'erratic', 'errands', 'erect', 'ere', 'erased',  
 'er', 'equals', 'epilepsy', 'ephraim--he', 'ephraim--asenath--that', "ephraim's  
 --is", "ephraim's--and", 'ephemera', 'envy', 'enviously', 'enveloping',  
 'enveloped', 'entwining', 'entries--or', 'entrances', 'entombment', 'entity--  
 her', 'entity--dark', 'entertain', 'enters', 'entanglements', 'entangled',  
 'ensuing', 'enslaved', 'enough--she', 'enormously', 'enormous', 'enoch',  
 'enmity', 'enmeshed', 'enlist', 'enlightenment', 'enlarge', 'enjoy', 'enigma',  
 'enhance', 'engulfing', 'engrossed', 'engravings', 'engraving', 'engineer',  
 'engaged', 'enfeebled', 'energy--a', 'enduring', 'endocrinologist', 'ending',  
 'endeavour', 'encroachments', 'encroaching', 'encroached', 'encourage',  
 'encompassed', 'encircled', 'enchanted', 'enabling', 'enabled', "en",  
 'emptying', 'empty-handed', 'emptiness', 'employed', 'emphatic', 'embracing',  
 'embraces', 'embowered', 'emboldened', 'embodying', 'embedded', 'embarrassed',  
 'embankment', 'emanations', 'emanation', 'emanated', 'eludes', 'elude', 'else--  
 something', 'elmo', 'elm-arched', 'elizabethtown', 'eliot--the', 'eliot--old',  
 'eli', 'electrons', 'electronic', 'eleazar', 'eldest', 'elbows', 'elbow',  
 'elaborate', 'ejaculation', 'eikon', 'eighty-one', 'eighty--one', 'eighteenth-  
 century', 'eight-twenty', 'eibon', 'egyptian', 'egress', 'egg-shaped',  
 'effulgence', 'efforts--only', 'effectively', 'effacement', 'eerily', 'edwin',  
 'edward--who', 'edward--aside', 'edward--and', 'editor', 'edict', 'edged',  
 'edge', 'edgar', 'eddy', 'eddied', 'eclipses', 'eclipsed', 'echo',  
 'eccentricity', 'eccentric', 'easterly', 'easter', 'east-blowing', 'easels',  
 'earthly', 'earth--oh', 'earth"', 'earsplitting', 'earshot', 'earning',  
 'earned', 'earn', 'earmarks', 'eagerly', 'dzyan', 'dynasty', 'dwindling',  
 'dwells', 'dwelling', 'dwarf', 'duties', 'dutch', 'dust-laden', 'dust-carpeted',  
 'durfee', 'dumbfounded', 'duly', 'dulling', 'dulled', 'due', 'drunk', 'drums',  
 'drug-magnified', 'drug-crazed', 'drug--dream', 'drug', 'drs', 'drowse',  
 'drowned', 'drowne', 'drown', 'dropping', 'drooling', 'drone', 'driving',  
 'driveway', 'drivel', 'drive--should', 'drive--all', 'drinking', 'drink--i',  
 'drilling', 'drilled', 'drifts', 'drifted', 'dressing-table', 'dressing-gown',  
 'dress', 'drenching', 'drearly', 'dreams--to', 'dreamable', 'dream-pictures',

'dream-creatures', 'dreading', 'dread--the', 'drawings', 'drawback', 'draughts',  
'draught', 'draownded', 'drank', 'drama', 'drained', 'dragon', 'draggled',  
'dragging', 'dr--and', 'dozens', 'dozen--a', 'doyle', 'downward', 'down--you',  
'dowered', 'dove-tailed', 'doubts', 'doubted', 'doubled', 'doting', 'dose',  
'doré', 'dormerless', 'dormer', 'doric', 'doorsteps', 'door-step', 'door--at',  
'door--and', "door's", 'dominion', 'domineering', 'domicile', 'domes', 'dome',  
'dolphins', 'doings--on', 'dog-things', 'dog-like', 'document', 'doctors--but',  
'do--which', 'do--or', 'dizzying', 'divorced', 'divorce--anyhow', 'divorce',  
'divinity', 'divine', 'diverse', 'disuse', 'disulphide', 'disturbingly',  
'distracting', 'distracted', 'distinguished-looking', 'distinguished',  
'distinguish', 'distinctness', 'distinction', 'distant--for', 'distances',  
'distance--first', 'dissuade', 'dissolve--but', 'dissolve', 'dissipations',  
'dissatisfaction', 'disrepair', 'disquieting', 'disputes', 'disputed',  
'disputable', 'disposition', 'dispose', 'displays', 'display', 'dispirited',  
'dispersing', 'dispersed', 'dispelled', 'dispel', 'dispassionately', 'disown',  
'disorganized', 'disorders', 'disorder', 'dismiss', 'dismay', 'dismantling',  
'dismantled', 'dislodged', 'disliked--there', 'dislike', 'disintegrations',  
'disintegrating', 'disinclined', 'disgusted', 'disease--yet', 'discussions',  
'discussion', 'discussing', 'discrepancies', 'discourses', 'discourse',  
'discouraged', 'discourage', 'discord', 'disconcerting', 'disconcerted',  
'discomfort', 'disclosure', 'disciple', 'discernible', 'disastrous', 'disarray',  
'disappearances--first', 'disappear', 'dirty', 'dirtiest', 'direct', 'dinner',  
'din', 'dimness', 'dimming', 'diminishing', 'dignitary', 'dig', 'difficulties',  
'difficult', 'different--and', 'difference--yet', 'differed', 'diet', 'did--  
they', 'diary--the', 'diarist', 'diamond-paned', 'dialect', 'diagnosed',  
'diabolic', "dexter's", 'devoured', 'devotees', 'devising', 'devises',  
'devised', 'devise', 'deviltry', 'devils', 'devil-worship', "devil's",  
'devices', 'device', 'develops', 'developments', 'development', 'deux', 'deuce',  
'detectives', 'detected--a', 'detected', 'destruction--for', 'destroyed',  
'destroy--the', 'destitute', 'destinies', 'desperately', 'despatching',  
'despairingly', 'desolate', 'desk--faced', 'desist', 'desiring', 'desires',  
'designated', 'deserved', 'descriptive', 'descriptions', 'descried',  
'describable', 'descending', 'descendents', 'derivative', 'deride', 'derby--he',  
'depression', 'depressing', 'deposits', 'depicting', 'depicted', 'depict',  
'depends', 'depended', 'departing', 'depart', 'dental', 'densely', 'denizens',  
'denied--every', 'denied', 'deneb', 'demoralization', 'demonstration',  
'demonstrated', 'demolished', 'demeanour', 'demanding', 'delvers', "delver's",  
'delusions', 'delusion', 'delta', 'deliverance', 'delicacy', 'deliberately',  
'delay', 'deity', 'dehnous', 'degrees', 'degree--was', 'degradedly', 'degraded',  
'degradation', 'degenerate', 'defray', 'deformities', 'definition', 'defined',  
'defied', 'defend', 'defences', 'defence', 'deestrick', 'deepening', 'deep-  
tone', 'deep-set', 'deep-breathing', 'deep--sunken', 'deep--but', "deep's",  
'deeming', 'deed', 'deduced', 'decrepitude', 'decrepit', 'decreasing',  
'declivity', 'declining', 'declined', 'declares', 'declare', 'decisive',  
'decisions', 'deciphering', 'deciphered', 'deceptive', 'decent', 'deceased',  
'decay--any', 'decanter', 'decades', 'decadents', 'decade-weathered', 'decade-  
deep', 'decade', 'dec', 'debris-strewn', 'debris', 'deathbed', 'death-  
certificates', 'death--it', 'death--and', 'dealing', 'deafeningly', 'deafen',

'dead--in', 'dazedness', 'days--an', 'days"', 'day--in', "day's", 'dawn-winds',  
 'dauntless', 'daughter--the', 'dating', 'dates', 'data--legends', 'dark-  
 panelled', 'dark-oak', 'dark--mother', 'dark--in', 'daring', 'dares', 'daown',  
 'danvers', 'daniel', 'dances', 'dancers', 'dancer', 'danced', 'dan--she', "dan--  
 it's", 'dan--do', 'dan--but', 'dame', 'dales', "daikos", 'dagoes', 'daemons',  
 'daemoniacal', "dad's", 'dabble', "d'erlette", 'cygnus', 'cushions', 'cushion-  
 horsehair', 'cushion', 'curves', 'curved', 'curve', 'curvature', 'curtains',  
 'curtain', 'cursing', 'curling', 'curled-up', 'cups', 'cupolas', 'cupboard',  
 'cultes', 'cult-leader', 'cult--will', 'cult', 'cuffs', 'cud', 'cubits',  
 'crystalline', 'cryptographic', 'cryptically', 'crux', 'crushed-in', 'crumpled',  
 'crumbling-looking', 'cruise', 'cruelly', 'cruel', 'crudity', 'crudeness',  
 'crudely', 'crucifixes', 'crucible', 'crown', "crow's", 'crouch', 'cross-  
 section', 'crops', 'cropped', 'critters', 'criticism', 'crinoid', 'crimson',  
 'crimes', 'cried', 'crew', 'crest', 'cremated--he', 'creeps', 'credibility',  
 'creator', 'creations', 'created', 'crazed', 'crawls', "cravin'", 'crashed',  
 'crash--a', 'cranston', 'crane', 'craft', 'cradles', 'crackle', 'cracking',  
 'crack', 'crabbed', 'cowered', 'cowed', 'coward', 'coven--i', 'cove',  
 'courtyard', 'courted', 'coupled', 'county', 'counts', "countryside's",  
 'countrymen', 'country-journal', 'counterfeit', 'counteract', 'countenance',  
 'counted', 'counsel', 'council', 'couch--a', 'cosy', 'costume', 'cost--as',  
 'cost', 'coruscated', 'corruscations', 'corrosive', 'corroboration', 'corridor',  
 'correspondingly', 'corresponding', 'correspondent', 'correspondence--school',  
 'correspondence', 'corresponded', 'correlate', 'corpses', 'corpse-light',  
 'corpse-fed', 'corporeal', "coroner's", 'corner-posts', 'corespondent', 'cords',  
 'cord', 'copiousness', 'copies', 'cooks', 'convulsion', 'convulsed',  
 'convincingness', 'convinced--when', 'convince', 'convex', 'conversed',  
 'converse', 'conventionalized', 'conventional', 'controversial', 'controllable',  
 'contribution', 'contrasts', 'contradicted', 'contour', 'continuity',  
 'continually', 'continua', 'continent', 'contents--an', 'content', 'contempt',  
 'contains', 'contagious', 'contact', 'consumption', 'consumed', 'consultation',  
 'consult', 'constructed', 'constricted', 'constellations', 'consort',  
 'consoled', 'consistent', 'consistency--or', 'consideration', 'consider',  
 'conquering', 'conquer', 'congregation', 'congealed', 'cong', 'confusion--and',  
 'confreres', 'conflicting', 'conflict', 'confirming', 'confined--or',  
 'confidential', 'confidences', 'confidence', 'confession', 'conferred',  
 'confer', 'condition--and', 'condemned', 'concoctions', 'concoct',  
 'conclusions', 'conclusion', 'concierge', 'concepts', 'concentric',  
 'concentratedly', 'concentrated', 'conceit', 'concealedly', 'comte',  
 'comradeship', 'compulsion', 'compressed', 'comprehensive', 'compounds',  
 'composure', 'component', 'complimented', 'complicated', 'completing',  
 'completed', 'compiled', 'competent', 'compelled', 'compassion', 'comparison',  
 'compared', 'comparative', 'comparable', 'companionship', 'companioned',  
 'communicative', 'communicating', 'communicates', 'committee', 'commercial',  
 'commerce', 'commenting', 'commentary', 'comings', "coming--that's", 'coming--  
 she', 'coming--but', 'comers', 'come--the', 'combustion--pressure', 'combining',  
 'combine', 'combinations', 'coma', 'colour--but', 'colors', 'color', 'colonel',  
 'collegiate', "collector's", 'collections', 'collapses', 'collapse--a',  
 'coldly', 'colder', 'coined', 'coincidence', 'coherently--i', 'coherently',

'coherence--which', 'cognition', 'coffee--take', 'coffee', 'cobweb-festooned', 'cobweb', 'cobblestoned', 'cobble', 'cobbled', 'coach', 'co', 'cluttered', 'clumsier', 'clumping', 'clue', 'clubs', 'club--with', 'club--about', 'clowns', 'clove', 'cloudless', 'clouding', 'cloud-ships', 'cloth', 'closet', 'closest', 'closes', 'closely--written', 'close-mouthed', 'clopping', 'clog', 'clocks--time--space--infinity-and', 'clock--and', 'clinic', 'clings', 'clinched', 'climbers', 'climber', 'cliff-perched', 'clicks', 'clever', 'clerics', 'clergymen', 'clergyman', 'cleft', 'clearing', 'cleanliness', 'cleaned', 'clean', 'claw', 'clattering', 'clattered', 'classical', 'classic', 'clasps', 'clamour', 'clamoring', 'clambering', 'claims', 'clad', 'city--the', 'city--fabulous', 'city--a', 'citizen', 'circus', 'circumstances--just', 'circular', 'circuitously', 'circuit', 'circle--not', 'cipher', 'cinema', 'churchyard--the', 'church-going', "church's", 'chuckled', 'chuckle', 'chubbiness', 'chromaticism', 'chromatic', 'christmas', 'christi', 'chosen--a', 'chores', 'chopped', 'choke', 'chiseled', 'chipped', 'china', 'chimaeras', 'chillingly', 'chilling', 'chilled', "children's", 'childishness', 'childhood', 'child--when', 'chiefs', 'chiaroscuro', 'chewed', 'cherished', 'cheques', 'chemists', 'chemistry', 'cheer', 'cheapside--was', 'chauffeur', 'chattering', 'chatted', 'chasm', 'chase', 'charter', 'charnel-house', 'charm', "charles'", 'charcoal', 'chaps', 'chaotic', 'chanting', 'changelings', 'changeling--and', 'changeling', 'changed--though', 'change--in', 'chandelier', 'chanced', 'challenge', 'chains', 'chained', 'chad', 'certificates', 'certain--certain', 'ceremony--the', 'ceremoniously', 'century-worn', 'century--the', 'centipede', 'censured', 'cement', 'celluloid', 'cellar--one', 'celestial', 'celebrity', 'ceaselessly', 'ceased--when', 'caved-in', 'cautiousness', 'cautioned', 'caustic', 'causing', 'caucasian', 'catch--beyond', 'catacombs', 'catacomb', 'casts', 'castle', "cast--asenath's", 'cassiopeia', 'cased', 'carving', 'cartoonist', 'carting', 'carpet', 'carpentry', 'caricatured', 'cared', 'cards', 'carcass', 'carboy', 'carbonates', 'carbon', 'car--that', 'car--duly', 'capture', 'captivating', 'captivate', 'capriciousness', "cap'n", 'canyon-walled', 'canyon-like', 'canvass', 'canine', 'candy', 'candlestick', 'candlemas--heralded', 'candleless']

## 6 Create Dataset for Autoregression

```
[7]: # length of sequence
      # 32 words, 33 is predicted
      # state of the art is 16_000, for example
      sequence_length = 32

def create_dataset_for_autoregression(dataset):
    # two arrays
    # one with input pairs
    # one with output token (next word/token)
    x_inputs = []
    y_outputs = []
```



```

# iterate over the dataset
for books in dataset:
    # tokenises whole books using vocabulary
    # pads sequences to the same length
    # encodes all books into lists of word indices
    # this means that the model first layer will be an embedding layer
    books = encoder(books).numpy()

    for book in books:
        # list comprehension
        # remove padding
        book = [index for index in list(book) if index != 0]

        # start at the beginning of the book
        # start with the first word
        padding = [0] * sequence_length # padding for the last sequence
        book = padding + book

        # iterate over the book
        # sliding window of 32 words
        # offset is the sequence_length
        # sliding window with sequence_length through the entire book
        for start_index in range(0, len(book) - sequence_length):
            # 0 to 31; list of first 32 words
            x = book[start_index:start_index + sequence_length]
            y = book[start_index + sequence_length] # index of 33rd word

            x_inputs += [x]
            y_outputs += [y]

        return tf.data.Dataset.from_tensor_slices((x_inputs, y_outputs))

# datasets for model
dataset_train = create_dataset_for_autoregression(dataset_original_train)
dataset_valid = create_dataset_for_autoregression(dataset_original_valid)

```

```

[8]: for x, y in dataset_train.take(8):
      print(x.numpy())
      print(y.numpy())

```

```

[0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0]
42
[ 0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0]
 0  0  0  0  0  0  0  42]
2
[ 0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0  0]
 0  0  0  0  0  0  42  2]
190

```

```

[ 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 42 2 190]
4827
[ 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 42 2 190 4827]
14
[ 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 42
 2 190 4827 14]
11
[ 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 42 2
 190 4827 14 11]
9
[ 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 42 2 190
 4827 14 11 9]
2

```

## 7 Autoregression

this is what ChatGPT does, it autoregressively generates text.

we put a model between x (input) and y (output) and the model learns the relationship between x and y.

it predicts y, then we take the prediction and put it back into the model to predict the next y.

it loops until we have the desired length of text.

```
[9]: vocabulary[42]
```

```
[9]: 'what'
```

## 8 Plot

```

[10]: import matplotlib.pyplot as plt

def render_history(history):
    plt.title("Training loss vs. validation loss")
    plt.plot(history.history["loss"], label="loss")
    plt.plot(history.history["val_loss"], label="val_loss")
    plt.legend()
    plt.show()
    plt.close()

    plt.title("Training accuracy vs. validation accuracy")

```

```
plt.plot(history.history["accuracy"], label="accuracy")
plt.plot(history.history["val_accuracy"], label="val_accuracy")
plt.legend()
plt.show()
plt.close()
```

## 9 Build Model

a classifier with a lot of classifiers!

```
[11]: # Build Model
model = models.Sequential()

# Add an embedding layer (we already did the encoding)
# 10,000 x 32 matrix
# 10_000 is the vocabulary size
# 32 is the sequence length
# input_length is the length of the sequence

# add an embedding layer
model.add(layers.Embedding(input_dim=vocabulary_size, output_dim=32,
    ↪input_length=sequence_length))

# add an LSTM layer
model.add(layers.LSTM(units=64, return_sequences=True))
model.add(layers.LSTM(units=96))

# add a dense layer
model.add(layers.Dense(vocabulary_size, activation="softmax"))

model.compile(
    optimizer="adam",
    loss="sparse_categorical_crossentropy",
    metrics=["accuracy"]
)

history = model.fit(
    dataset_train.shuffle(100_000).batch(512),
    epochs=10,
    validation_data=dataset_valid.batch(512)
)
```

Epoch 1/10

108/108 [=====] - 17s 138ms/step - loss: 7.2323 -  
accuracy: 0.0553 - val\_loss: 6.9184 - val\_accuracy: 0.0511

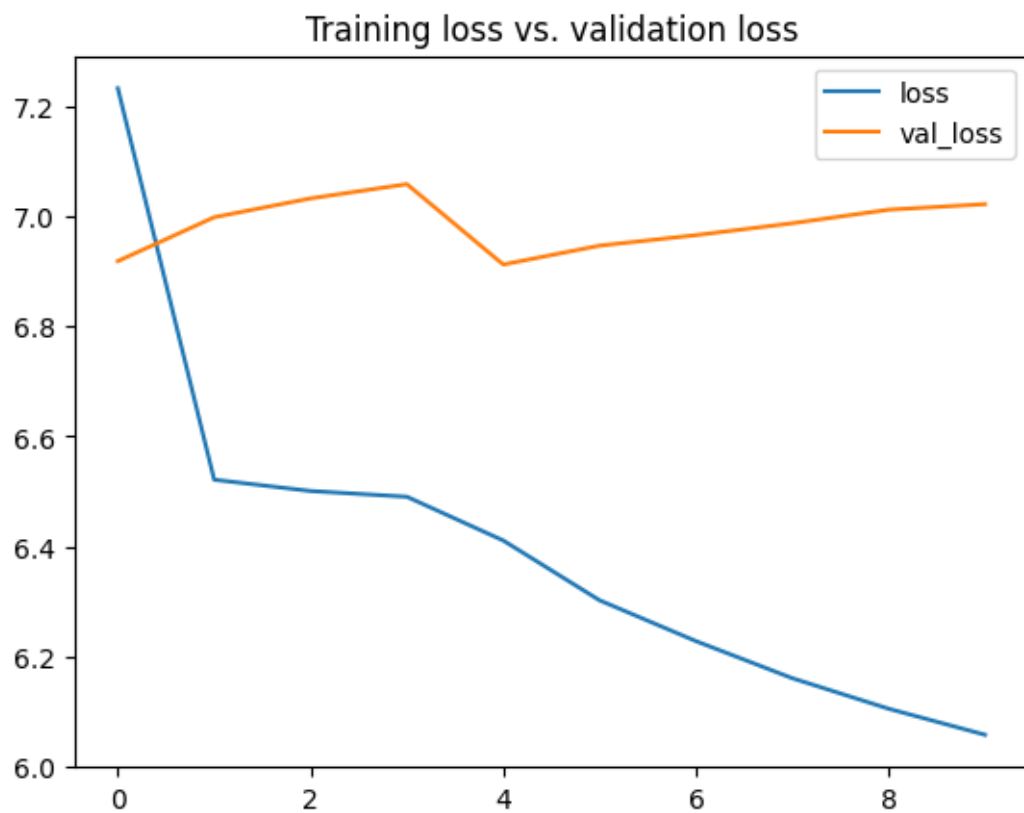
Epoch 2/10

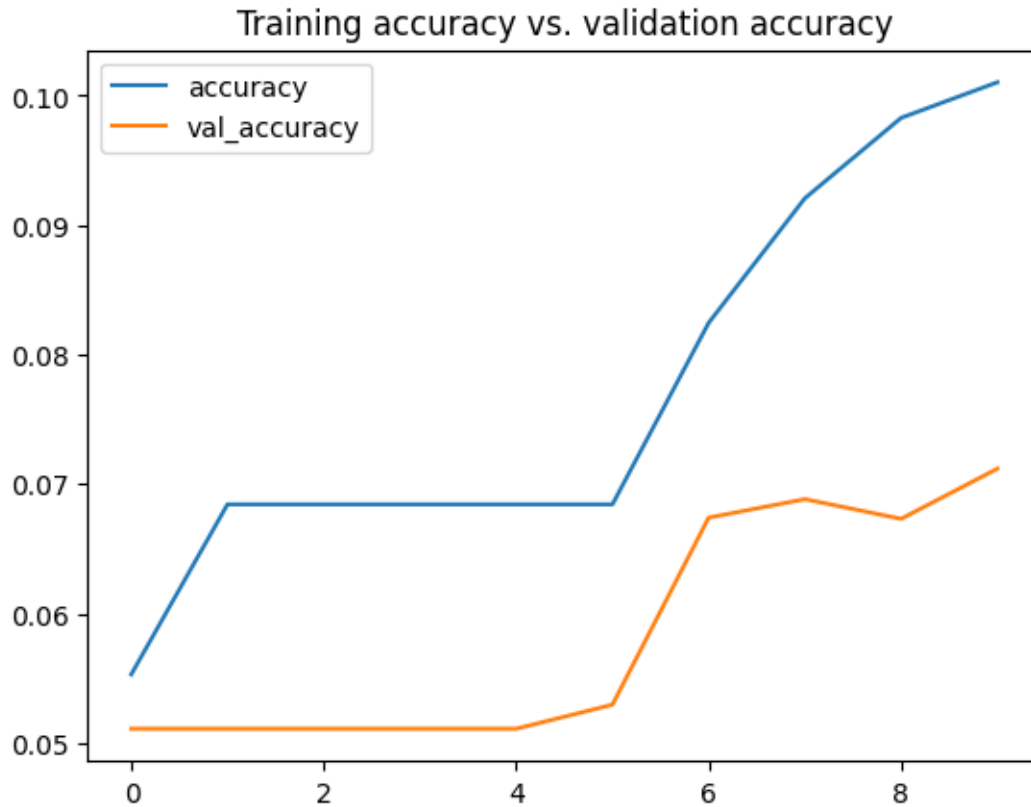
108/108 [=====] - 14s 132ms/step - loss: 6.5216 -

```
accuracy: 0.0684 - val_loss: 6.9981 - val_accuracy: 0.0511
Epoch 3/10
108/108 [=====] - 14s 126ms/step - loss: 6.5011 -
accuracy: 0.0684 - val_loss: 7.0323 - val_accuracy: 0.0511
Epoch 4/10
108/108 [=====] - 15s 142ms/step - loss: 6.4907 -
accuracy: 0.0684 - val_loss: 7.0583 - val_accuracy: 0.0511
Epoch 5/10
108/108 [=====] - 15s 138ms/step - loss: 6.4112 -
accuracy: 0.0684 - val_loss: 6.9123 - val_accuracy: 0.0511
Epoch 6/10
108/108 [=====] - 17s 155ms/step - loss: 6.3026 -
accuracy: 0.0684 - val_loss: 6.9466 - val_accuracy: 0.0530
Epoch 7/10
108/108 [=====] - 15s 140ms/step - loss: 6.2286 -
accuracy: 0.0825 - val_loss: 6.9656 - val_accuracy: 0.0674
Epoch 8/10
108/108 [=====] - 14s 127ms/step - loss: 6.1612 -
accuracy: 0.0921 - val_loss: 6.9872 - val_accuracy: 0.0688
Epoch 9/10
108/108 [=====] - 16s 152ms/step - loss: 6.1058 -
accuracy: 0.0983 - val_loss: 7.0118 - val_accuracy: 0.0673
Epoch 10/10
108/108 [=====] - 18s 169ms/step - loss: 6.0585 -
accuracy: 0.1010 - val_loss: 7.0219 - val_accuracy: 0.0712
```

## 10 Visualise

```
[12]: render_history(history)
```





```
[13]: def decode(indices):
        return " ".join([vocabulary[index] for index in indices if
        ↪vocabulary[index] is not ""])

import numpy as np

def generate(model, seed_text, generated_sequence_length, temperature):

    seed_text = seed_text.lower()
    for punctuation in ".,:;?!":
        seed_text = seed_text.replace(punctuation, " " + punctuation)

    input_sequence = encoder(seed_text).numpy()

    generated_sequence = list(input_sequence[:])

    # Pad.
    padding = [0] * (sequence_length - len(input_sequence))
    input_sequence = padding + list(input_sequence)
```

```

# Generate the sequence by repeatedly predicting.
while len(generated_sequence) < generated_sequence_length:
    prediction = model.predict(np.expand_dims(input_sequence, axis=0),
    verbose=False)
    predicted_index = get_index_from_prediction(prediction[0], temperature)
    generated_sequence.append(predicted_index)
    input_sequence = input_sequence[1:]
    input_sequence.append(predicted_index)

# Convert the generated sequence to a string.
text = decode(generated_sequence)
for punctuation in ".,:;?!":
    text = text.replace(" " + punctuation, punctuation)
print(text)
print("")

def get_index_from_prediction(prediction, temperature=0.0):
    """ Gets an index from a prediction. """

    # Zero temperature - use the argmax.
    if temperature == 0.0:
        return np.argmax(prediction)

    # Non-zero temperature - do some random magic.
    else:
        prediction = np.asarray(prediction).astype('float64')
        prediction = np.log(prediction) / temperature
        exp_prediction = np.exp(prediction)
        prediction = exp_prediction / np.sum(exp_prediction)
        probabilities = np.random.multinomial(1, prediction, 1)
        return np.argmax(probabilities)

# temperature means how much randomness we want to introduce
# 0 means no randomness
# 1 means full randomness
# 0.5 means some randomness
# argmax returns the index of the highest value in the array
generate(model, "we are all doomed", 100, temperature=1.0)

```

<>:2: SyntaxWarning: "is not" with a literal. Did you mean "!="?

<>:2: SyntaxWarning: "is not" with a literal. Did you mean "!="?

/tmp/ipykernel\_7002/1259731961.py:2: SyntaxWarning: "is not" with a literal. Did you mean "!="?

```

    return " ".join([vocabulary[index] for index in indices if vocabulary[index]
is not ""])

```

we are all doomed watched. looks and, before credit, and loosed them of. and before them a shelf.. jot away. his placed till sot had while their moonlight to

was sound. and madness. came [UNK] which question--the with a man. but extended about for.,. it was he [UNK], the professors, the wall, and a trip and prepared previous white silent investigations, the obliterating with house of began at being in without start; else and so a expanse you'll earth's oxford was gaze

```
[15]: for x, _ in dataset_train.shuffle(1000).batch(1).take(1):  
      print(x)  
      prediction = model.predict(x)  
      plt.plot(prediction[0])
```

```
tf.Tensor(  
[[ 292    8  301  201    2 7131 1056    6    2 1359  383   23   20 1378  
    3    9  40 5423    5  877  457   13   34    2 1297    6    2 4769  
 1499   20 3856 3736]], shape=(1, 32), dtype=int32)  
1/1 [=====] - 2s 2s/step
```

