HORRIBLE BEYOND CONCEPTION WAS THE CHANGE WHICH HAD TAKEN PLACE IN MY BEST FRIEND, CRAWFORD TILLINGHAST.



...THE ANCIENT, LONELY HOUSE SET BACK FROM BENEVOLENT STREET.



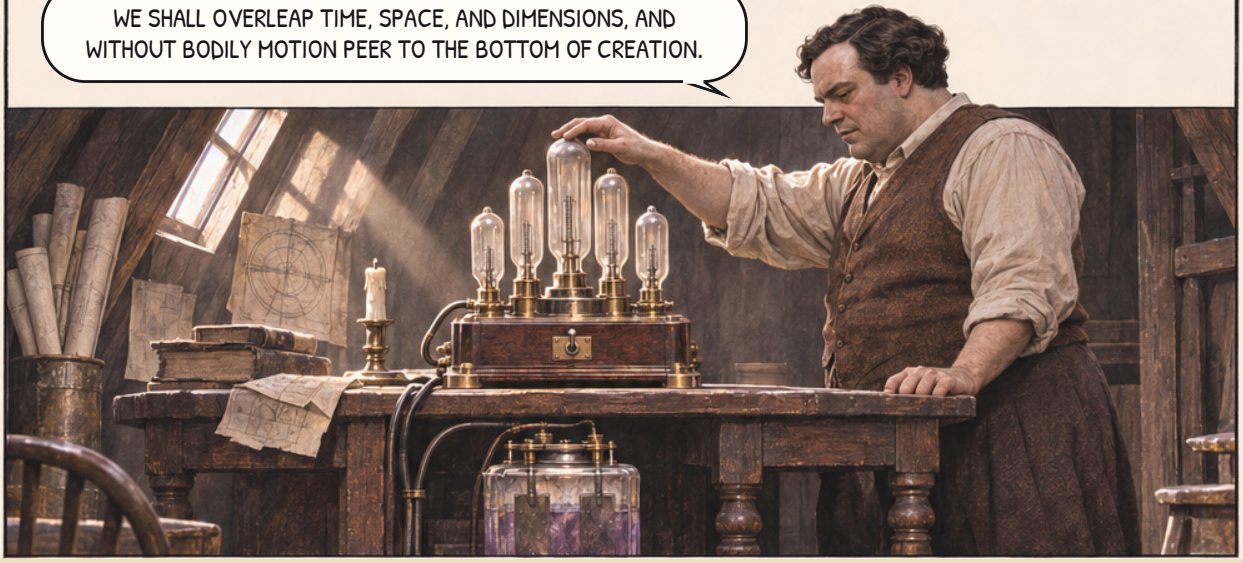
I HAD INDEED WARNED HIM TEN WEEKS BEFORE, WHEN HE BURST FORTH WITH HIS TALE OF WHAT HE FELT HIMSELF ABOUT TO DISCOVER.



WE SEE THINGS ONLY AS WE ARE CONSTRUCTED TO SEE THEM, AND CAN GAIN NO IDEA OF THEIR ABSOLUTE NATURE.



WE SHALL OVERLEAP TIME, SPACE, AND DIMENSIONS, AND WITHOUT BODILY MOTION PEER TO THE BOTTOM OF CREATION.



...HE WAS A FANATIC, AND DROVE ME FROM THE HOUSE.



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.



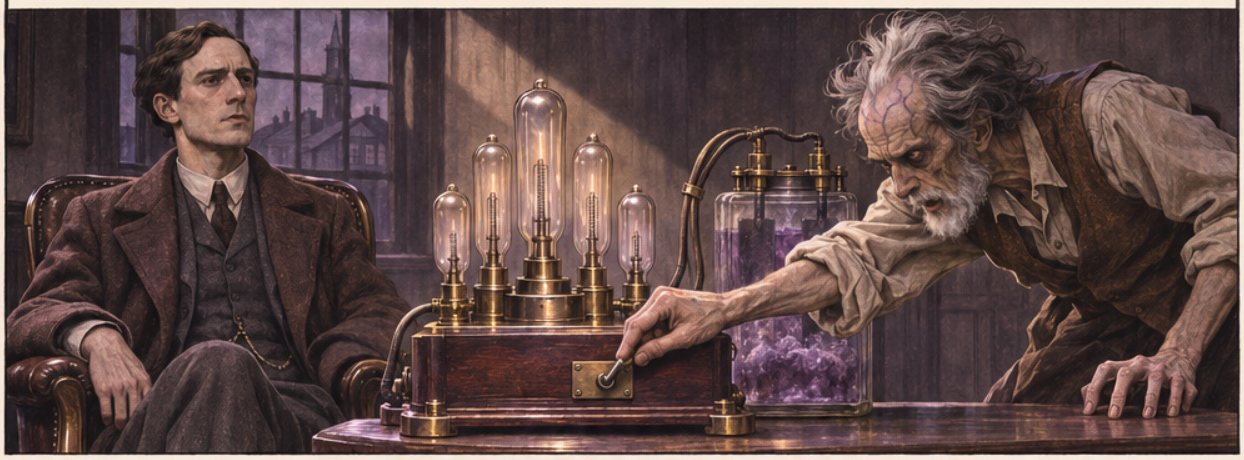
UP THROUGH THE DARK EMPTINESS OF THE HOUSE I FOLLOWED THE BOBBING CANDLE IN THE HAND OF THIS SHAKING PARODY ON MAN.



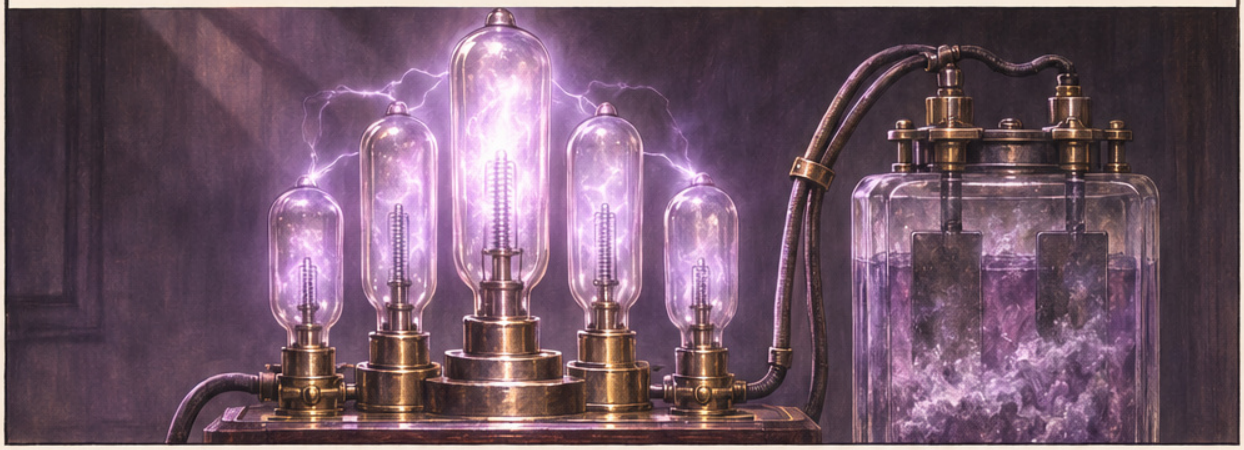
...THAT DETESTABLE ELECTRICAL MACHINE, GLOWING WITH A SICKLY, SINISTER, VIOLET LUMINOSITY.



HE NOW SEATED ME NEAR THE MACHINE... 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.



THAT IS ULTRA-VIOLET. ... YOU THOUGHT ULTRA-VIOLET WAS INVISIBLE, AND SO IT IS—BUT YOU CAN SEE THAT AND MANY OTHER INVISIBLE THINGS NOW.



THE WAVES FROM THAT THING ARE WAKING A THOUSAND SLEEPING SENSES IN US...



YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE PINEAL GLAND? ... THAT GLAND IS THE GREAT SENSE-ORGAN OF ORGANS—I HAVE FOUND OUT.



...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.



...UTTER, ABSOLUTE SOLITUDE IN INFINITE, SIGHTLESS, SOUNDLESS SPACE.



...I FELT A CHILDISH FEAR WHICH PROMPTED ME TO DRAW FROM MY HIP POCKET THE REVOLVER I ALWAYS CARRIED AFTER DARK...



IT WAS INFINITELY FAINT, SUBTLY VIBRANT, AND UNMISTAKABLY MUSICAL...



I BEGAN TO SPEAK TO TILLINGHAST, AND AS I DID SO ALL THE UNUSUAL IMPRESSIONS ABRUPTLY VANISHED.



...FOR IN THESE RAYS WE ARE ABLE TO BE SEEN AS WELL AS TO SEE.



"...SHE TURNED ON THE LIGHTS DOWNSTAIRS AFTER I HAD WARNED HER NOT TO... IT GOT THEM ALL."



BUT SO LONG AS WE DON'T MOVE WE'RE FAIRLY SAFE. ... KEEP STILL!



...A SEETHING COLUMN OF UNRECOGNISABLE SHAPES OR CLOUDS, PENETRATING THE SOLID ROOF AT A POINT AHEAD AND TO THE RIGHT OF ME.



...THE GLOWING SUNS FORMED A CONSTELLATION OR GALAXY OF SETTLED SHAPE; THIS SHAPE BEING THE DISTORTED FACE OF CRAWFORD TILLINGHAST.



...OF ALL THE SPACE UNOCCUPIED BY FAMILIAR MATERIAL OBJECTS NOT ONE PARTICLE WAS VACANT.



...THEY WERE SEMI-FLUID AND CAPABLE OF PASSING THROUGH ONE ANOTHER AND THROUGH WHAT WE KNOW AS SOLIDS.



YOU SEE THE THINGS THAT FLOAT AND FLOP ABOUT YOU AND THROUGH YOU EVERY MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE?



YOU THINK THOSE FLOUNDERING THINGS WIPED OUT THE SERVANTS? FOOL, THEY ARE HARMLESS! ... YOU TRIED TO STOP ME... BUT NOW I'VE GOT YOU!



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.



IT'S JUST OVER YOUR LEFT SHOULDER. . . .



...MY SHOT HAD BEEN DIRECTED AT THE NOXIOUS MACHINE WHICH NOW LAY HOPELESSLY SHATTERED ON THE LABORATORY FLOOR.



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...



...THE DOCTOR TOLD ME THAT I HAD UNDOUBTEDLY BEEN HYPNOTISED BY THE VINDICTIVE AND HOMICIDAL MADMAN.



I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT DOCTOR. ... 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 THIS ONE SIMPLE FACT—THAT THE POLICE NEVER FOUND THE BODIES OF THOSE SERVANTS WHOM THEY SAY CRAWFORD TILLINGHAST MURDERED.

