I. THE BOOK



I OPENED A BOOK OF IMPOSSIBLE SECRETS. WHEN I LOOKED FOR ITS SELLER, ONLY LAUGHTER ANSWERED.


II. PURSUIT
I HID THE BOOK AND HURRIED THROUGH THE HARBOUR LANES. THE LAUGHTER FOLLOWED IN MEMORY; BEHIND ME, UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS KEPT PACE.

III. THE KEY



BEHIND MY BOLTED DOOR, THE BOOK OPENED PATHS BEYOND TIME. AS I MURMURED ITS SECRETS, SOMETHING FUMBLED AT THE ATTIC WINDOW.


IV. RECOGNITION
THE HOLLOW WAS FAMILIAR FROM CHILDHOOD. BUT THIS WAS YUGGOTH, AND THE BODY CRYING OUT UPON ITS ALTAR WAS MY OWN.


V. HOMECOMING
THE DAEMON PROMISED MY REMEMBERED HOME ABOVE THE SEA. IT BROUGHT ME INTO DARKNESS, AND MOCKED THE SIGHT I COULD NO LONGER USE.

VI. THE LAMP



WE CARRIED THE ANCIENT LAMP BACK TO OUR TENT. ONE MATCH AWAKENED ITS OIL, AND A SINGLE FLASH SHOWED SHAPES WE COULD NEVER FORGET.


VII. ZAMAN'S HILL
THE VILLAGE WAS GONE. THE MAILMAN SWORE HE HAD SEEN THE HILL OPEN HUNGRY EYES AND JAWS; EVERYONE CALLED HIM MAD.


VIII. THE PORT
I REACHED THE HEIGHT ABOVE INNSMOUTH AS ITS WHITE SAIL WITHDREW. NIGHT FELL TOO QUICKLY, FILLING EVERY LANE WITH A DARKNESS LIKE BURIAL.


IX. THE COURTYARD
I ENTERED THE COURTYARD TO MEET A MAN. WINDOWS FLARED AROUND ME, REVEALING A SILENT DANCE OF THE DEAD, WITHOUT HANDS OR HEADS.

X. THE PIGEON-FLYERS



THEY LAUGHED AT MY FEAR OF THE ROOFTOP BIRDS. THEN A GLIMPSE OF WHAT ONE CARRIED IN ITS BEAK SILENCED THEM.


XI. THE WELL
AFTER SETH'S DEATH, WE OPENED THE WELL HE HAD SEALED. IRON GRIPS DESCENDED BEYOND EVERY SOUNDING LINE. WE BEGAN LAYING THE BRICKS AGAIN.


XII. THE HOWLER
I IGNORED THE WARNING AND WAITED BESIDE THE COTTAGE. SUNSET ENTERED AN UPSTAIRS ROOM, REVEALING A FOUR-PAWED THING WITH A HUMAN FACE.


XIII. HESPERIA
WINTER SUNSET OPENS A COUNTRY WHERE BEAUTY AND FORGOTTEN MEMORY BEGIN. DREAMS APPROACH ITS SHINING STREETS; NO HUMAN FOOT HAS EVER ENTERED THEM.


XIV. STAR-WINDS
AT AUTUMN DUSK, THE STAR-WIND BRINGS DREAMS OF ALIEN FLOWERS AND DISTANT FUNGI. FOR EVERY VISION IT GIVES, IT CARRIES MANY OF OURS AWAY.


XV. ANTARKTOS
IN DREAM, A GREAT BIRD TOLD ME THE BLACK POLAR CONE WAS ONLY A FRAGMENT. FAR BENEATH THE ICE, DEAD EYES WAITED.


XVI. THE WINDOW
THE MASONS FLED FROM THE OPENED WINDOW. I STAYED: BEYOND IT LAY THE WORLDS I HAD VISITED IN DREAMS.


XVII. A MEMORY
I STOOD WITHIN A COLD, UNFAMILIAR MEMORY. A CLOAKED FIGURE APPROACHED AND SPOKE MY NAME; ITS DEAD FACE TOLD ME ENOUGH.


XVIII. THE GARDENS OF YIN
I REMEMBERED GARDENS, LOTUS POOLS AND PATHS BENEATH FLOWERING TREES. I HURRIED TO THEIR ANCIENT WALL, AND FOUND THAT IT NO LONGER HAD A GATE.


XIX. THE BELLS
FOR YEARS I SEARCHED FOR THE BELLS THAT CROSSED THE NIGHT. THEN RAIN RESTORED THE MEMORY: THEIR TOWERS STOOD BENEATH THE DEAD SEA.


XX. NIGHT-GAUNTS
EVERY NIGHT THEY CARRY ME OVER THOK TOWARD THE RESTLESS LAKE BELOW. THEY MAKE NO SOUND, AND WHERE FACES SHOULD BE, THERE IS NOTHING.

XXI. NYARLATHOTEP



HE CAME FROM EGYPT IN SUNSET-RED ROBES, AND THE WORLD FOLLOWED. FORGOTTEN LANDS ROSE, CITIES SPLIT, AND CHAOS SCATTERED EARTH LIKE DUST.

XXII. AZATHOTH



BEYOND TIME AND MATTER, A BROKEN FLUTE SHAPED WORLDS BY CHANCE. THE DAEMON CALLED ITSELF THE MESSENGER, AND STRUCK ITS UNCOMPREHENDING MASTER.


XXIII. MIRAGE
I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER THAT VIOLET WORLD EVER EXISTED. ITS EVENING BELLS STILL CALL, THOUGH I CANNOT SAY WHEN I BELONGED THERE.



ONLY OILY WATER MOVES BETWEEN THE EMPTY HOUSES. NO ONE REMAINS TO TELL WHEN THIS PLACE SLIPPED OUT OF THE WAKING WORLD.


XXV. ST. TOAD'S
THREE OLD MEN WARNED ME OF ST. TOAD'S BROKEN BELLS. I FLED THROUGH THE TWISTING LANES, AND ITS BLACK SPIRE ROSE DIRECTLY AHEAD.


XXVI. THE FAMILIARS
THREE MEN WENT TO FETCH JOHN WHATELEY. THEY FOUND HIM TALKING WITH TWO CROUCHING THINGS, WHICH ROSE ON BLACK WINGS AS THEY ENTERED.


XXVII. THE ELDER PHAROS
A BLUE BEAM CROSSES LENG. THEY SAY THE LAST ELDER ONE DRUMS TO CHAOS THERE, MASKED IN YELLOW. WHAT EARLIER SEEKERS FOUND, NO ONE KNOWS.


XXVIII. EXPECTANCY
SUNSETS, OLD GARDENS AND DISTANT SPIRES PROMISE SOMETHING I ALMOST REMEMBER. THEIR PROMISE SUSTAINS ME, THOUGH I CANNOT DISCOVER WHAT IT MEANS.


XXIX. NOSTALGIA
EACH AUTUMN THEY SEARCH FOR THE SHORE THEIR MEMORIES PROMISE. BENEATH THE EMPTY SEA, THE TOWERS WAIT FOR THEIR SONG.


XXX. BACKGROUND
THE ROOFS AND HARBOUR OF MY CHILDHOOD TAUGHT ME TO DREAM. IN THEIR OLD LIGHT, THE PRESENT LOOSENS ITS HOLD, AND TIME OPENS OUTWARD.


XXXI. THE DWELLER
WE UNCOVERED STONES OLDER THAN BABYLON AND CLEARED THE BURIED STAIR. THEN HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ROSE FROM BELOW, AND WE ABANDONED THE DARKNESS.


XXXII. ALIENATION
HIS BODY STAYED AT HOME. AFTER THE DISTANT PIPING, HE WOKE OLDER, AND STRUGGLED TO BELONG AMONG THE PEOPLE HE HAD KNOWN.

XXXIII. HARBOUR WHISTLES



THE HARBOUR WHISTLES MINGLE ABOVE THE SLEEPING ROOFS. BENEATH THEIR FAMILIAR CALLS, WE HEAR A NOTE THAT NO EARTHLY SHIP COULD MAKE.


XXXIV. RECAPTURE
THE GIANT STAIR ROSE FROM THE SILENT HEATH. SUDDENLY I KNEW THE ANCIENT STAR AND AGE THAT HAD RECLAIMED ME FROM MY BRIEF HUMAN DREAM.


XXXV. EVENING STAR
IN THE QUIET MEADOW, THE EVENING STAR AWAKENED MEMORIES OF OTHER SEAS AND GARDENS. AT LAST I KNEW ITS LIGHT WAS CALLING ME HOME.

XXXVI. CONTINUITY



SLANTING LIGHT TOUCHES THE OLD FARM BUILDINGS. FOR A MOMENT, THEIR QUIET ENDURANCE BRINGS ME CLOSE TO THE HIDDEN SUBSTANCE OF TIME.