NYARLATHOTEP

NYARLATHOTEP . . . THE CRAWLING CHAOS . . . I AM THE LAST . . . I WILL TELL THE AUDIENT VOID. . . .



. . . 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.



AND 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.



...ALWAYS BUYING STRANGE INSTRUMENTS OF GLASS AND METAL AND COMBINING THEM INTO INSTRUMENTS YET STRANGER.



AND WHERE NYARLATHOTEP WENT, REST VANISHED; FOR THE SMALL HOURS WERE RENT WITH THE SCREAMS OF NIGHTMARE.



MY FRIEND SAID THEY WERE HORRIBLE AND IMPRESSIVE BEYOND MY MOST FEVERED IMAGININGS...



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...



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.



...I, WHO WAS COLDER AND MORE SCIENTIFIC THAN THE REST, MUMBLED A TREMBLING PROTEST ABOUT "IMPOSTURE" AND "STATIC ELECTRICITY"...



...NYARLATHOTEP DRAVE US ALL OUT, DOWN THE DIZZY STAIRS INTO THE DAMP, HOT, DESERTED MIDNIGHT STREETS.



...WHEN THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS BEGAN TO FADE WE CURSED THE COMPANY OVER AND OVER AGAIN, AND LAUGHED AT THE QUEER FACES WE MADE.



...THE BLOCKS LOOSE AND DISPLACED BY GRASS, WITH SCARCE A LINE OF RUSTED METAL TO SHEW WHERE THE TRAMWAYS HAD RUN.



...WE COULD NOT FIND THE THIRD TOWER BY THE RIVER, AND NOTICED THAT THE SILHOUETTE OF THE SECOND TOWER WAS RAGGED AT THE TOP.



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...



...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.



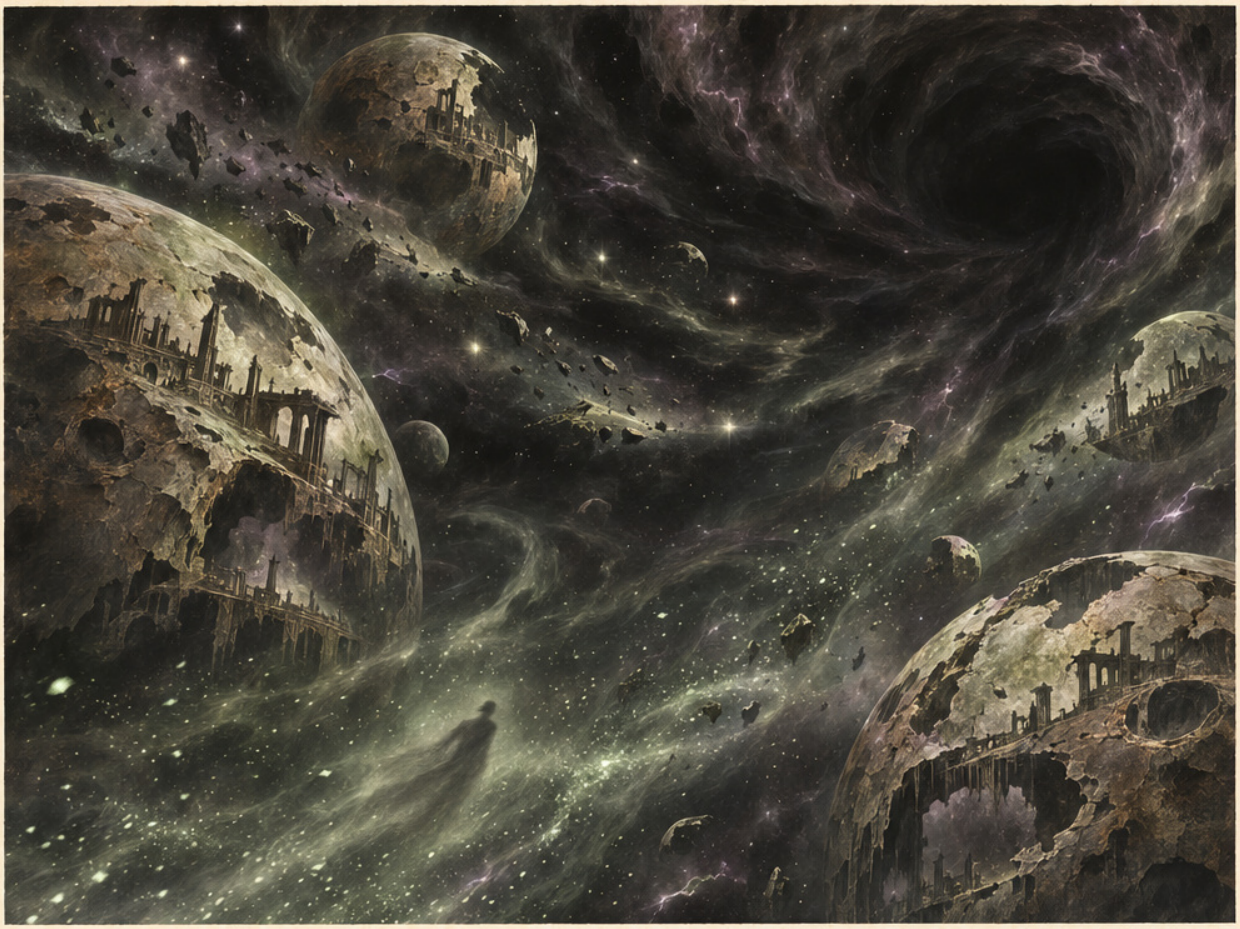
I LINGERED BEHIND, FOR THE BLACK RIFT IN THE GREEN-LITTEN SNOW WAS FRIGHTFUL...



...I HALF FLOATED BETWEEN THE TITANIC SNOWDRIFTS, QUIVERING AND AFRAID, INTO THE SIGHTLESS VORTEX OF THE UNIMAGINABLE.



...WHIRLED BLINDLY PAST GHASTLY MIDNIGHTS OF ROTTING CREATION, CORPSES OF DEAD WORLDS WITH SORES THAT WERE CITIES...



...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.



...THE MUFFLED, MADDENING BEATING OF DRUMS, AND THIN, MONOTONOUS WHINE OF BLASPHEMOUS FLUTES FROM INCONCEIVABLE, UNLIGHTED CHAMBERS BEYOND TIME...



...THE GIGANTIC, TENEBROUS ULTIMATE GODS—THE BLIND, VOICELESS, MINDLESS GARGOYLES WHOSE SOUL IS NYARLATHOTEP.