THE DREAM-QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH

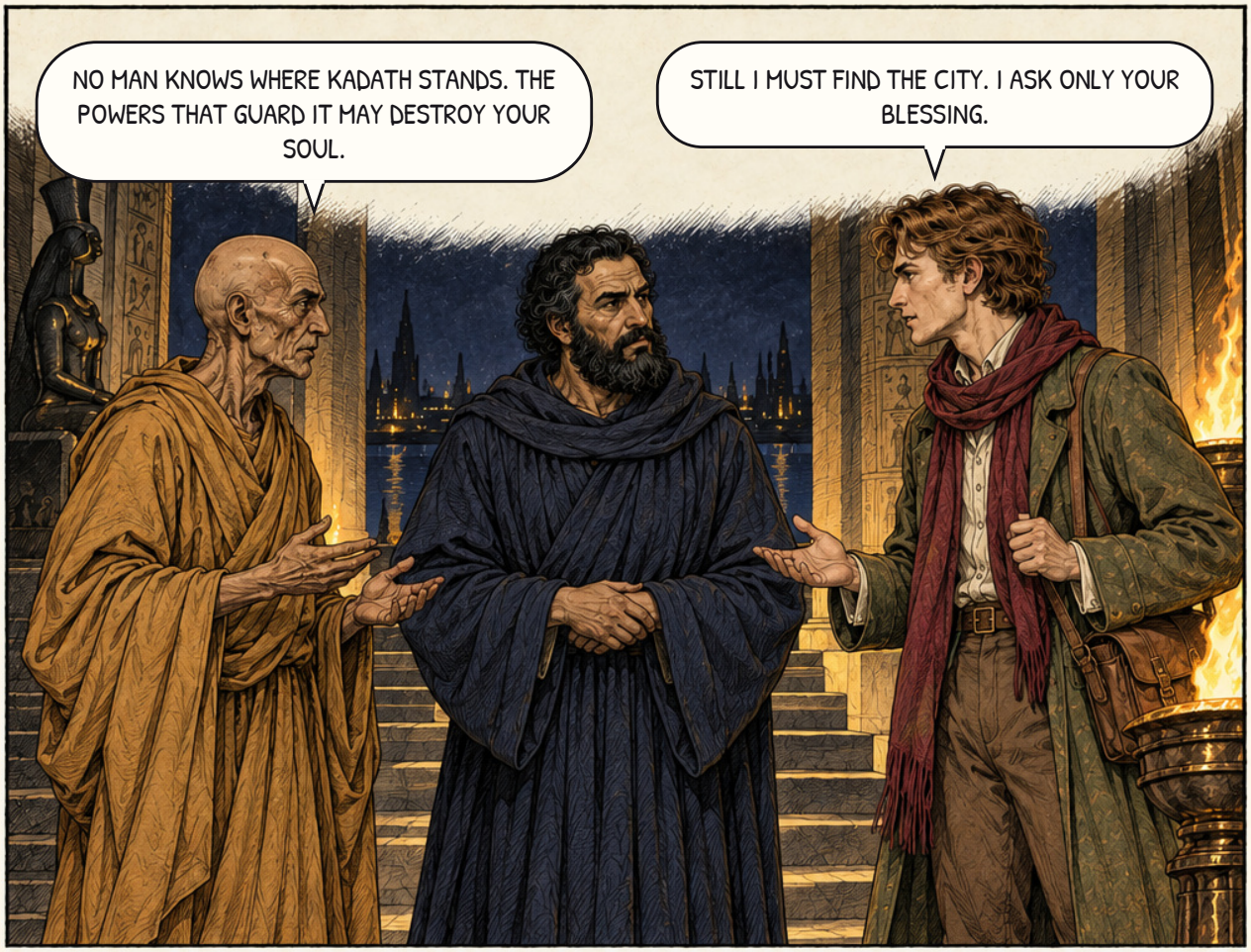


ITS BEAUTY STIRRED A MEMORY HE COULD NOT RECOVER.



HE PRAYED TO THE GODS OF DREAM. AFTER THAT, THE CITY VANISHED FROM HIS SLEEP.

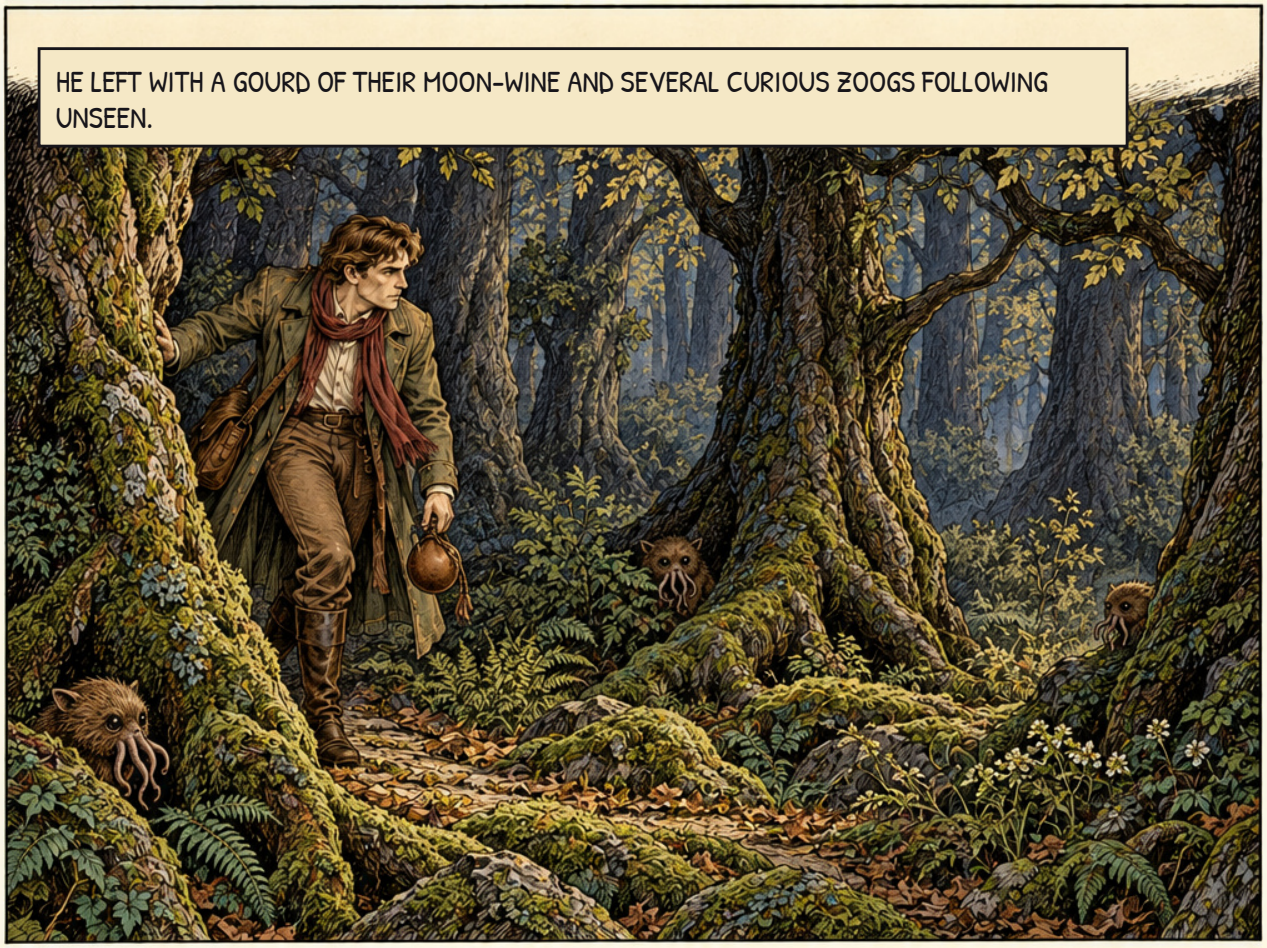



NO MAN KNOWS WHERE KADATH STANDS. THE POWERS THAT GUARD IT MAY DESTROY YOUR SOUL.
STILL I MUST FIND THE CITY. I ASK ONLY YOUR BLESSING.


THE PRIESTS WARNED HIM: EARTH'S MILD GODS WERE GUARDED BY POWERS FAR MORE TERRIBLE.

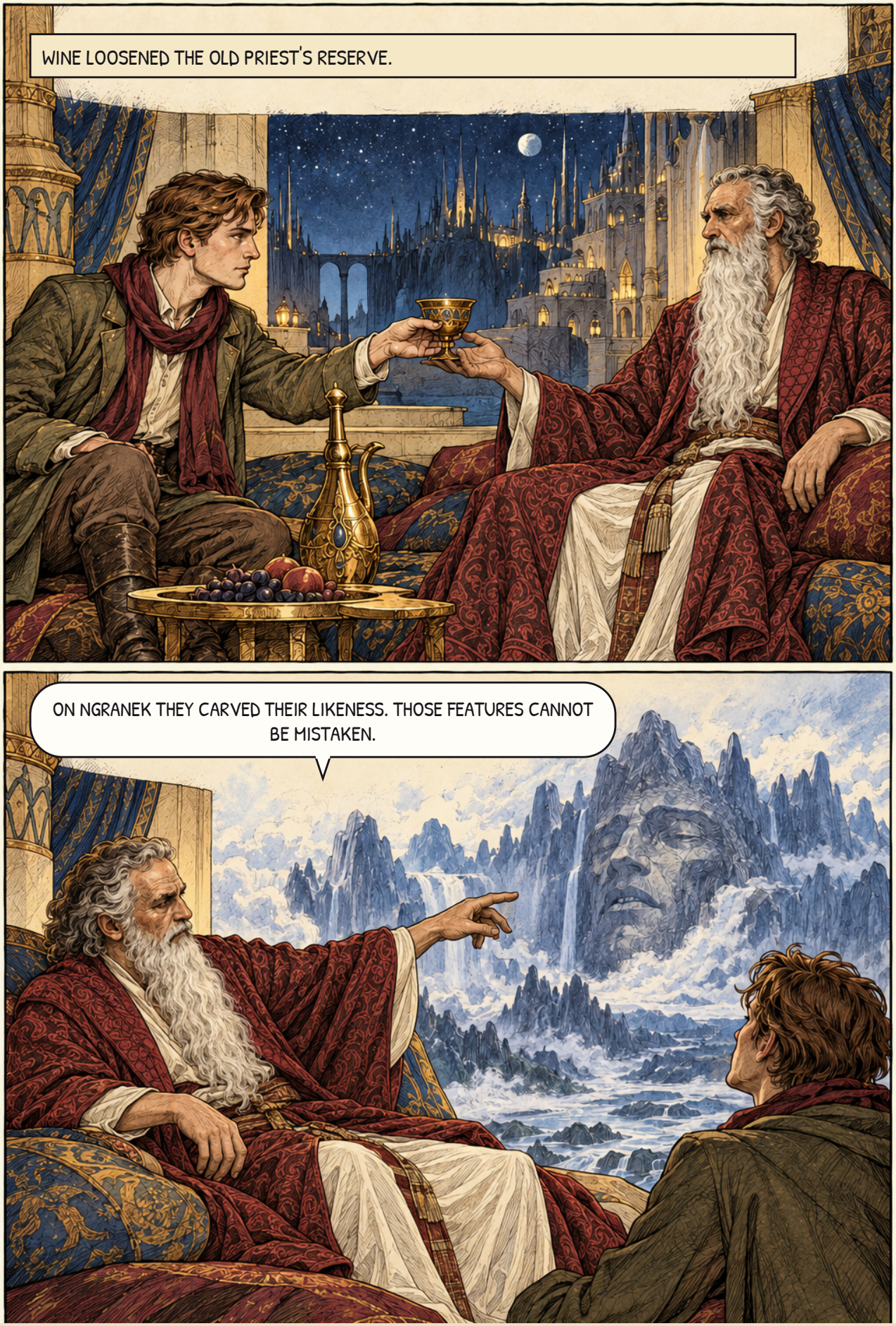

STILL HE WENT DOWN THROUGH THE GATE OF DEEPER SLUMBER.
HE WAS AN EXPERIENCED DREAMER, AND HOPED OLD FRIENDSHIPS WOULD SERVE HIM ON THE ROAD.


THE ZOOGS OF THE ENCHANTED WOOD KNEW MANY SECRETS.
PERHAPS ULTHAR HOLDS WHAT YOU SEEK. ITS PRIESTS KEEP THE OLDEST MANUSCRIPTS.


HE LEFT WITH A GOURD OF THEIR MOON-WINE AND SEVERAL CURIOUS ZOOGS FOLLOWING UNSEEN.


BEYOND THE FOREST LAY THE SKAI, AND ULTHAR, WHERE NO ONE MIGHT KILL A CAT.


CARTER SOUGHT ATAL, THE PRIEST WHO HAD ONCE CLIMBED TOWARD THE GODS.
EARTH'S GODS ARE NOT ALONE. THE OTHER GODS PROTECT THEM. LET THEM BE.

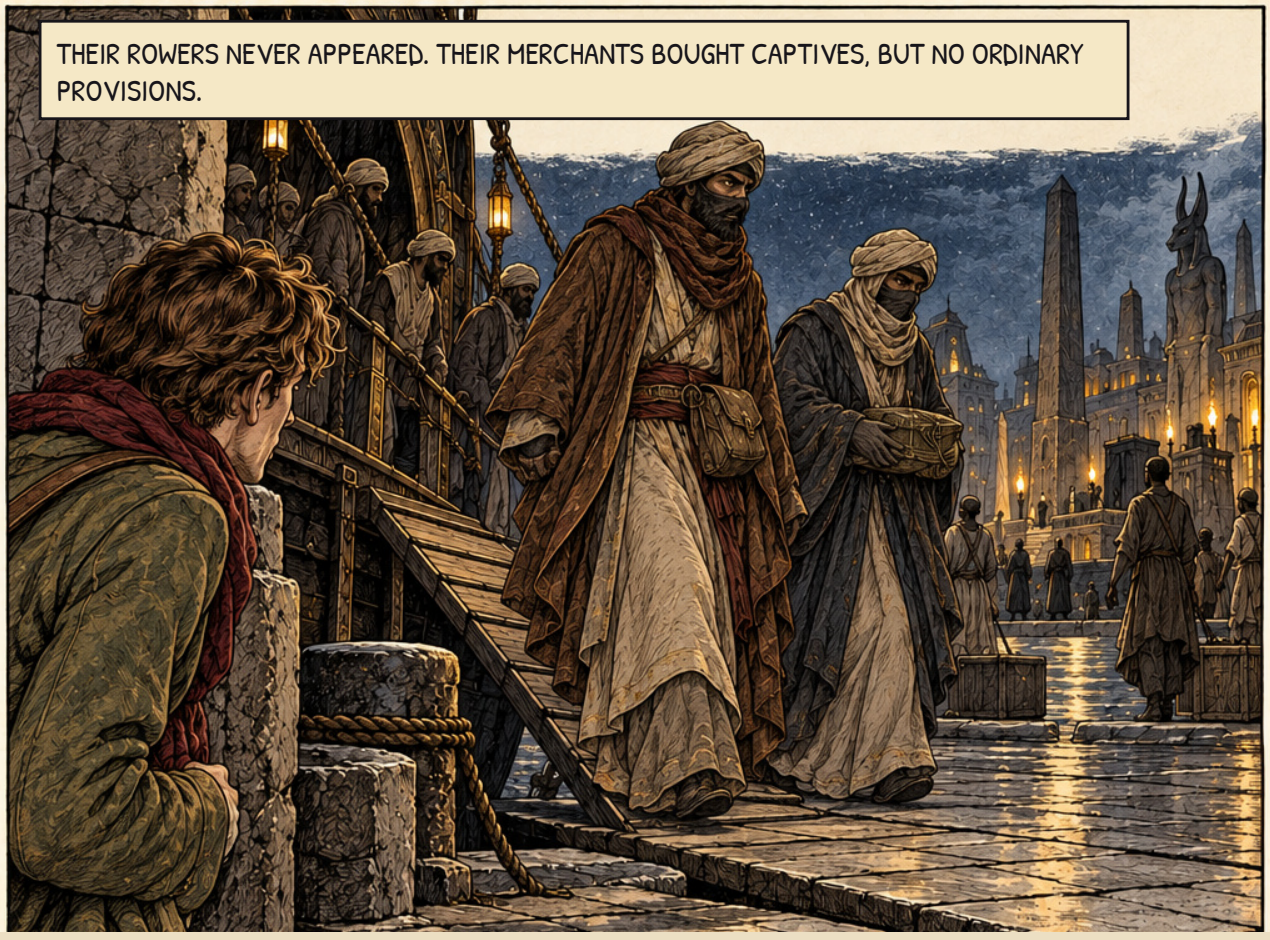

WINE LOOSENED THE OLD PRIEST'S RESERVE.
ON NGRANEK THEY CARVED THEIR LIKENESS. THOSE FEATURES CANNOT BE MISTAKEN.


IF CARTER LEARNED THOSE FEATURES, HE MIGHT RECOGNISE THE GODS' DESCENDANTS AMONG MEN—AND TRACE THEM HOME.
THAT NIGHT A SMALL BLACK KITTEN SLEPT BESIDE HIM.


HE FOLLOWED A CARAVAN DOWN THE SKAI TO DYLATH-LEEN.


THERE HE FOUND A ROUTE TO ORIAB, THE ISLAND OF NGRANEK, BUT HAD TO WAIT FOR A SHIP.


THE PORT TRADED RUBIES WITH BLACK GALLEYS FROM AN UNNAMED SHORE.


THEIR ROWERS NEVER APPEARED. THEIR MERCHANTS BOUGHT CAPTIVES, BUT NO ORDINARY PROVISIONS.

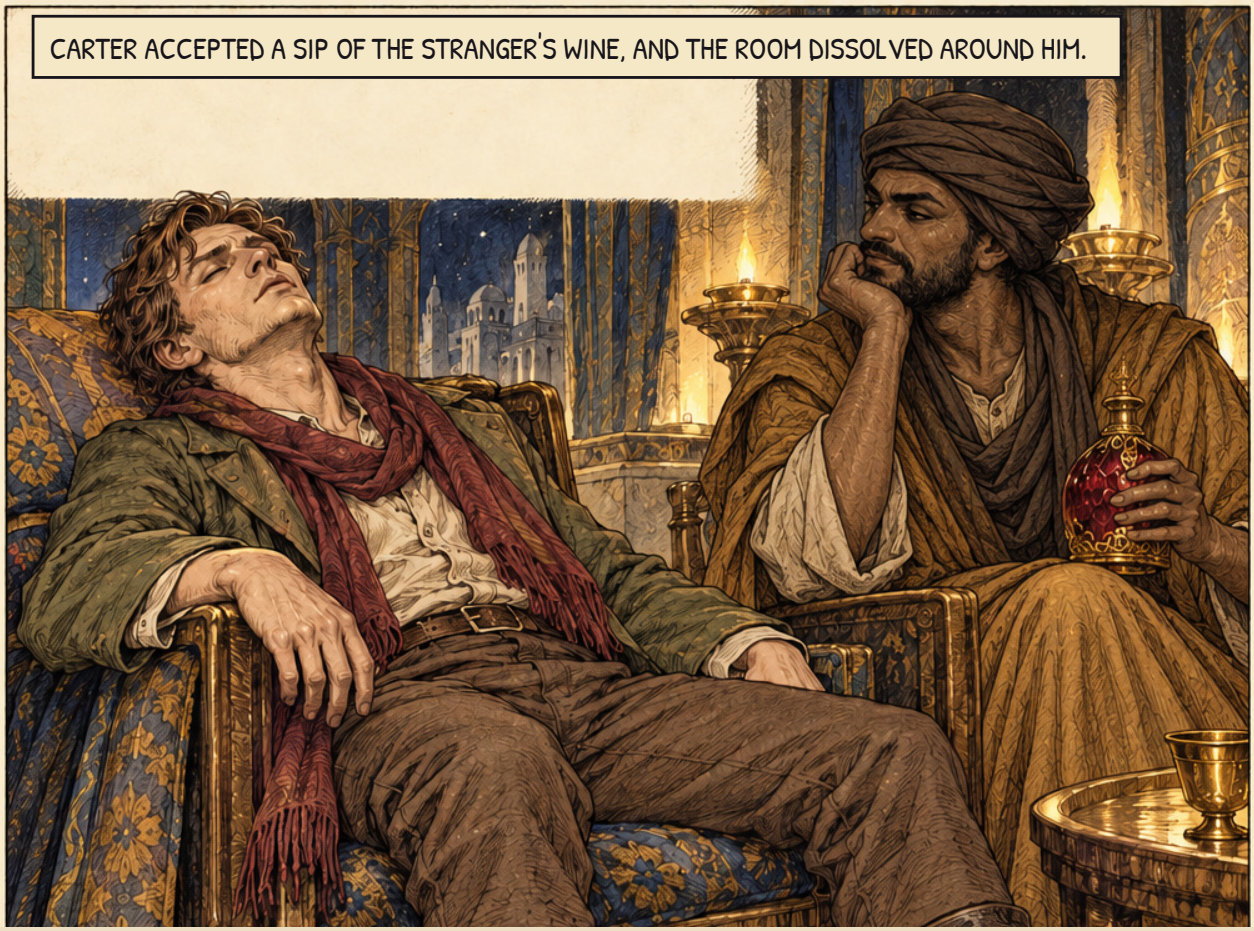
CARTER ASKED ABOUT KADATH AND HIS SUNSET CITY.



ONE TRADER, RUMOURED TO VISIT LENG, SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND MORE THAN HE WOULD SAY.




ANOTHER OFFERED SECRET KNOWLEDGE.


CARTER ACCEPTED A SIP OF THE STRANGER'S WINE, AND THE ROOM DISSOLVED AROUND HIM.

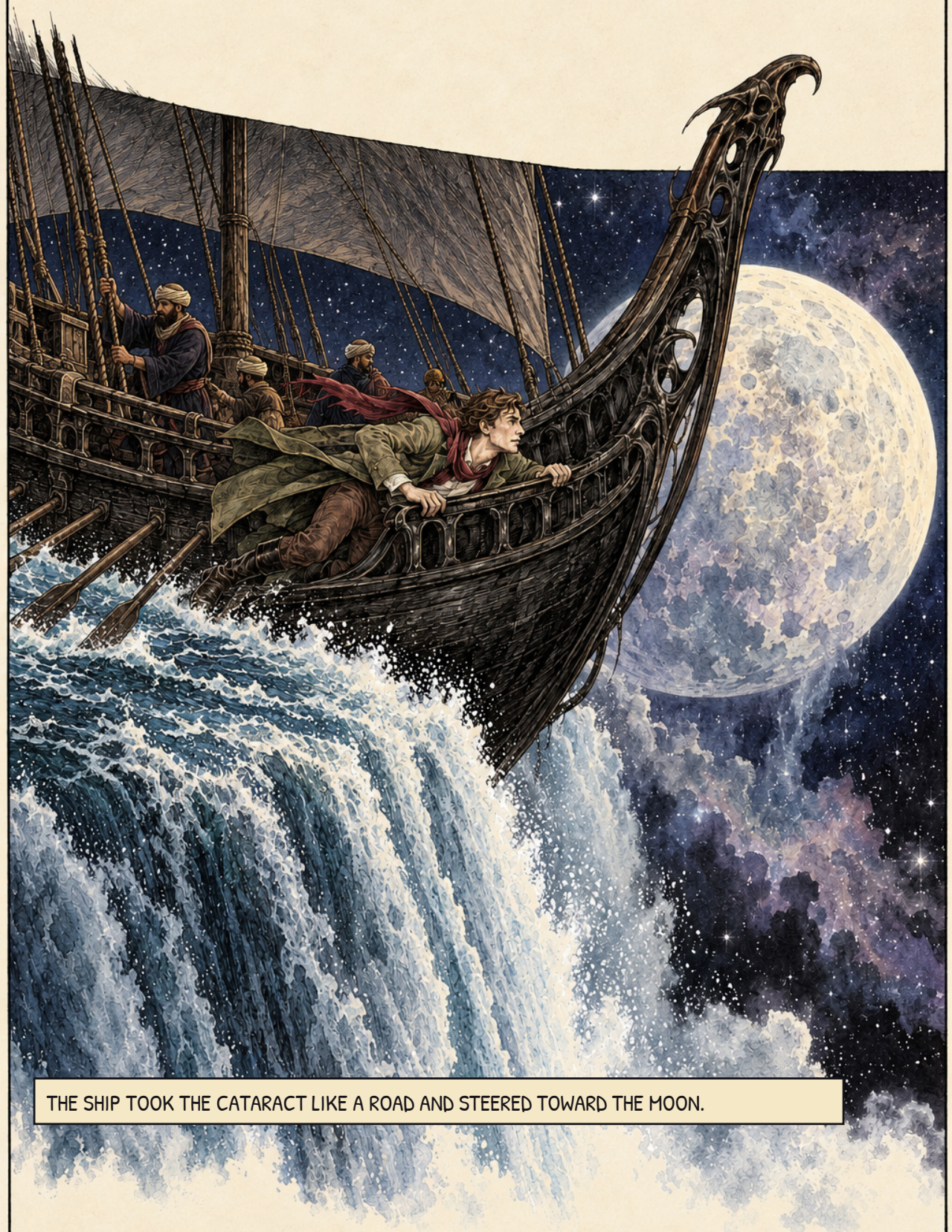
HE AWOKE ABOARD THE BLACK GALLEY.



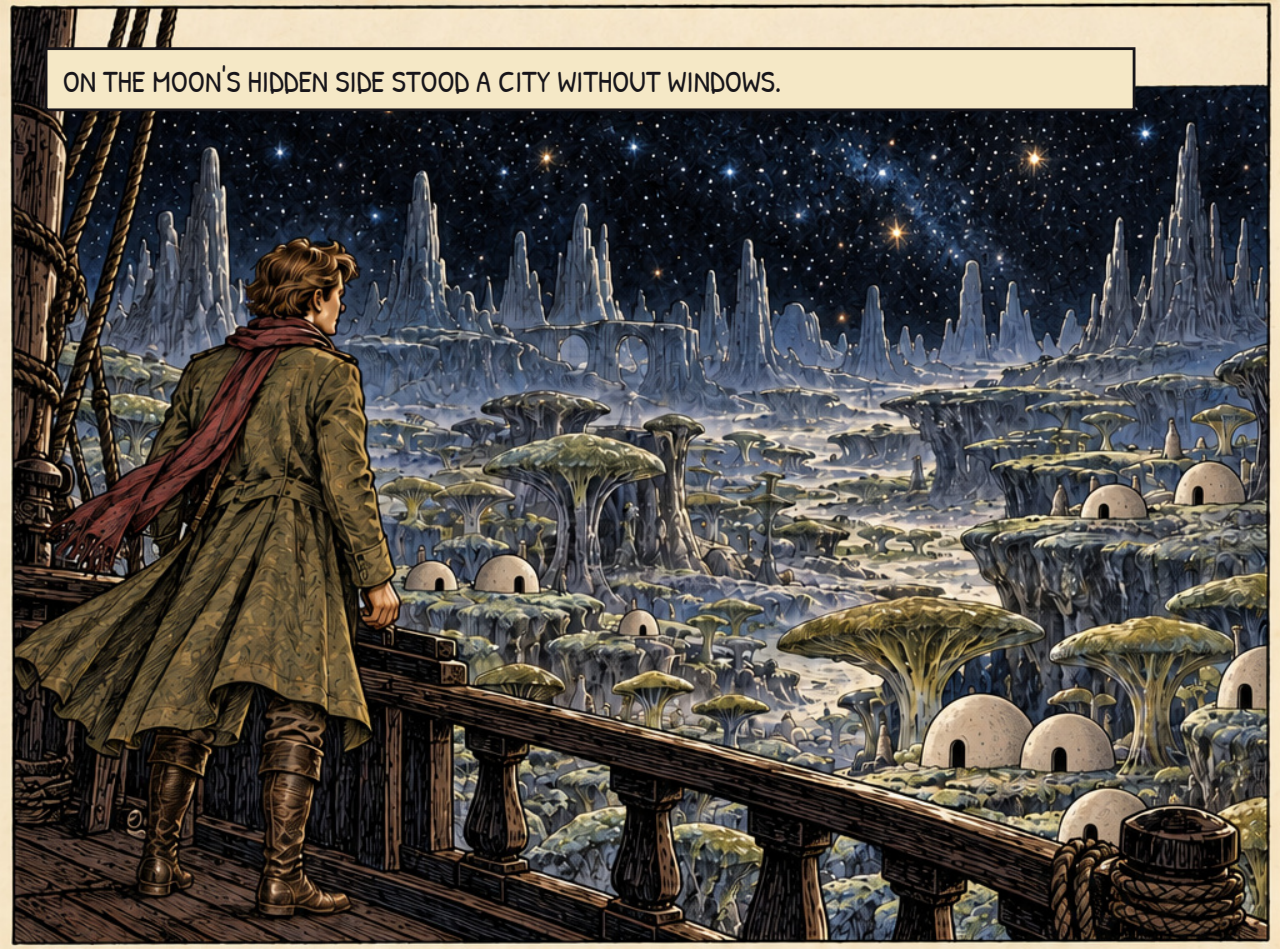
THE UNKNOWN ROWERS CARRIED HIM PAST THE DREAMLANDS' LOVELY COASTS TOWARD THE BASALT PILLARS OF THE WEST.



BEYOND THE PILLARS, THE OCEAN FELL INTO SPACE.



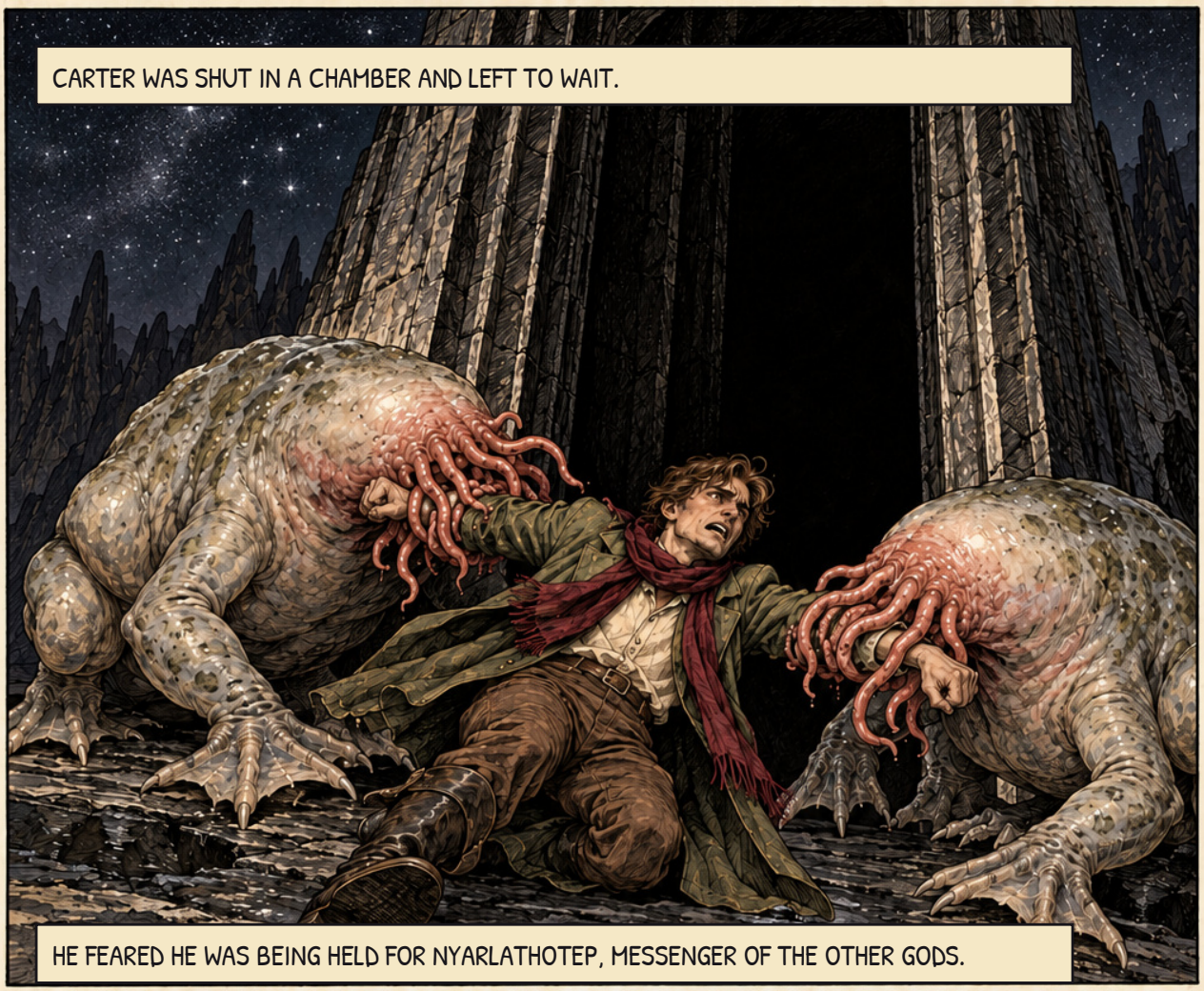
THE SHIP TOOK THE CATARACT LIKE A ROAD AND STEERED TOWARD THE MOON.


ON THE MOON'S HIDDEN SIDE STOOD A CITY WITHOUT WINDOWS.

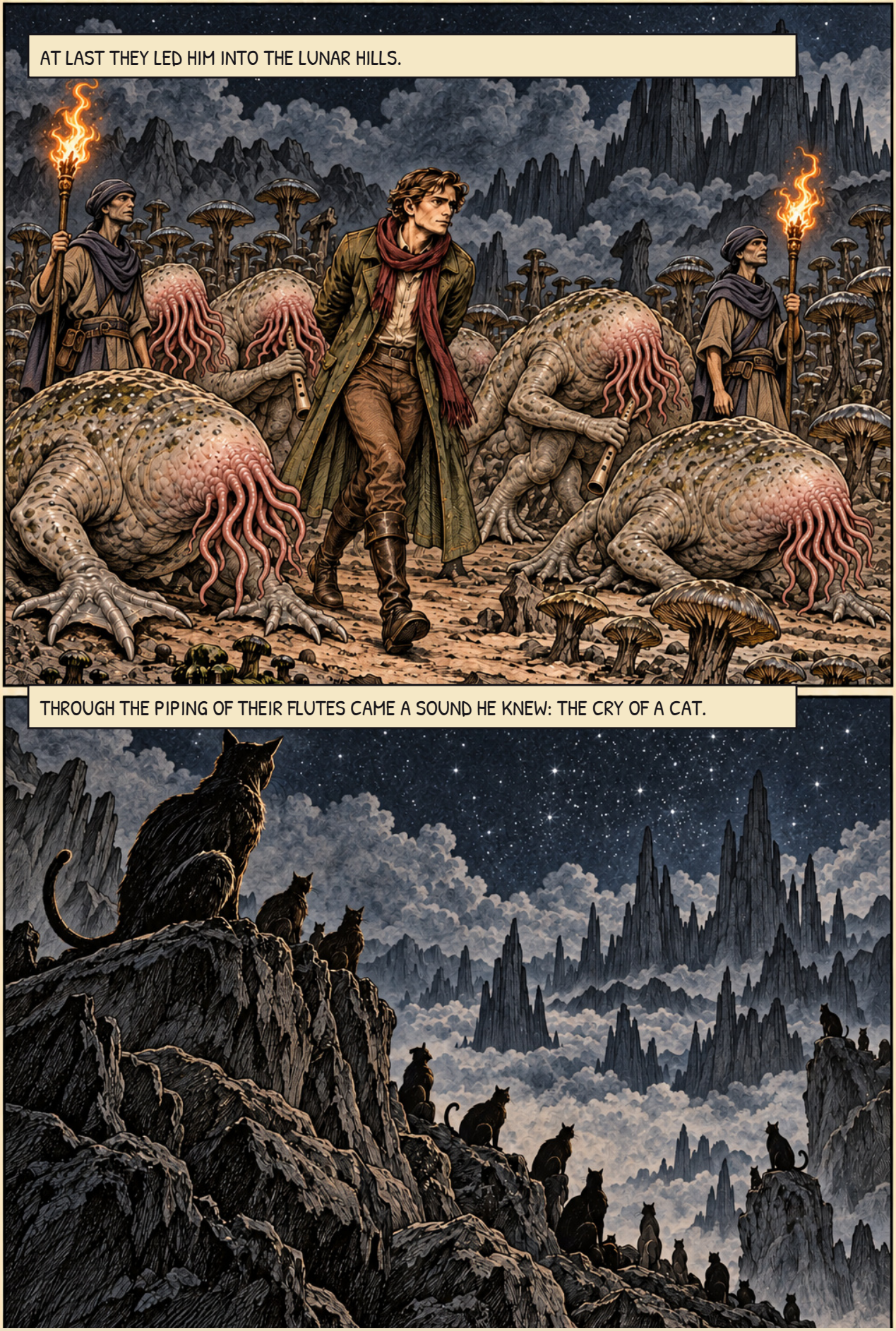

ITS MASTERS WAITED ON THE WHARVES.


THE ROWERS WERE VAST, EYELESS, CHANGING CREATURES.


THE MERCHANTS WHO HAD SEEMED ALMOST HUMAN WERE ONLY THEIR SERVANTS.


CARTER WAS SHUT IN A CHAMBER AND LEFT TO WAIT.
HE FEARED HE WAS BEING HELD FOR NYARLATHOTEP, MESSENGER OF THE OTHER GODS.




AT LAST THEY LED HIM INTO THE LUNAR HILLS.
THROUGH THE PIPING OF THEIR FLUTES CAME A SOUND HE KNEW: THE CRY OF A CAT.

CARTER ANSWERED IN THE LANGUAGE OF CATS.

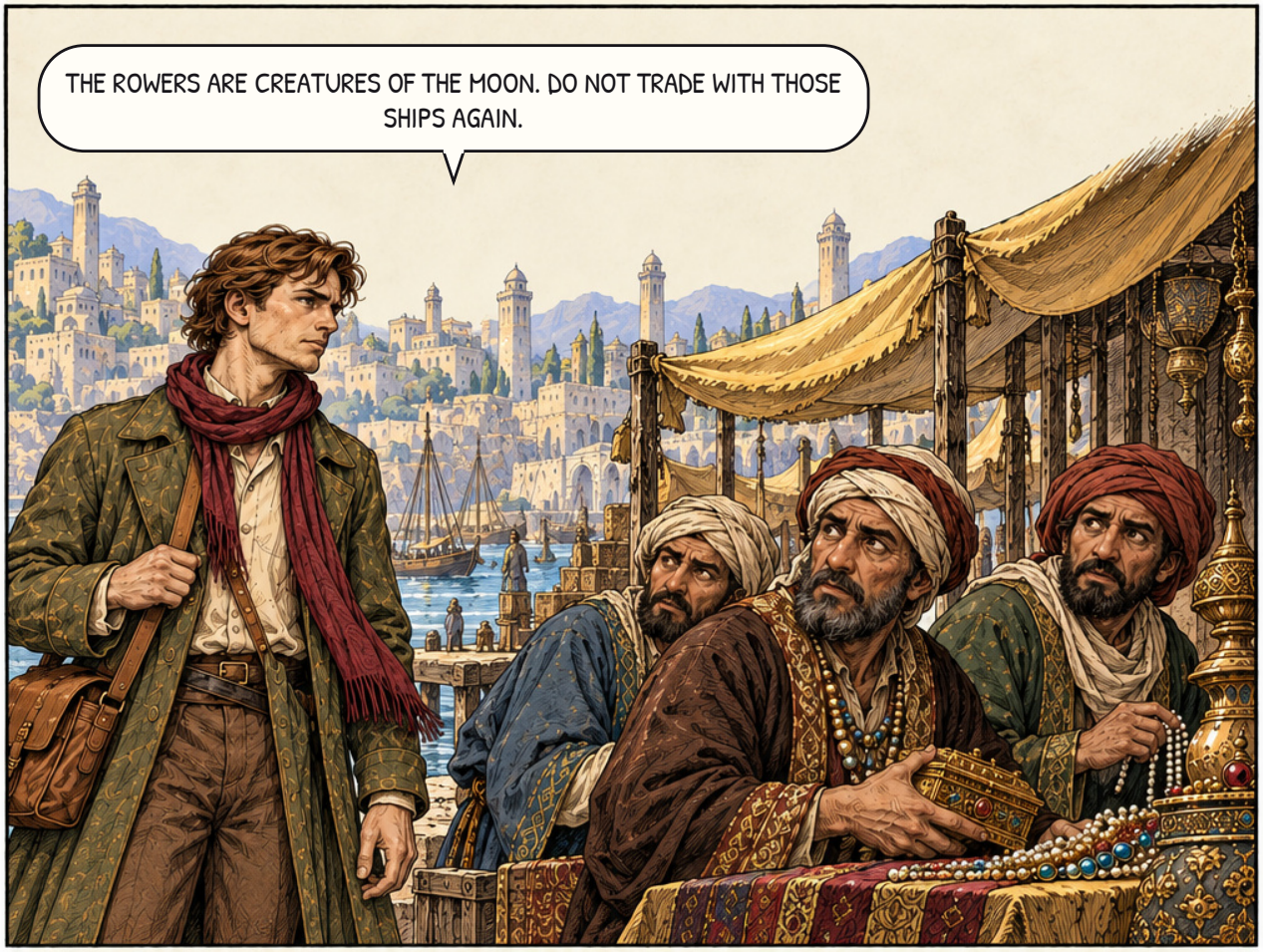


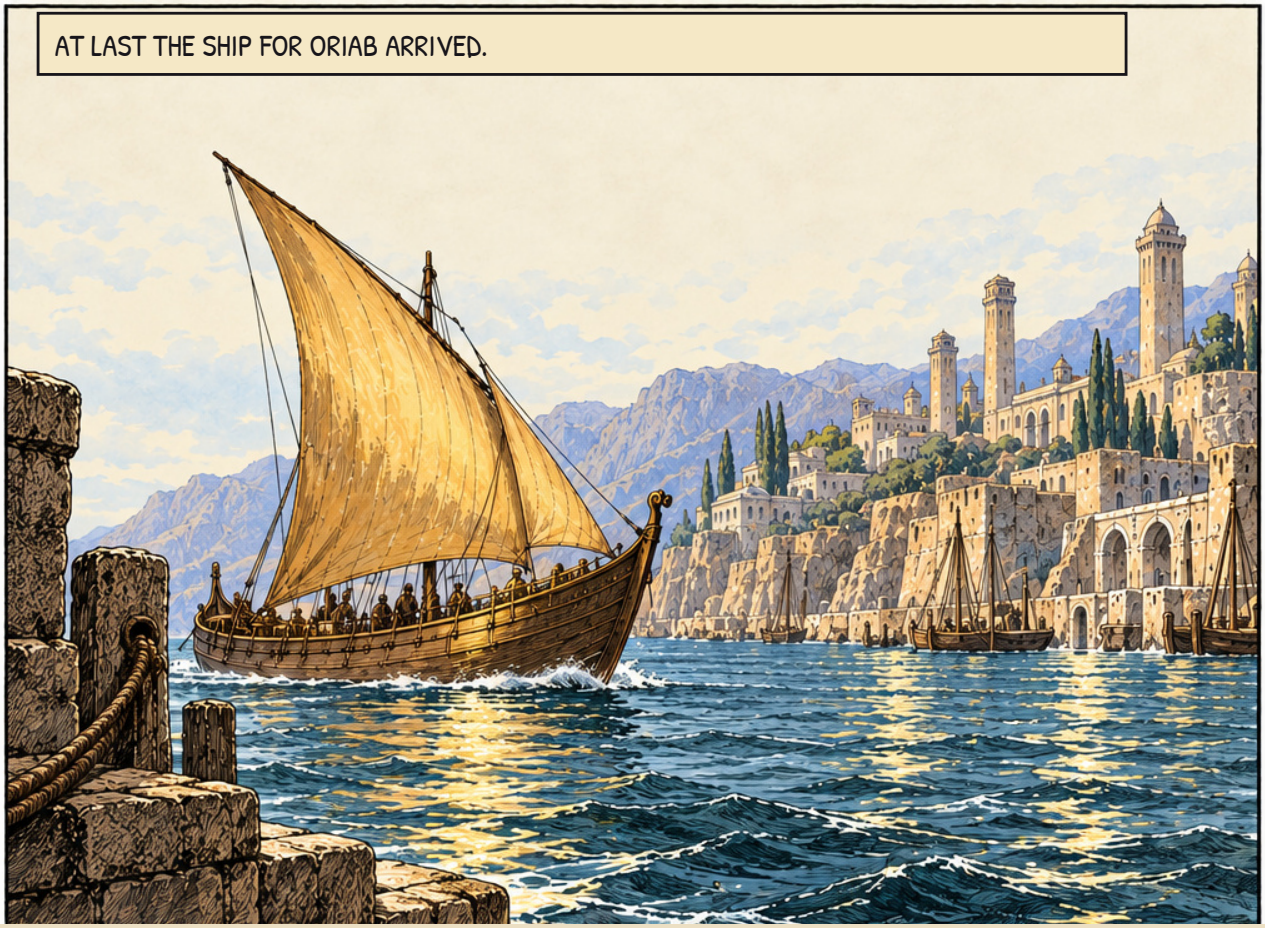
A LIVING TIDE OF FUR AND CLAWS SWEPT OVER HIS CAPTORS.

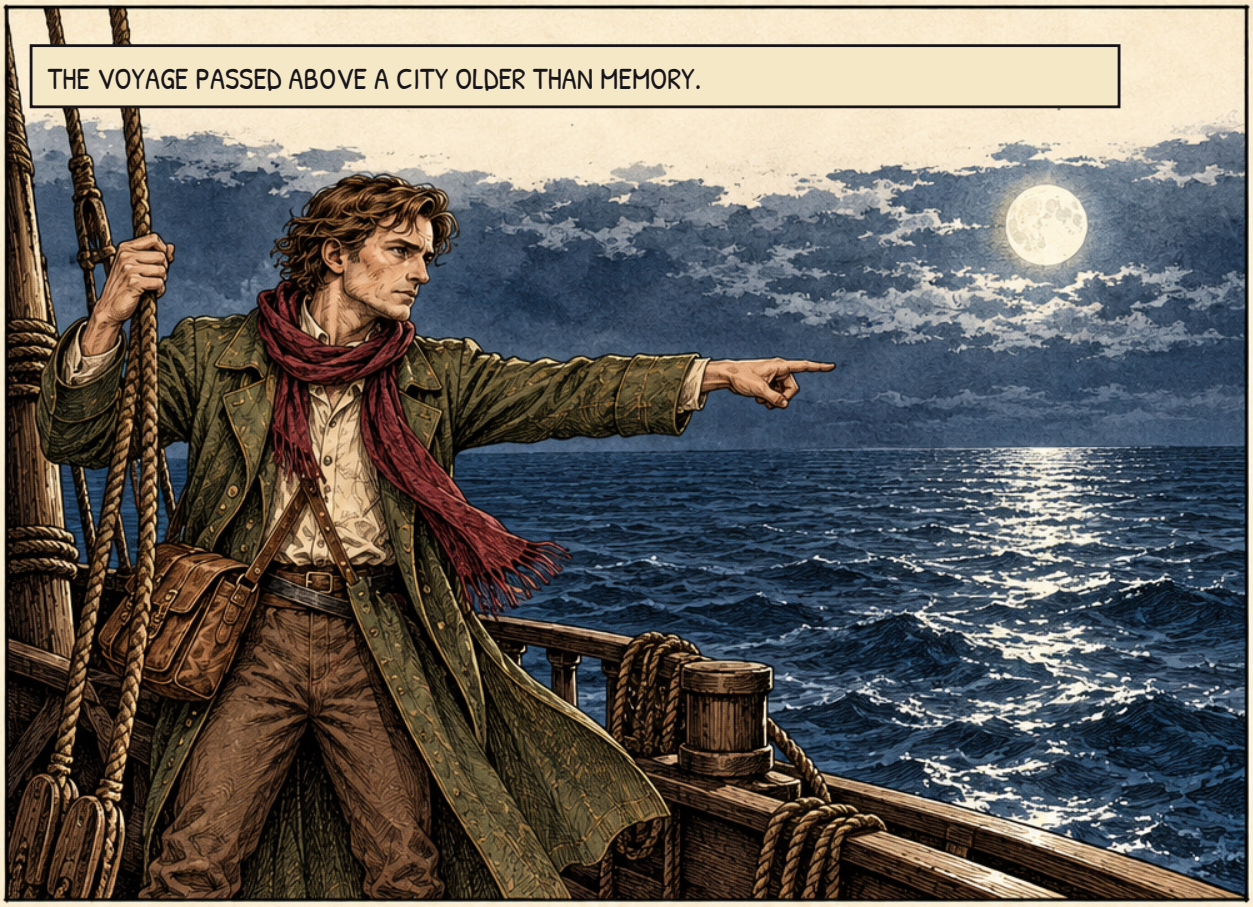

THEIR LEADER KNEW HIM AS A FRIEND.
THE LITTLE KITTEN YOU BEFRIENDED IS MY GRANDSON. WE DO NOT FORGET OUR FRIENDS.


WARNED THAT THE CATS OF SATURN WERE APPROACHING, THE ARMY LEAPED HOME.


THEY CARRIED CARTER SAFELY BACK TO DYLATH-LEEN.


THE ROWERS ARE CREATURES OF THE MOON. DO NOT TRADE WITH THOSE SHIPS AGAIN.


AT LAST THE SHIP FOR ORIAB ARRIVED.


THE VOYAGE PASSED ABOVE A CITY OLDER THAN MEMORY.

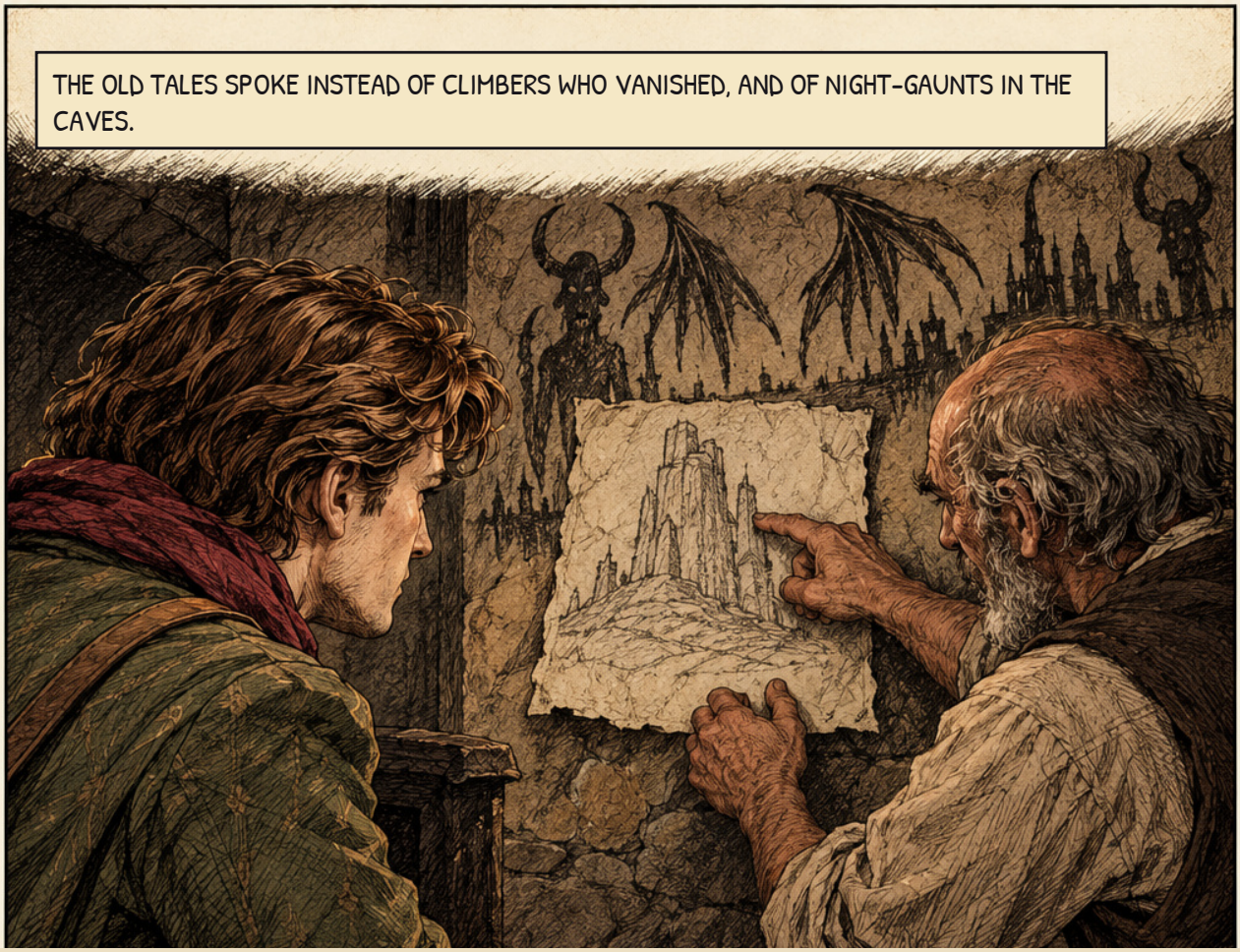

AMONG ITS DROWNED BUILDINGS, CARTER SAW ENOUGH TO WELCOME THE RISING WIND THAT CARRIED THEM AWAY.

ON THE ELEVENTH EVENING, BAHARNA ROSE FROM THE SEA LIKE A CONSTELLATION.



BEYOND THE CITY STOOD NGRANEK, WHERE CARTER HOPED TO LEARN THE FACES OF THE GODS.


HAS ANYONE HERE SEEN THE FACE ON NGRANEK?
SOME CLIMBERS NEVER RETURN. WE SAY THE NIGHT-GAUNTS TAKE THEM.


THE OLD TALES SPOKE INSTEAD OF CLIMBERS WHO VANISHED, AND OF NIGHT-GAUNTS IN THE CAVES.

HE CAMPED AMONG THE ANCIENT RUINS BESIDE YATH.

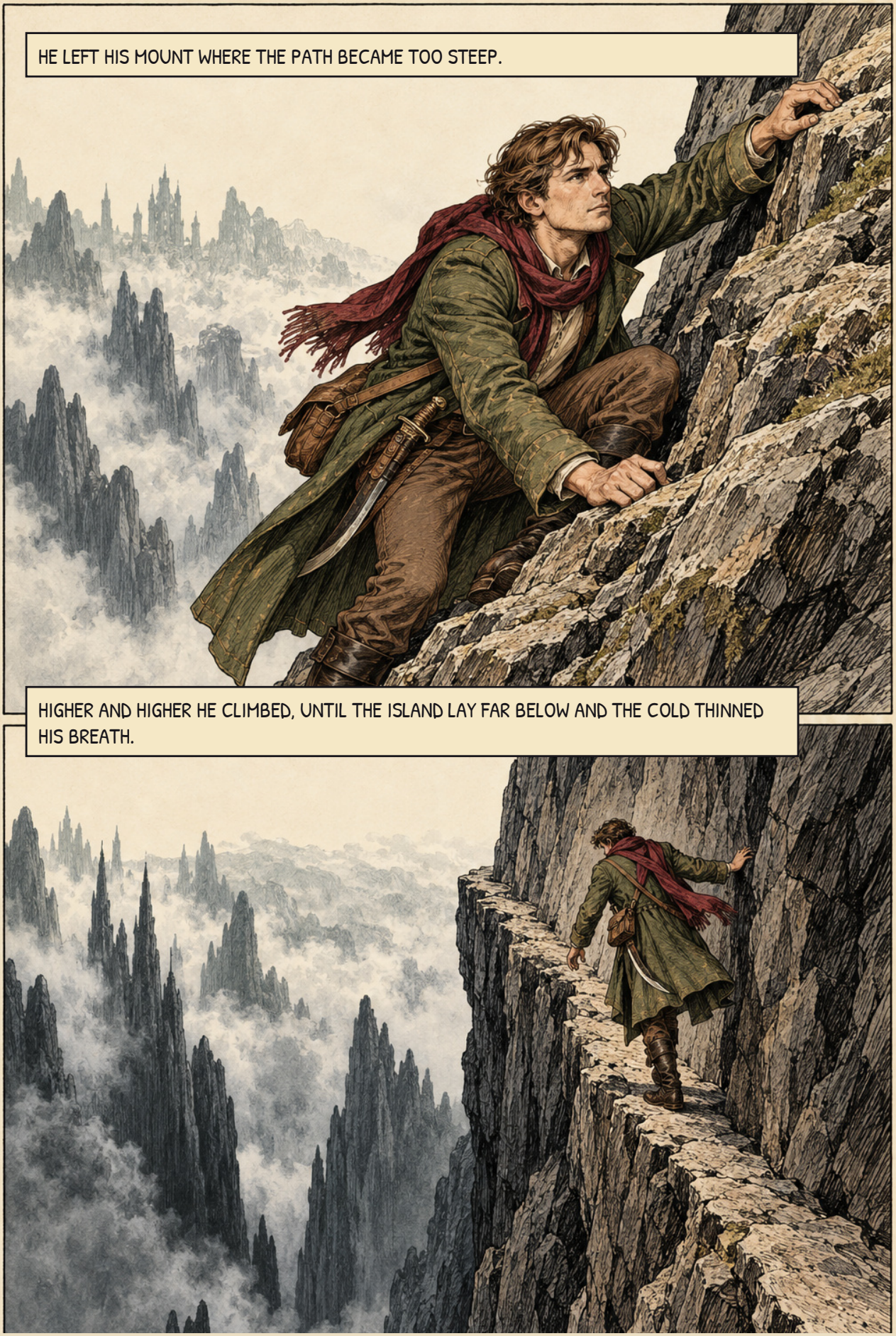


IN THE MORNING HIS ANIMAL WAS DEAD, HIS PACK RIFLED, AND WEBBED FOOTPRINTS MARKED THE DUST.




DO NIGHT-GAUNTS LEAVE WEBBED TRACKS AND STEAL BRIGHT OBJECTS?
NO. DO NOT SPEAK OF WHAT VISITS THOSE RUINS.


WITH ANOTHER ZEBRA, CARTER CONTINUED TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN AND ITS DESERTED VILLAGES.

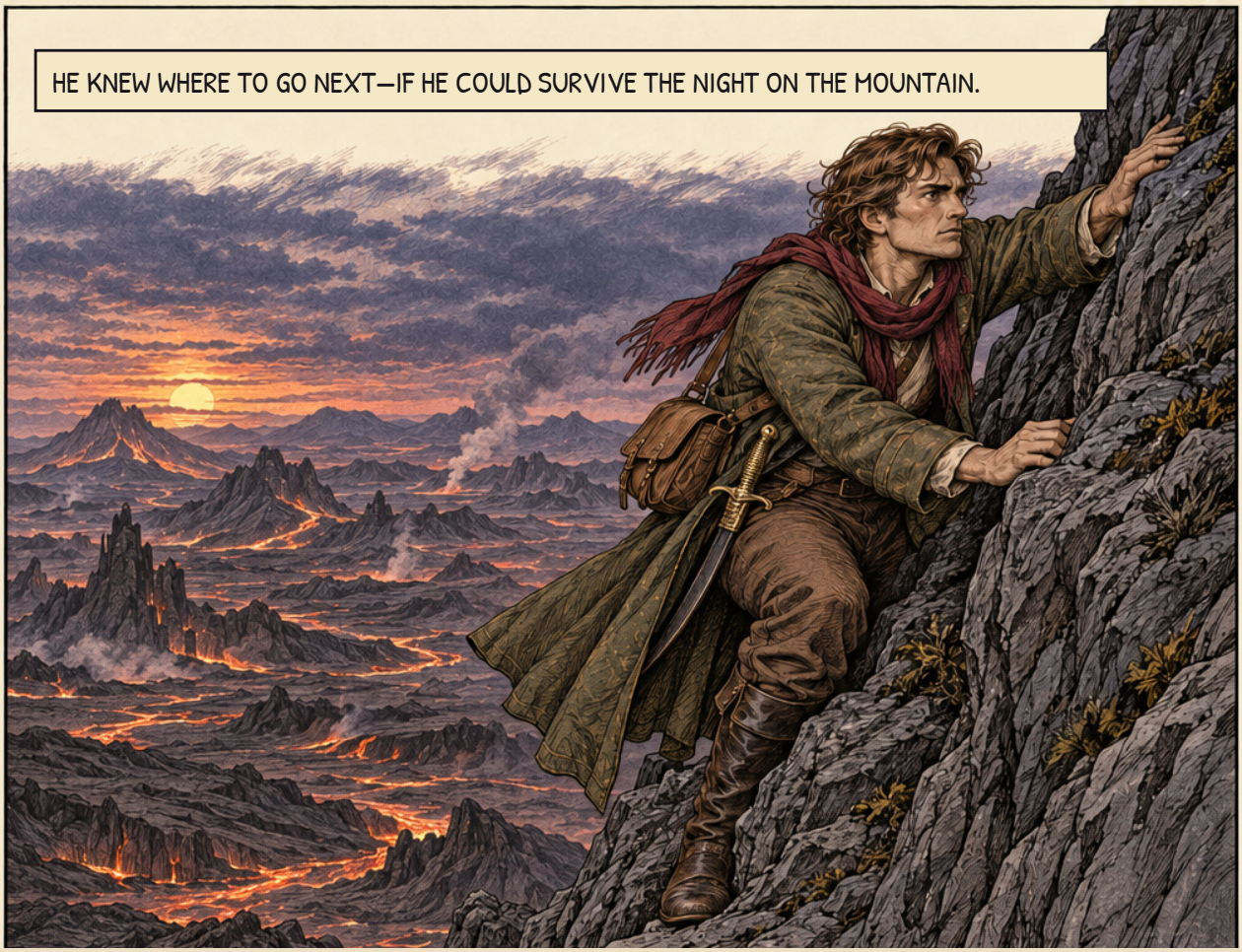

HE LEFT HIS MOUNT WHERE THE PATH BECAME TOO STEEP.
HIGHER AND HIGHER HE CLIMBED, UNTIL THE ISLAND LAY FAR BELOW AND THE COLD THINNED HIS BREATH.

THE FACE APPEARED ABOVE HIM, IMMENSE AND STERN IN THE SUNSET.

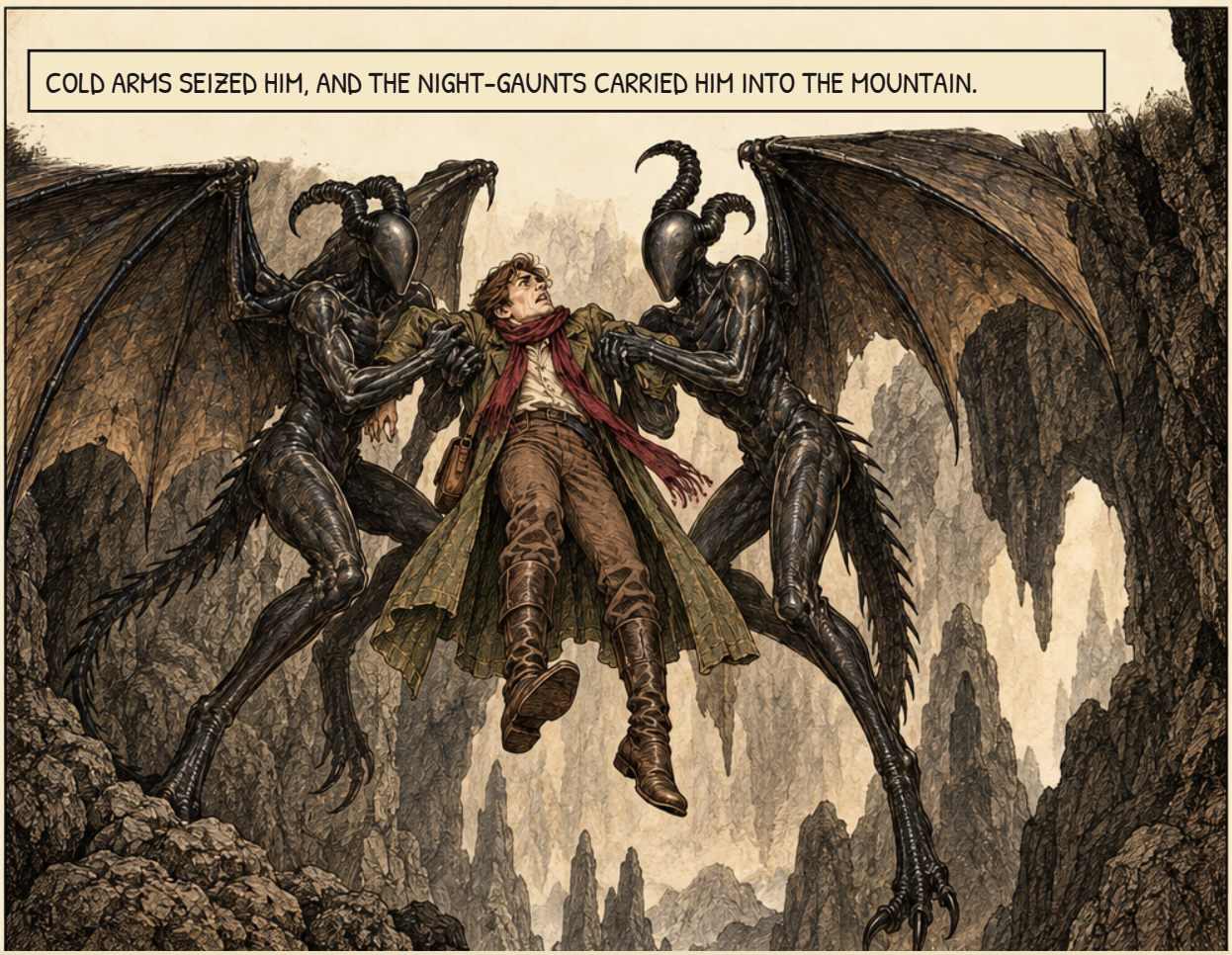


AND CARTER RECOGNISED ITS FEATURES.


HE HAD SEEN SUCH MEN IN CELEPHAÏS: SAILORS WHO BROUGHT ONYX FROM THE NORTH.


HE KNEW WHERE TO GO NEXT—IF HE COULD SURVIVE THE NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

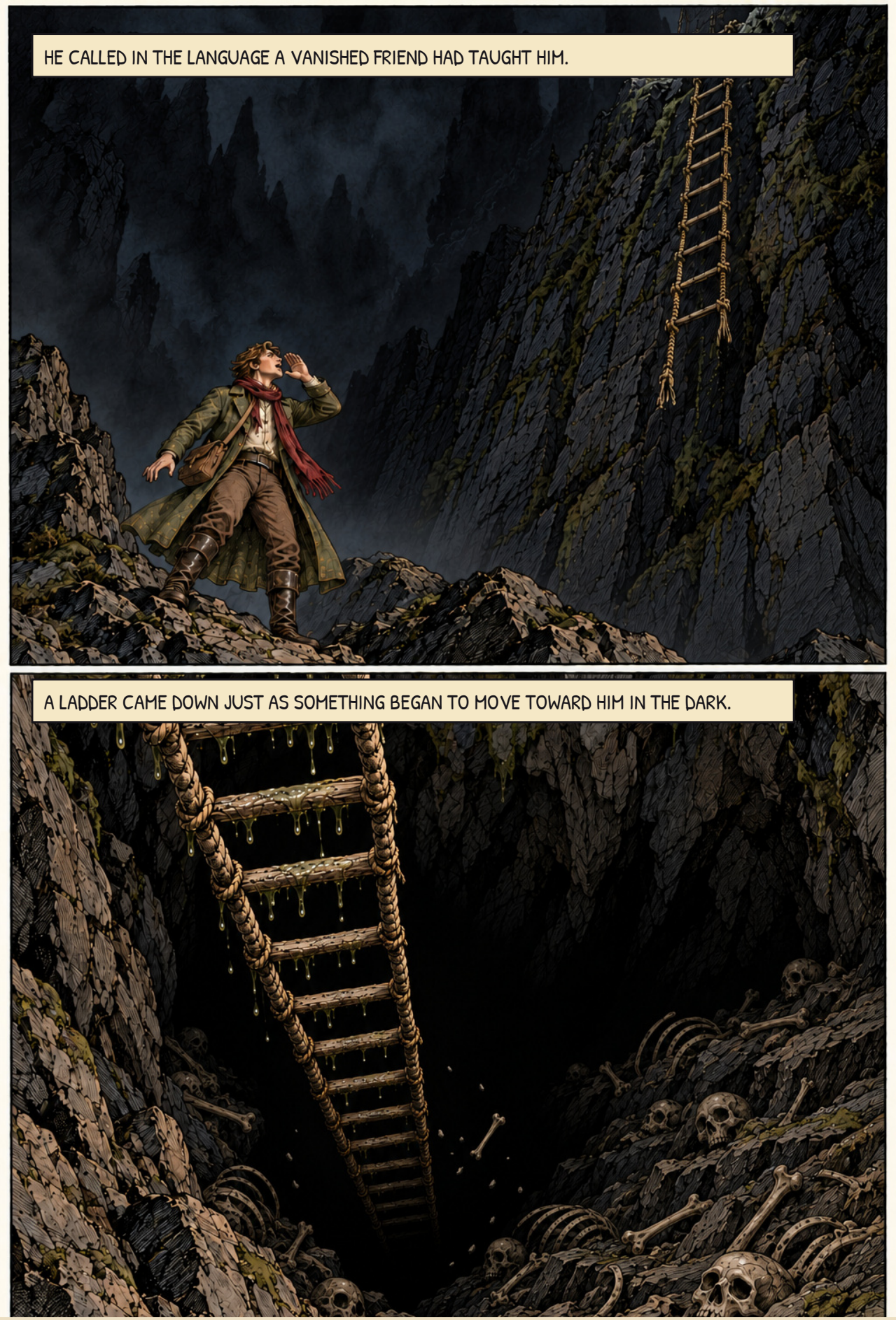

AN UNSEEN HAND DREW AWAY HIS SWORD.


COLD ARMS SEIZED HIM, AND THE NIGHT-GAUNTS CARRIED HIM INTO THE MOUNTAIN.


THEY HAD NO FACES AND MADE NO SOUND.
THROUGH ENDLESS CAVERNS THEY BORE HIM DOWN, UNTIL THE PEAKS OF THOK ROSE AROUND THEM IN THE INNER TWILIGHT.


THEY LEFT HIM IN THE VALE OF PNATH, WHERE UNSEEN BHOLES BURROWED BENEATH THE BONES.


CARTER KNEW ONE POSSIBLE ESCAPE: THE CLIFF FROM WHICH THE GHOULS CAST THEIR REFUSE.


HE CALLED IN THE LANGUAGE A VANISHED FRIEND HAD TAUGHT HIM.
A LADDER CAME DOWN JUST AS SOMETHING BEGAN TO MOVE TOWARD HIM IN THE DARK.

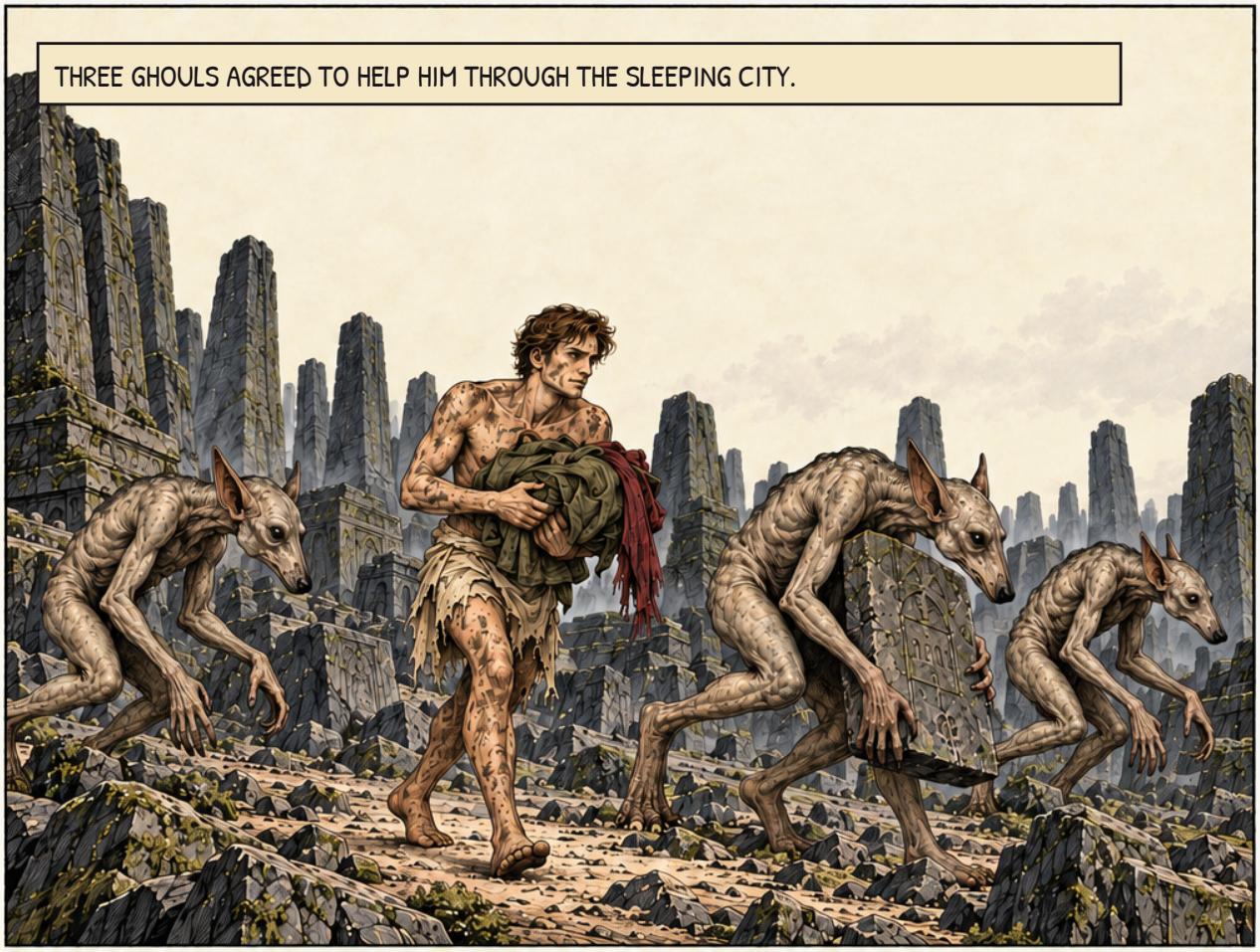

HE CLIMBED FOR HOURS, FLEEING A TOUCH WHOSE SHAPE HE NEVER SAW.
AT THE TOP, THE GHOULS RECEIVED HIM WITH CURIOSITY.


THEY LED HIM TO RICHARD PICKMAN, ONCE A BOSTON PAINTER.
PICKMAN? IS IT TRULY YOU?
CARTER. YES... STILL REMEMBER.

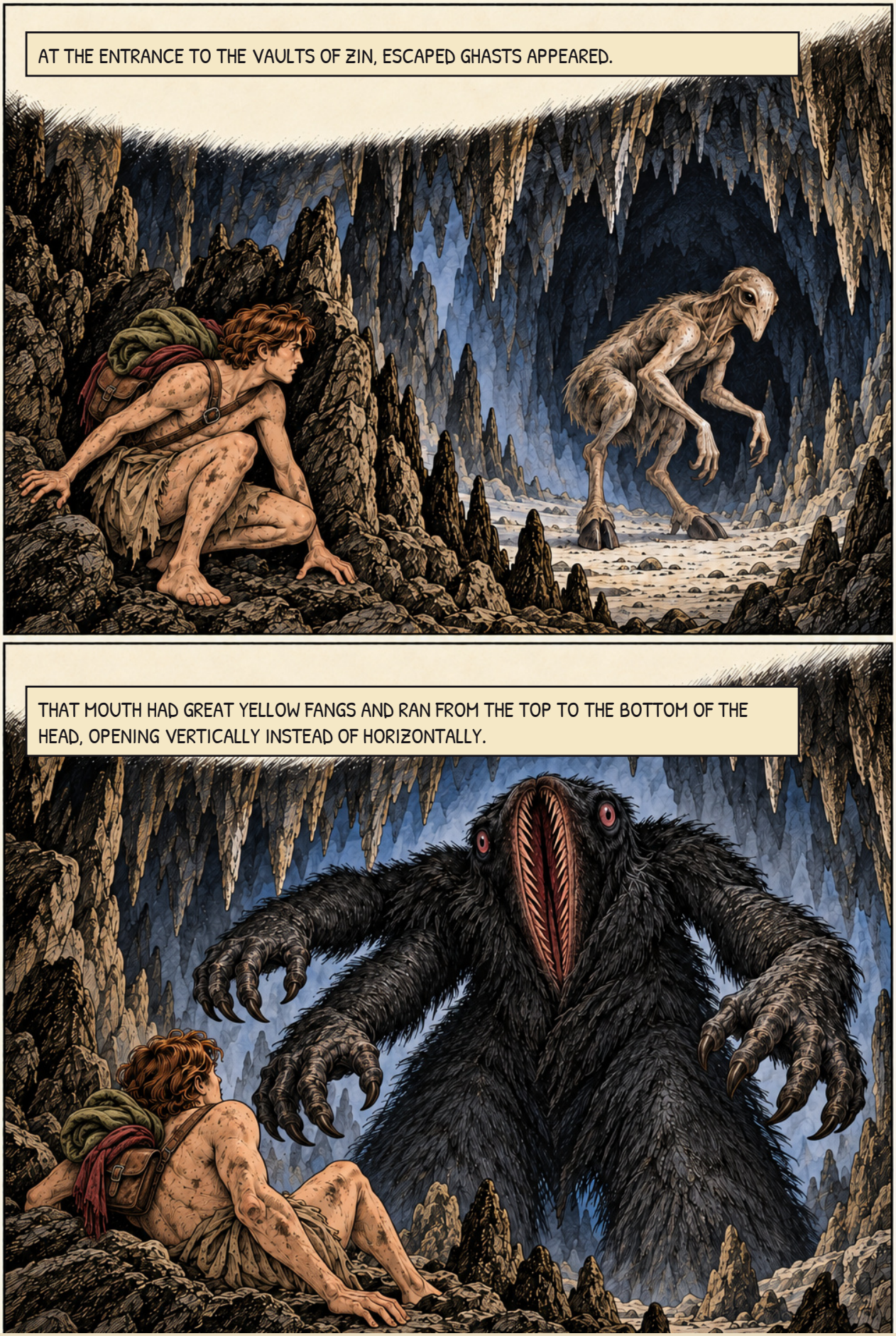


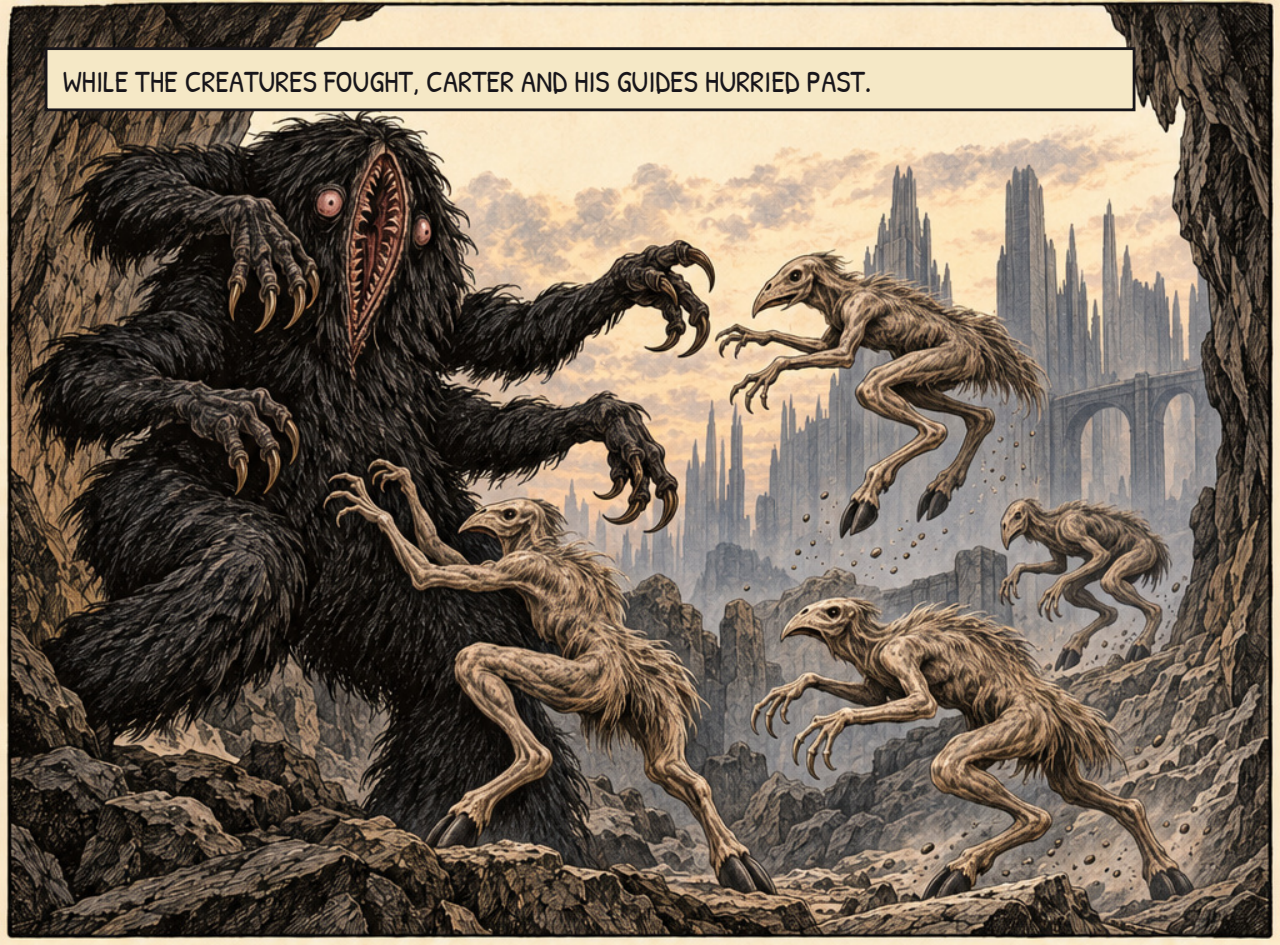
CARTER WOULD NOT WAKE AND BEGIN AGAIN. HE FEARED LOSING WHAT THIS DREAM HAD TAUGHT HIM.



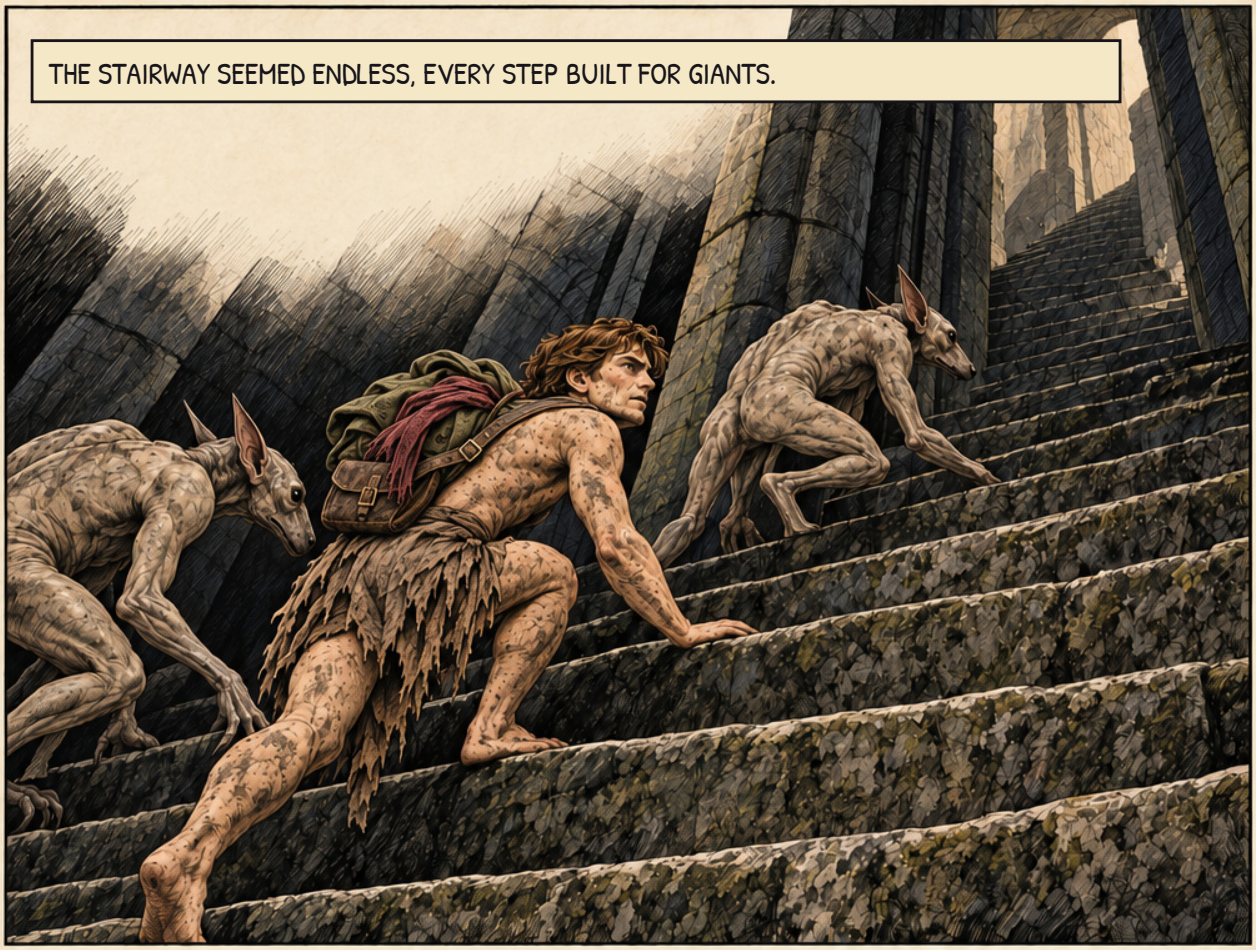

THREE GHOULS AGREED TO HELP HIM THROUGH THE SLEEPING CITY.


THEY CARRIED A GRAVESTONE TO LEVER OPEN THE GREAT TRAPDOOR INTO THE FOREST ABOVE.


AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE VAULTS OF ZIN, ESCAPED GHASTS APPEARED.
THAT MOUTH HAD GREAT YELLOW FANGS AND RAN FROM THE TOP TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HEAD, OPENING VERTICALLY INSTEAD OF HORIZONTALLY.


WHILE THE CREATURES FOUGHT, CARTER AND HIS GUIDES HURRIED PAST.


...HEARING WITH DISGUST THE ABOMINABLE MUFFLED SNORTINGS FROM GREAT BLACK DOORWAYS WHICH MARKED THE SLUMBER OF THE GUGS.

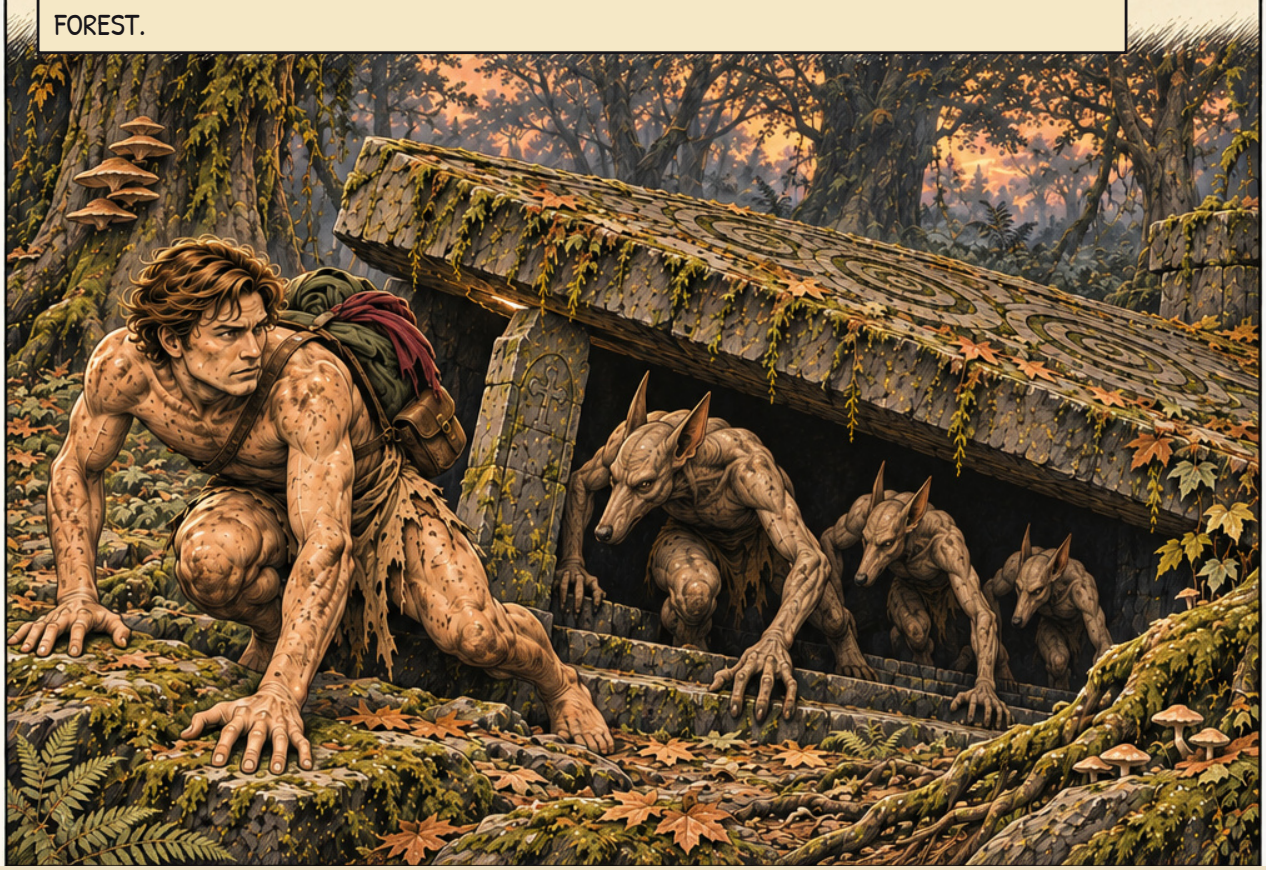

THE STAIRWAY SEEMED ENDLESS, EVERY STEP BUILT FOR GIANTS.


A GHAST BLOCKED THE WAY. THE GHOULS MET IT WITH THE STONE THEY CARRIED.

AT LAST THEY REACHED THE TRAPDOOR.



SOMETHING WAS COMING UP BEHIND THEM. THEY FORCED A GAP AND SCRAMBLED INTO THE FOREST.

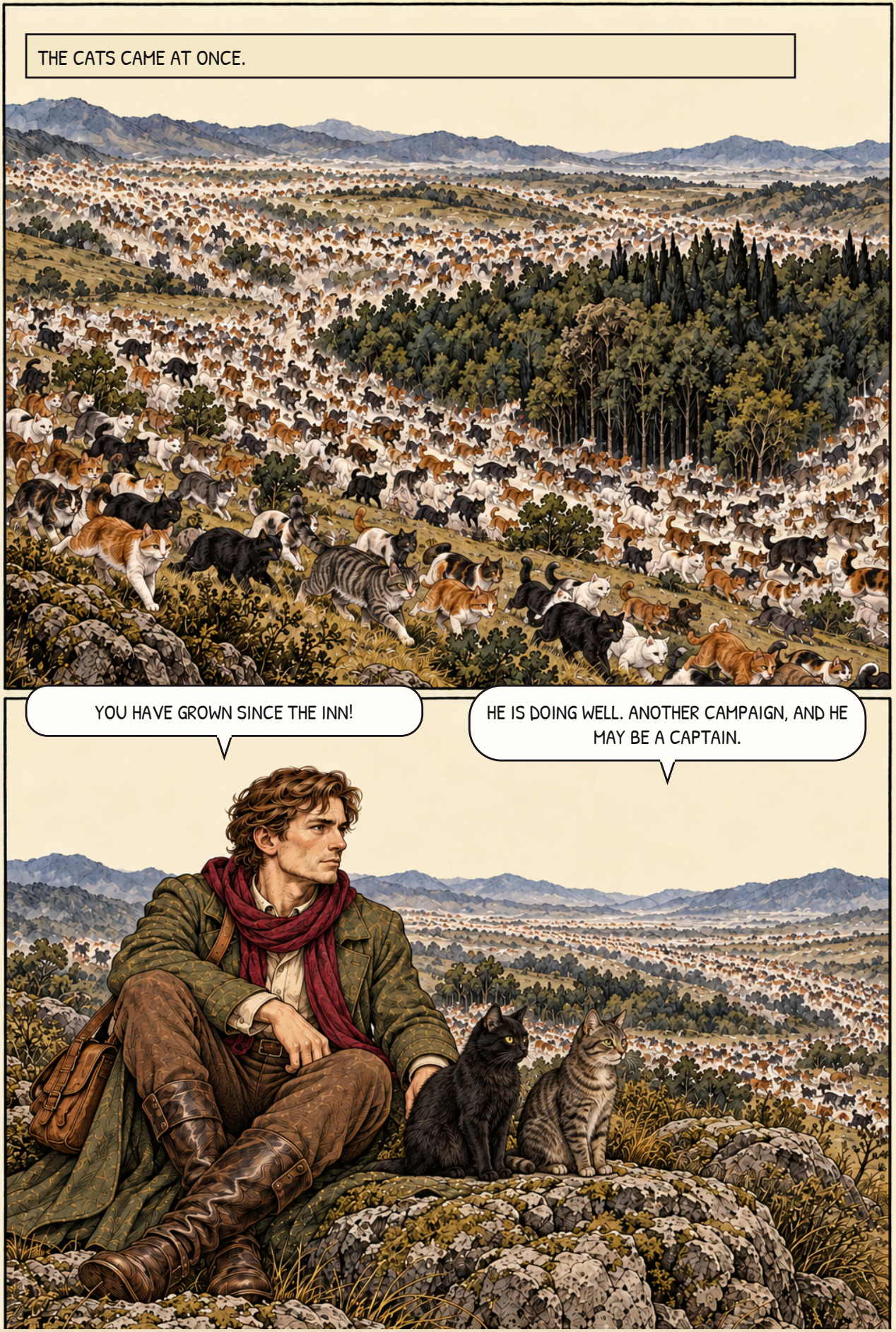




THE THREE GUIDES SET OFF TO FIND SARKOMAND AND ITS ENTRANCE TO THE ABYSS; CARTER TURNED TOWARD CELEPHAÏS.

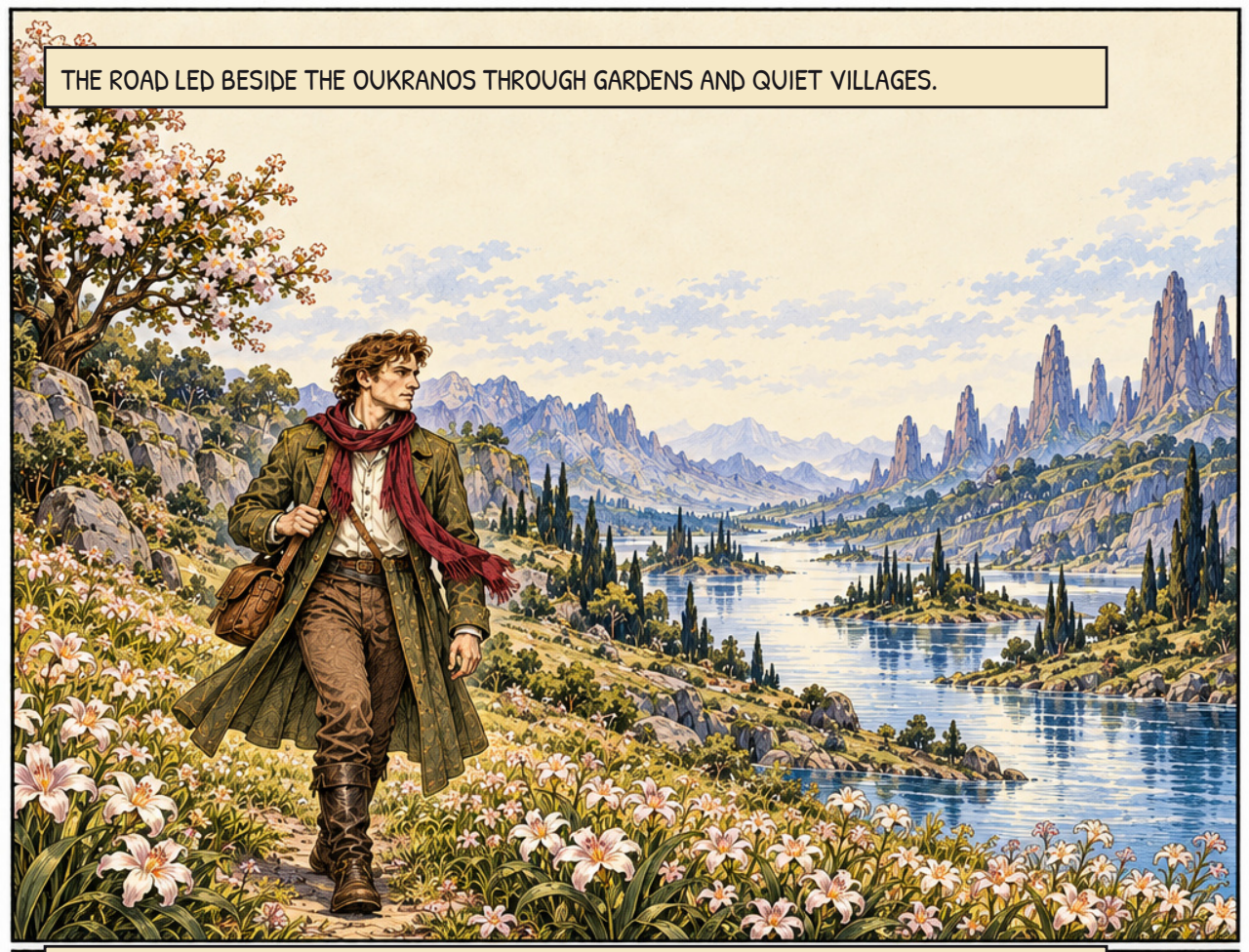


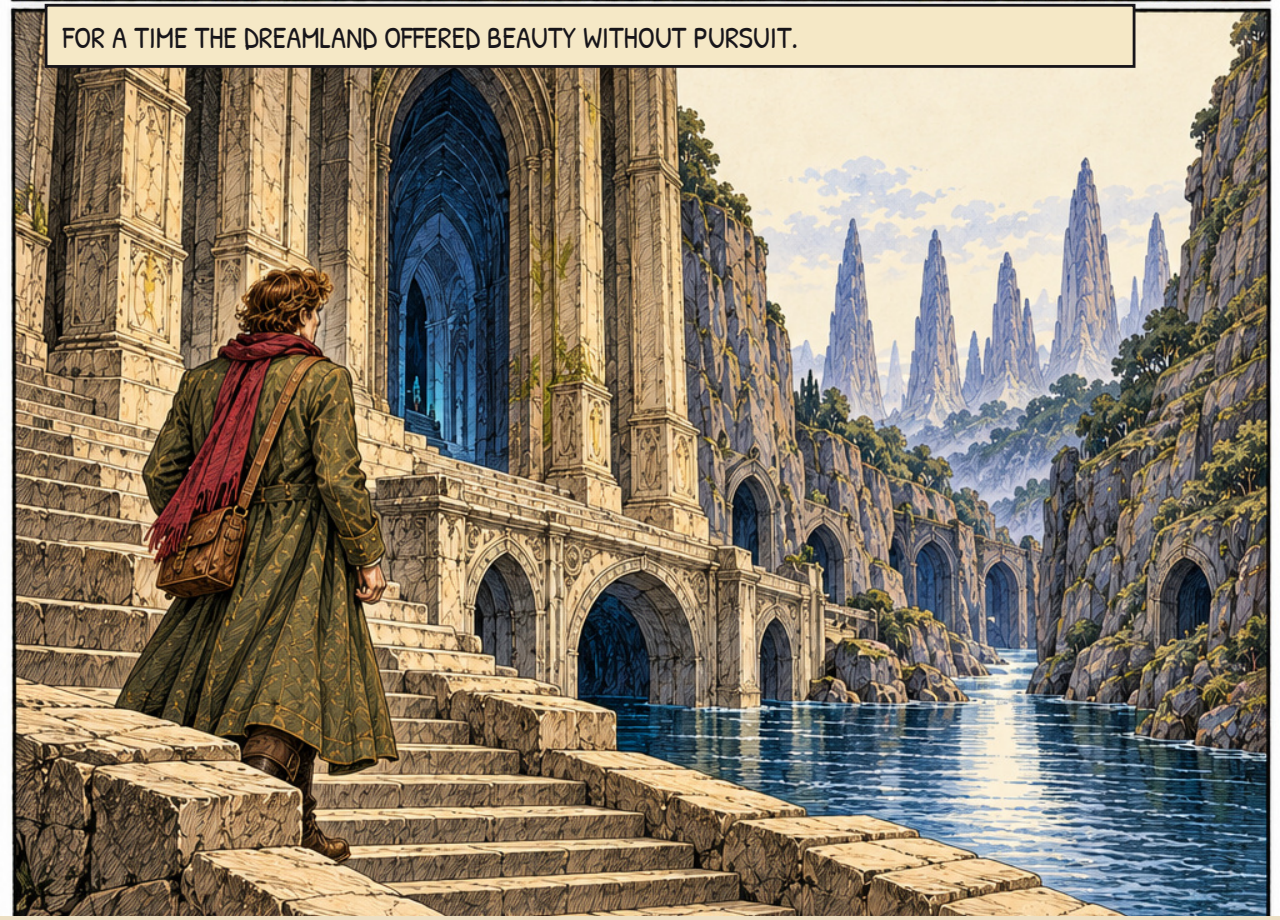

BUT THE ZOOGS WERE PLANNING A SURPRISE WAR AGAINST THE CATS.
CARTER COULD NOT LEAVE HIS RESCUERS UNWARNED.


THE CATS CAME AT ONCE.
YOU HAVE GROWN SINCE THE INN!
HE IS DOING WELL. ANOTHER CAMPAIGN, AND HE MAY BE A CAPTAIN.

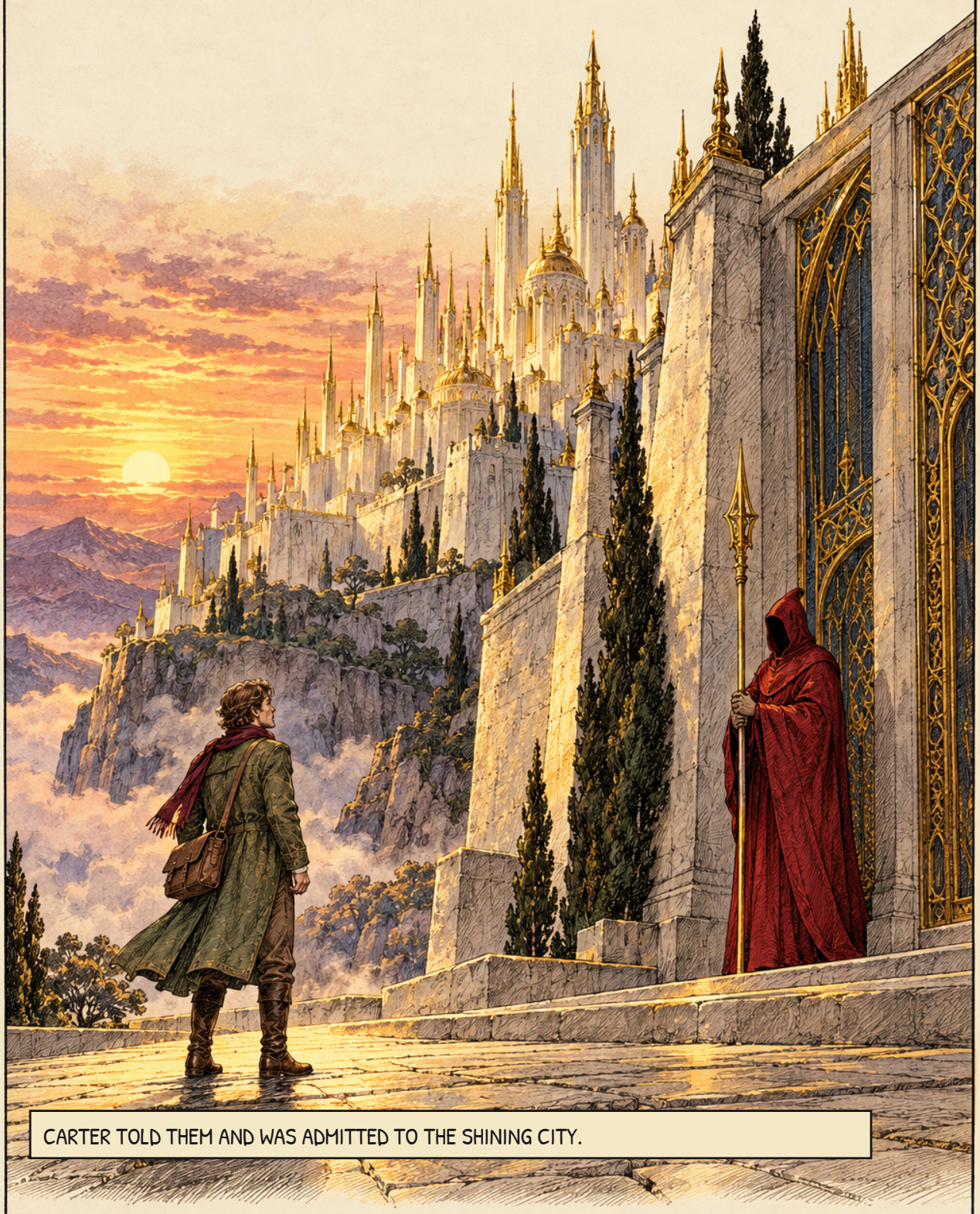

THE ZOOGS SURRENDERED BEFORE THE ATTACK COULD BEGIN.


AFTER TERMS WERE AGREED, THE CATS ESCORTED CARTER SAFELY THROUGH THE WOOD.

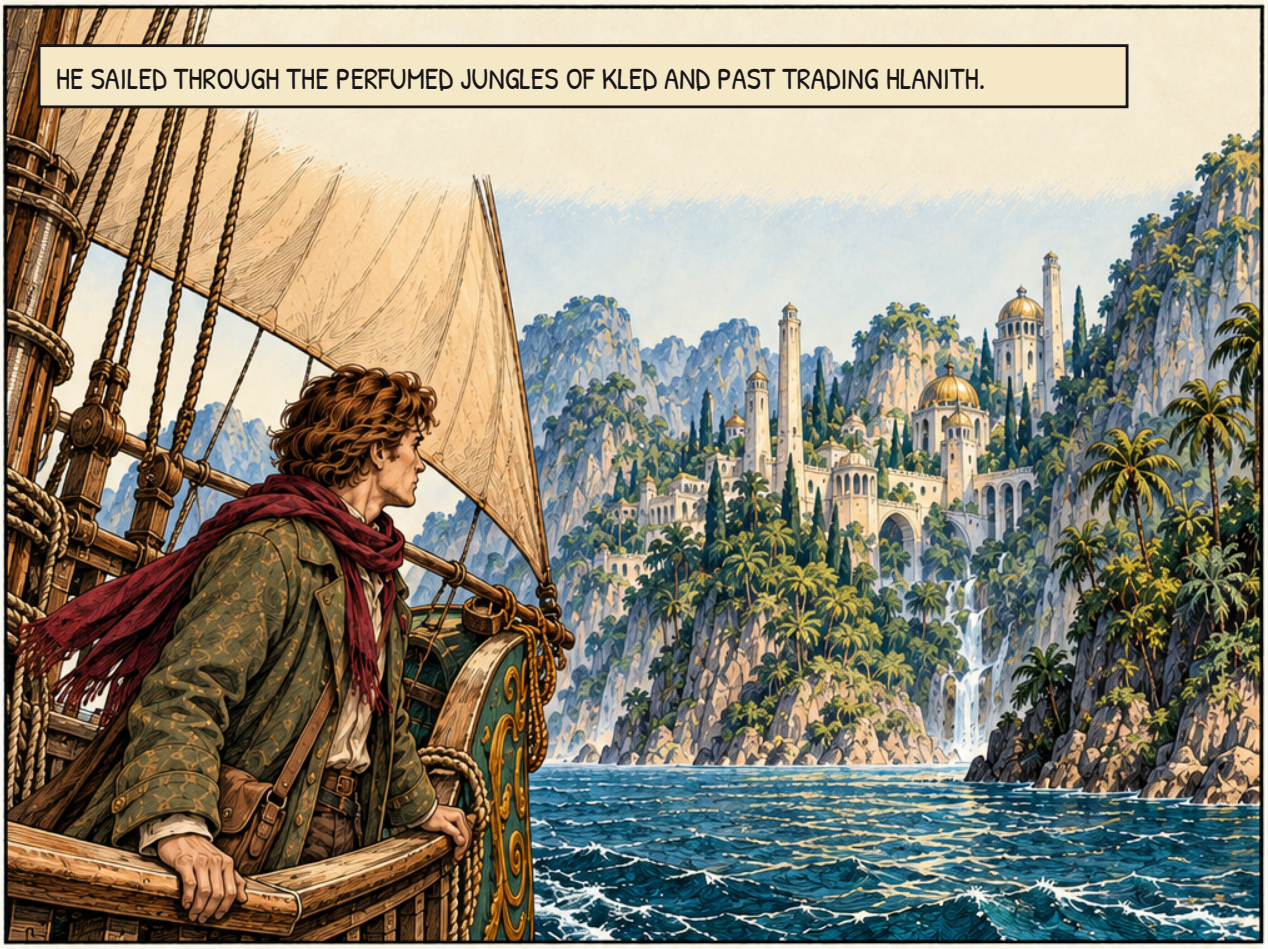

THE ROAD LED BESIDE THE OUKRANOS THROUGH GARDENS AND QUIET VILLAGES.


FOR A TIME THE DREAMLAND OFFERED BEAUTY WITHOUT PURSUIT.

AT THRAN, THE GATEKEEPER ASKED FOR THREE DREAMS BEYOND BELIEF.



CARTER TOLD THEM AND WAS ADMITTED TO THE SHINING CITY.

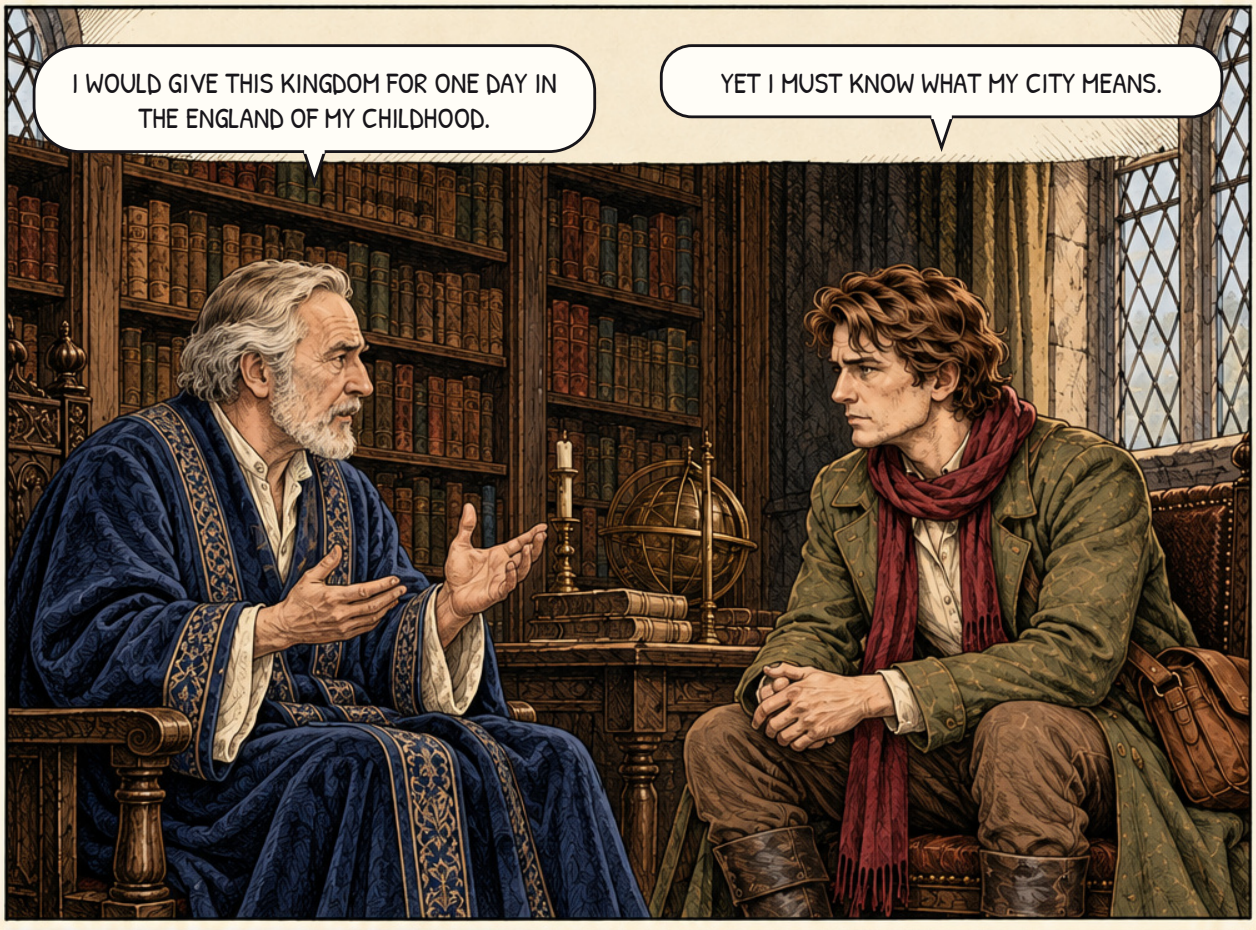

HE SAILED THROUGH THE PERFUMED JUNGLES OF KLED AND PAST TRADING HLANITH.

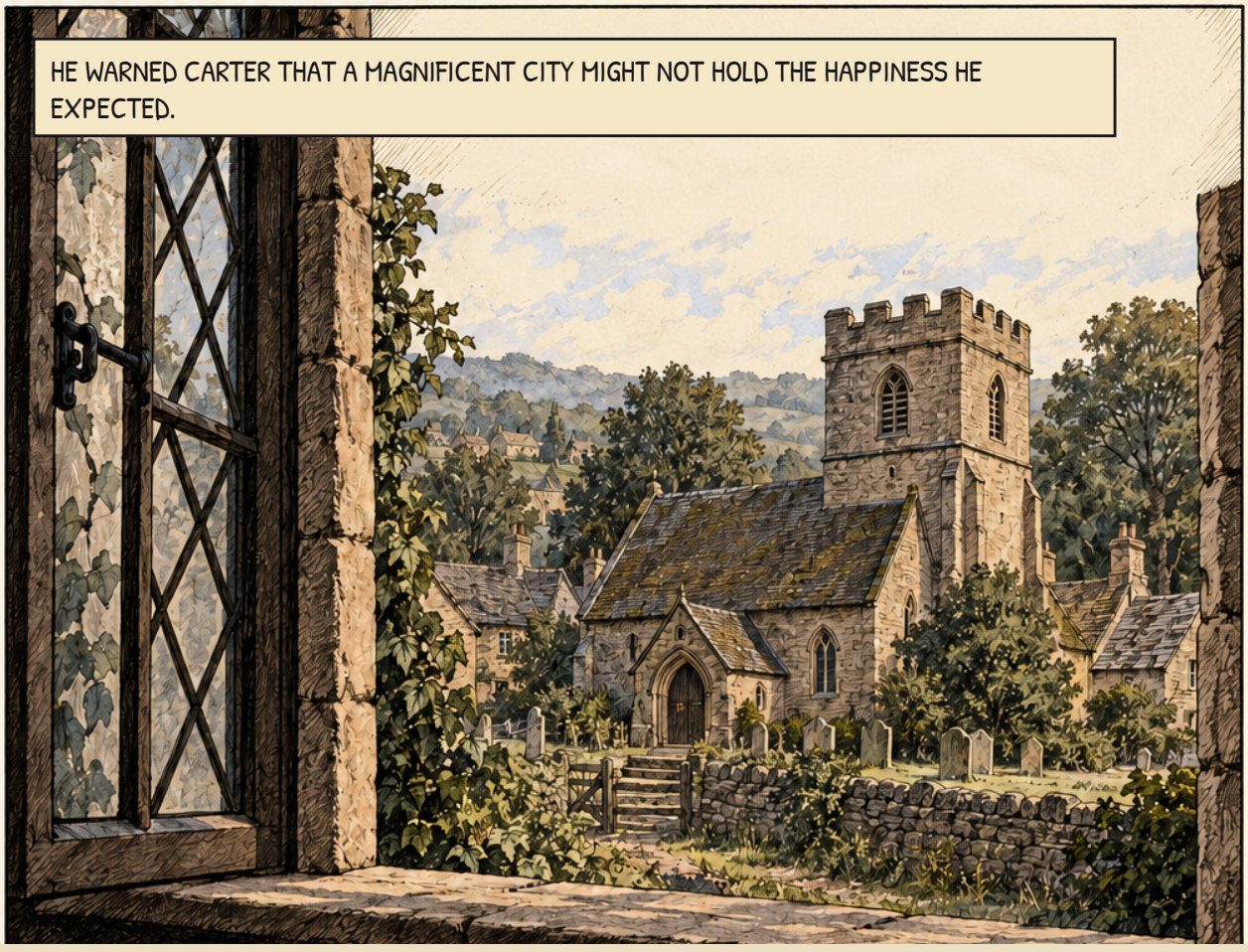

FROM THE SAILORS HE LEARNED THE NORTHERNERS' HOMELAND: COLD, TWILIGHT INGANOK.


THEN CAME CELEPHAÏS, WHERE TIME HAD NO POWER TO TARNISH ANYTHING.
THE ONYX SHIP WAS NOT YET IN PORT. CARTER SOUGHT FRIENDS WHO MIGHT KNOW MORE.


THE PRIEST REPEATED THE OLD WARNING ABOUT THE OTHER GODS.
NO CAT WILL GO TO INGANOK. SOMETHING BEYOND ITS MOUNTAINS REACHES OUR SENSES.


KING KURANES NO LONGER DWELT IN HIS SPLENDID PALACE.
HE HAD DREAMED A PIECE OF THE ENGLAND OF HIS CHILDHOOD AND LIVED THERE, HOMESICK FOR A WORLD TO WHICH HE COULD NOT RETURN.


I WOULD GIVE THIS KINGDOM FOR ONE DAY IN THE ENGLAND OF MY CHILDHOOD.
YET I MUST KNOW WHAT MY CITY MEANS.


HE WARNED CARTER THAT A MAGNIFICENT CITY MIGHT NOT HOLD THE HAPPINESS HE EXPECTED.

CARTER LISTENED, BUT HIS LONGING REMAINED.



WHEN THE NORTHERN SHIP ARRIVED, HE TOOK PASSAGE AS A PROSPECTIVE ONYX-MINER.

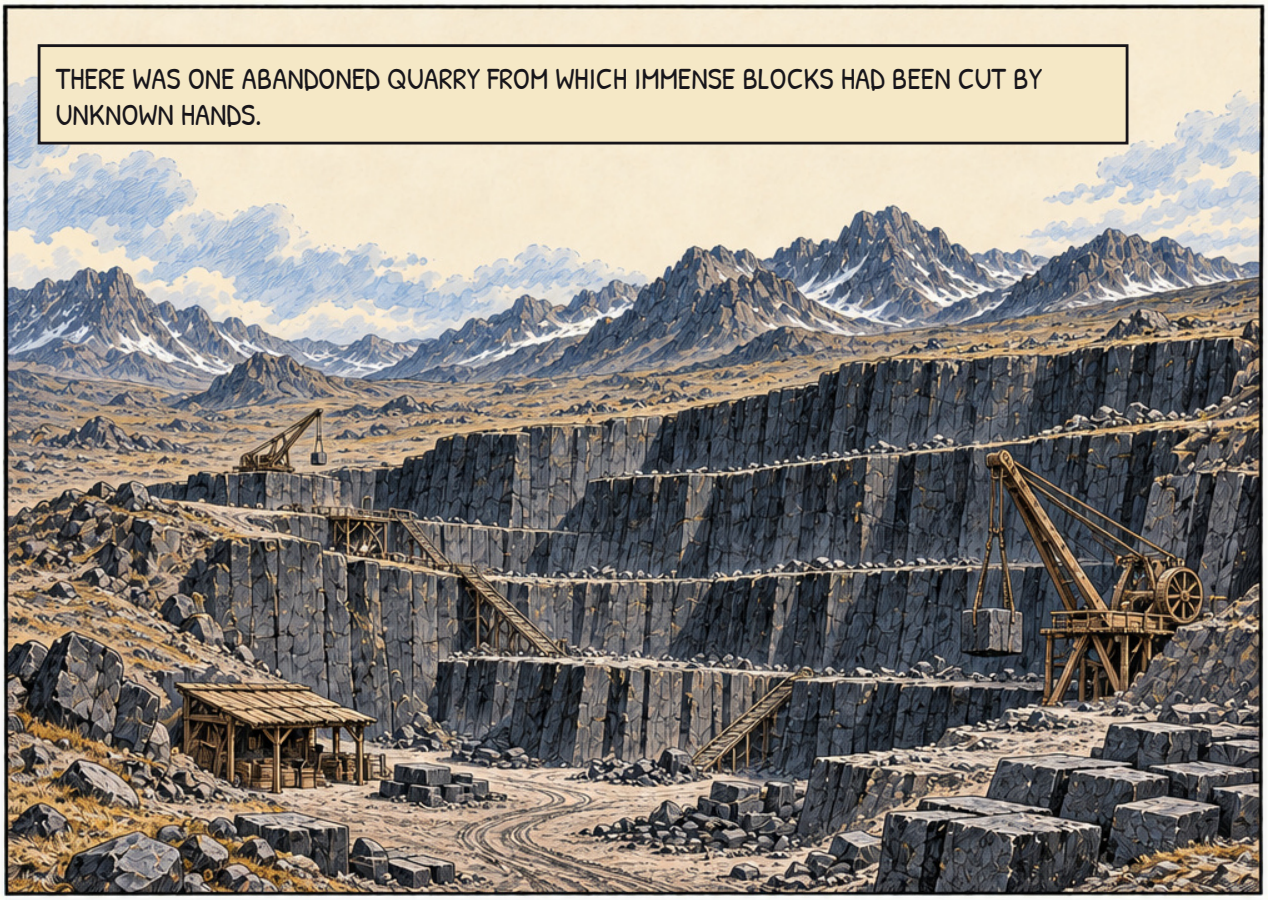


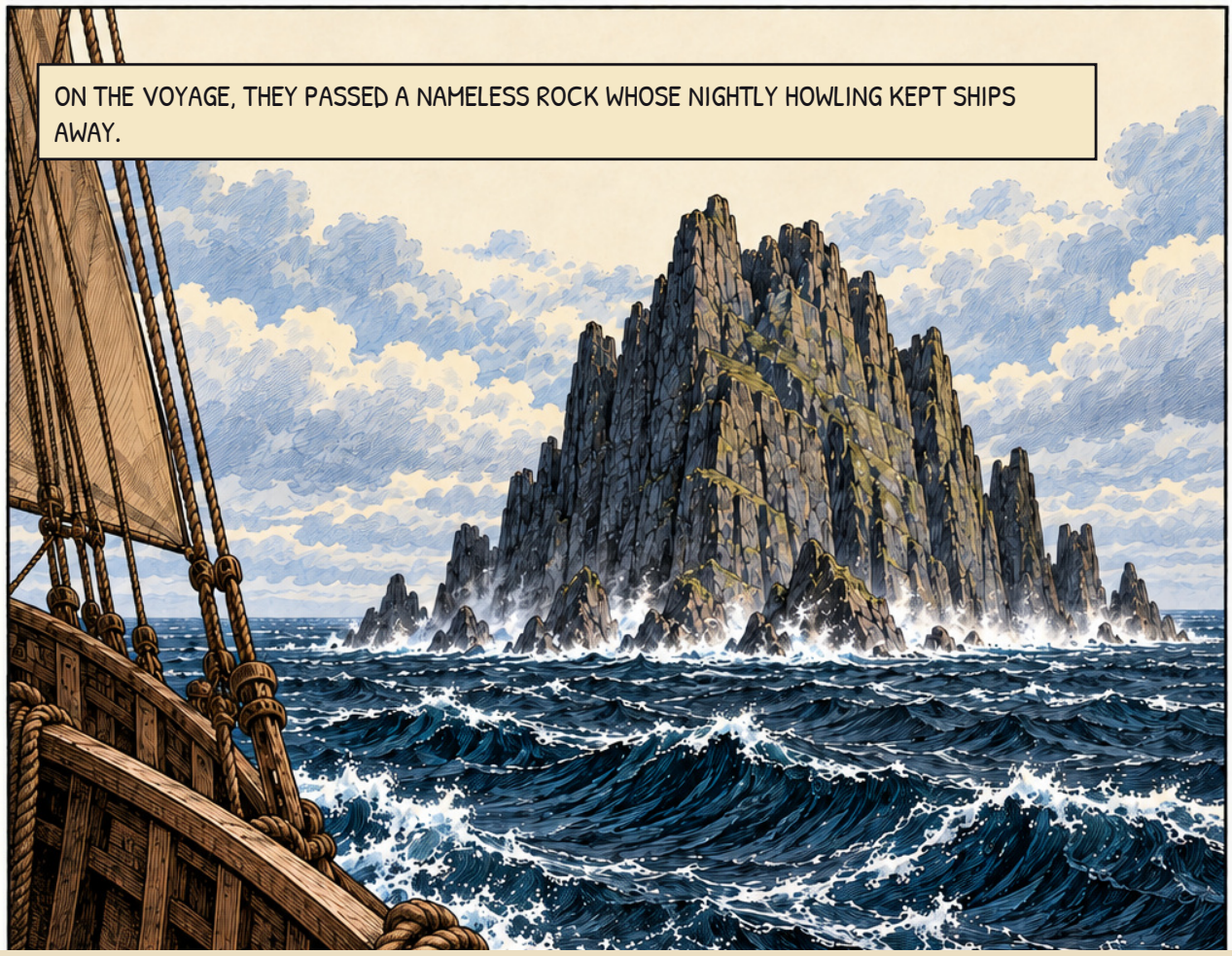
THE SAILORS SPOKE WARMLY OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL CITY AND ITS QUARRIES.

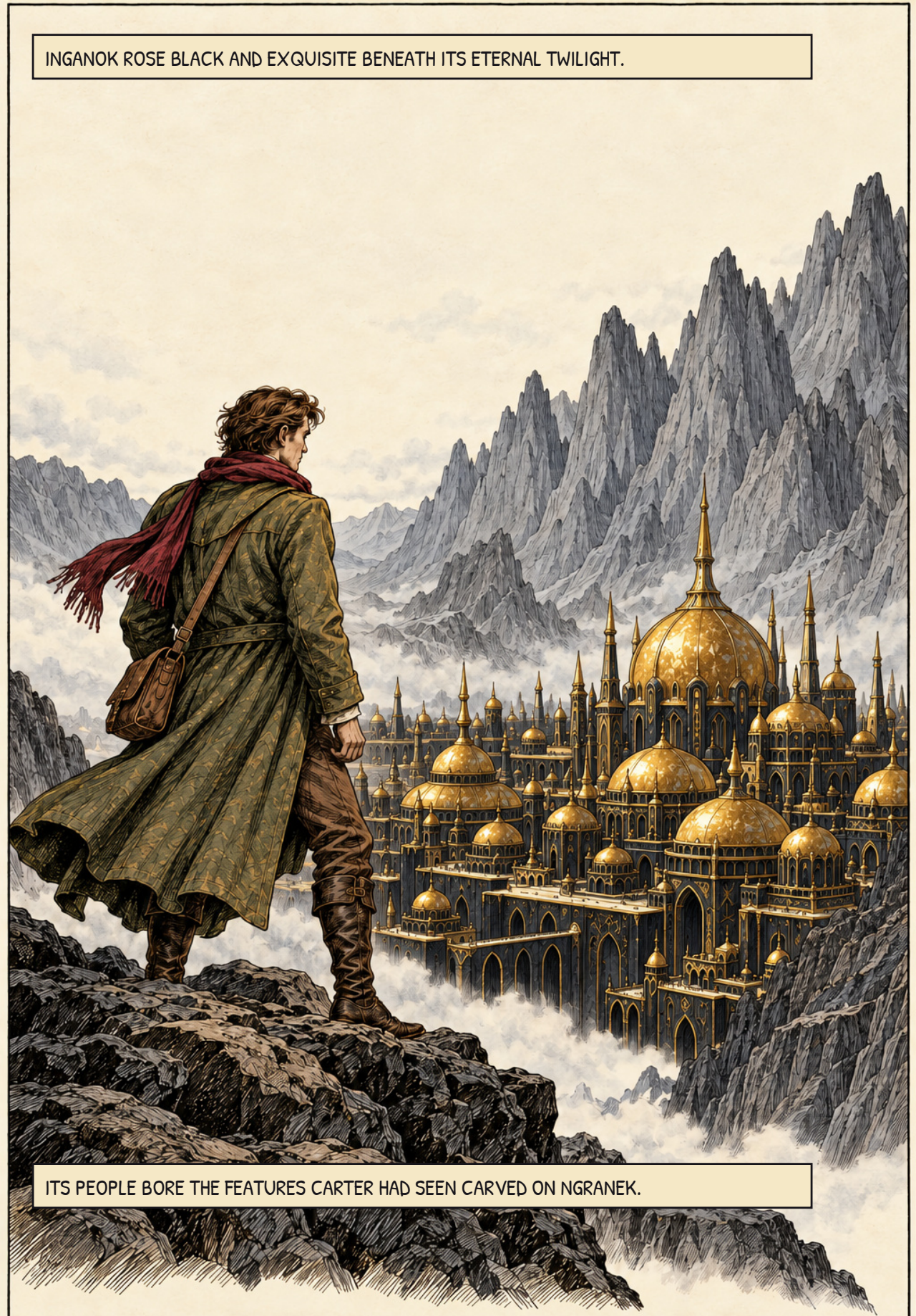


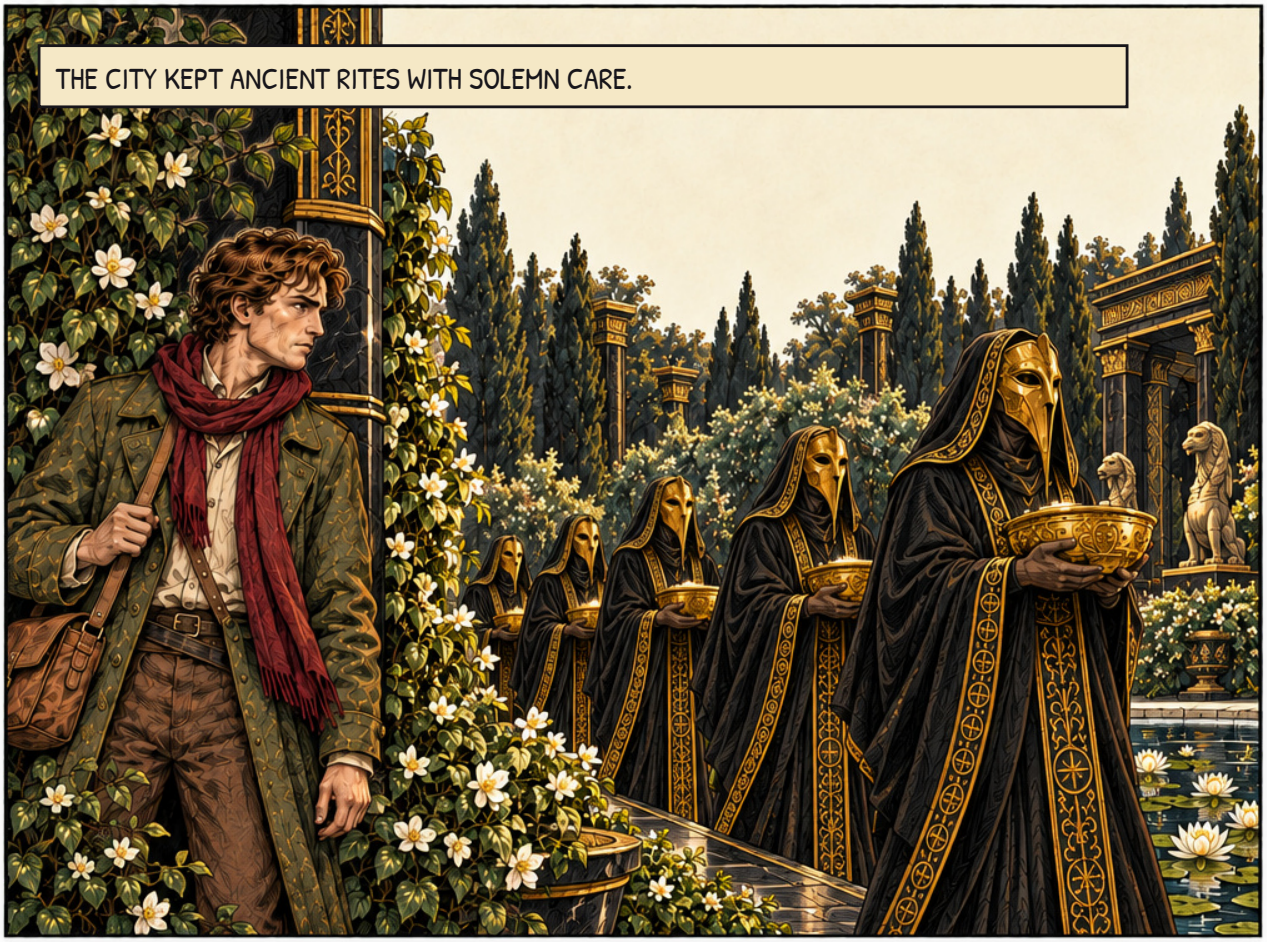
OF THE DESERT TO THE NORTH THEY SCARCELY SPOKE AT ALL.




THERE WAS ONE ABANDONED QUARRY FROM WHICH IMMENSE BLOCKS HAD BEEN CUT BY UNKNOWN HANDS.


ON THE VOYAGE, THEY PASSED A NAMELESS ROCK WHOSE NIGHTLY HOWLING KEPT SHIPS AWAY.

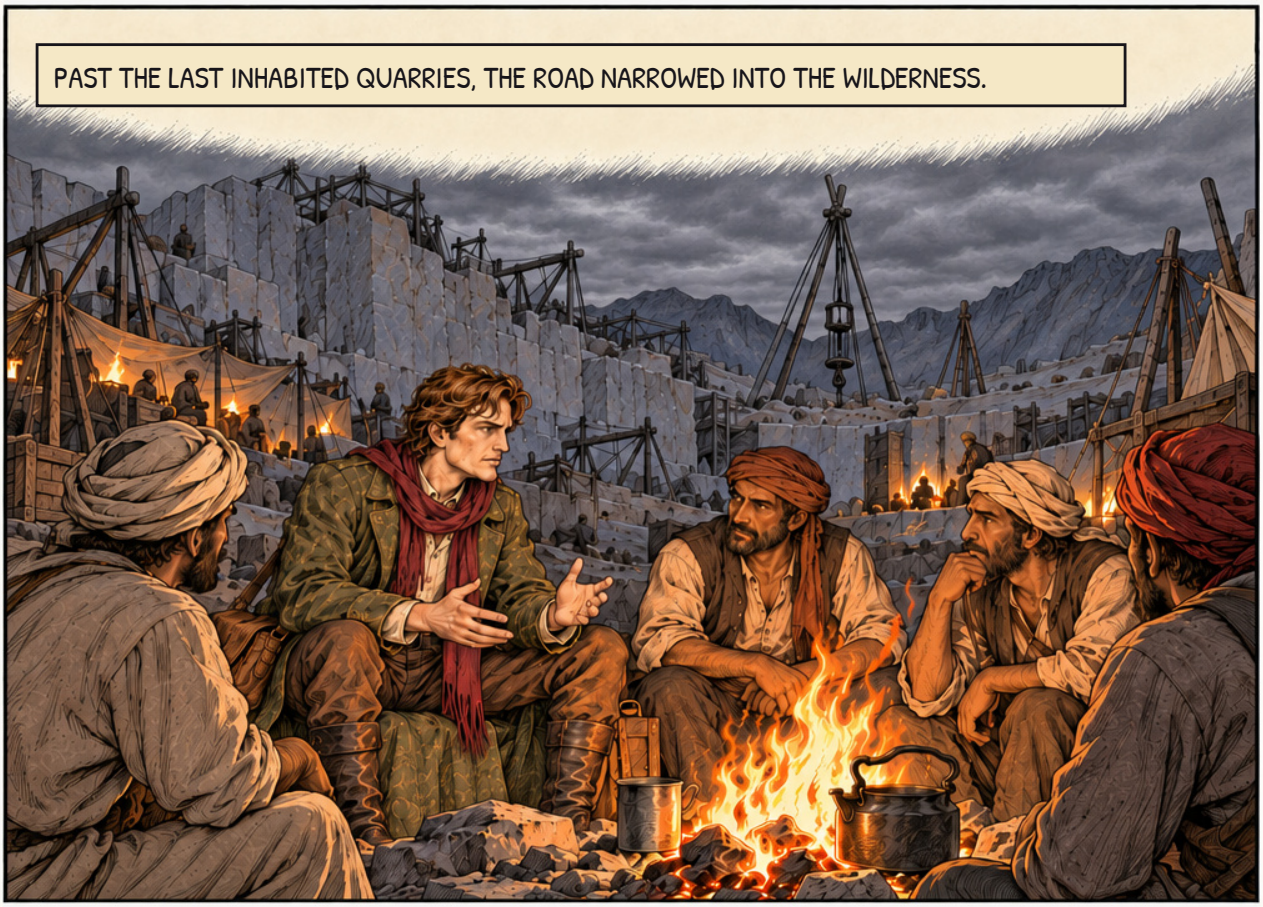

INGANOK ROSE BLACK AND EXQUISITE BENEATH ITS ETERNAL TWILIGHT.
ITS PEOPLE BORE THE FEATURES CARTER HAD SEEN CARVED ON NGRANEK.

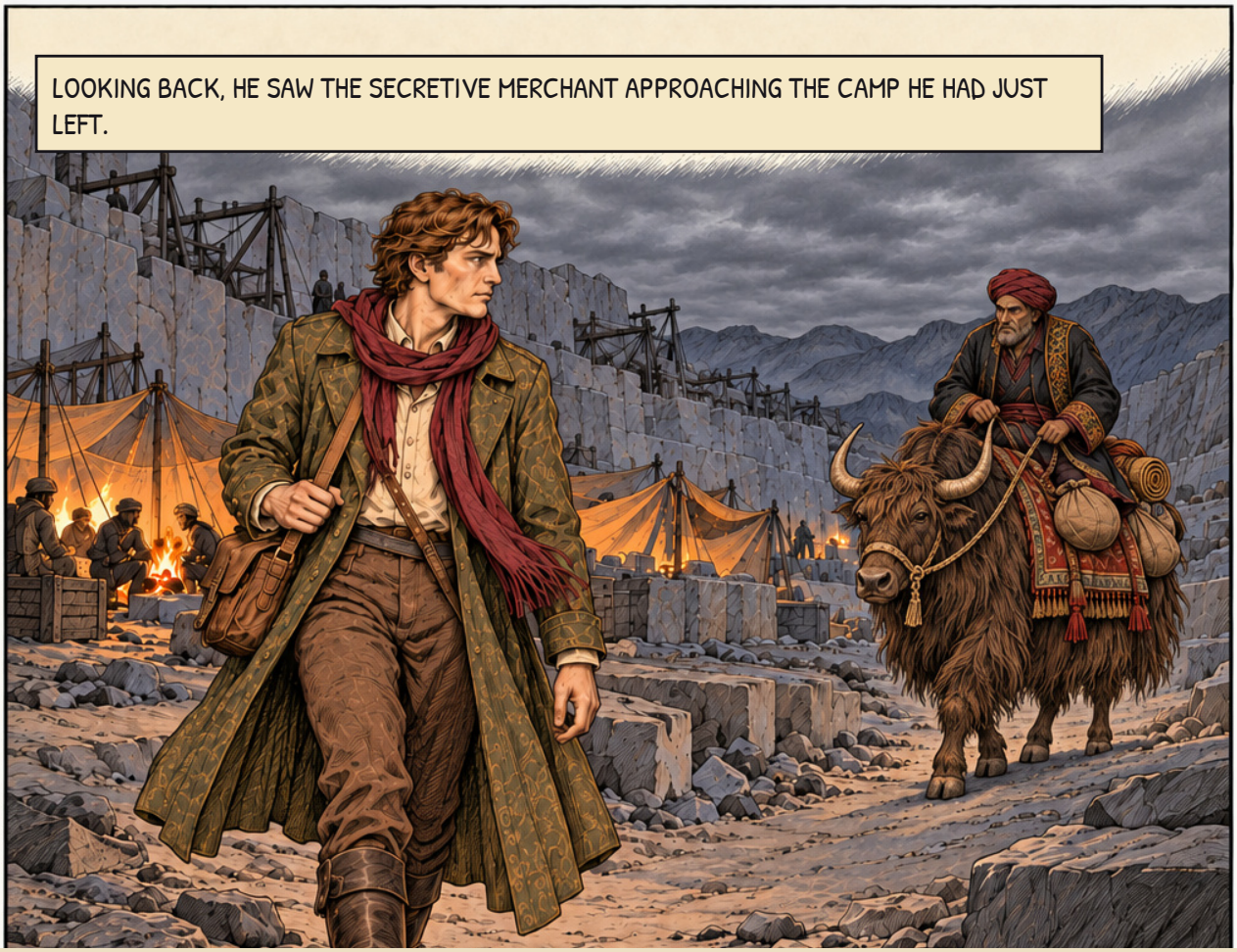

THE CITY KEPT ANCIENT RITES WITH SOLEMN CARE.

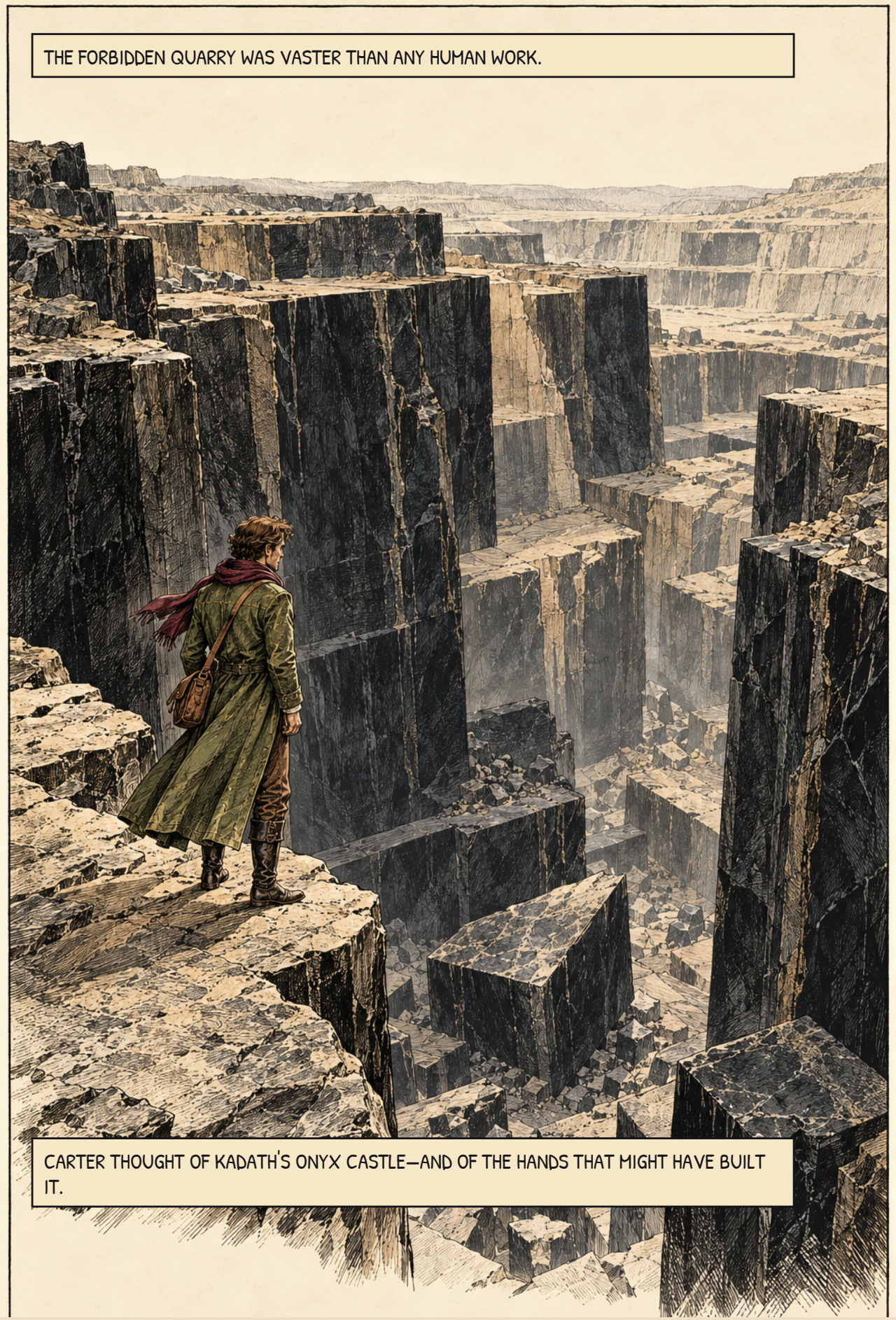

BEYOND THE PALACE GARDENS LOOMED THE MOUNTAINS SAID TO SEPARATE IT FROM LENG.


IN A TAVERN CARTER GLIMPSED THE TRADER HE HAD SEEN IN DYLATH-LEEN.
I SEEK NEW ONYX DEPOSITS. WHAT LIES BEYOND THE NORTHERN QUARRIES?
NOTHING A WISE MINER SHOULD SEEK.


HE HIRED A YAK AND RODE NORTH, KEEPING HIS TRUE PURPOSE SECRET.
AT ONE FARMHOUSE, THE OWNER'S MAJESTY MADE HIM WONDER WHETHER A GOD STOOD BEFORE HIM.


PAST THE LAST INHABITED QUARRIES, THE ROAD NARROWED INTO THE WILDERNESS.


LOOKING BACK, HE SAW THE SECRETIVE MERCHANT APPROACHING THE CAMP HE HAD JUST LEFT.


THE FORBIDDEN QUARRY WAS VASTER THAN ANY HUMAN WORK.
CARTER THOUGHT OF KADATH'S ONYX CASTLE—AND OF THE HANDS THAT MIGHT HAVE BUILT IT.

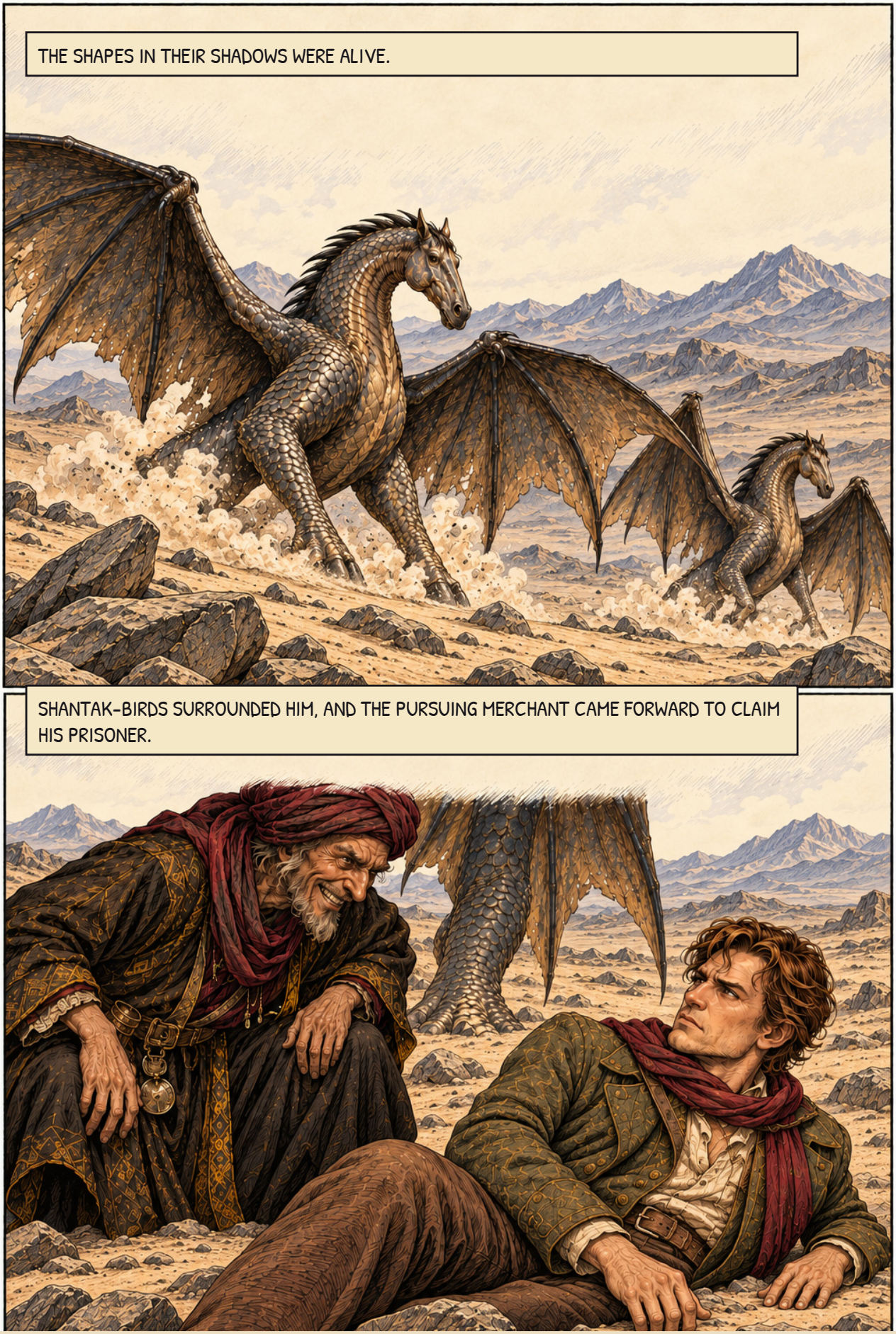
HIS YAK BROKE FREE AND FLED.



AS CARTER FOLLOWED, ANOTHER SET OF HOOFBEATS SOUNDED BEHIND HIM, DELIBERATE AND GAINING.




ACROSS THE WASTE SQUATTED A RING OF MOUNTAINS CARVED INTO WATCHING SHAPES.
THEIR RAISED HANDS SEEMED TO FORBID THE NORTH.


THE SHAPES IN THEIR SHADOWS WERE ALIVE.
SHANTAK-BIRDS SURROUNDED HIM, AND THE PURSUING MERCHANT CAME FORWARD TO CLAIM HIS PRISONER.


THE BIRD CARRIED THEM OVER THE BARRIER MOUNTAINS.
NEAR THE HIGHEST CAVES, BOTH CAPTOR AND MOUNT SHOWED FEAR.

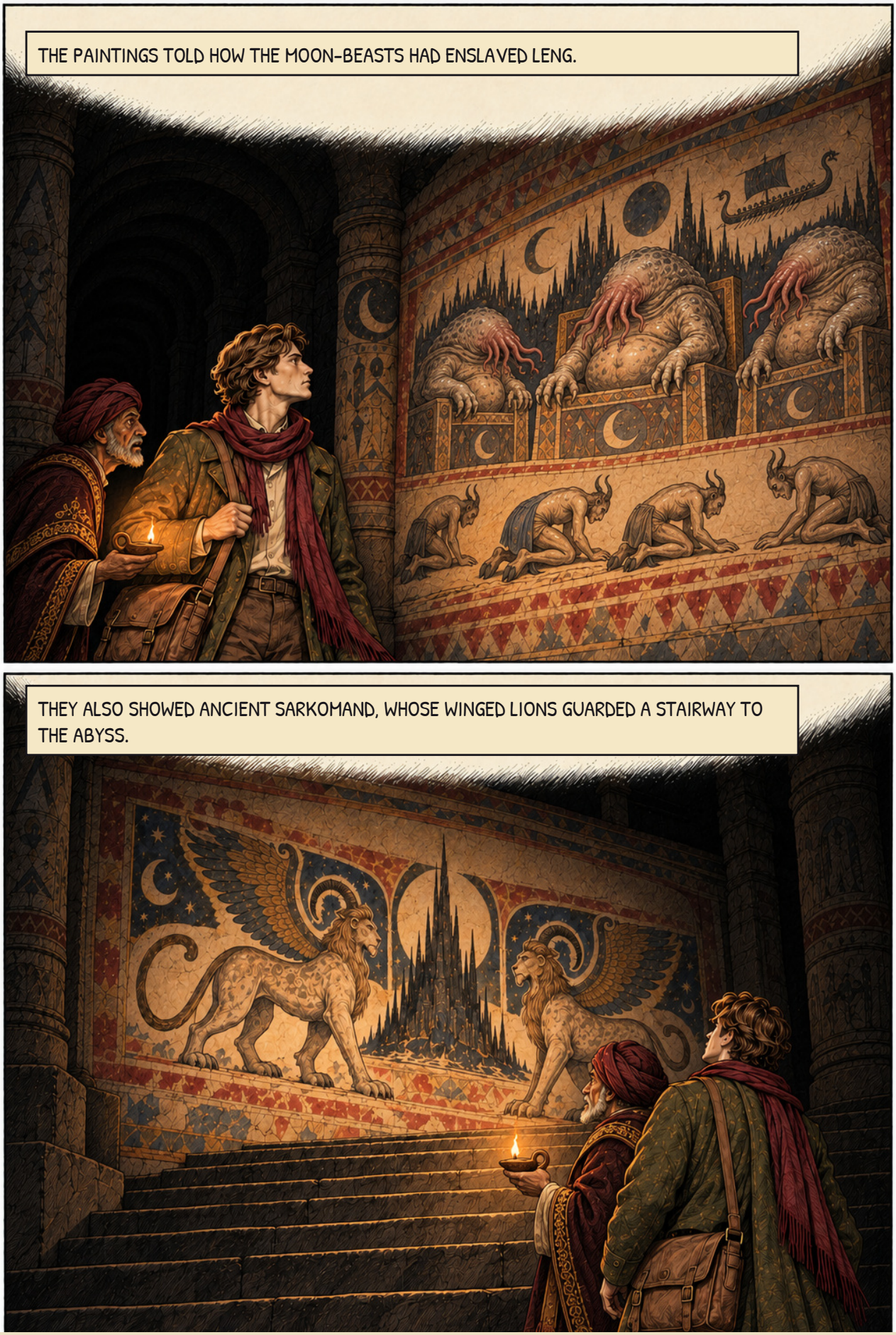
BEYOND LAY LENG.



ITS PEOPLE WERE THE SAME CREATURES WHO HAD DISGUISED THEMSELVES AS MERCHANTS ABOARD THE BLACK GALLEYS.




ON A LONELY TABLELAND STOOD THE MONASTERY OF THE HIGH-PRIEST WHO WORE A YELLOW MASK.
THE MERCHANT LED CARTER INSIDE.

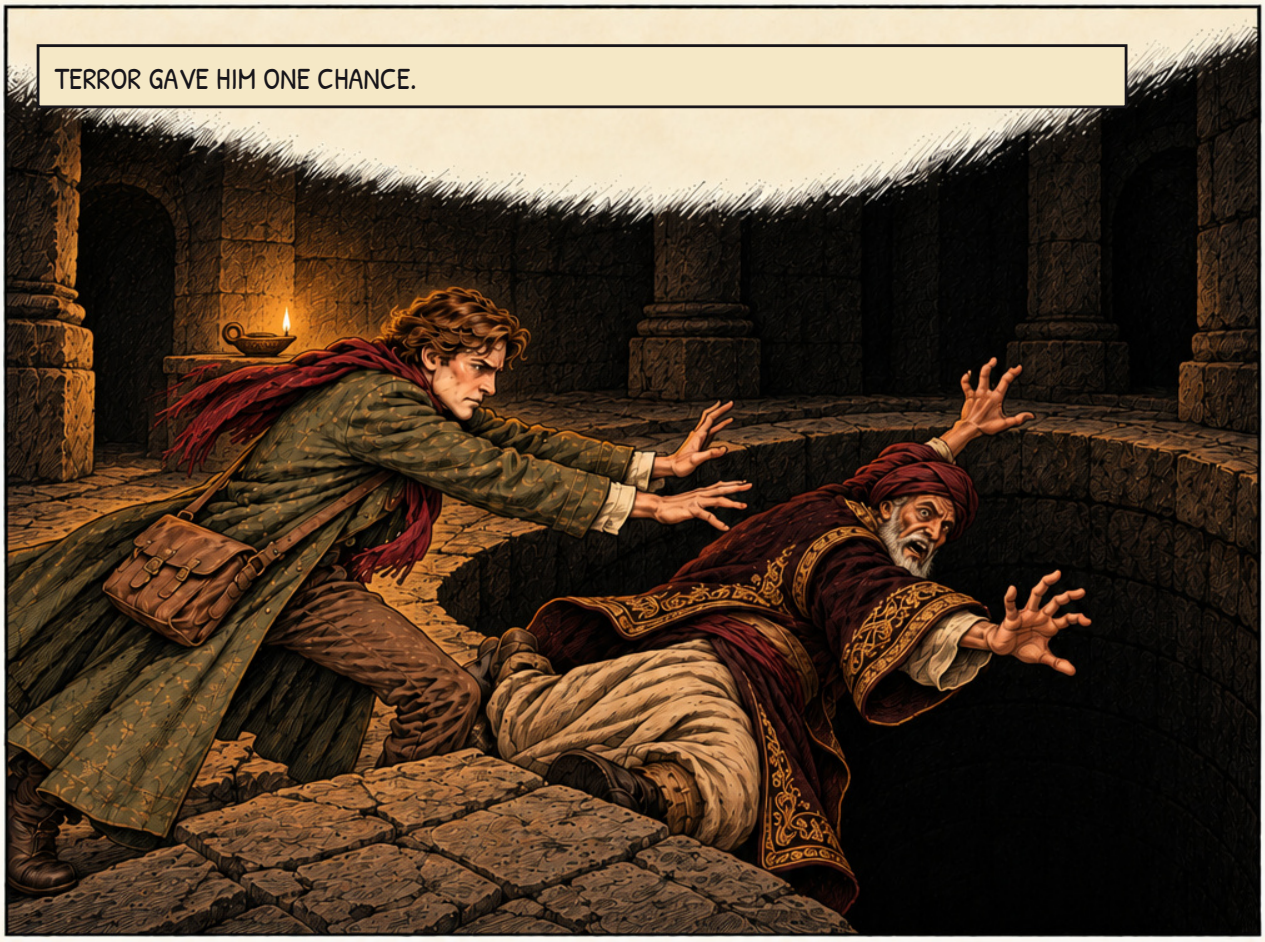

THE PAINTINGS TOLD HOW THE MOON-BEASTS HAD ENSLAVED LENG.
THEY ALSO SHOWED ANCIENT SARKOMAND, WHOSE WINGED LIONS GUARDED A STAIRWAY TO THE ABYSS.

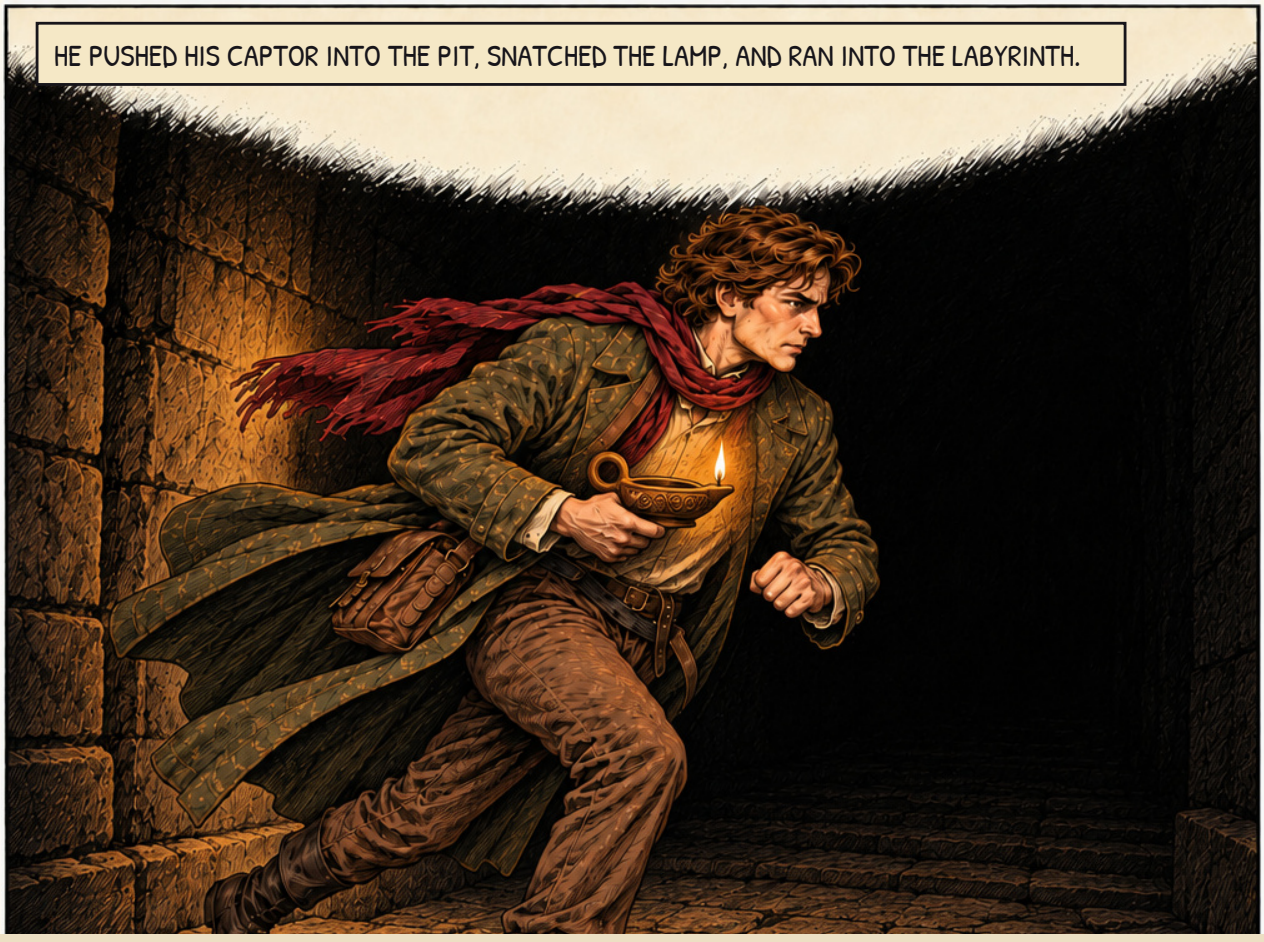

OTHER PAINTINGS EXPLAINED THE CAVES THE SHANTAK FEARED.
NIGHT-GAUNTS LIVED THERE, AND SERVED NODENS—NOT NYARLATHOTEP.



THE PRIEST ANSWERED THE MERCHANT WITH THE SAME LOATHSOME PIPING CARTER HAD HEARD ON THE MOON.

WHEN ITS SLEEVE SLIPPED, HE RECOGNISED WHAT SAT BENEATH THE SILK.

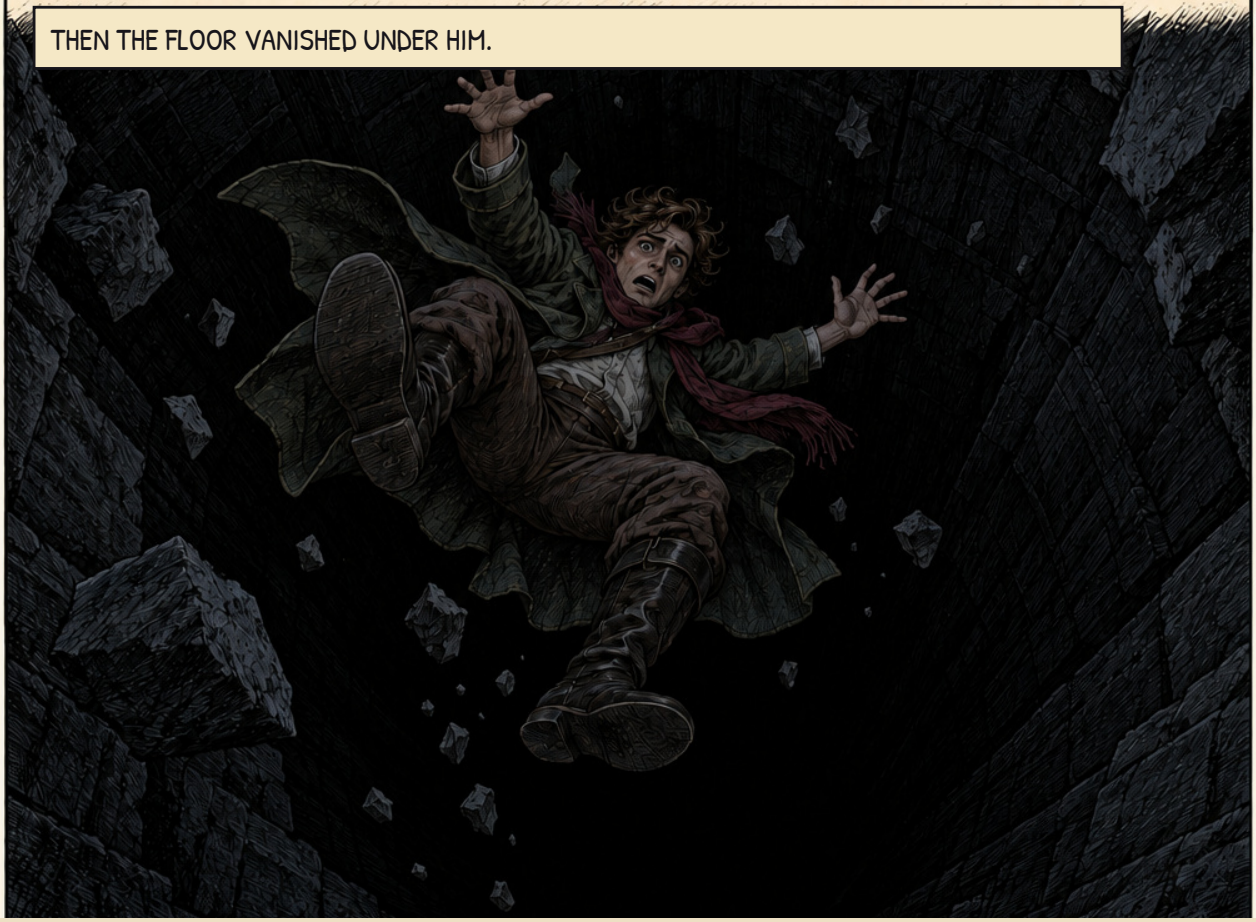

TERROR GAVE HIM ONE CHANCE.


HE PUSHED HIS CAPTOR INTO THE PIT, SNATCHED THE LAMP, AND RAN INTO THE LABYRINTH.

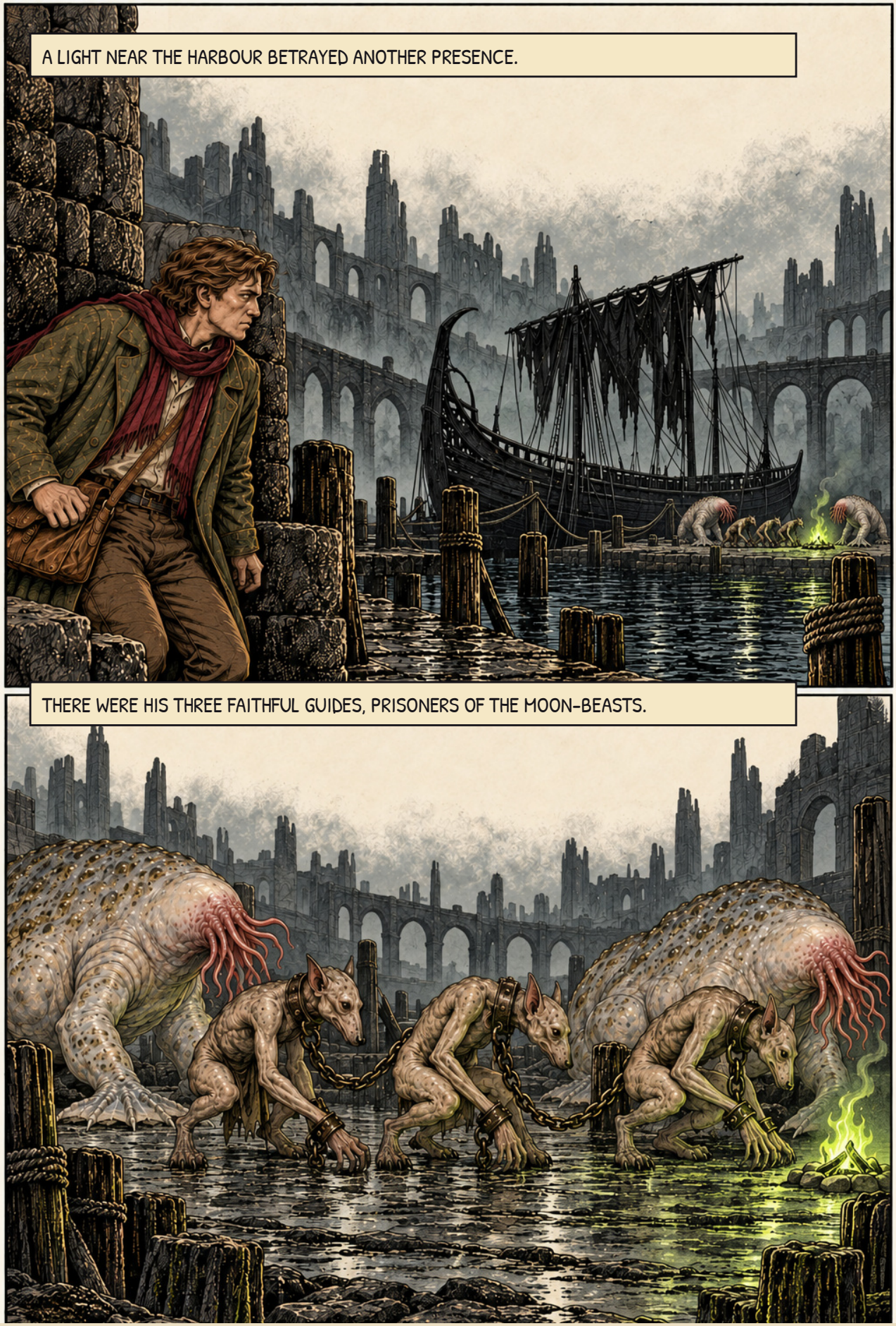
THE PASSAGES LED DEEPER, AND THE LAMP FAILED.



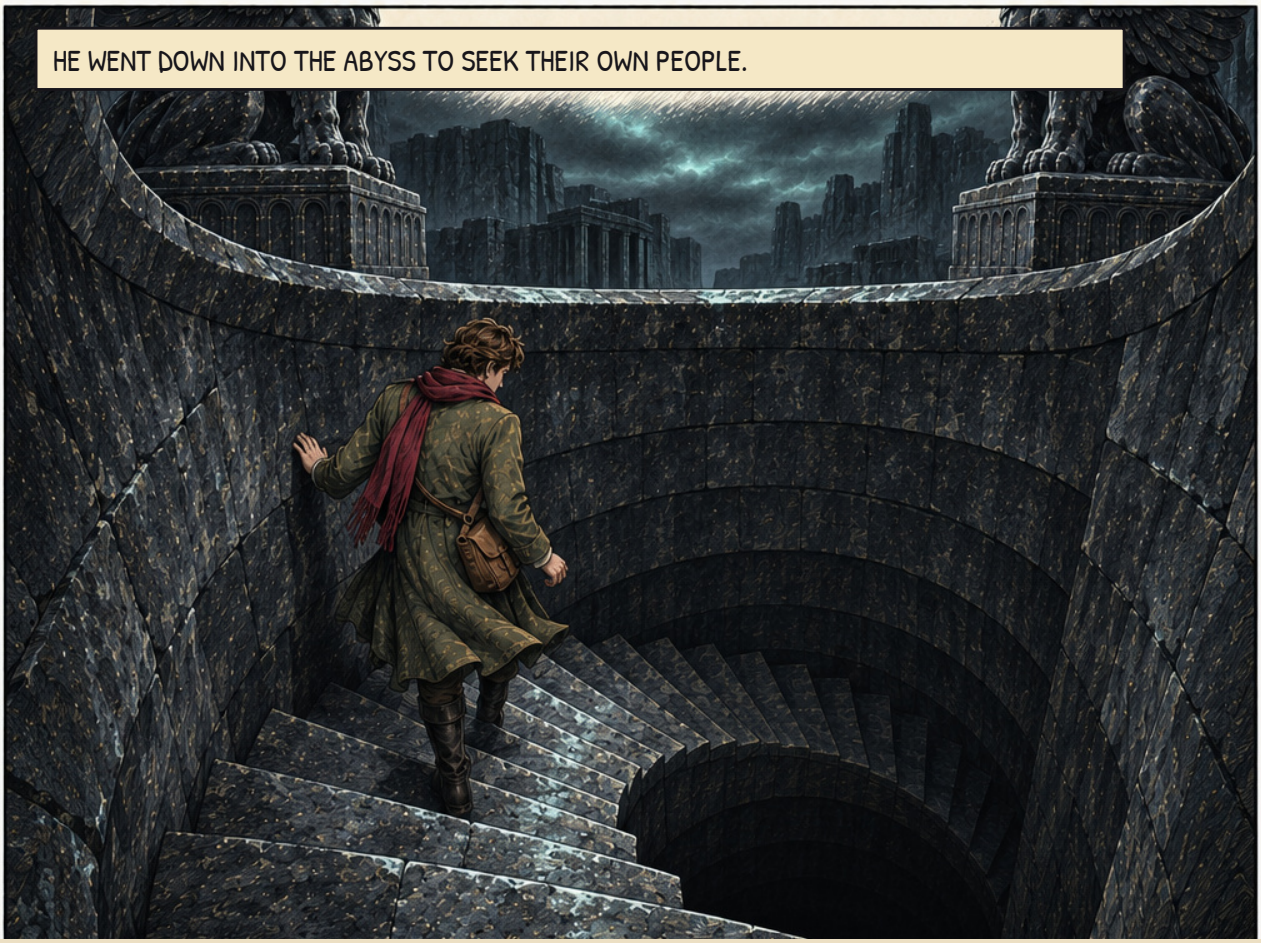
THEN THE FLOOR VANISHED UNDER HIM.




HE CAME TO REST BENEATH THE SKY AMONG THE RUINS OF SARKOMAND.
THE LIONS FROM THE PAINTINGS STOOD BEFORE HIM, GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE LOWER WORLD.


A LIGHT NEAR THE HARBOUR BETRAYED ANOTHER PRESENCE.
THERE WERE HIS THREE FAITHFUL GUIDES, PRISONERS OF THE MOON-BEASTS.


HE COULD NOT RESCUE THEM ALONE.


HE WENT DOWN INTO THE ABYSS TO SEEK THEIR OWN PEOPLE.

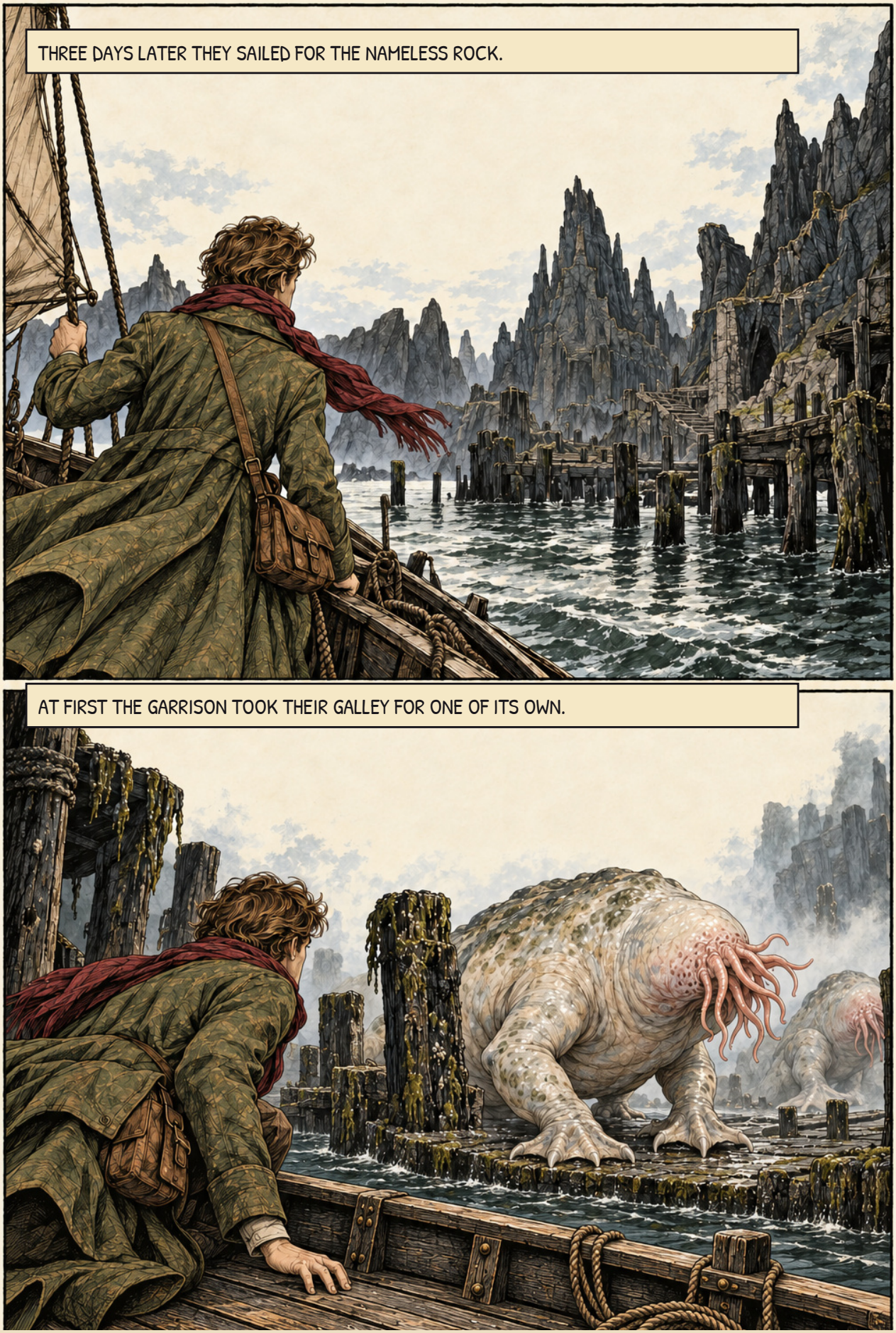

THE GUARDIANS CAUGHT HIM, BUT PICKMAN HAD TAUGHT HIM THEIR PASSWORD.
THREE GHOULS ARE PRISONERS IN SARKOMAND. THE MOON-BEASTS ARE HURTING THEM. TAKE ME TO THEIR PEOPLE!


MESSENGERS SPREAD THE ALARM.


PICKMAN GATHERED AN ARMY, WITH NIGHT-GAUNTS TO CARRY IT BACK TO SARKOMAND.

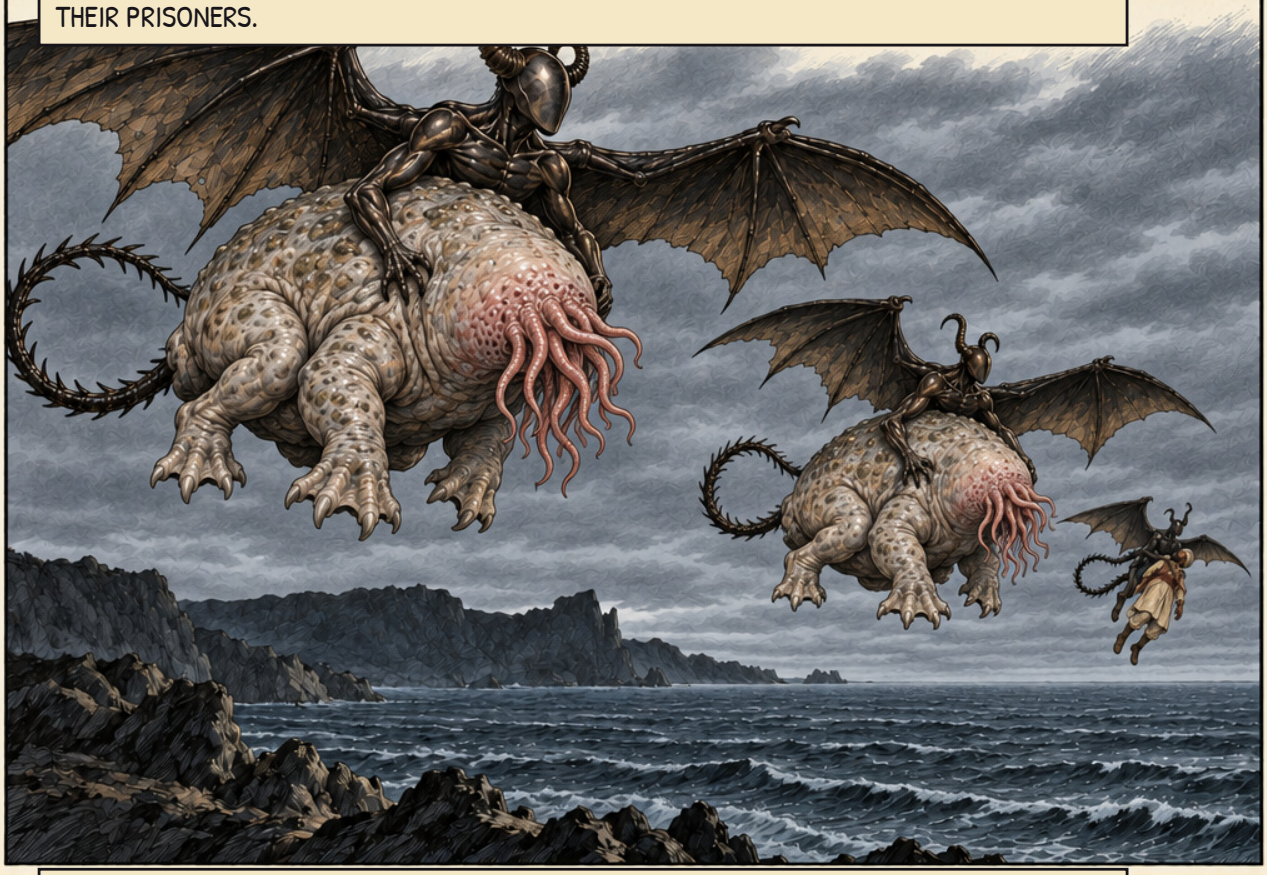

THE RESCUE CAME WITHOUT WARNING.
THE CAPTORS WERE BORNE DOWN INTO THE ABYSS, AND THE THREE GUIDES WERE FREED.


THEY TOO HAD BEEN DRUGGED BY THE RUBY MERCHANTS.
NOW THEY PROPOSED A RAID ON THE MOON-BEASTS' ISLAND, AND CARTER TAUGHT THEM TO HANDLE THE CAPTURED SHIP.


THREE DAYS LATER THEY SAILED FOR THE NAMELESS ROCK.
AT FIRST THE GARRISON TOOK THEIR GALLEY FOR ONE OF ITS OWN.


WHEN THE DECEPTION FAILED, THE NIGHT-GAUNTS WERE RELEASED.
THE SHIP WITHDREW WHILE THEY SEIZED THE ISLAND'S DEFENDERS.

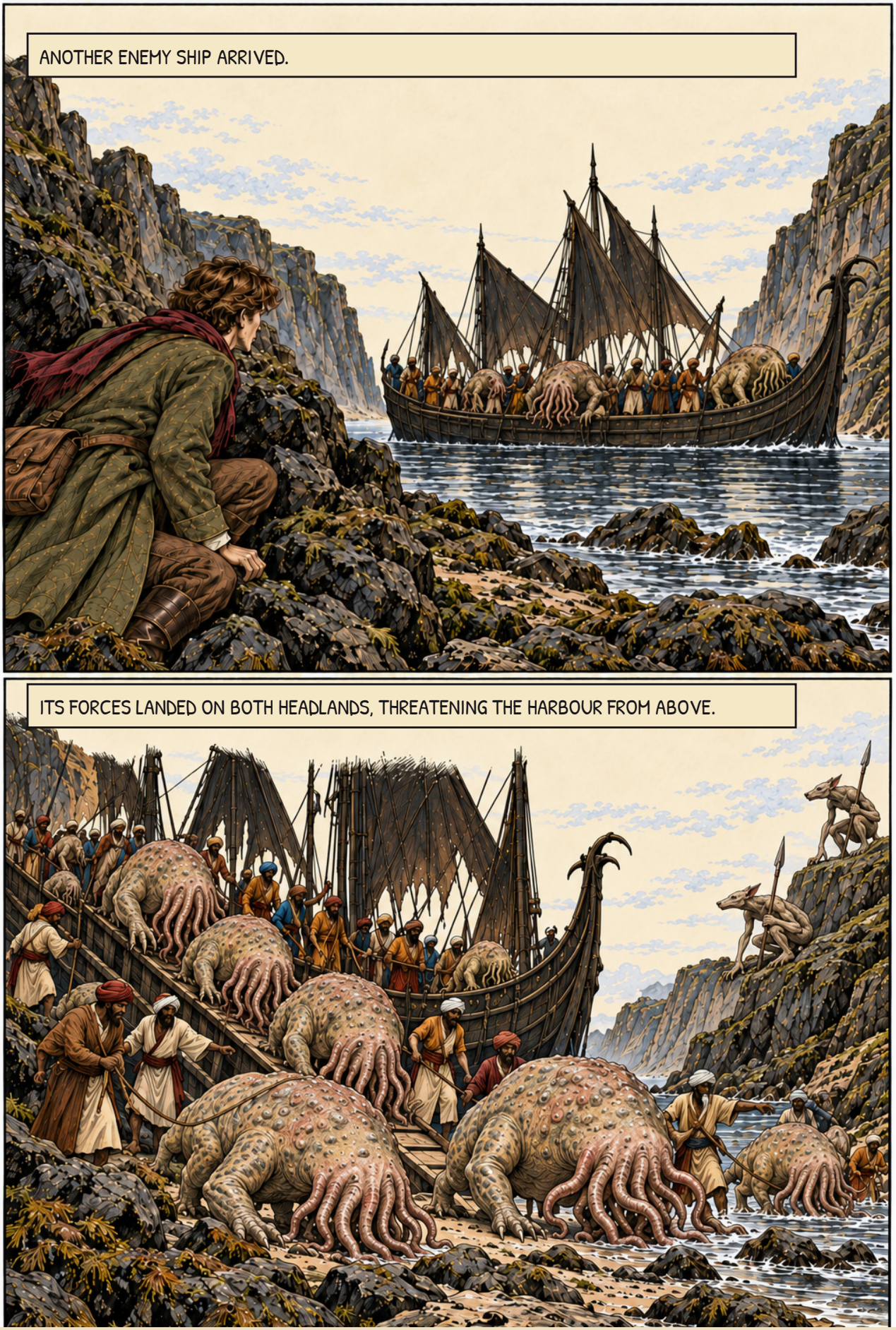
AT DAWN THE FLYERS OVERCAME THEIR FEAR OF WATER AND RETURNED TO THE ABYSS WITH THEIR PRISONERS.

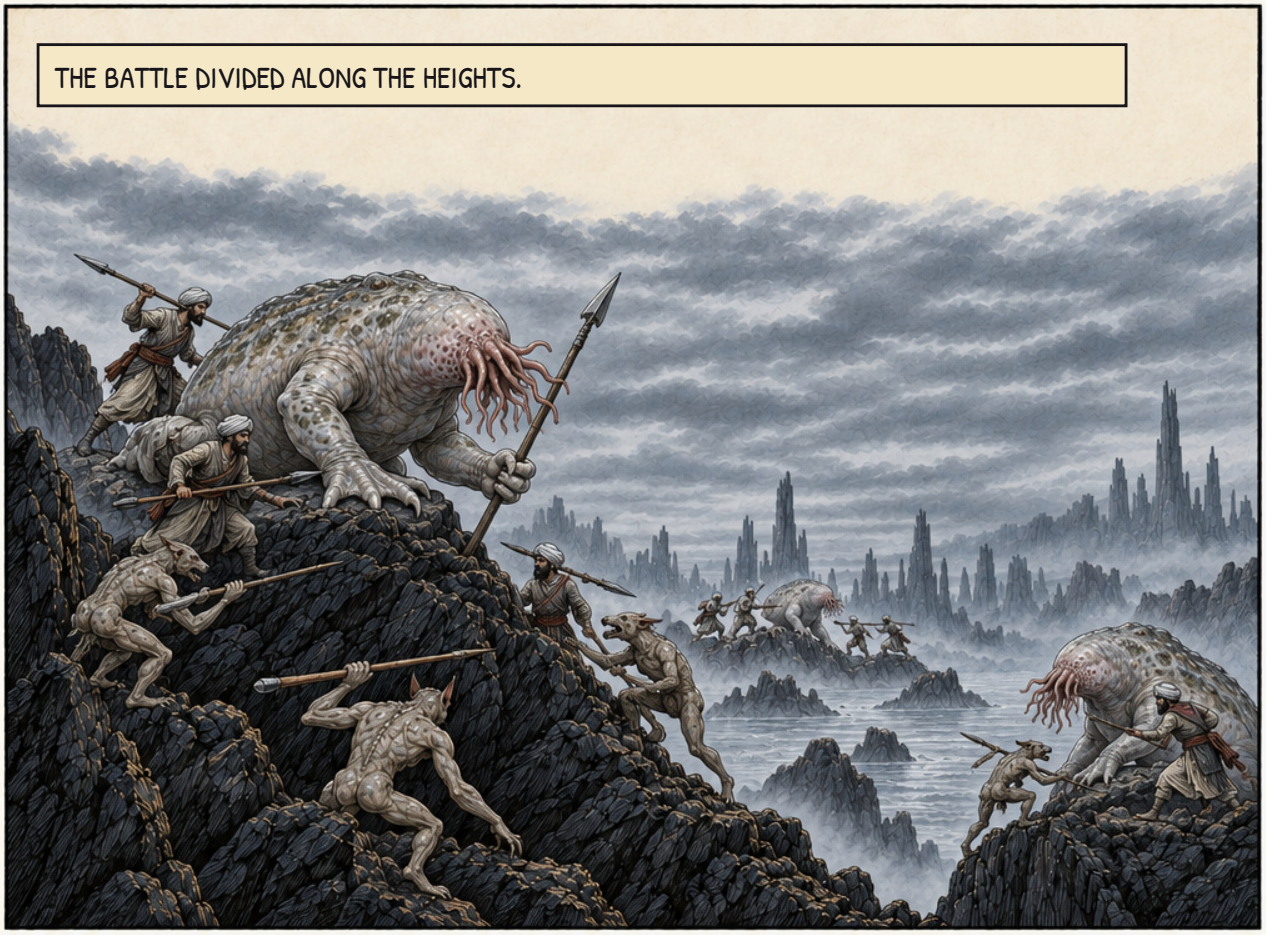


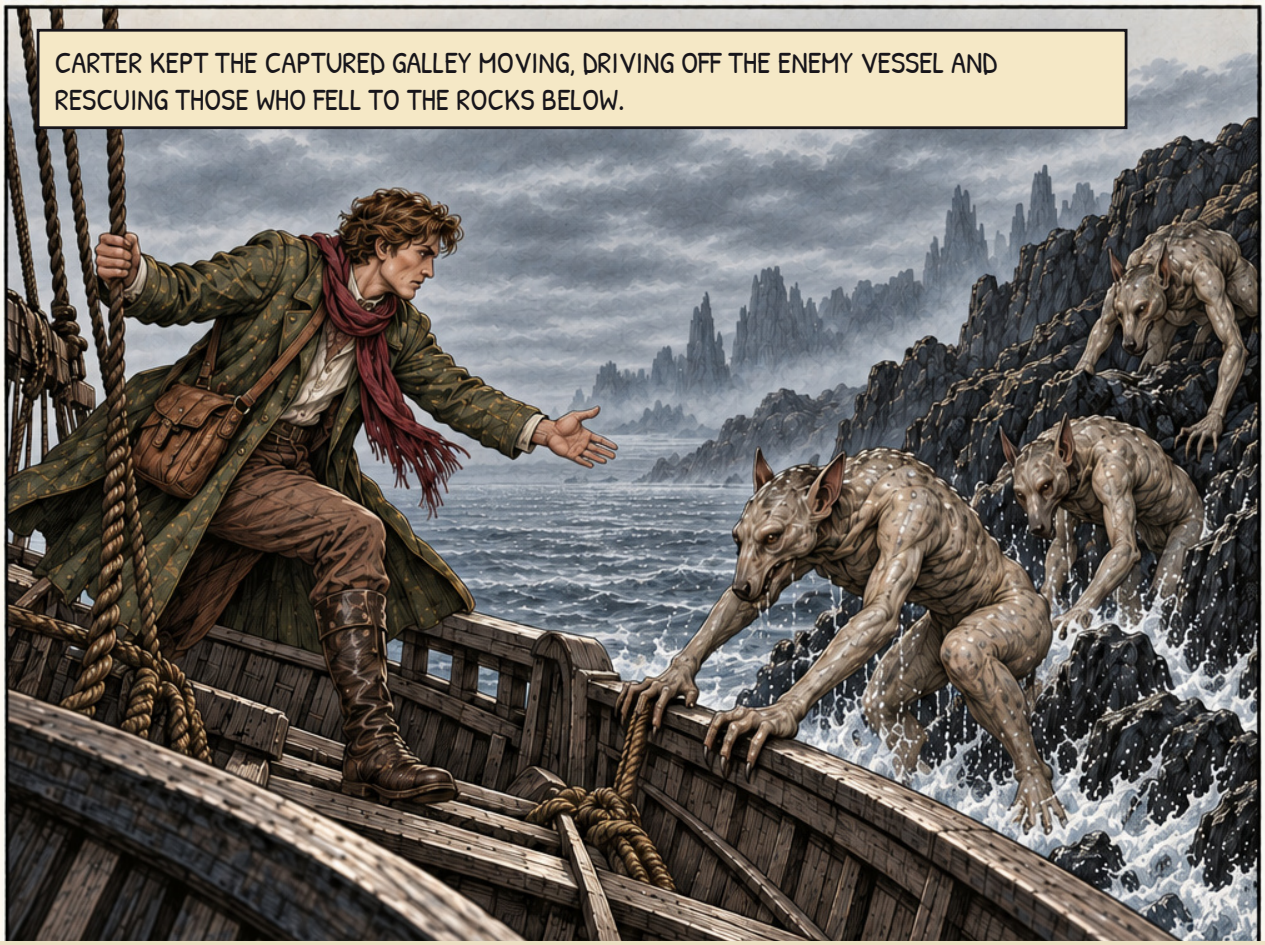
THE GHOULS LANDED AGAIN, AND FOUND WHAT THE ISLAND'S HOWLING HAD CONCEALED.

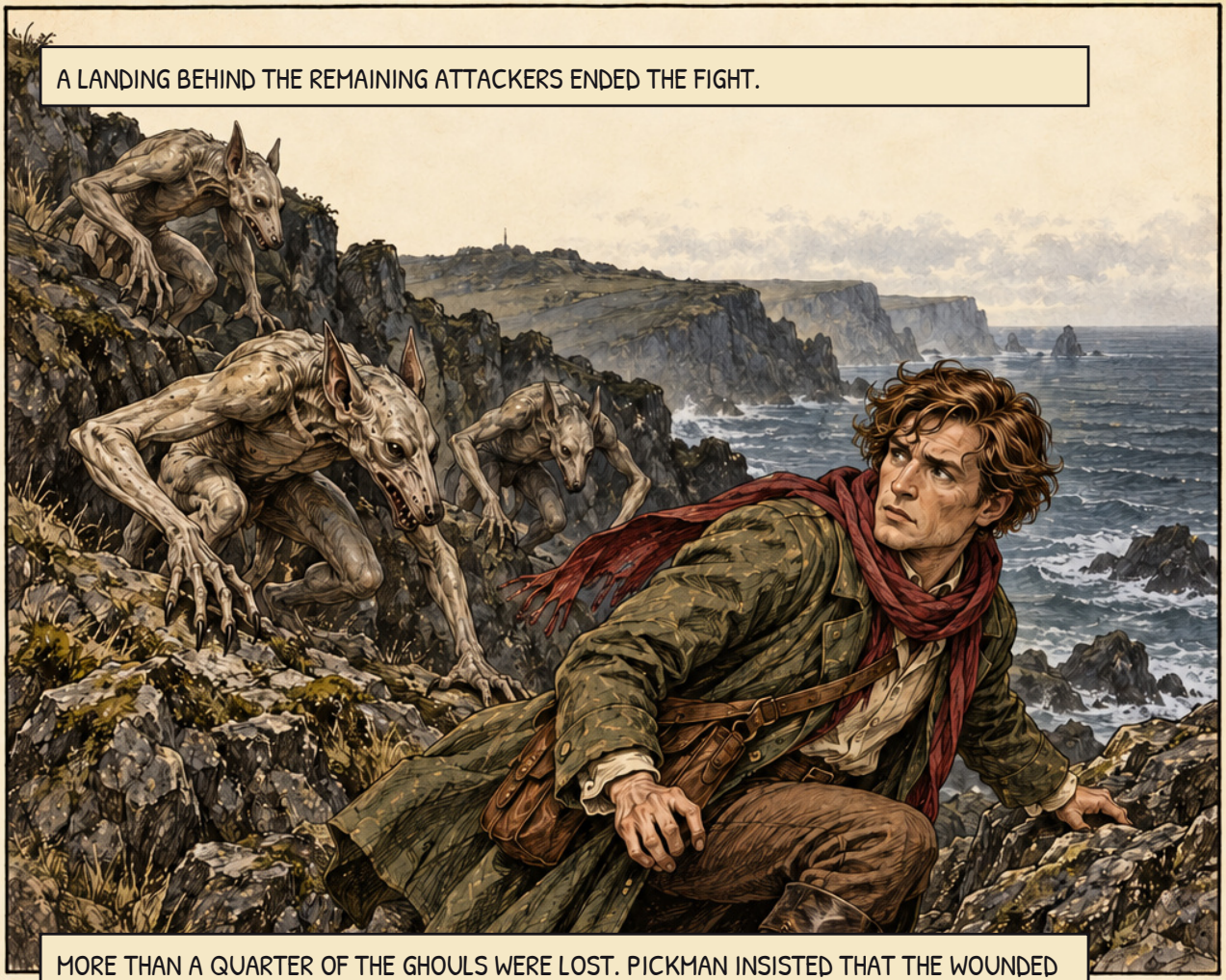



ONE CHAMBER HELD A DOOR HE DARED NOT APPROACH.
HE COLLECTED WEAPONS INSTEAD, AND TAUGHT HIS COMPANIONS HOW TO USE THEM.

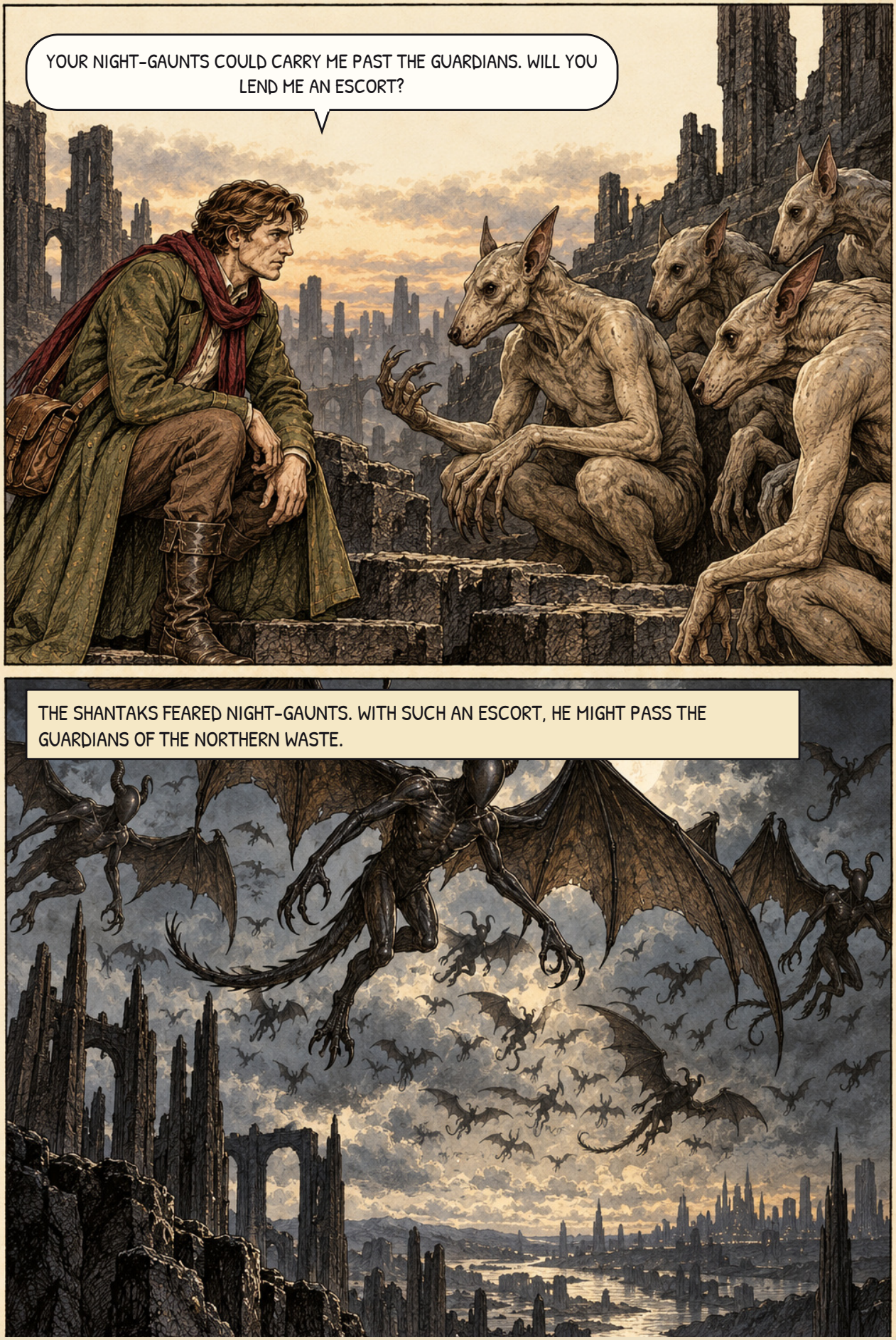

ANOTHER ENEMY SHIP ARRIVED.
ITS FORCES LANDED ON BOTH HEADLANDS, THREATENING THE HARBOUR FROM ABOVE.


THE BATTLE DIVIDED ALONG THE HEIGHTS.


CARTER KEPT THE CAPTURED GALLEY MOVING, DRIVING OFF THE ENEMY VESSEL AND RESCUING THOSE WHO FELL TO THE ROCKS BELOW.


A LANDING BEHIND THE REMAINING ATTACKERS ENDED THE FIGHT.


MORE THAN A QUARTER OF THE GHOULS WERE LOST. PICKMAN INSISTED THAT THE WOUNDED BE BROUGHT HOME.


YOUR NIGHT-GAUNTS COULD CARRY ME PAST THE GUARDIANS. WILL YOU LEND ME AN ESCORT?
THE SHANTAKS FEARED NIGHT-GAUNTS. WITH SUCH AN ESCORT, HE MIGHT PASS THE GUARDIANS OF THE NORTHERN WASTE.

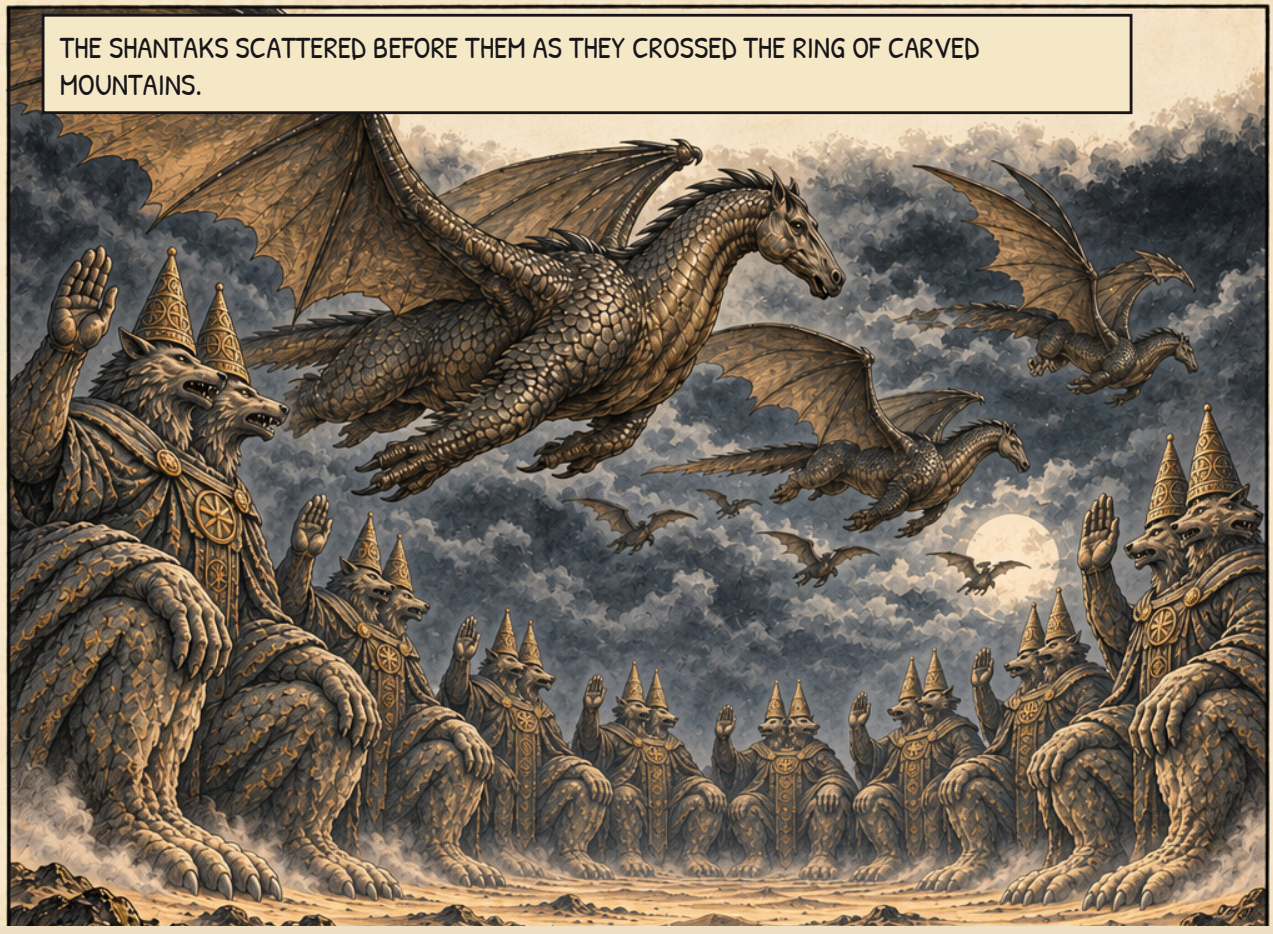
PICKMAN OFFERED MORE THAN AN ESCORT: THE WHOLE SURVIVING ARMY.

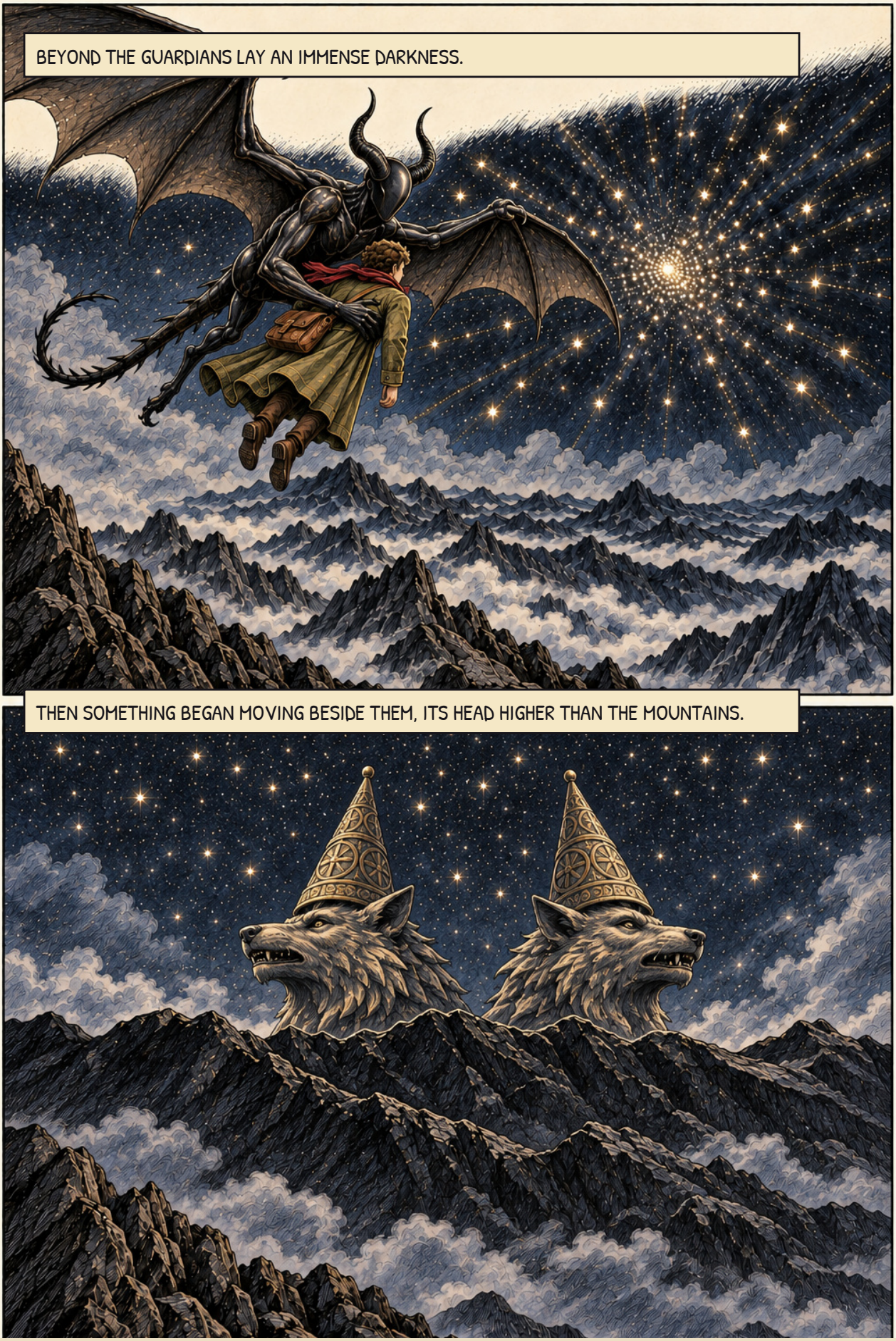


THEY ROSE OVER LENG AND WENT TO CONSULT THE NIGHT-GAUNTS OF THE MOUNTAIN CAVES.




THE NORTHERN WASTE WAS THE SAFER ROUTE, THEY LEARNED.

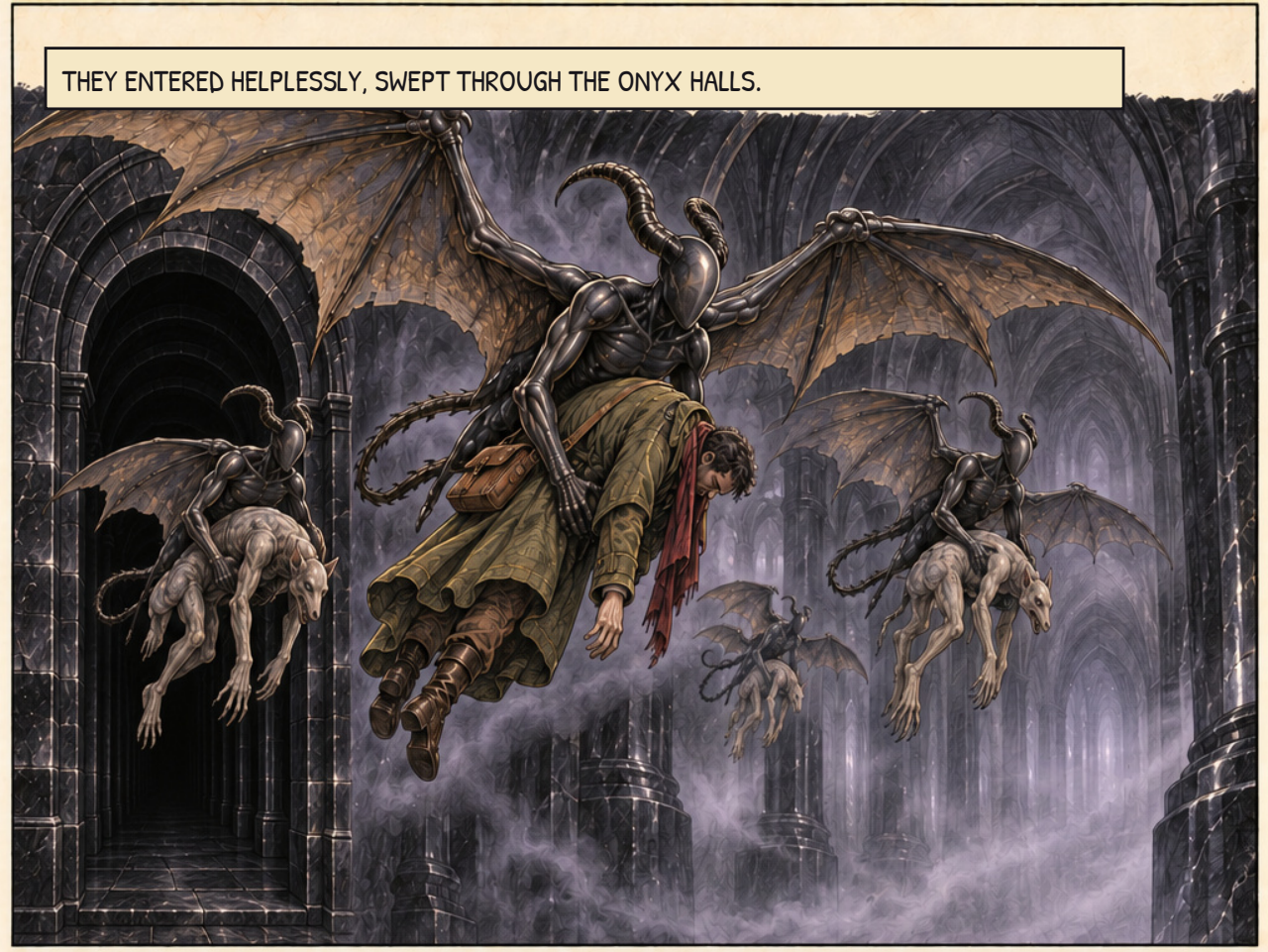

THE SHANTAKS SCATTERED BEFORE THEM AS THEY CROSSED THE RING OF CARVED MOUNTAINS.

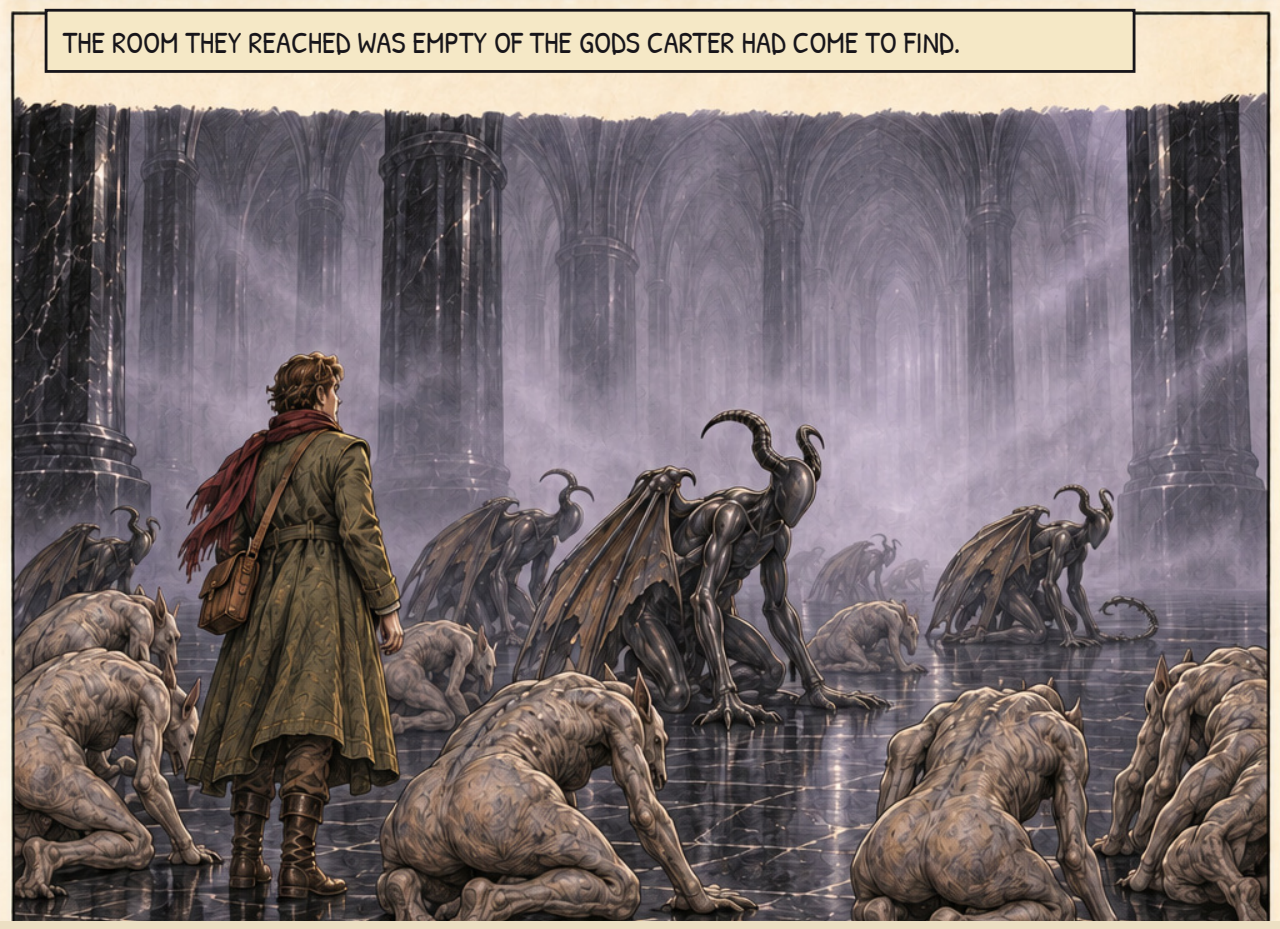

BEYOND THE GUARDIANS LAY AN IMMENSE DARKNESS.
THEN SOMETHING BEGAN MOVING BESIDE THEM, ITS HEAD HIGHER THAN THE MOUNTAINS.

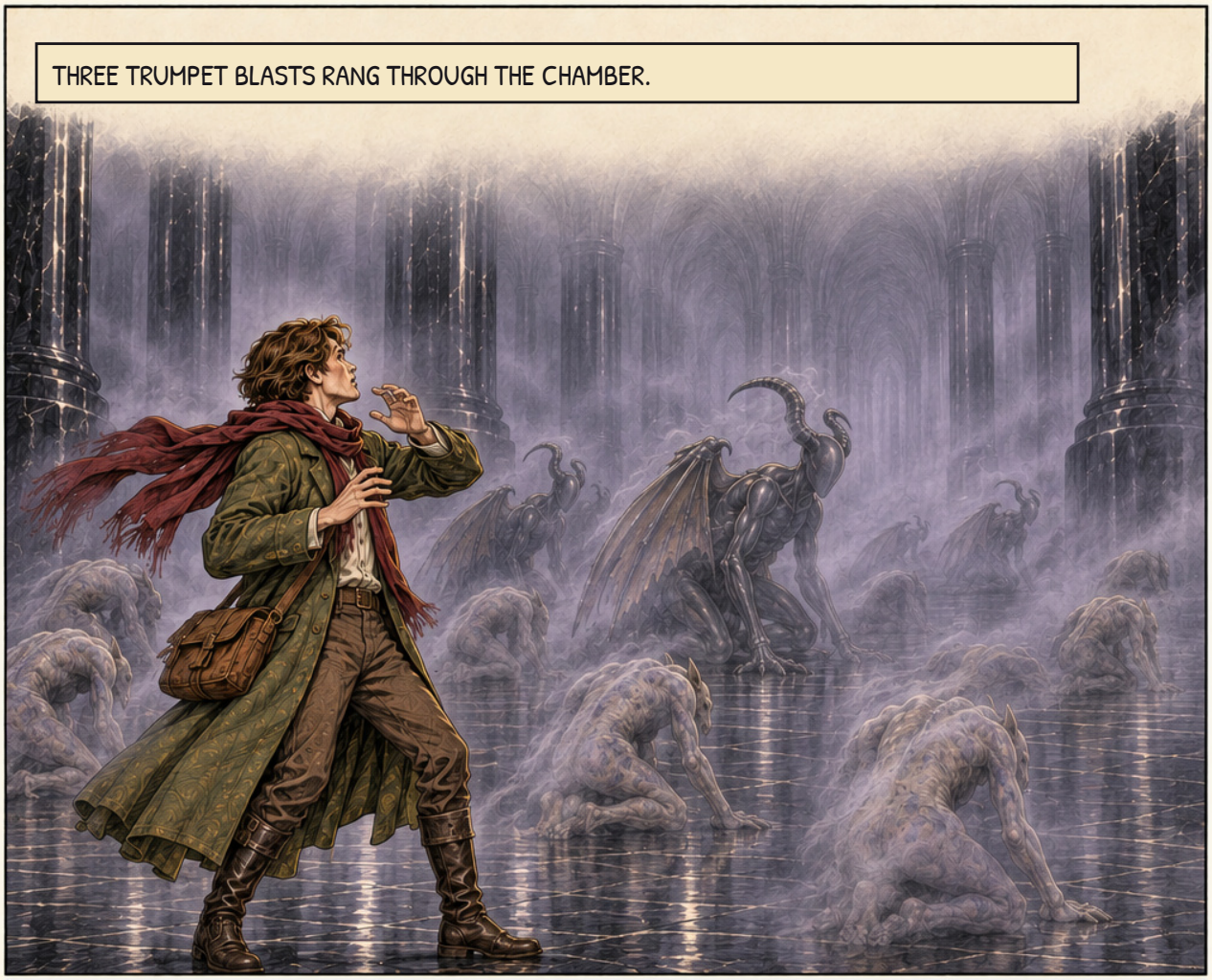

THE CARVED MOUNTAINS HAD RISEN TO FOLLOW.
SILENT AND VAST, THEY STRODE BENEATH THE STARS.


THE ARMY CLIMBED BEYOND THEIR REACH.
BUT SOON THE NIGHT-GAUNTS WERE NO LONGER FLYING. AN IRRESISTIBLE CURRENT CARRIED THEM ONWARD.


AT LAST A LIGHT APPEARED ABOVE THE DARKNESS.
IT SHONE FROM A CASTLE ATOP A MOUNTAIN BEYOND ALL EARTHLY MEASURE: UNKNOWN KADATH.


THEY ENTERED HELPLESSLY, SWEPT THROUGH THE ONYX HALLS.


THE ROOM THEY REACHED WAS EMPTY OF THE GODS CARTER HAD COME TO FIND.

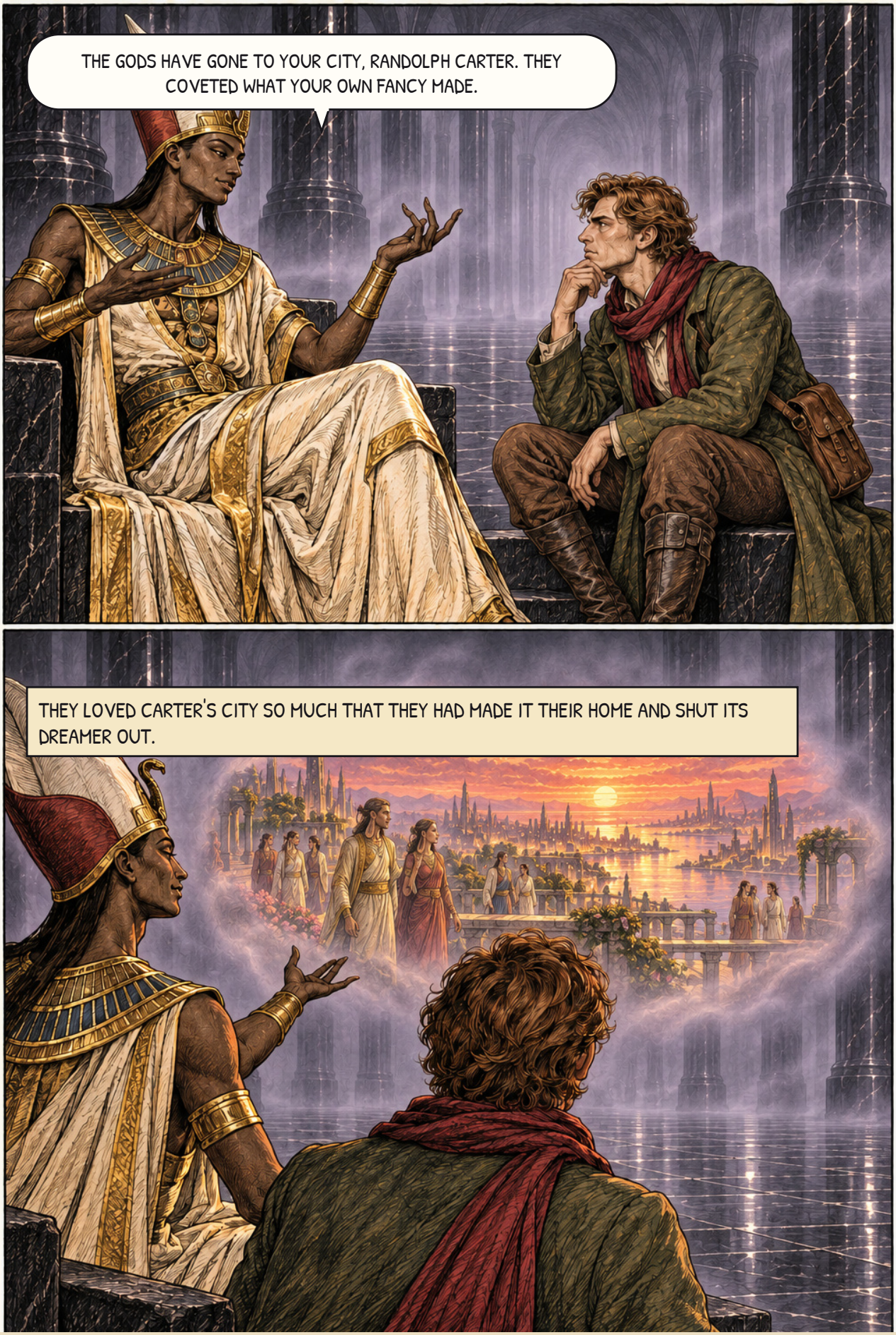

THREE TRUMPET BLASTS RANG THROUGH THE CHAMBER.


CARTER'S COMPANIONS VANISHED. HE STOOD ALONE.

A REGAL FIGURE APPROACHED THROUGH INCENSE AND MUSIC.



HE KNEW CARTER'S NAME, HIS JOURNEY, AND THE SECRET OF THE CITY.

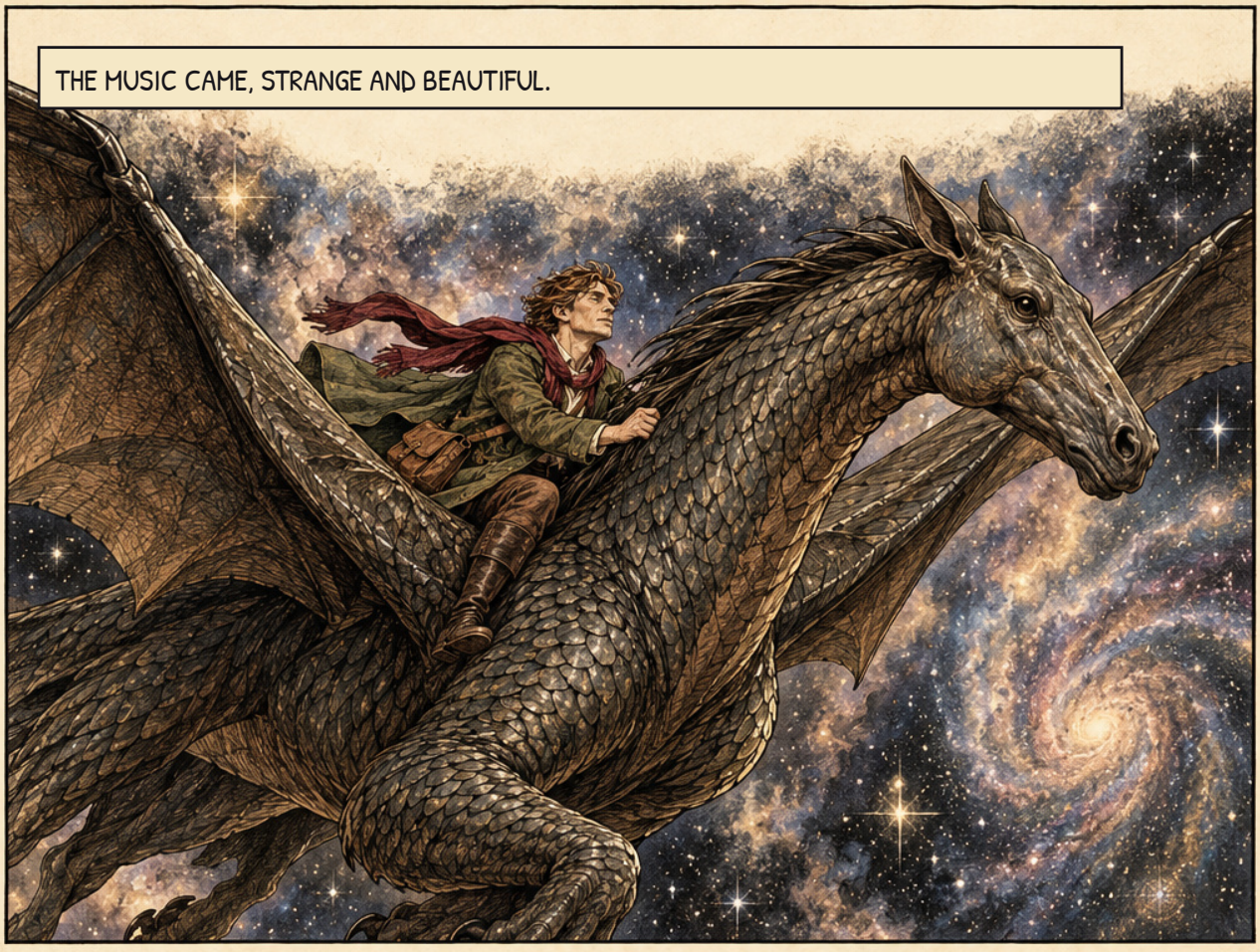

THE GODS HAVE GONE TO YOUR CITY, RANDOLPH CARTER. THEY COVETED WHAT YOUR OWN FANCY MADE.
THEY LOVED CARTER'S CITY SO MUCH THAT THEY HAD MADE IT THEIR HOME AND SHUT ITS DREAMER OUT.


FOR KNOW YOU, THAT YOUR GOLD AND MARBLE CITY OF WONDER IS ONLY THE SUM OF WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN AND LOVED IN YOUTH.
ITS MARBLE SPLENDOUR HAD GROWN FROM FAMILIAR ROOFS, GARDENS, HARBOURS, AND HILLS.


STEER FOR VEGA THROUGH THE NIGHT, BUT TURN WHEN THE SINGING SOUNDS.


A SHANTAK WOULD CARRY HIM TOWARD THE CITY. HE MUST TURN BACK TOWARD EARTH WHEN HE HEARD THE DISTANT SINGING.


SEND BACK EARTH'S GODS TO THEIR HAUNTS ON UNKNOWN KADATH, AND PRAY TO ALL SPACE THAT YOU MAY NEVER MEET ME IN MY THOUSAND OTHER FORMS.
FAREWELL, RANDOLPH CARTER, AND BEWARE; FOR I AM NYARLATHOTEP, THE CRAWLING CHAOS!


THE MUSIC CAME, STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL.


CARTER TRIED TO TURN THE BIRD, BUT IT FLEW ON.

THE PROMISE HAD BEEN A MOCKERY.



THE SHANTAK WAS CARRYING HIM BEYOND DREAM, TOWARD THE CHAOS WHERE AZATHOTH DWELT.


YET NYARLATHOTEP'S OWN WORDS HAD LEFT HIM A WAY OUT.
HOME STILL EXISTED. SOMEWHERE, HIS WAKING BODY SLEPT. HE WAS DREAMING—AND COULD CHOOSE TO WAKE.


HE LEAPED.
THROUGH THE VOID HE FELL, HOLDING TO THE REMEMBERED WORLD OF HIS CHILDHOOD.

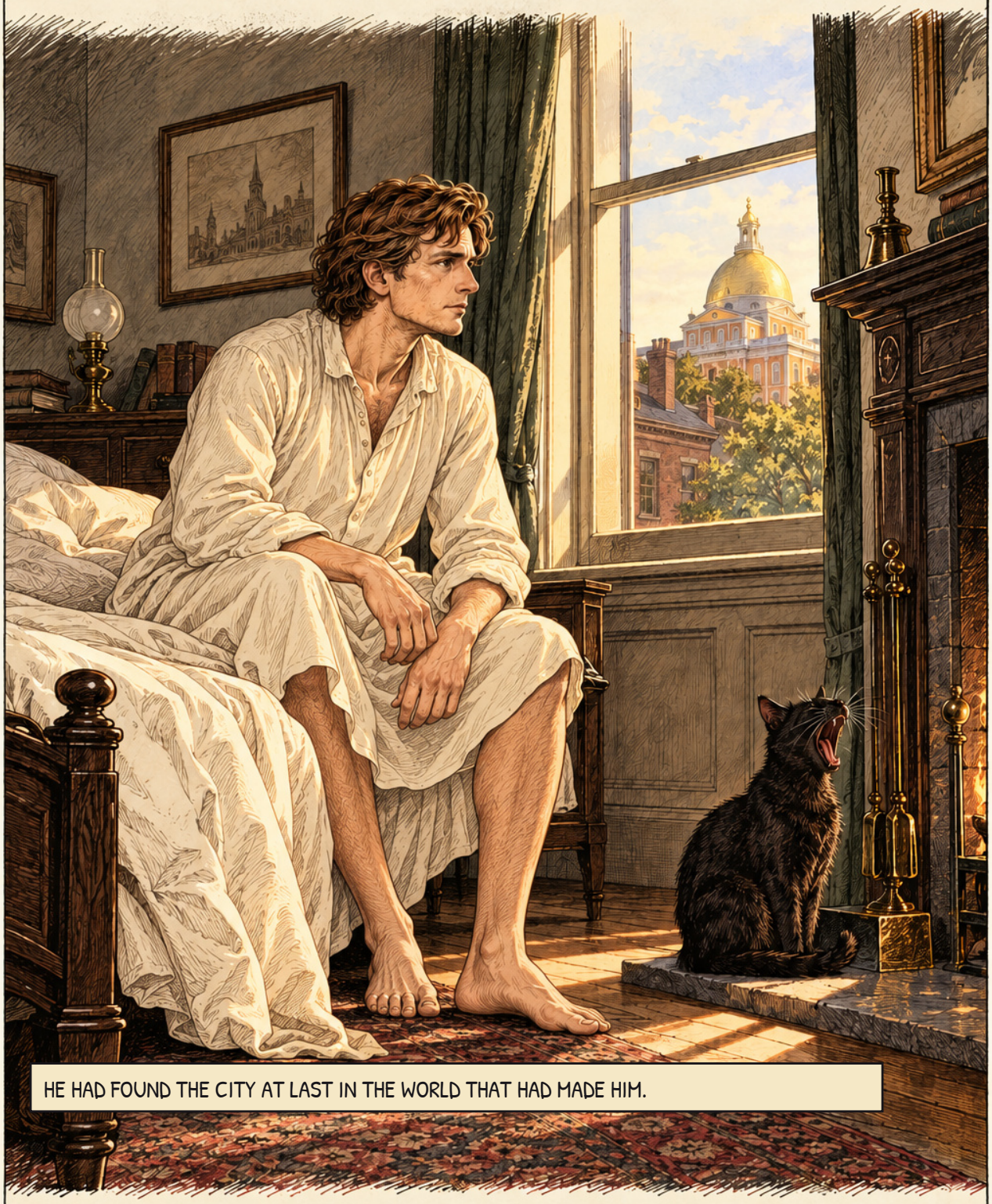
A VISION SURVIVED WHERE WORLDS SEEMED TO DIE AND RETURN.



S'NGAC AND NODENS GUIDED HIM; THE PURSUING HORRORS RECOILED BEFORE THE LIGHT.



...DAWN'S BLAZE THROWN DAZZLING THROUGH PURPLE PANES BY THE GREAT GOLD DOME OF THE STATE HOUSE ON THE HILL, RANDOLPH CARTER LEAPED SHOUTINGLY AWAKE WITHIN HIS BOSTON ROOM.



HE HAD FOUND THE CITY AT LAST IN THE WORLD THAT HAD MADE HIM.


AND VAST INFINITIES AWAY, PAST THE GATE OF DEEPER SLUMBER AND THE ENCHANTED WOOD AND THE GARDEN LANDS AND THE CERENERIAN SEA AND THE TWILIGHT REACHES OF INGANOK,
...THE CRAWLING CHAOS NYARLATHOTEP STRODE BROODING INTO THE ONYX CASTLE ATOP UNKNOWN KADATH IN THE COLD WASTE, AND TAUNTED INSOLENTLY THE MILD GODS OF EARTH WHOM HE HAD SNATCHED ABRUPTLY FROM THEIR SCENTED REVELS IN THE MARVELLOUS SUNSET CITY.