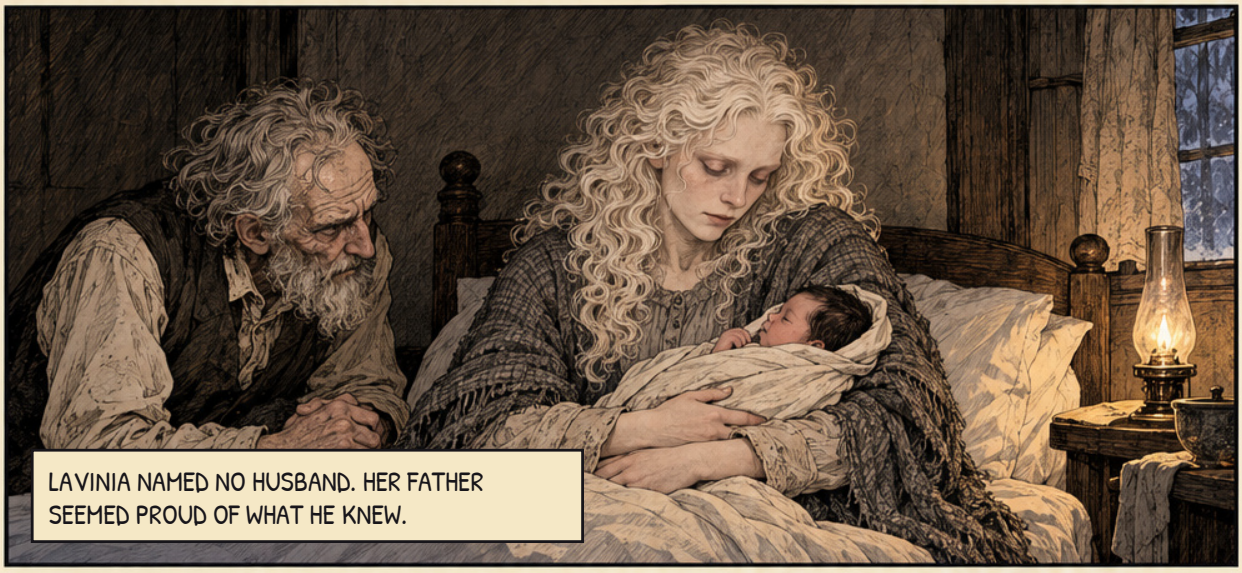
H. P. LOVECRAFT

THE DUNWICH HORROR




THERE HAD ALWAYS BEEN STORIES: VOICES BENEATH THE HILLS, FOUL AIR, PRESENCES NO ONE COULD SEE.
THE BIRDS WAIT FOR THE DYING. IF THEY CATCH A SOUL, THEY LAUGH UNTIL MORNING.
OLD TALES. EASILY DISMISSED—UNTIL THE WHATELEYS.


WILBUR WHATELEY WAS BORN ON 2 FEBRUARY 1913, WHILE THE HILLS RUMBLED AND THE DOGS BARKED.


LAVINIA NAMED NO HUSBAND. HER FATHER SEEMED PROUD OF WHAT HE KNEW.


...EF LAVINNY'S BOY LOOKED LIKE HIS PA, HE WOULDN'T LOOK LIKE NOTHIN' YE EXPECK.


...SOME DAY YEW FOLKS'LL HEAR A CHILD O' LAVINNY'S A-CALLIN' ITS FATHER'S NAME ON THE TOP O' SENTINEL HILL!


AT THREE MONTHS, HE HAD THE STRENGTH OF A MUCH OLDER CHILD.


AT SEVEN MONTHS HE WALKED.


BEFORE HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY, HE SPOKE WITH A VOICE THAT BELONGED TO NO INFANT.


THE CATTLE PURCHASES BEGAN THAT SAME WINTER. THEY NEVER STOPPED.
HE BOUGHT MORE EVERY MONTH. WHERE DID THEY ALL GO?
THE HERD STAYED SMALL. THE SURVIVING ANIMALS WERE PALE AND WEAK.


BY 1914, THE OLD MAN HAD REPAIRED THE UNUSED UPPER FLOOR—AND SEALED ITS WINDOWS.
A RAMP LED TO A DOOR HIGH IN THE EAST GABLE.
WHATEVER WAS KEPT IN THIS SHED HAS GONE. BUT THAT SMELL...


THESE BOOKS ARE ALL THE SCHOOLING YOU WILL NEED.
LEAVE THAT DOOR ALONE.
LATER, THE FOOTSTEPS OVERHEAD COULD BE HEARD EVEN WHEN THE WHOLE FAMILY WAS DOWNSTAIRS.


AT FOUR AND A HALF, WILBUR LOOKED FIFTEEN. THE NEWSPAPERS MADE HIM A SUNDAY CURIOSITY.
THE SMELL COMES FROM UPSTAIRS NOW. THE SAME AS THE OLD SHED.
THEY MARVELLED AT THE ANCIENT GOLD. DUNWICH HAD LONG SINCE LEARNED NOT TO ASK ABOUT IT.

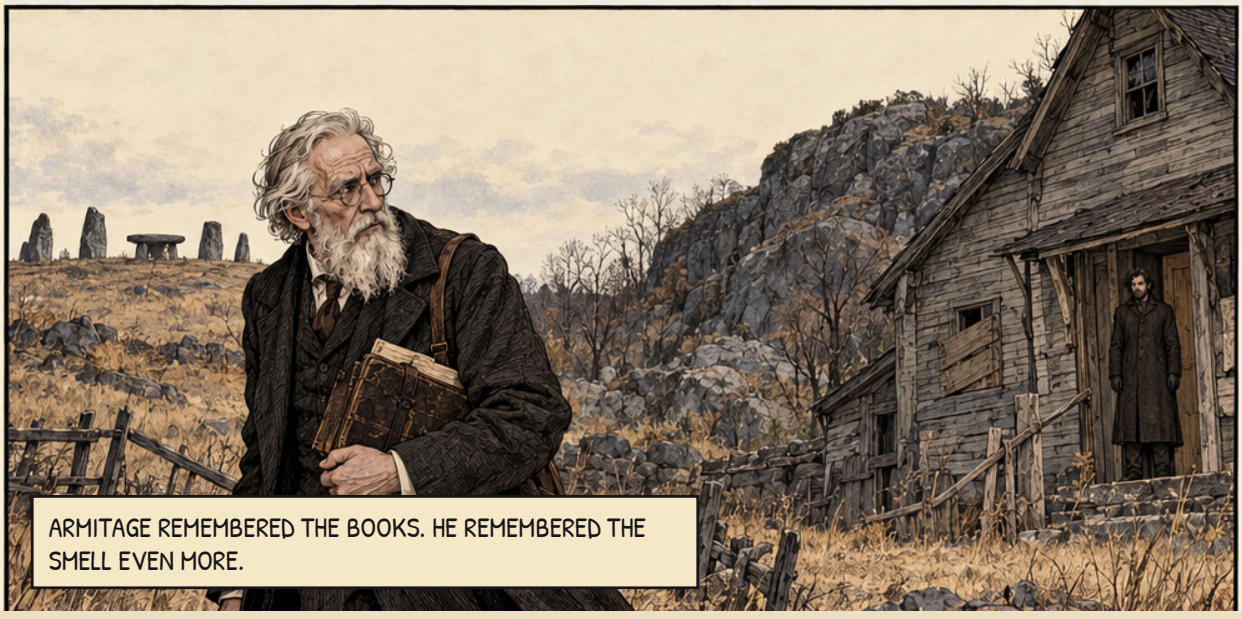

EVERY MAY-EVE AND HALLOWE'EN, FIRES BURNED ON SENTINEL HILL.
BY 1923, WILBUR LOOKED FULLY GROWN. THEY STRIPPED OUT THE UPSTAIRS PARTITIONS AND THE ATTIC FLOOR.
EVEN THE CHIMNEY CAME DOWN. THE HOUSE WAS BECOMING A SHELL.


LAMMAS NIGHT,1924. DR HOUGHTON FOUND THE OLD MAN DYING.
THEY WHISTLE JEST IN TUNE WITH MY BREATHIN' NAOW...
MORE SPACE, WILLY, MORE SPACE SOON. YEW GROWS—AN' THAT GROWS FASTER.


OPEN UP THE GATES TO YOG-SOTHOTH WITH THE LONG CHANT THAT YE'LL FIND ON PAGE 751 OF THE COMPLETE EDITION... ONLY THEM FROM BEYONT KIN MAKE IT MULTIPLY AN' WORK...
THE BIRDS FOLLOWED HIS LAST BREATH. THEN THEY FELL SILENT.
THEY DIDN'T GIT HIM.


WILBUR CORRESPONDED WITH LIBRARIANS WHO GUARDED RARE BOOKS. HENRY ARMITAGE OF MISKATONIC CAME TO VISIT.


YOUR GRANDFATHER COLLECTED A REMARKABLE LIBRARY.


ARMITAGE REMEMBERED THE BOOKS. HE REMEMBERED THE SMELL EVEN MORE.


THEY'S MORE ABAOUT HIM AS I KNOWS THAN I KIN TELL YE, MAMIE... AN' NAOWADAYS THEY'S MORE NOR WHAT I KNOW MYSELF.

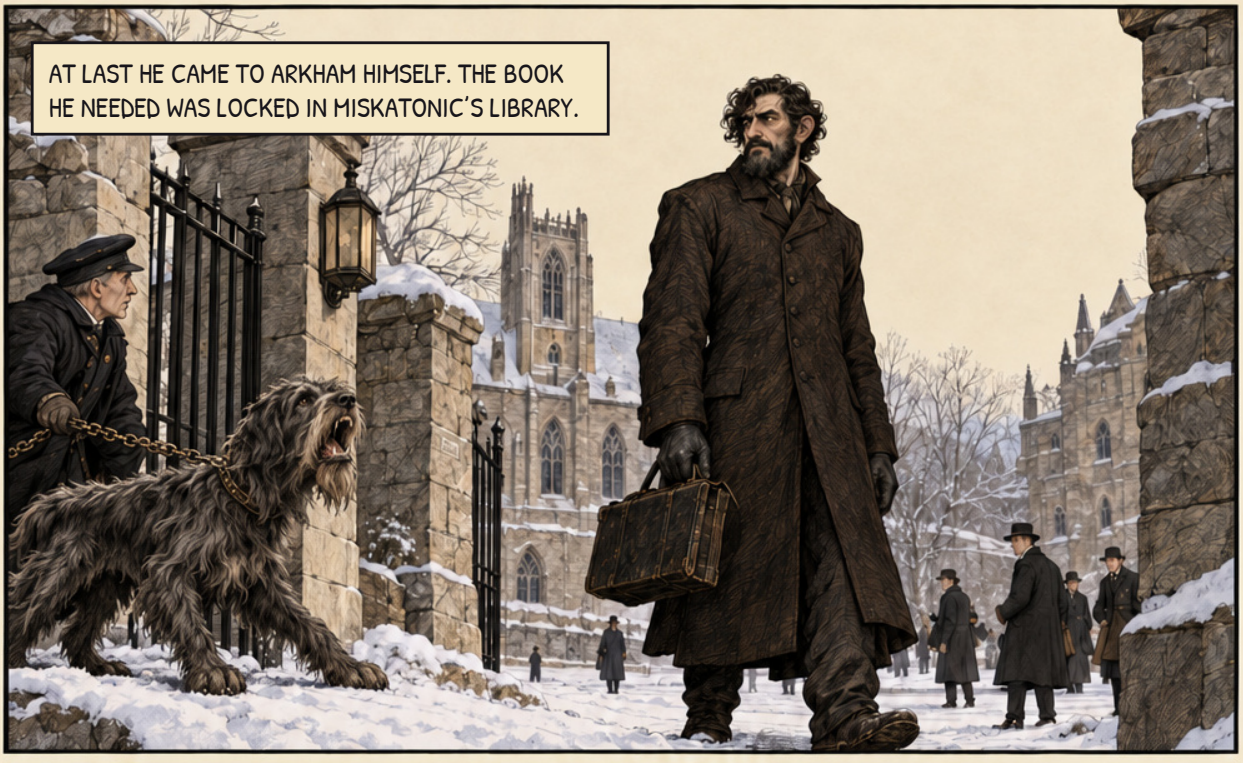

THAT HALLOWE'EN, THE BIRDS SHRIEKED AROUND THE DARK HOUSE UNTIL DAWN.

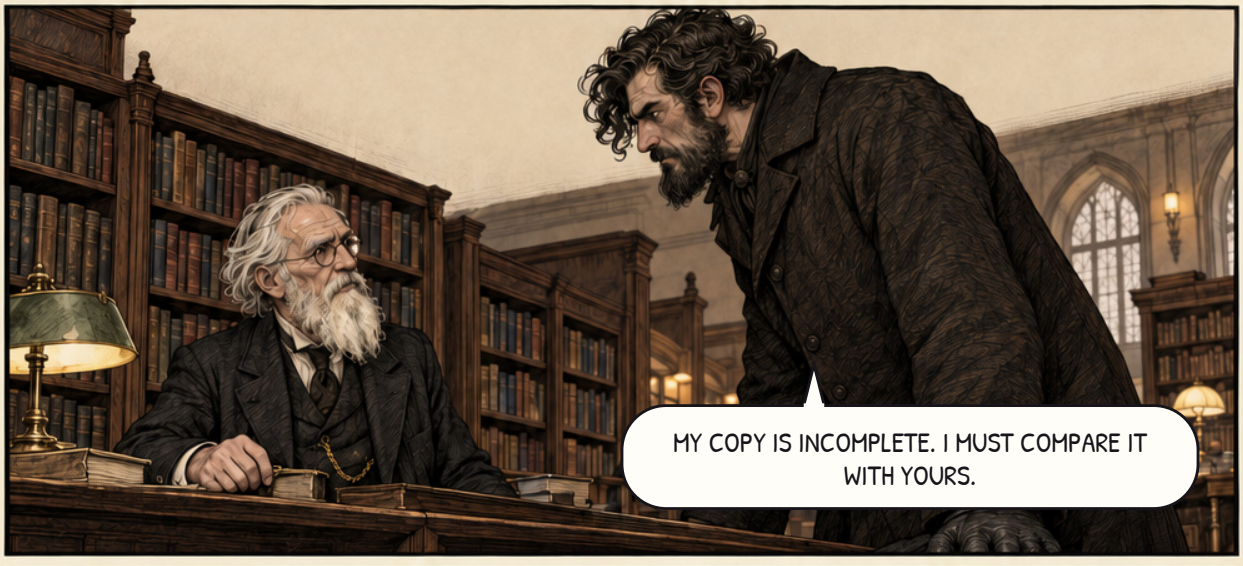

LAVINIA WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.


BY 1927, EVEN THE DOWNSTAIRS ROOMS HAD BEEN SURRENDERED. WILBUR MOVED HIS BOOKS INTO THE SHEDS.


HE WAS OVER SEVEN FEET TALL—AND STILL GROWING.


I CANNOT BE AWAY FOR LONG.

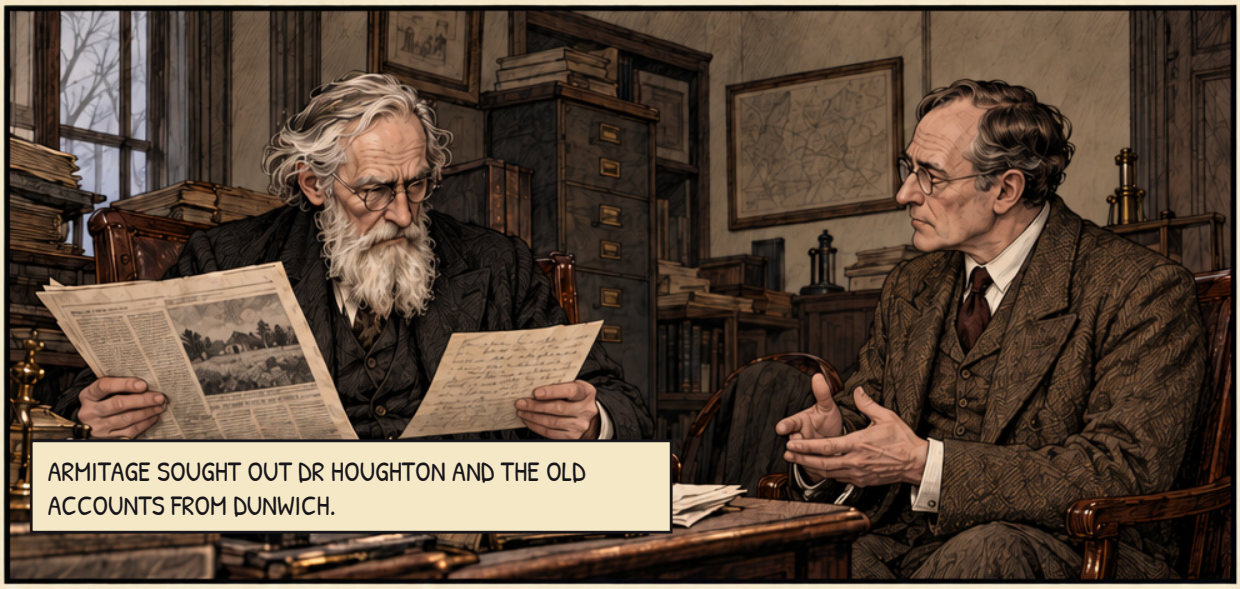

AT LAST HE CAME TO ARKHAM HIMSELF. THE BOOK HE NEEDED WAS LOCKED IN MISKATONIC'S LIBRARY.

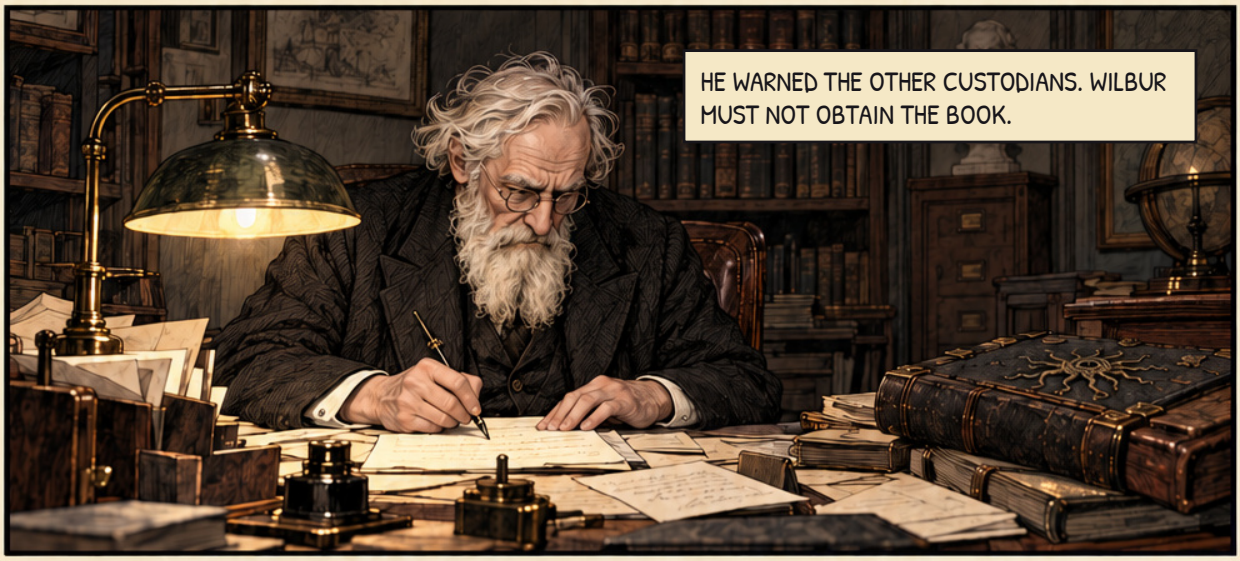

MY COPY IS INCOMPLETE. I MUST COMPARE IT WITH YOURS.


THE NECRONOMICON. DEE'S DAMAGED ENGLISH VERSION BESIDE THE COMPLETE LATIN.


THE PASSAGE MISSING FROM PAGE 751. A FORMULA CONTAINING THE NAME YOG-SOTHOTH.
ARMITAGE READ OF BEINGS BETWEEN THE SPACES WE KNOW. UNSEEN THINGS THAT COULD CRUSH A CITY.
YOG-SOTHOTH KNOWS THE GATE. YOG-SOTHOTH IS THE GATE.


LET ME TAKE IT HOME. THERE ARE THINGS I CANNOT TRY HERE.
THE BOOK CANNOT LEAVE THIS LIBRARY.
PERHAPS HARVARD WILL NOT BE SO PARTICULAR.


ARMITAGE SOUGHT OUT DR HOUGHTON AND THE OLD ACCOUNTS FROM DUNWICH.


HE WARNED THE OTHER CUSTODIANS. WILBUR MUST NOT OBTAIN THE BOOK.

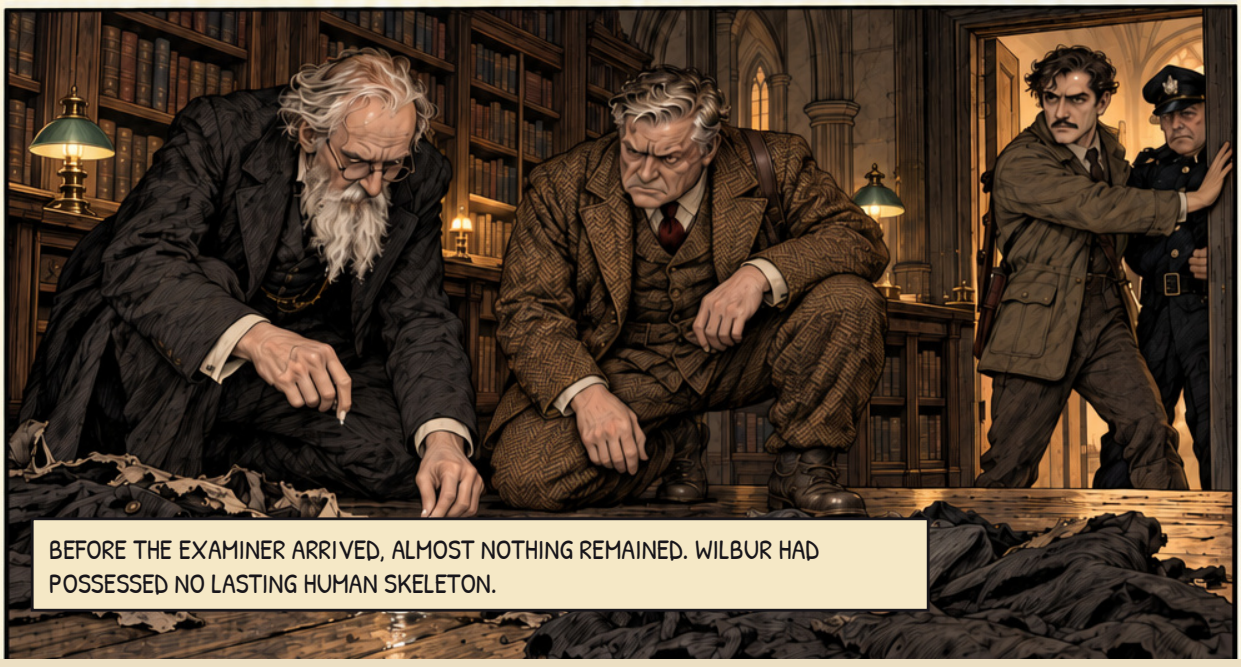

AT CAMBRIDGE, WILBUR FEARED REFUSAL—AND SEEMED EQUALLY AFRAID OF STAYING AWAY FROM HOME.


IN THE SMALL HOURS OF 3 AUGUST, THE WATCHDOG'S BARKING BECAME A BATTLE.
THEN CAME THE ALARM—AND A CRY NO HUMAN THROAT SHOULD HAVE MADE.
RICE. MORGAN. COME WITH ME. EVERYONE ELSE STAYS HERE.


THE HEAD AND HANDS WERE ALMOST HUMAN. THE REST HAD ONLY BEEN HIDDEN BY THE CLOTHES.
A FAILED CARTRIDGE. AN EMPTY SACK.
HE CAME FOR THE BOOK.


N'GAI, N'GHA'GHAA, BUGG-SHOGGOG, Y'HAH: YOG-SOTHOTH, YOG-SOTHOTH...


THE BIRDS FLED WHAT THEY HAD HOPED TO CATCH.

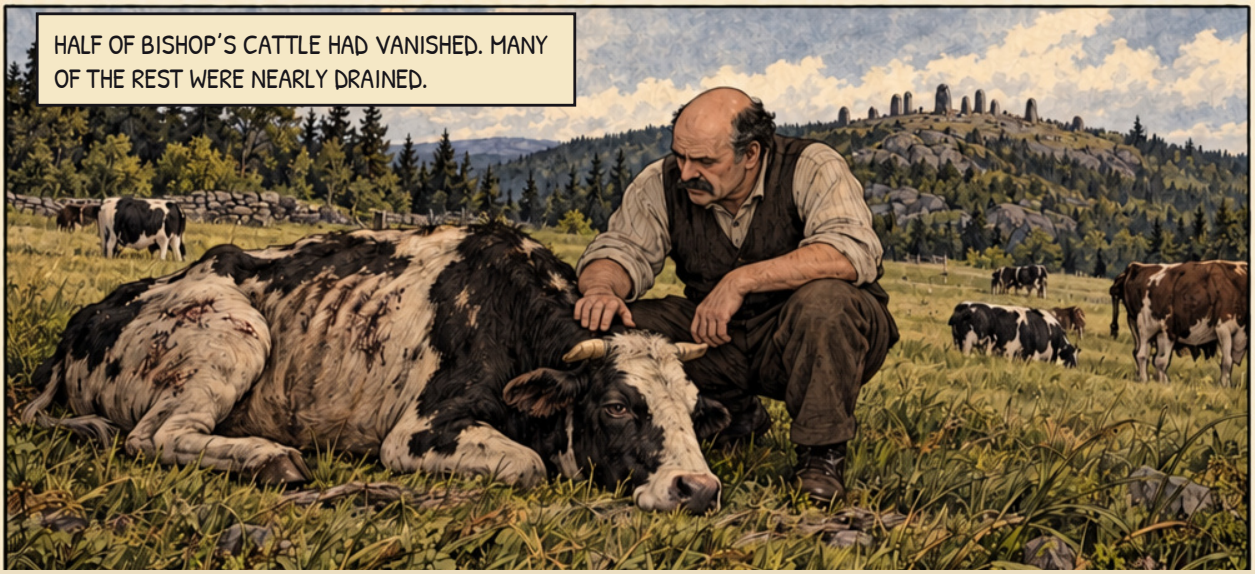

BEFORE THE EXAMINER ARRIVED, ALMOST NOTHING REMAINED. WILBUR HAD POSSESSED NO LASTING HUMAN SKELETON.


THE OFFICIALS INSPECTED THE SHEDS. THEY FOUND REASONS NOT TO ENTER THE HOUSE.
WILBUR'S BOOKS WENT TO MISKATONIC, WITH A LEDGER WRITTEN IN AN UNKNOWN ALPHABET.
FOR WEEKS, NO ONE COULD READ IT.


ON THE NIGHT OF 9 SEPTEMBER, THE HOUSE COULD HOLD IT NO LONGER.
THEY'S PRINTS IN THE RUD, MIS' COREY—GREAT RAOUND PRINTS AS BIG AS BARREL-HEADS... ONLY THEY'S A SIGHT MORE NOR FOUR FEET COULD MAKE!
MRS COREY BEGAN CALLING THE NEIGHBOURS.


THE WHATELEY HOUSE IS BLOWN OPEN. CHAUNCEY SAYS SOMETHING HAS GONE ACROSS THE FIELDS.


STONE WALLS LAY SCATTERED ACROSS A PATH WIDER THAN A BARN.


HALF OF BISHOP'S CATTLE HAD VANISHED. MANY OF THE REST WERE NEARLY DRAINED.


BY NOON, THE TRAIL HAD LED THEM TO COLD SPRING GLEN.
IT WENT DOWN THERE. WHO WILL FOLLOW IT?
NO ONE DID. THE NEWSPAPER TREATED THE REPORT AS ANOTHER DUNWICH JOKE.

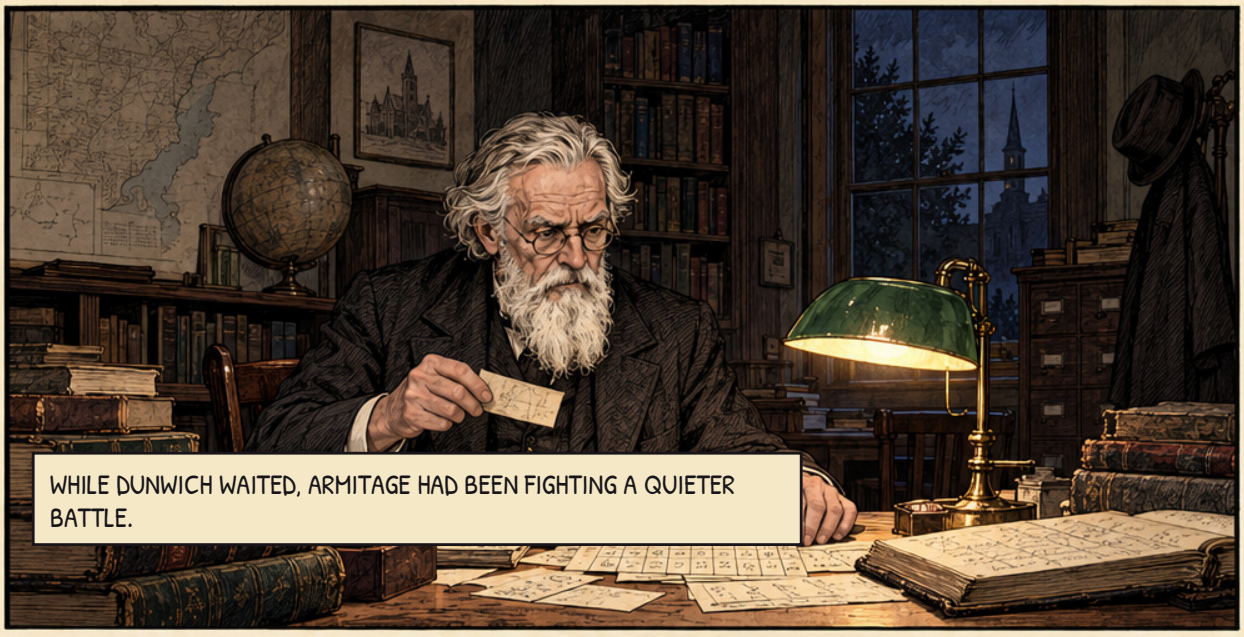

THAT NIGHT, THE THING CAME TO ELMER FRYE'S FARM.
THEY HEARD THE CATTLE. THEN THE TIMBER. NO ONE DARED OPEN THE DOOR.
IT HAS GONE BACK TO THE GLEN. FOR NOW.

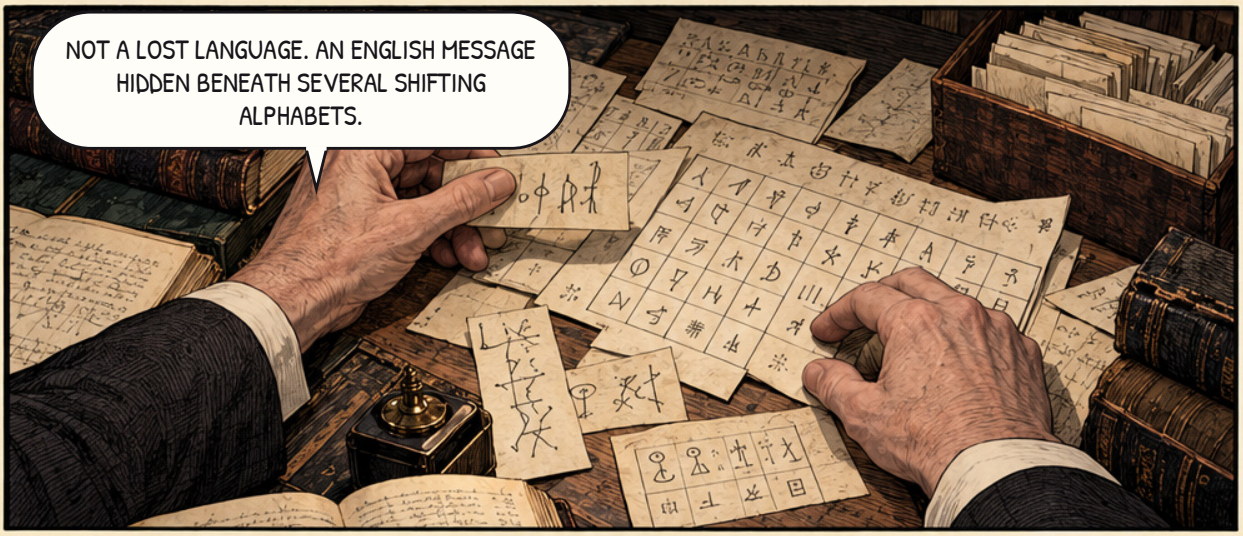

AFTER THE BARN CAME ONE QUIET NIGHT. THEY BEGAN TO HOPE.
THEN A FRESH TRAIL CLIMBED SENTINEL HILL.
IT HAD GONE TO THE ALTAR—AND RETURNED. WHATEVER IT WANTED, IT HAD NOT FOUND IT.


HELP, OH, MY GAWD!...


IN THE MORNING, ONLY THE FRYES FAILED TO ANSWER.

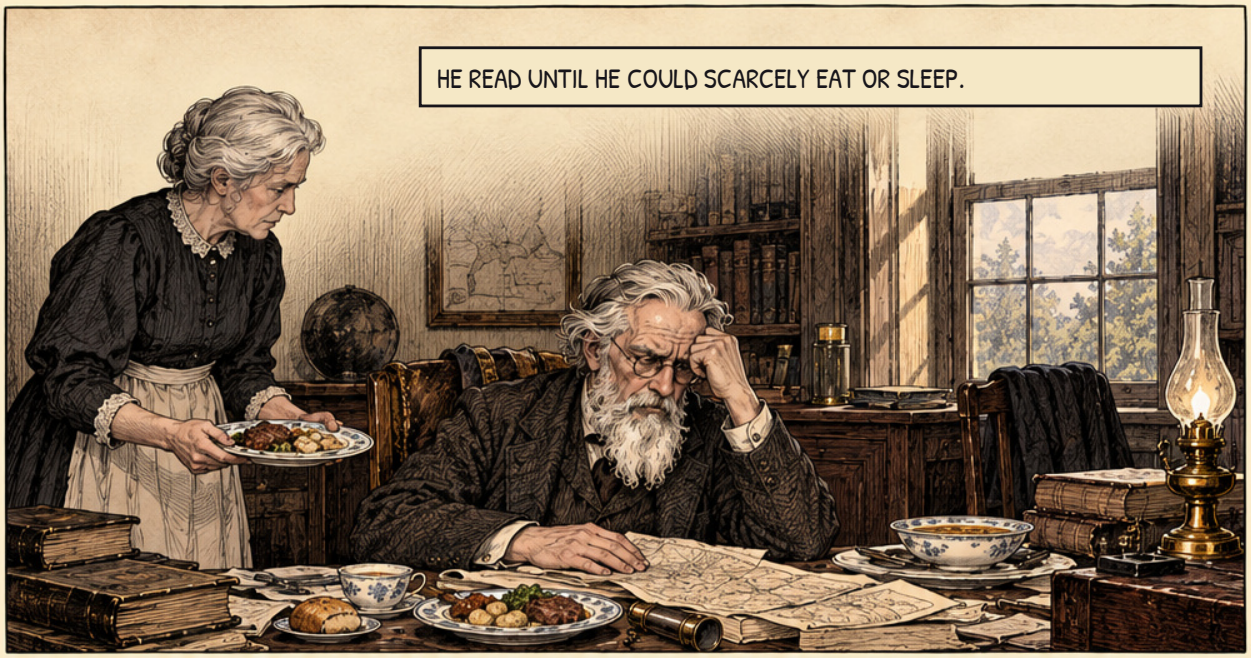

THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE WRECKAGE. THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD HAD BEEN ERASED.


WHILE DUNWICH WAITED, ARMITAGE HAD BEEN FIGHTING A QUIETER BATTLE.


NOT A LOST LANGUAGE. AN ENGLISH MESSAGE HIDDEN BENEATH SEVERAL SHIFTING ALPHABETS.

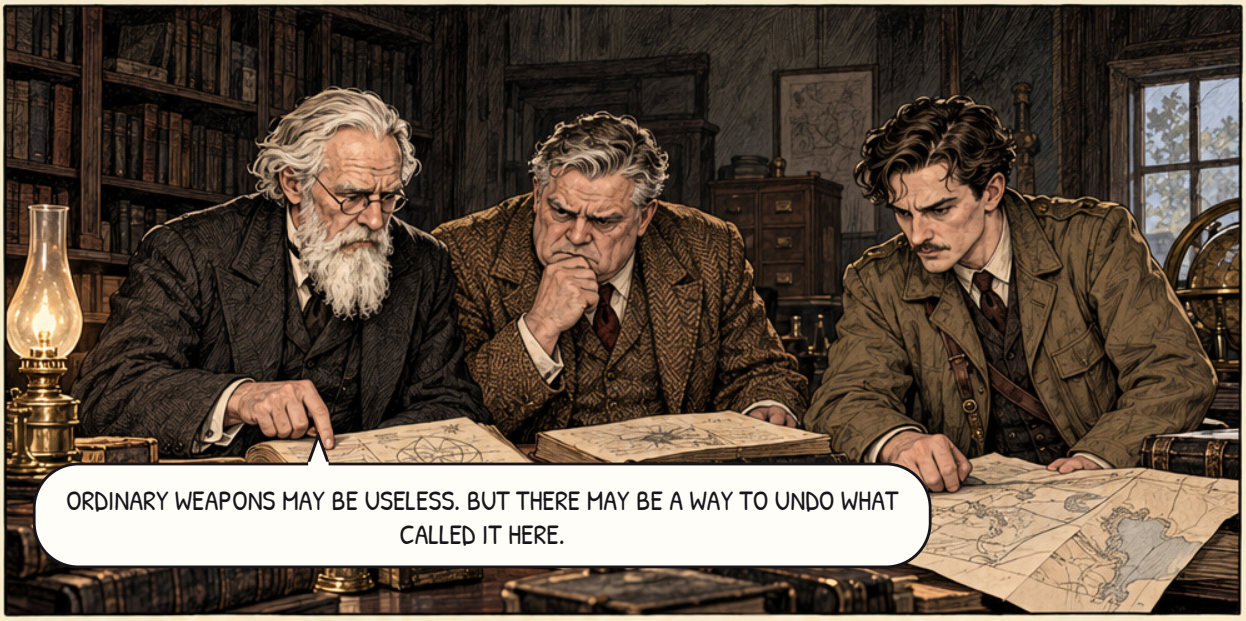

ON 2 SEPTEMBER, THE FIRST CONTINUOUS PASSAGE BECAME CLEAR.


THE ENTRY WAS DATED 1916. ITS AUTHOR HAD BEEN THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD.
IT SPOKE OF CLEARING THE EARTH OF EVERY LIVING THING. OF BEINGS OUTSIDE, WAITING TO TAKE FORM.
IT MENTIONED "THAT UPSTAIRS"—AND A POWDER THAT COULD MAKE IT VISIBLE FOR A MOMENT.


HE READ UNTIL HE COULD SCARCELY EAT OR SLEEP.

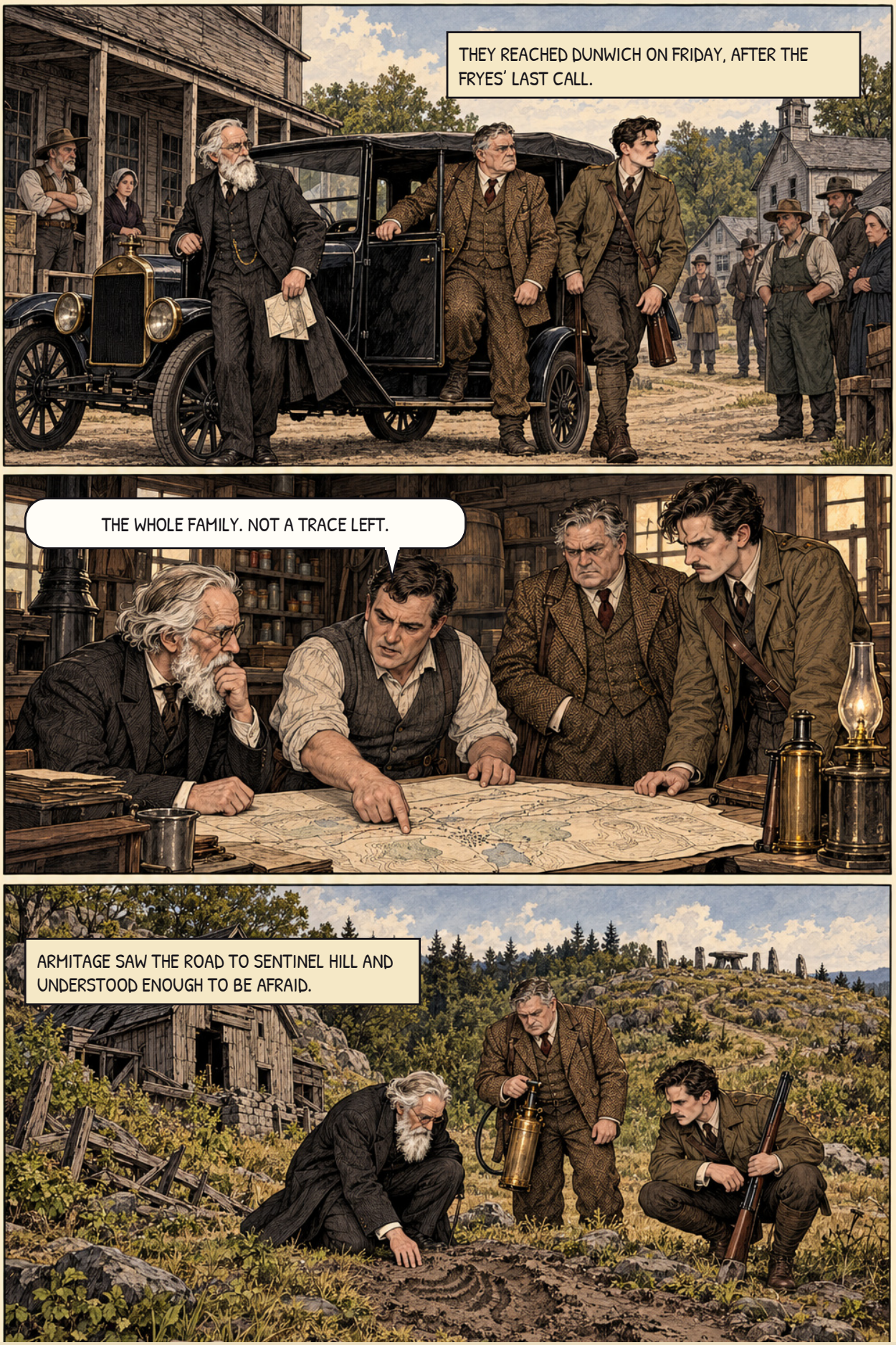

RICE AND MORGAN HAD SEEN WILBUR'S BODY. THEY NEEDED NO ARGUMENT TO BELIEVE THE DIARY.


BUT WHAT, IN GOD'S NAME, CAN WE DO?


ORDINARY WEAPONS MAY BE USELESS. BUT THERE MAY BE A WAY TO UNDO WHAT CALLED IT HERE.


HE PREPARED THE POWDER AND COMPARED THE SPELLS. HE COULD PROMISE NOTHING.


THEN THE JOKING NEWSPAPER REPORT REACHED ARKHAM. THERE WAS NO MORE TIME TO LOSE.

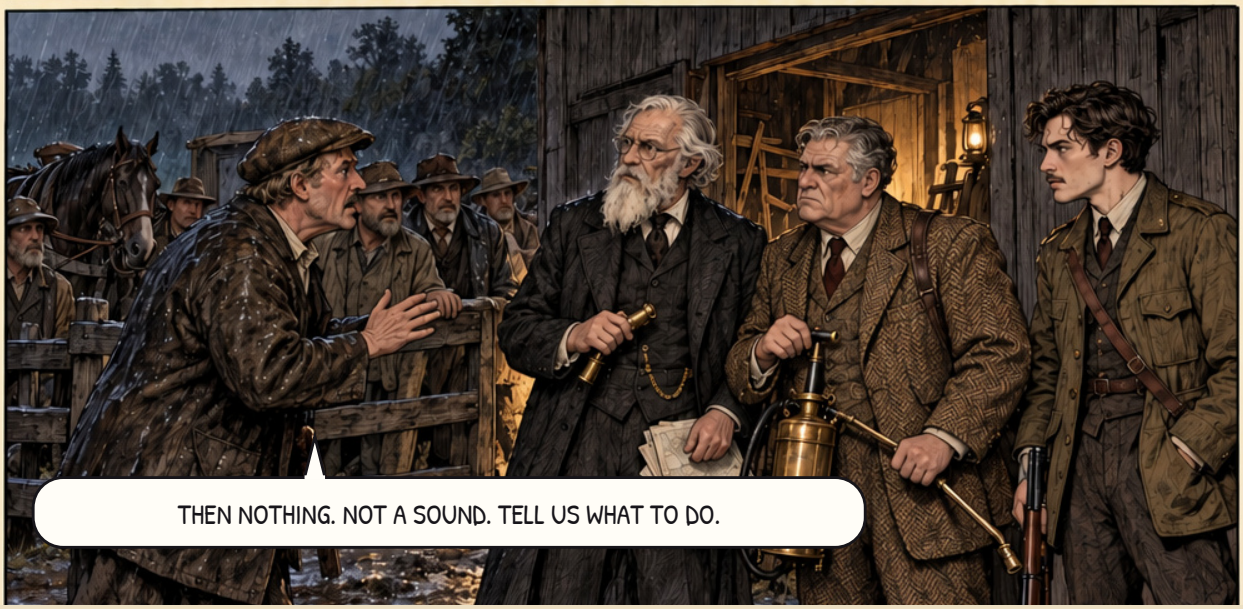

THEY REACHED DUNWICH ON FRIDAY, AFTER THE FRYES' LAST CALL.
THE WHOLE FAMILY. NOT A TRACE LEFT.
ARMITAGE SAW THE ROAD TO SENTINEL HILL AND UNDERSTOOD ENOUGH TO BE AFRAID.

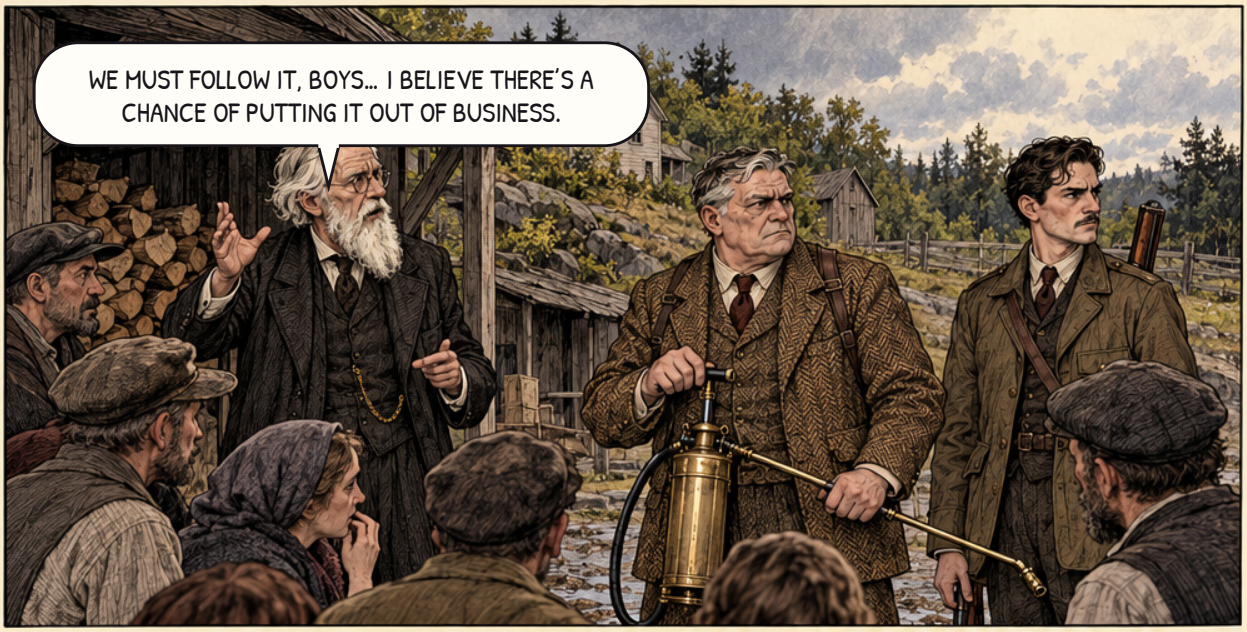

FIVE STATE POLICEMEN HAD ARRIVED THAT MORNING.
THEIR CAR WAS STILL THERE.
I TOLD THEM NOT TO GO DOWN INTO THE GLEN.
WE WAIT HERE. TO GO AFTER IT IN THE DARK WOULD BE SUICIDE.

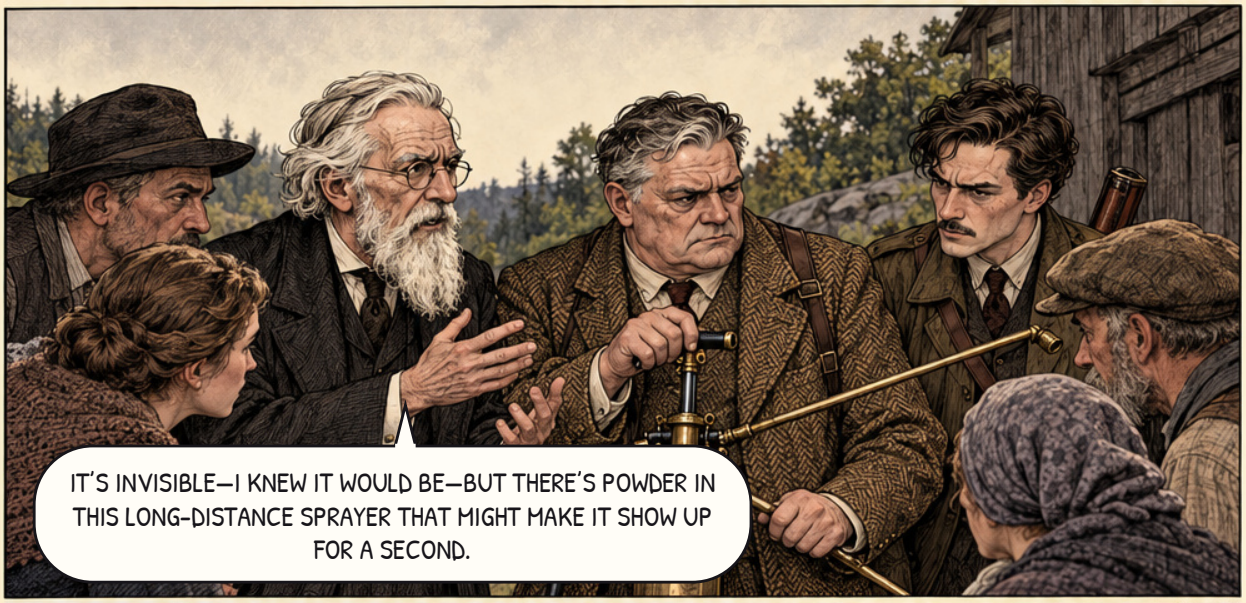

THE NEXT MORNING, THE STORM BROKE.
ACROSS THE GLEN, LUTHER SAW THE TREES PART. NOTHING STOOD BETWEEN THEM.
THEN THE BRIDGE BEGAN TO CRACK.

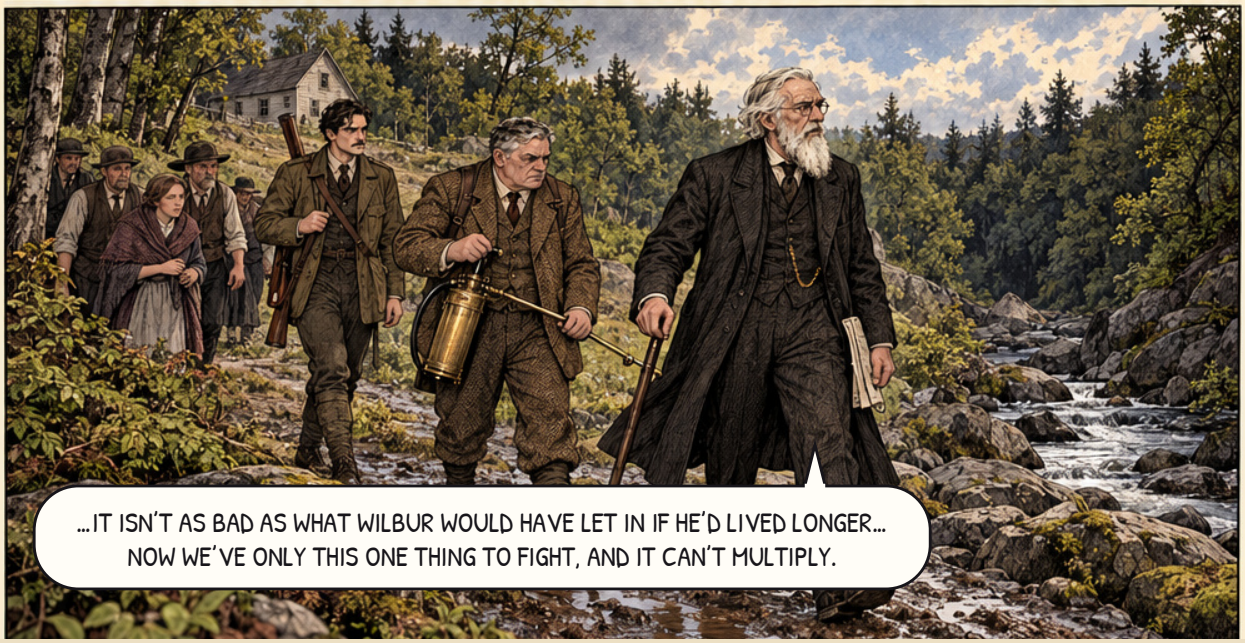

THE FENCE IS DOWN. SOMETHING IS STRIKING THE HOUSE—BUT WE CANNOT SEE ANYTHING!

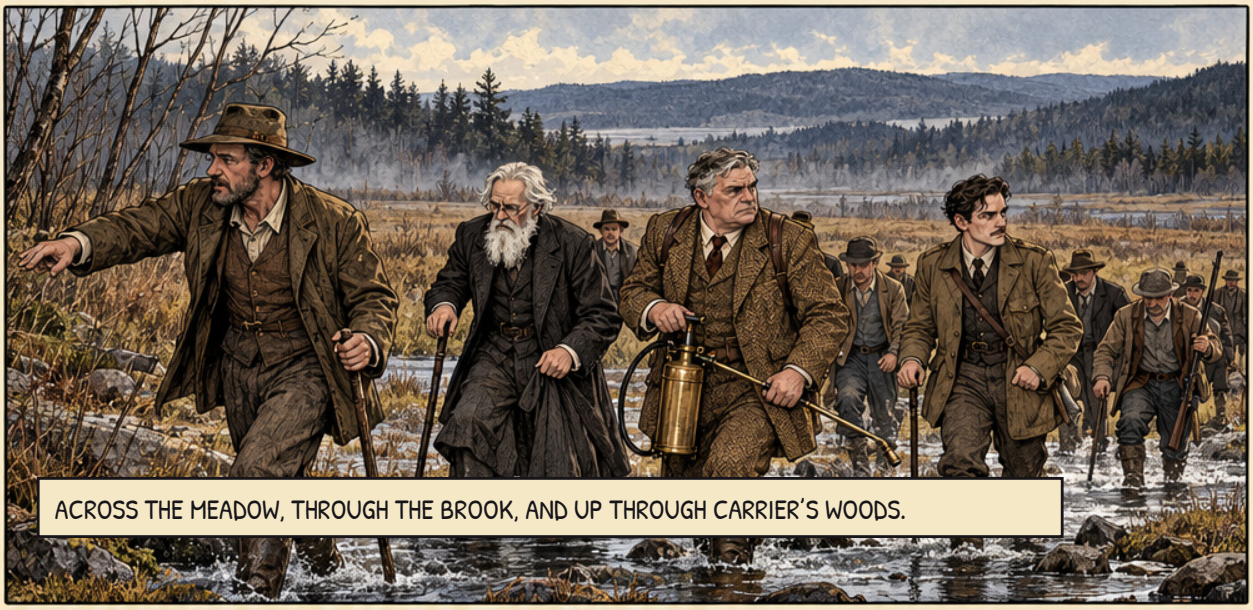

EVERYONE ON THE PARTY LINE HEARD THE CRASH.


THEN NOTHING. NOT A SOUND. TELL US WHAT TO DO.

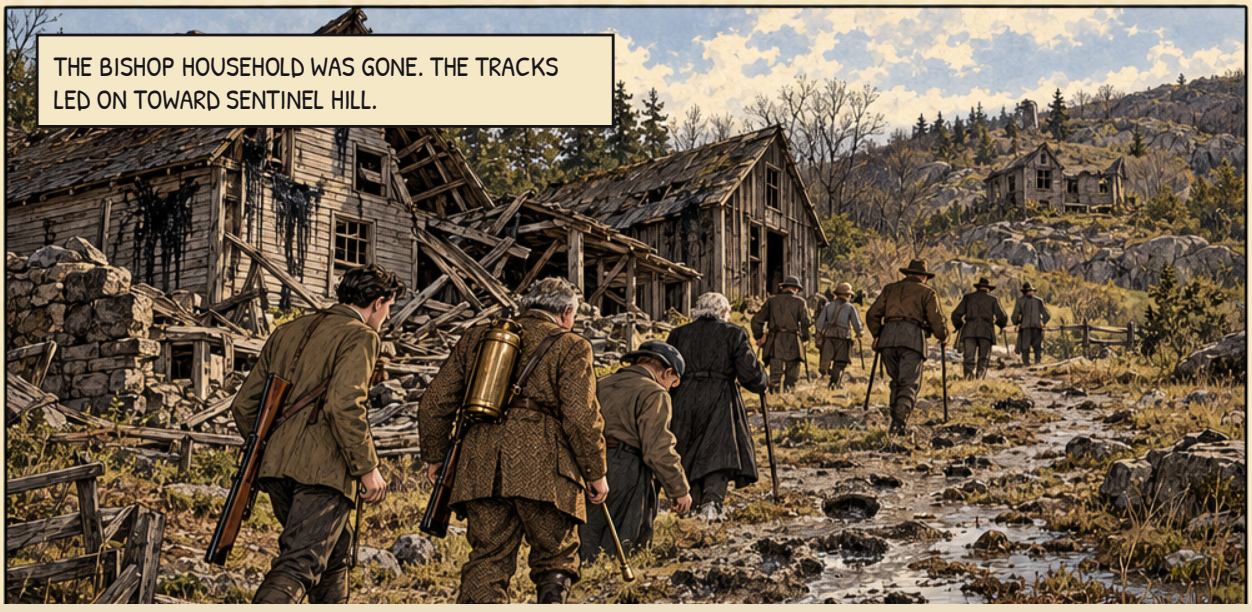

WE MUST FOLLOW IT, BOYS... I BELIEVE THERE'S A CHANCE OF PUTTING IT OUT OF BUSINESS.


IT'S INVISIBLE—I KNEW IT WOULD BE—BUT THERE'S POWDER IN THIS LONG-DISTANCE SPRAYER THAT MIGHT MAKE IT SHOW UP FOR A SECOND.


...IT ISN'T AS BAD AS WHAT WILBUR WOULD HAVE LET IN IF HE'D LIVED LONGER... NOW WE'VE ONLY THIS ONE THING TO FIGHT, AND IT CAN'T MULTIPLY.


ACROSS THE MEADOW, THROUGH THE BROOK, AND UP THROUGH CARRIER'S WOODS.


THEY CLIMBED TOWARD THE UPPER ROAD AS THE STORM PASSED.


THE BISHOP HOUSEHOLD WAS GONE. THE TRACKS LED ON TOWARD SENTINEL HILL.


THERE. IT IS STILL MOVING.
THEY HAD FOUND IT. THE GRASS BENT UNDER SOMETHING THE SIZE OF A HOUSE.
AND IF YOUR SPELL DOES NOT WORK?


IN THE END, THE THREE MEN FROM ARKHAM WENT UP ALONE.
THEY CLIMBED TO A SMALLER PEAK ABOVE THE MOVING TRAIL.
NOW, RICE.


FOR ONE INSTANT, THE POWDER GAVE IT A SHAPE.

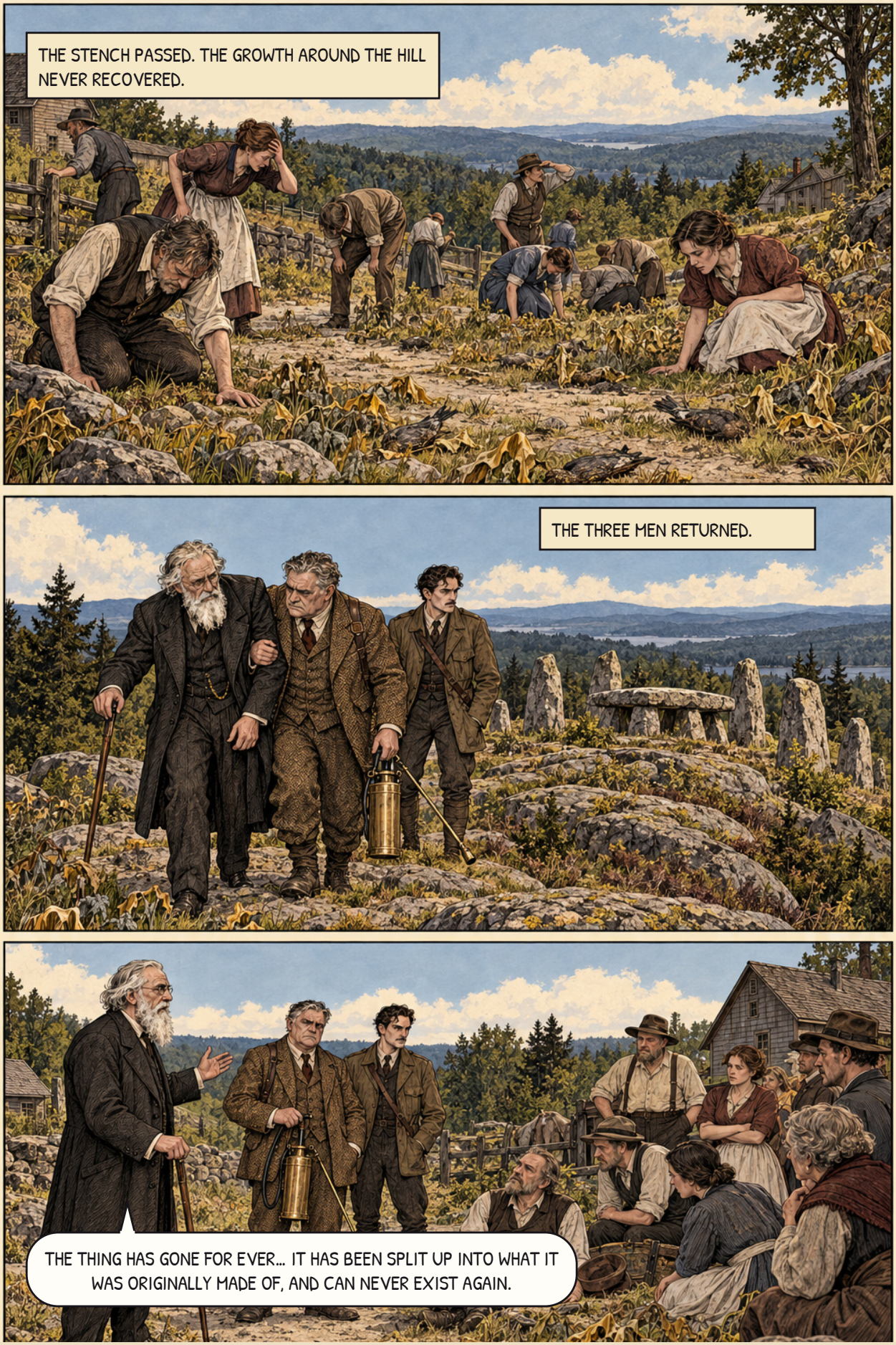

THAT FACE—ON TOP OF IT—

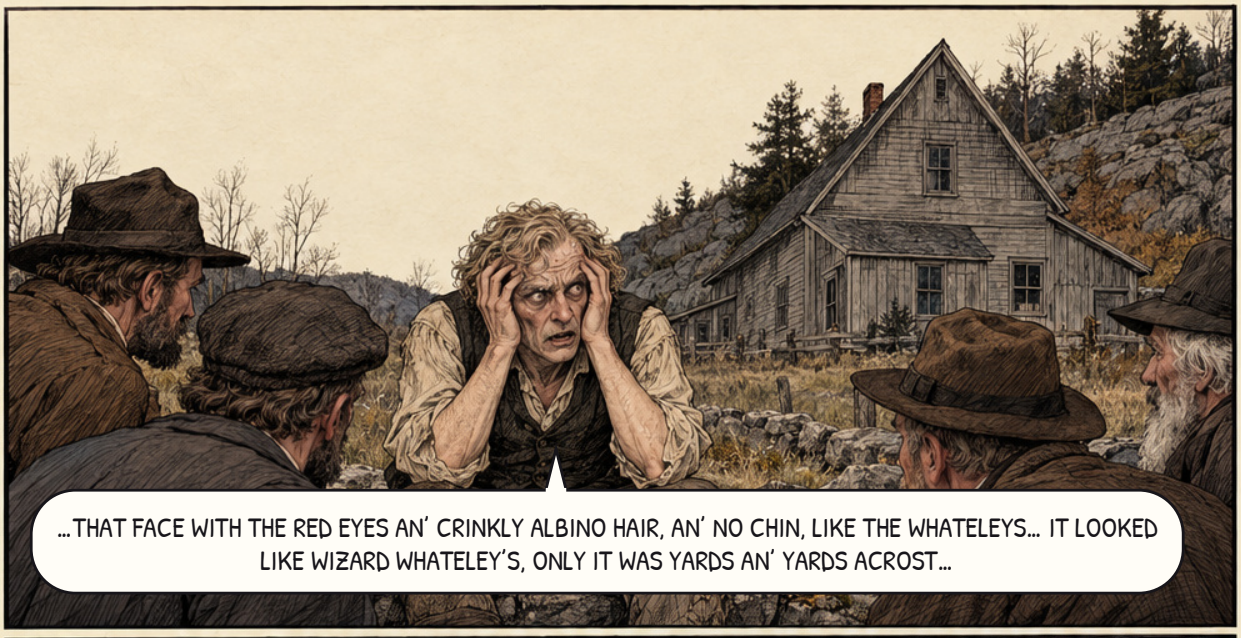

THEN IT WAS INVISIBLE AGAIN.


THEY REACHED THE SUMMIT AND BEGAN THE INCANTATION.
THE WHIPPOORWILLS ANSWERED IN ANOTHER RHYTHM.
THE DAYLIGHT DARKENED WITHOUT A CLOUD. SOMETHING AT THE ALTAR BEGAN TO SPEAK.


HELP! HELP!...
FF—FF—FF—FATHER! FATHER!
YOG-SOTHOTH!...

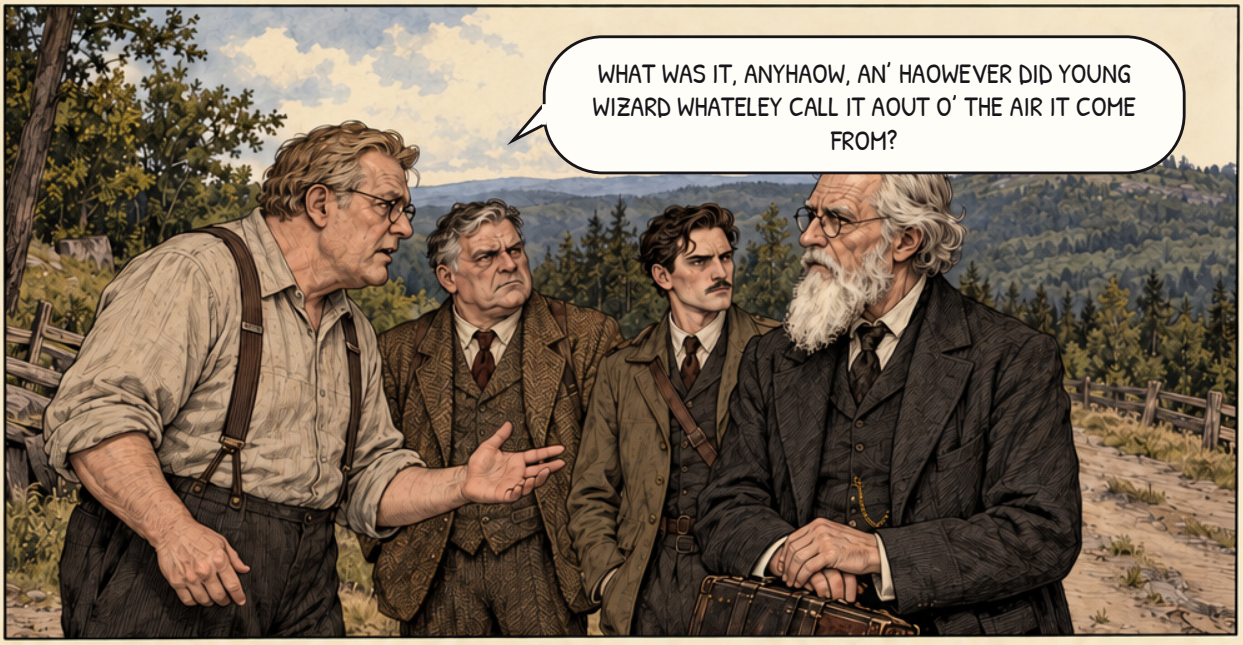

THE ANSWERING CRASH SEEMED TO COME FROM EARTH AND SKY TOGETHER.

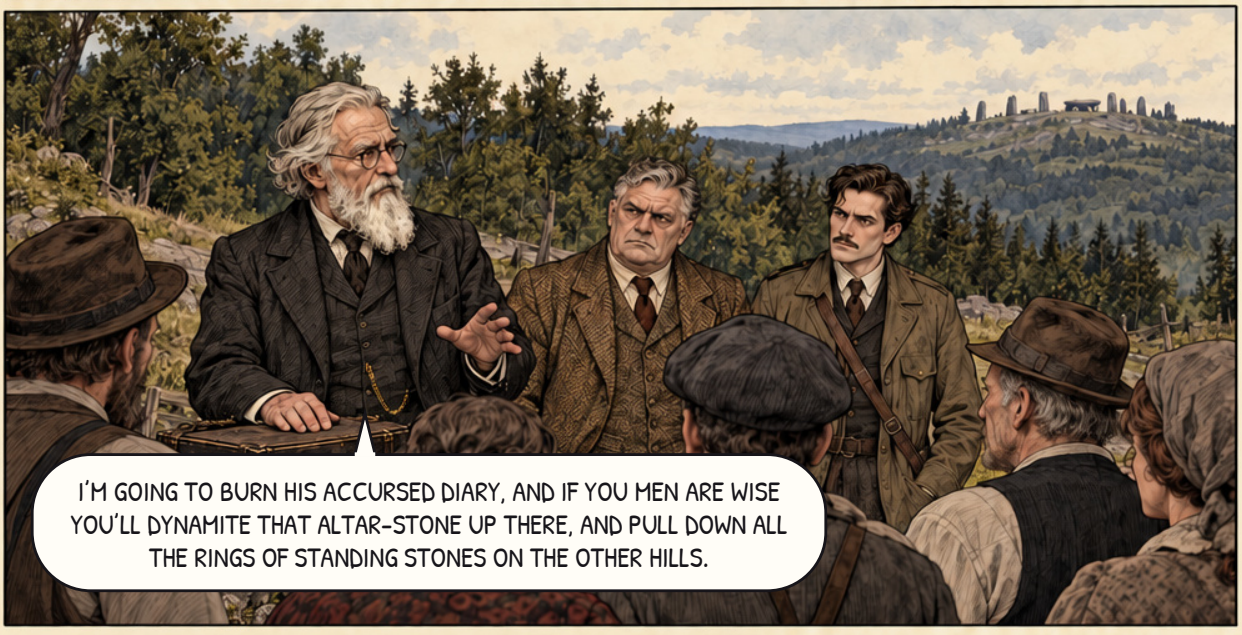

THE STENCH PASSED. THE GROWTH AROUND THE HILL NEVER RECOVERED.
THE THREE MEN RETURNED.
THE THING HAS GONE FOR EVER... IT HAS BEEN SPLIT UP INTO WHAT IT WAS ORIGINALLY MADE OF, AND CAN NEVER EXIST AGAIN.


...THAT FACE WITH THE RED EYES AN' CRINKLY ALBINO HAIR, AN' NO CHIN, LIKE THE WHATELEYS... IT LOOKED LIKE WIZARD WHATELEY'S, ONLY IT WAS YARDS AN' YARDS ACROST...


THE RESEMBLANCE WAS WORSE THAN THE SHAPE.


...SOME DAY WE'D HEAR A CHILD O' LAVINNY'S A-CALLIN' ITS FATHER'S NAME ON THE TOP O' SENTINEL HILL...


WHAT WAS IT, ANYHAOW, AN' HAOWEVER DID YOUNG WIZARD WHATELEY CALL IT AOUT O' THE AIR IT COME FROM?


I'M GOING TO BURN HIS ACCURSED DIARY, AND IF YOU MEN ARE WISE YOU'LL DYNAMITE THAT ALTAR-STONE UP THERE, AND PULL DOWN ALL THE RINGS OF STANDING STONES ON THE OTHER HILLS.


YOU NEEDN'T ASK HOW WILBUR CALLED IT OUT OF THE AIR. HE DIDN'T CALL IT OUT. IT WAS HIS TWIN BROTHER, BUT IT LOOKED MORE LIKE THE FATHER THAN HE DID.