THE EVIL CLERGYMAN

I WAS SHEWN INTO THE ATTIC CHAMBER BY A GRAVE, INTELLIGENT-LOOKING MAN...



THAT ABOMINABLE SOCIETY TOOK CHARGE AT LAST, AND WE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS BURIED. ... I BEG OF YOU TO LET THAT THING ON THE TABLE—THE THING THAT LOOKS LIKE A MATCH BOX—ALONE.



THERE WAS A DOOR, BUT IT LED ONLY INTO A CLOSET. THE ONLY EGRESS WAS THE APERTURE IN THE FLOOR...



...THE TOWN WAS NOT LONDON. MY IMPRESSION IS OF A SMALL SEAPORT.



...I DREW A POCKET ELECTRIC LIGHT—OR WHAT LOOKED LIKE ONE—OUT OF MY POCKET... THE LIGHT WAS NOT WHITE BUT VIOLET...



...I HAD A COMMON FLASHLIGHT IN ANOTHER POCKET.



...PROPPED THE SMALL OBJECT UP ON THE TABLE AGAINST A BOOK...



...A RAIN OR HAIL OF SMALL VIOLET PARTICLES... A PINKISH GLOW, AND A VAGUE WHITE SHAPE...



EVERYTHING WAS SHADOWY PANTOMIME... AS IF BOTH NEAR AND DISTANT, ACCORDING TO SOME ABNORMAL GEOMETRY.



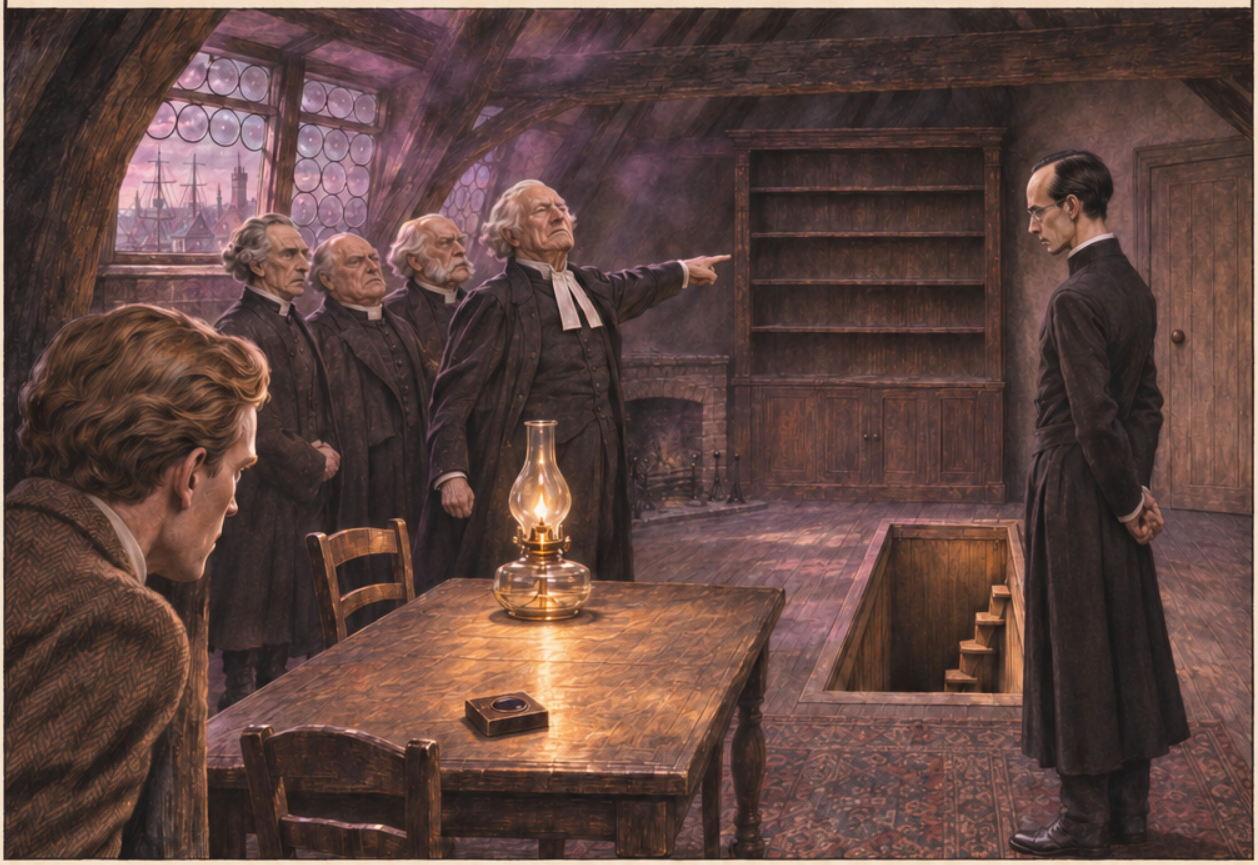
THE NEWCOMER WAS A THIN, DARK MAN... ATTIRED IN THE CLERICAL GARB OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.



...HE WAS CASTING ALL HIS MAGICAL BOOKS INTO A FIREPLACE ON THE WINDOW SIDE OF THE ROOM...



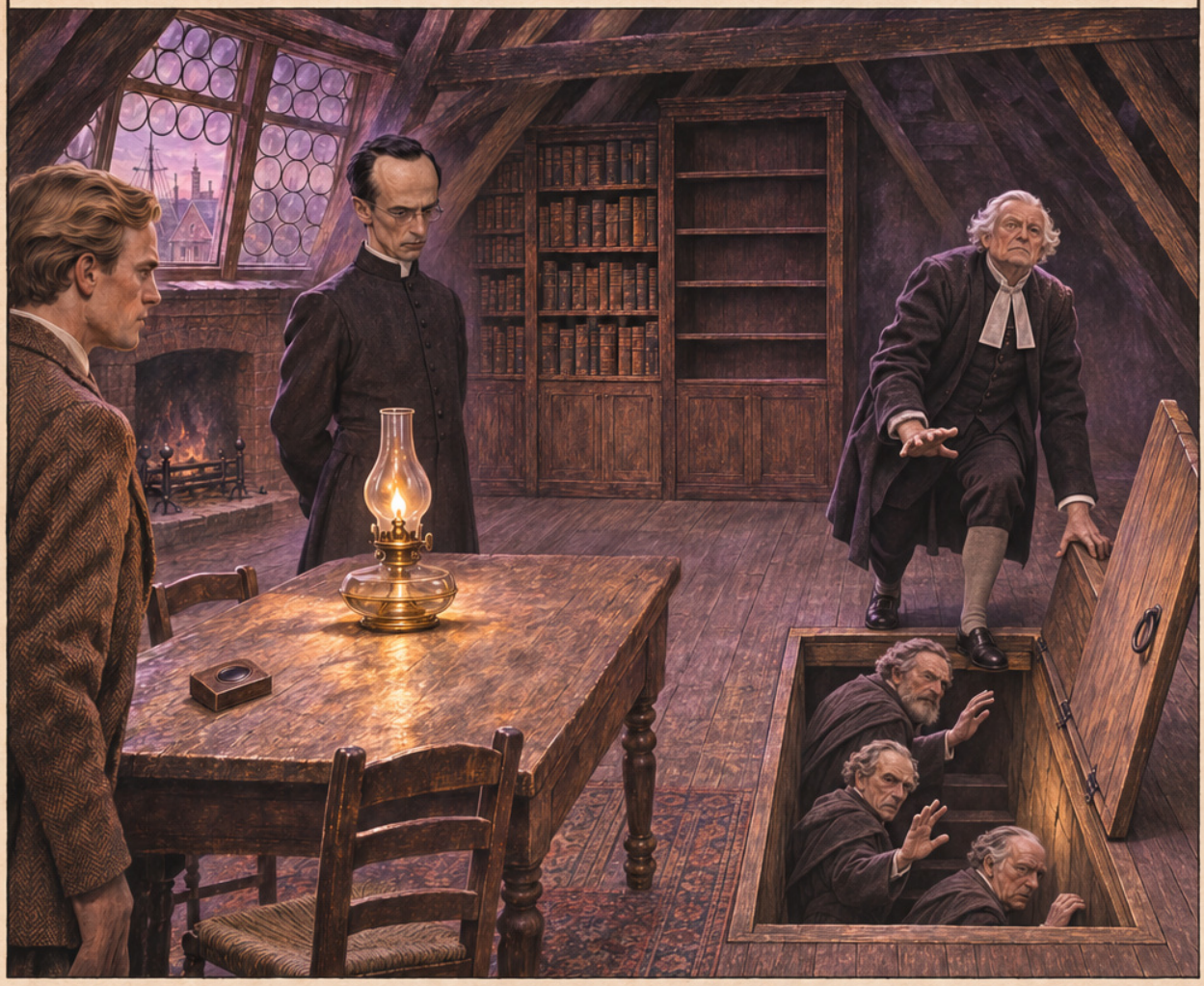
...GRAVE-LOOKING MEN IN CLERICAL COSTUME, ONE OF WHOM WORE THE BANDS AND KNEE-BREECHES OF A BISHOP.



...HIS RIGHT HAND SHAKING AS HE TRIED TO GRIP THE BACK OF A CHAIR. ... REACHED OUT WITH HIS LEFT HAND TOWARD THE SMALL OBJECT ON THE TABLE.



THE PROCESSION OF CLERICS BEGAN FILING DOWN THE STEEP STAIRS THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR... THE BISHOP WAS LAST TO GO.



...WENT TO A CUPBOARD ON THE INNER SIDE OF THE ROOM AND EXTRACTED A COIL OF ROPE.



REALISING HE WAS ABOUT TO HANG HIMSELF, I STARTED FORWARD TO DISSUADE OR SAVE HIM.



HE SAW ME AND CEASED HIS PREPARATIONS... HE SLOWLY STEPPED DOWN FROM THE CHAIR AND BEGAN GLIDING TOWARD ME...



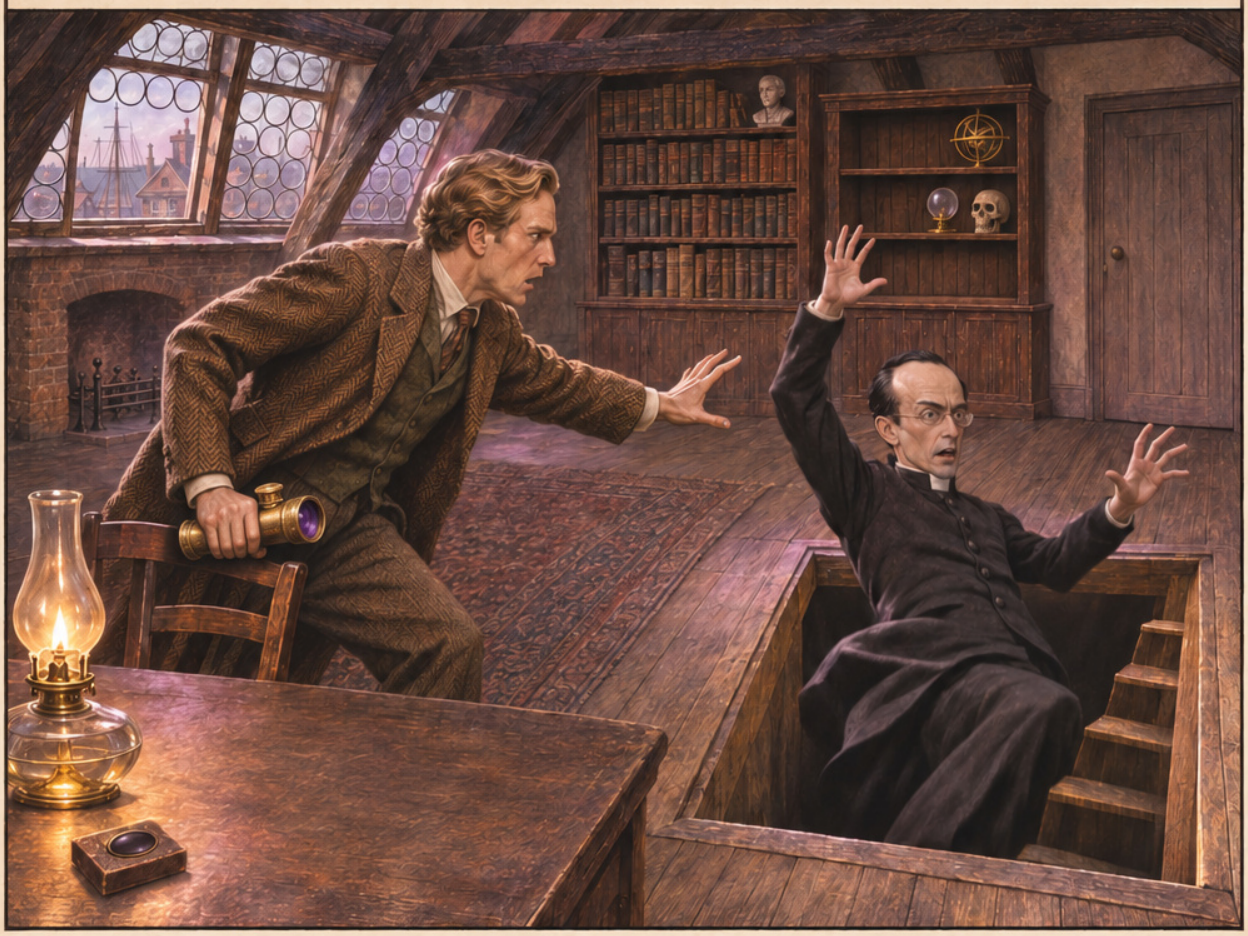
...DREW OUT THE PECULIAR RAY-PROJECTOR AS A WEAPON OF DEFENCE.



...THE SALLOW FEATURES GLOW FIRST WITH VIOLET AND THEN WITH PINKISH LIGHT. ... A LOOK OF PROFOUND FEAR...



...HE HAD LURCHED BACKWARD THROUGH THE OPENING AND WAS LOST TO VIEW.



...I FOUND NO CRUSHED BODY ON THE FLOOR BELOW. ... THE SPELL OF PHANTASMAL SILENCE HAD BROKEN...



AHRRH! . . . IT BE 'EE, ZUR? AGAIN?



THEN THEY ALL TURNED AND FLED FRANTICALLY. ALL, THAT IS, BUT ONE.



IT HAPPENED ONCE BEFORE, BUT THE MAN GOT FRIGHTENED AND SHOT HIMSELF. ... IT DIDN'T GET FAR ENOUGH TO HURT YOUR MIND AND PERSONALITY.



BUT YOU CAN'T LIVE HERE... I'D ADVISE AMERICA. ... NOTHING CAN BE PUT BACK NOW.



THERE'S BEEN A CERTAIN CHANGE—IN YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE. HE ALWAYS CAUSES THAT.



...THE BEARDED MAN ALMOST HAD TO HOLD ME UP AS HE WALKED ME ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE MIRROR...



IT WAS THE SILENT FIRST-COMER WHO HAD BURNED HIS BOOKS. FOR ALL THE REST OF MY LIFE, IN OUTWARD FORM, I WAS TO BE THAT MAN!

