

A COLOURING BOOK BY JÖRGEN JÖRÄLV

H.P. LOVECRAFT

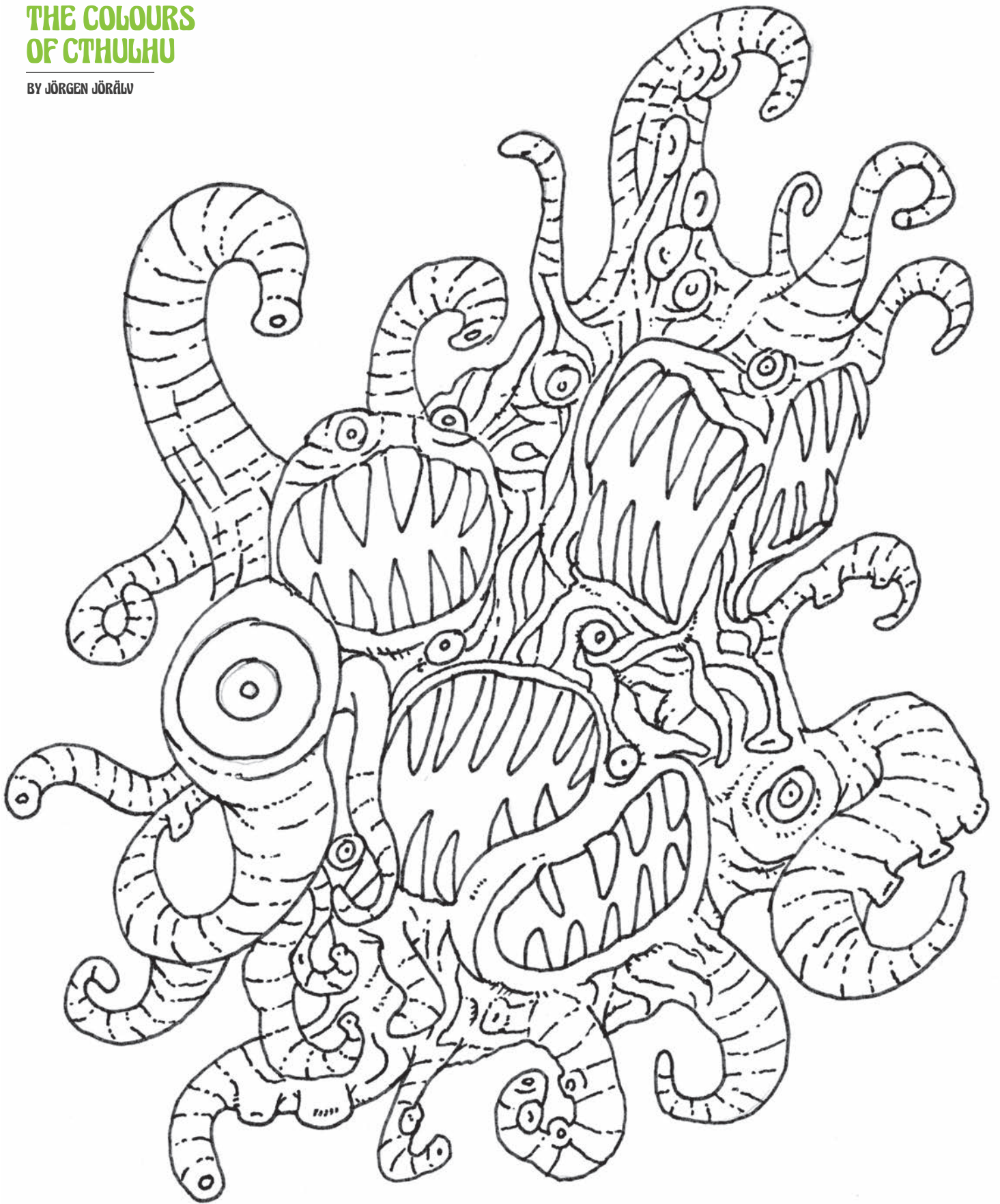
THE COLOURS

OF CTHULHU



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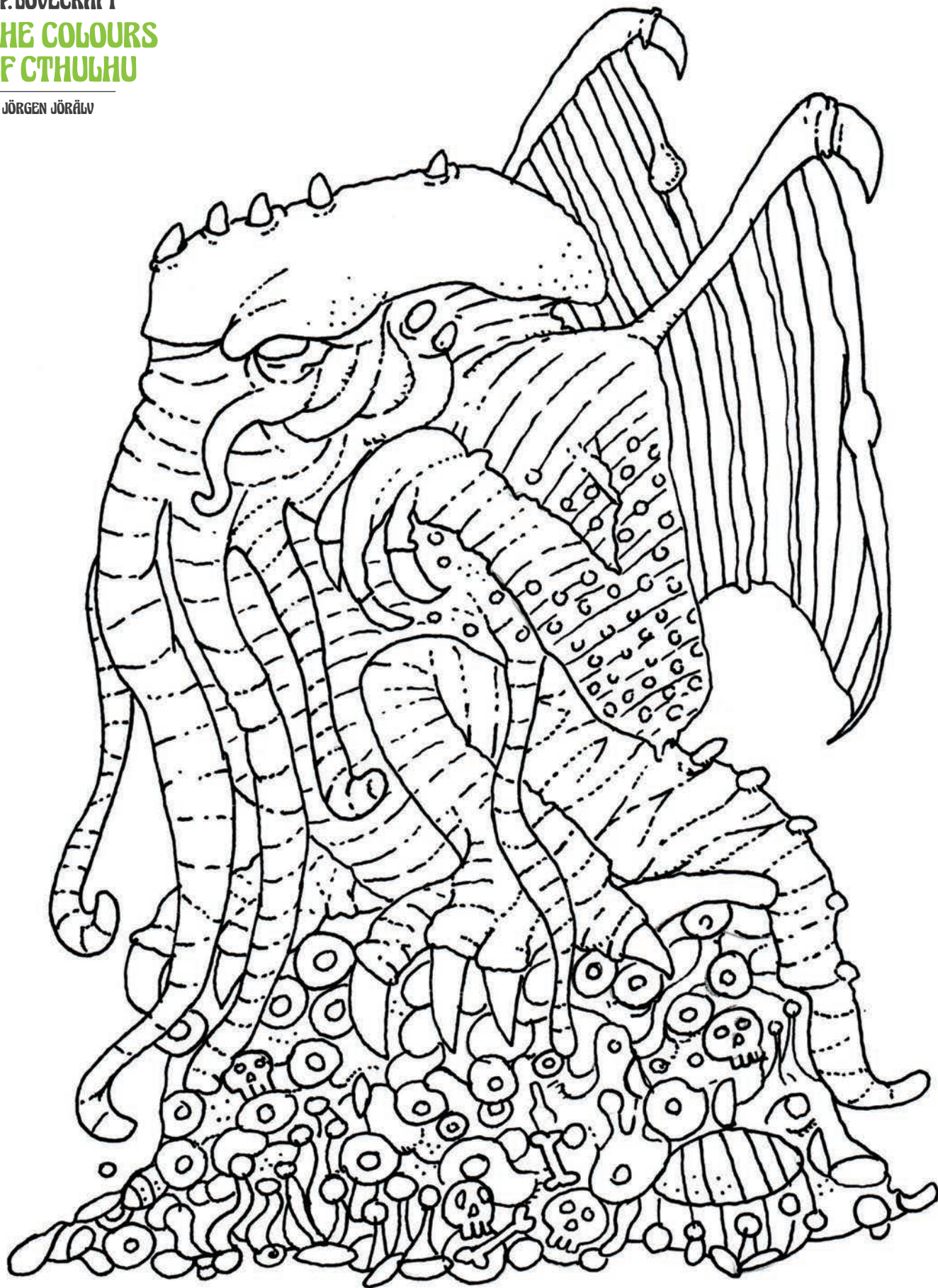


Yog-Sothoth knows the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the gate.
Yog-Sothoth is the key and guardian of the gate.
Past, present, future, all are one in Yog-Sothoth.

THE DUNWICH HORROR

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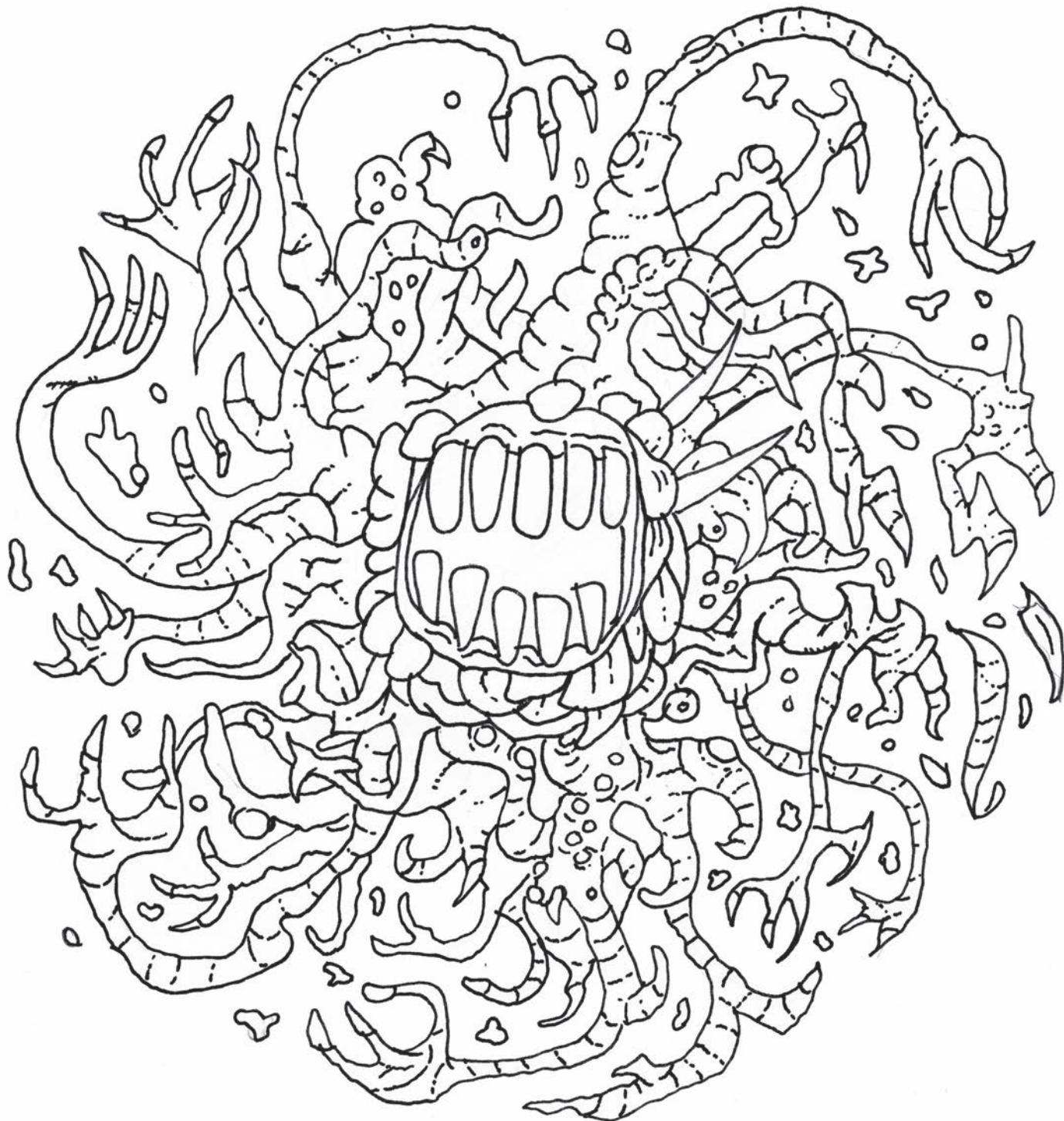
Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'yeh wgah'nagl fhtagn.
In his house at R'yeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.

THE CALL OF CTHULHU

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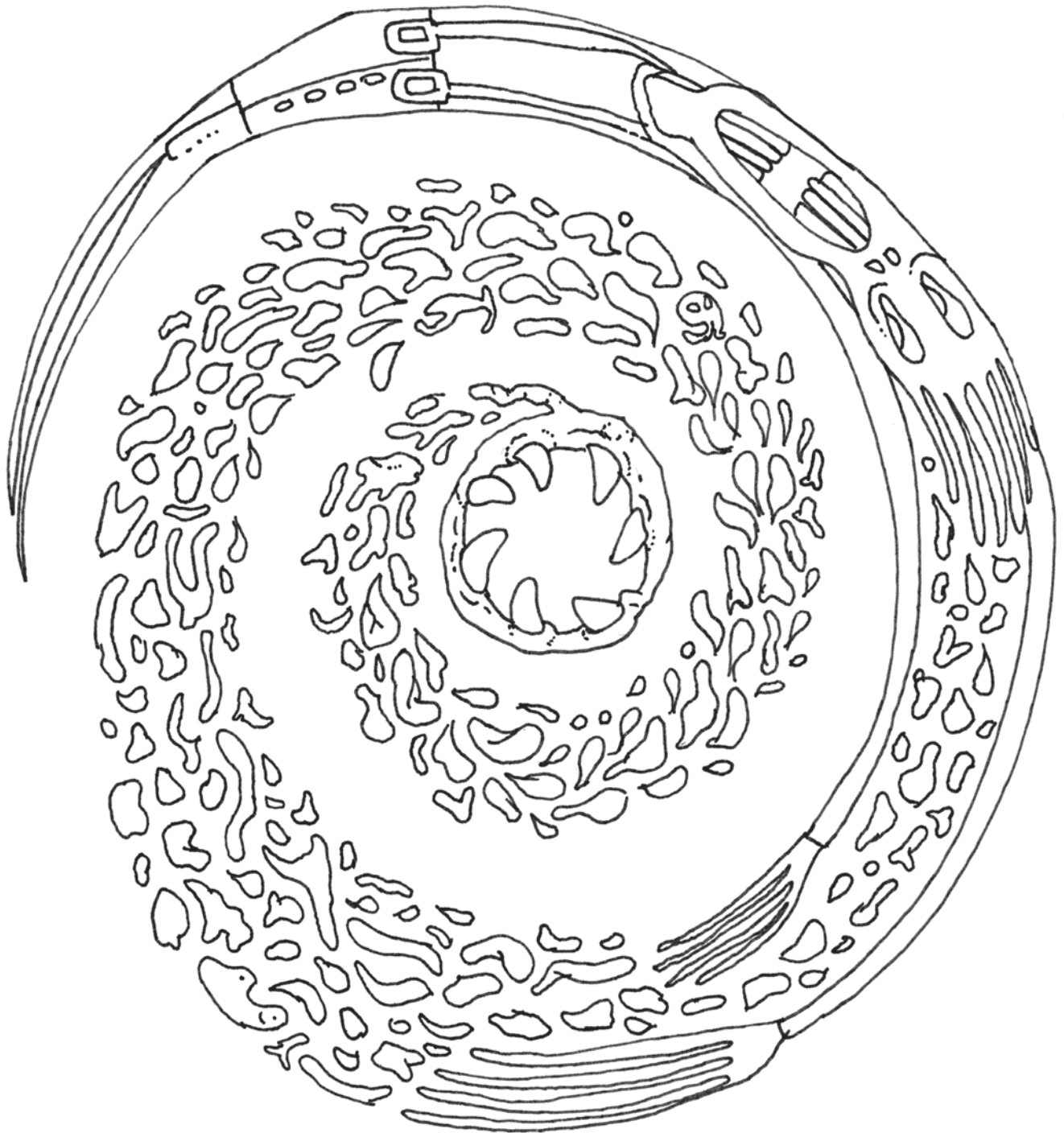
Outside the ordered universe is that amorphous blight of nethermost confusion which blasphemes and bubbles at the center of all infinity—the boundless daemon sultan Azathoth, whose name no lips dare speak aloud, and who gnaws hungrily in inconceivable, unlighted chambers beyond time and space amidst the muffled, maddening beating of vile drums and the thin monotonous whine of accursed flutes.

THE DREAM-QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH

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But vortex on vortex of madness Beclouded my labouring vision;
My damnable, reddening vision That built a new world for my seeing;
A new world of redness and darkness, A horrible coma call'd living.

NATHICANA

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What we did see—for the mists were indeed all too malignly thinned—was something altogether different, and immeasurably more hideous and detestable. It was the utter, objective embodiment of the fantastic novelist's “thing that should not be.”

AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS

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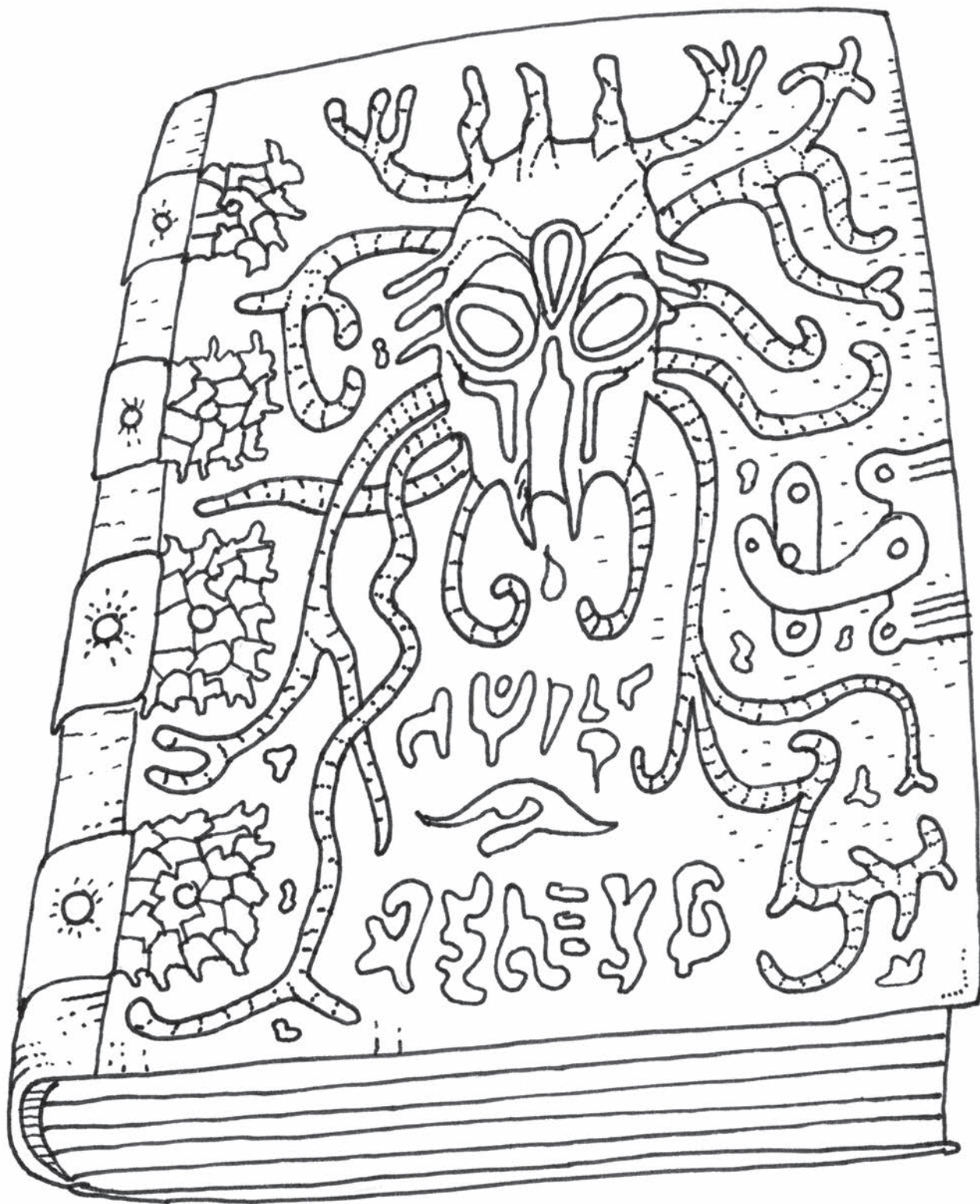


Madness rides the star-wind... claws and teeth sharpened
on centuries of corpses...dripping death astride a Bacchanale
of bats from night-black ruins of buried temples of Belial.

THE HOUND

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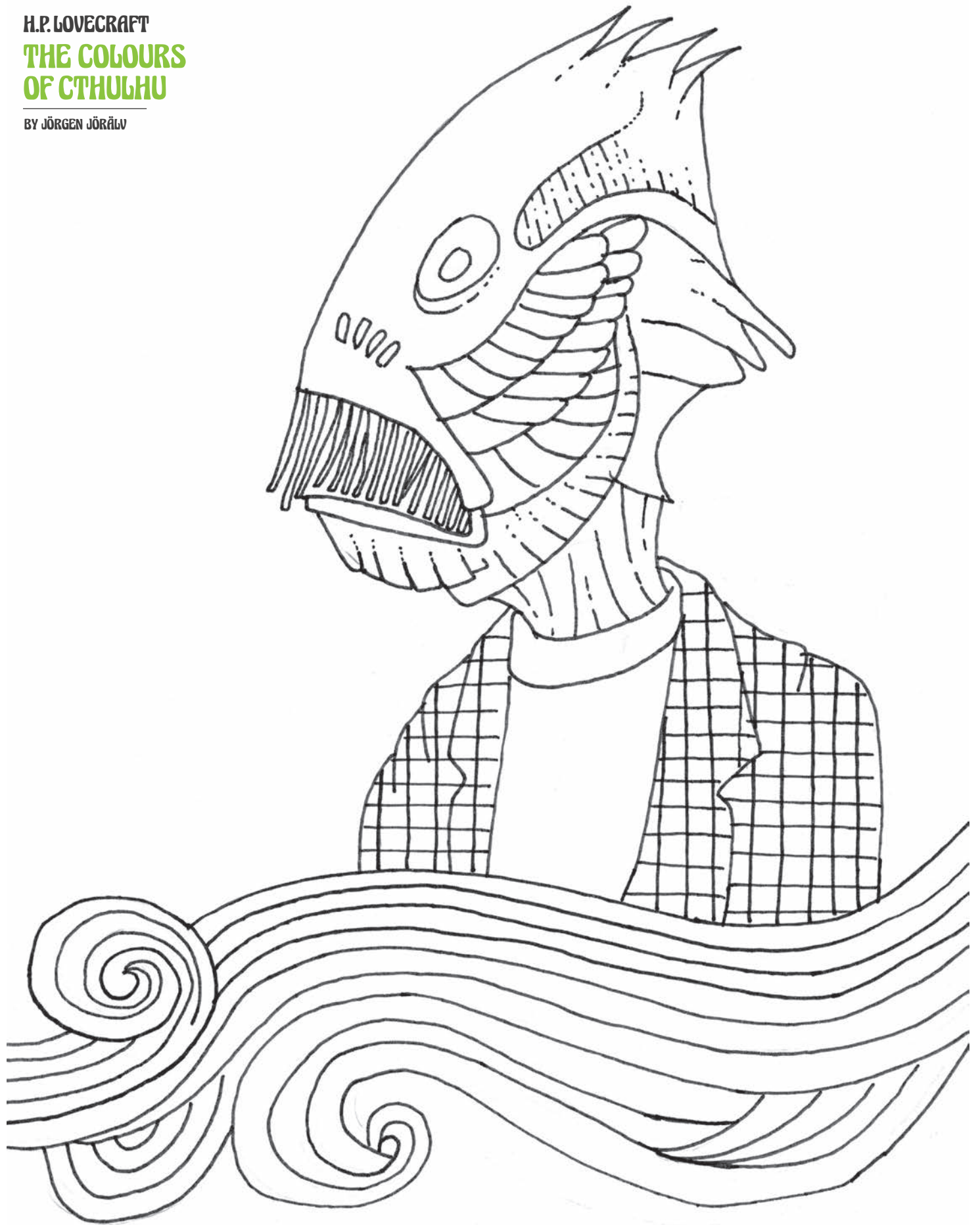


...and worst of all, the unmentionable Necronomicon of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred, in Olaus Wormius' forbidden Latin translation; a book which I had never seen, but of which I had heard monstrous things whispered.

THE FESTIVAL

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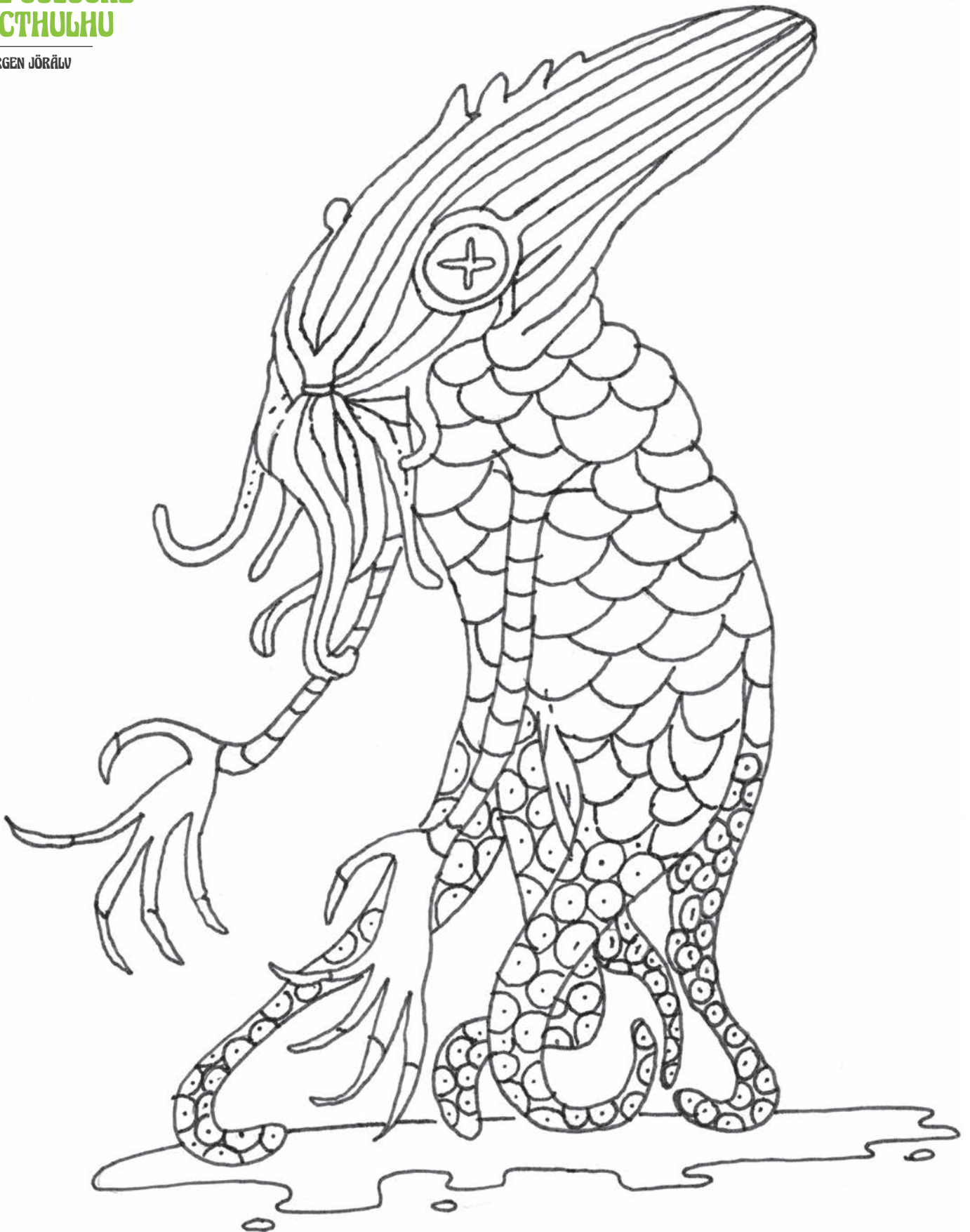


We shall swim out to that brooding reef in the sea and dive down through black abysses to Cyclopean and many-columned Y'ha-nthlei, and in that lair of the Deep Ones we shall dwell amidst wonder and glory for ever.

THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH

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The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be.
Not in the spaces we know, but between them.
They walk serene and primal, undimensioned and to us unseen.

THE DUNWICH HORROR

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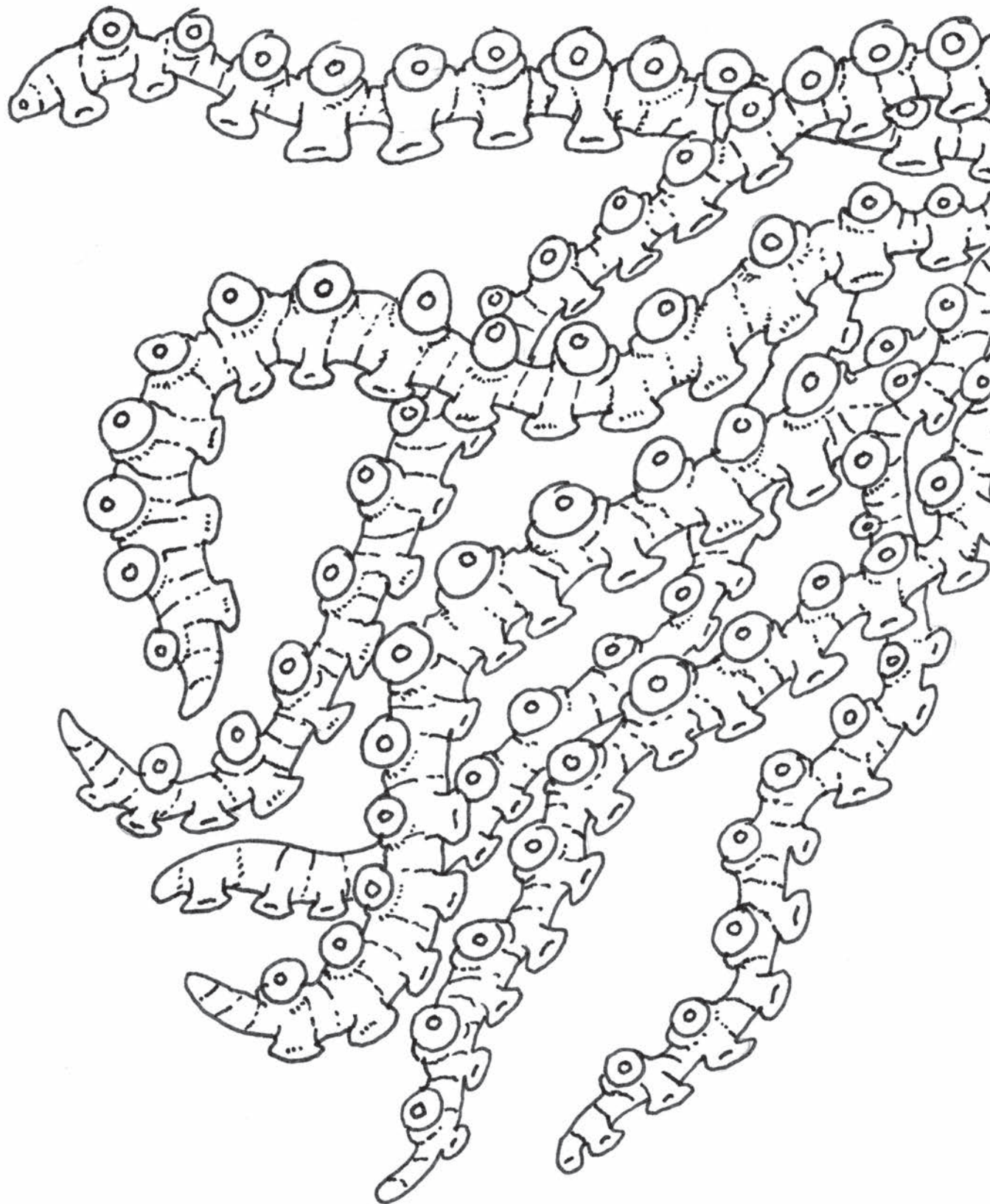


I am not even yet willing to say whether what followed was a hideous actuality or only a nightmare hallucination. The later action of the government, after my frantic appeals, would tend to confirm it as a monstrous truth; but could not an hallucination have been repeated under the quasi-hypnotic spell of that ancient, haunted, and shadowed town?

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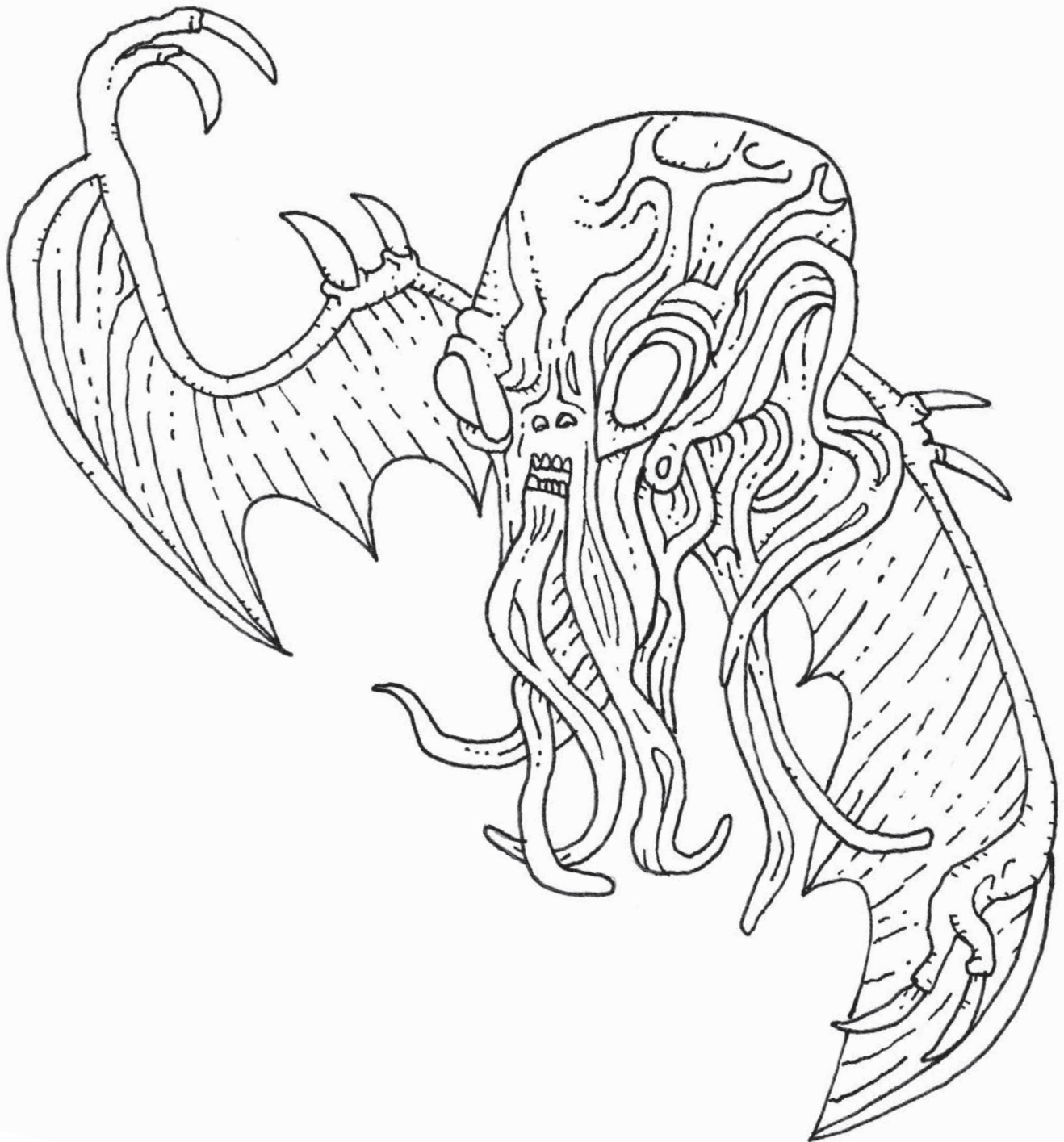


Forests of monstrous overnourished oaks with serpent roots twisting and sucking unnamable juices from an earth verminous with millions of cannible devils; mound like tentacles groping from underground nuclei of polypous perversion.

THE LURKING FEAR

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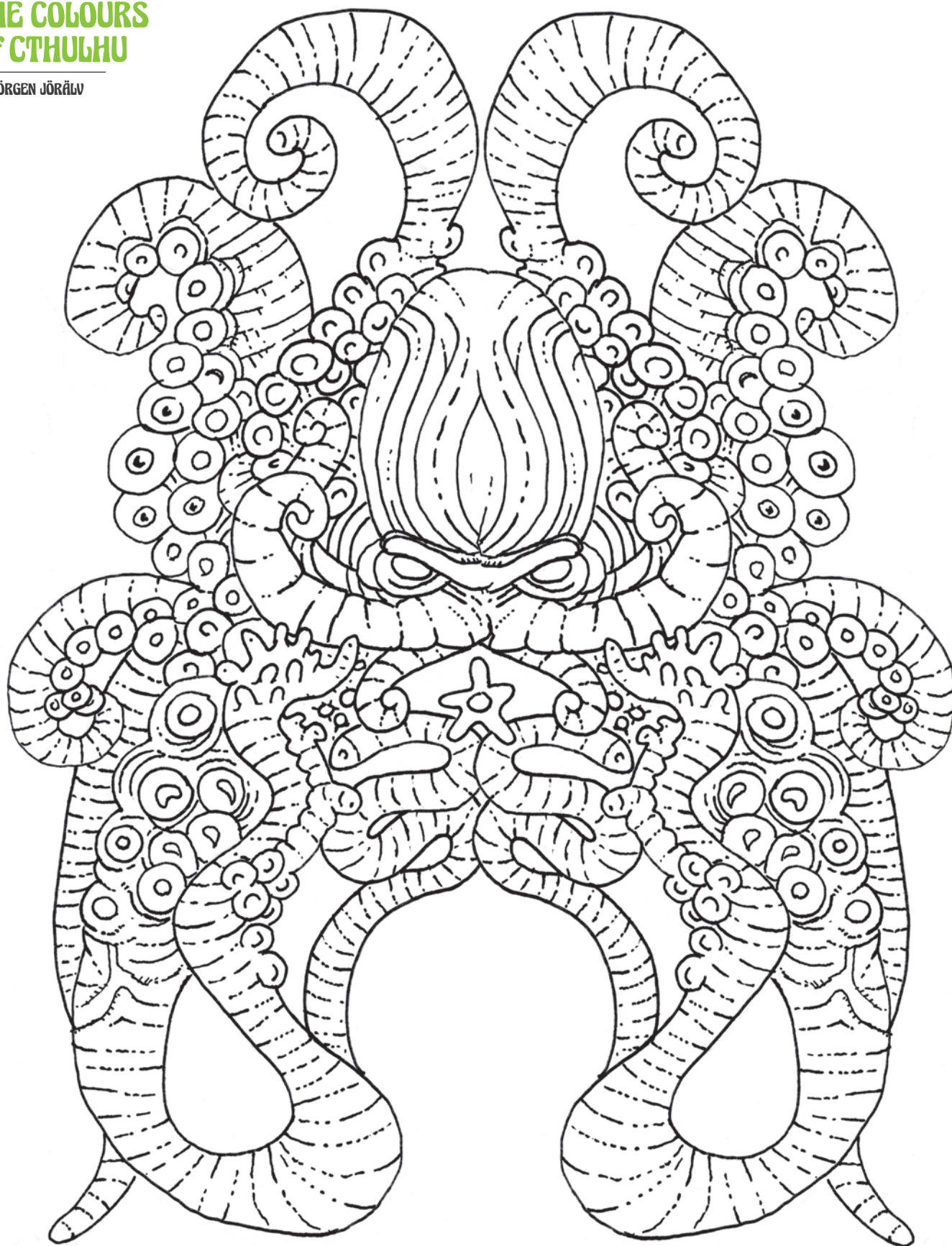
There was a bursting as of an exploding bladder, a slushy nastiness as of a cloven sunfish, a stench as of a thousand opened graves, and a sound that the chronicler could not put on paper.

CALL OF CTHULHU

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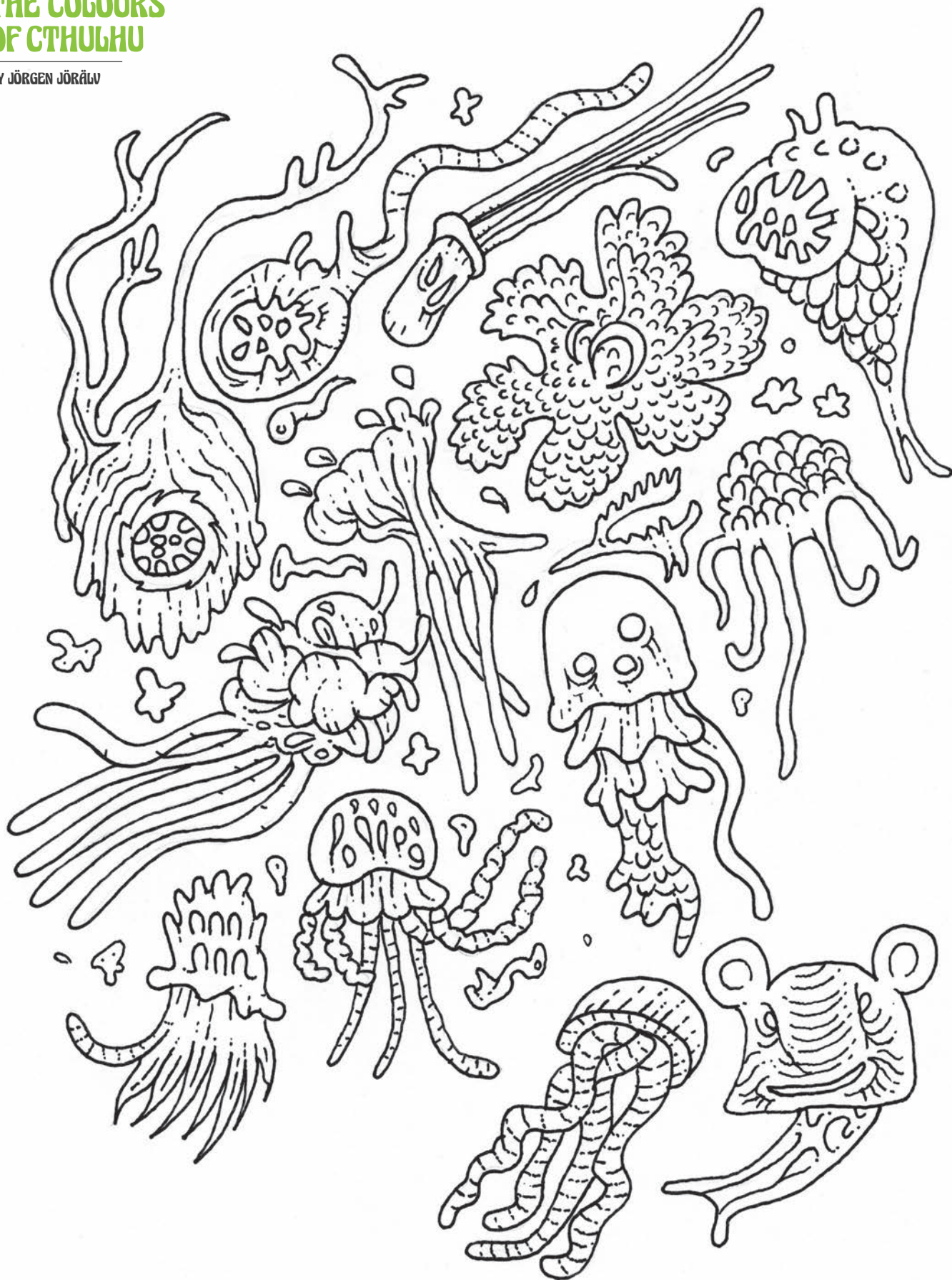


Everyone listened, and everyone was listening still when
It lumbered slobberingly into sight and gropingly squeezed
Its gelatinous green immensity through the black doorway
into the tainted outside air of that poison city of madness.

CALL OF CTHULHU

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Indescribable shapes both alive and otherwise were mixed in disgusting disarray, and close to every known thing were whole worlds of alien, unknown entities.

FROM BEYOND

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