



THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK

H. P. LOVECRAFT

Global Grey ebooks

**THE HAUNTER OF THE
DARK**

**BY
H. P. LOVECRAFT**

1936

The Hunter of the Dark by H. P. Lovecraft.

This edition was created and published by Global Grey

©GlobalGrey 2018



globalgreyebooks.com

beating through it . . . Rain and thunder and wind deafen . . . The thing is taking hold of my mind . . .

Trouble with memory. I see things I never knew before. Other worlds and other galaxies . . . Dark . . . The lightning seems dark and the darkness seems light . . .

It cannot be the real hill and church that I see in the pitch-darkness. Must be retinal impression left by flashes. Heaven grant the Italians are out with their candles if the lightning stops!

What am I afraid of? Is it not an avatar of Nyarlathotep, who in antique and shadowy Khem even took the form of man? I remember Yuggoth, and more distant Shaggai, and the ultimate void of the black planets . . .

The long, winging flight through the void . . . cannot cross the universe of light . . . re-created by the thoughts caught in the Shining Trapezohedron . . . send it through the horrible abysses of radiance . . .

My name is Blake — Robert Harrison Blake of 620 East Knapp Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin . . . I am on this planet . . .

Azathoth have mercy! — the lightning no longer flashes — horrible — I can see everything with a monstrous sense that is not sight — light is dark and dark is light . . . those people on the hill . . . guard . . . candles and charms . . . their priests . . .

Sense of distance gone — far is near and near is far. No light — no glass — see that steeple — that tower — window — can hear — Roderick Usher — am mad or going mad — the thing is stirring and fumbling in the tower.

I am it and it is I— I want to get out . . . must get out and unify the forces . . . it knows where I am . . .

I am Robert Blake, but I see the tower in the dark. There is a monstrous odour . . . senses transfigured . . . boarding at that tower window cracking and giving way . . . Iä . . . ngai . . . ygg . . .

I see it — coming here — hell-wind — titan blue — black wing — Yog Sothoth save me — the three-lobed burning eye . . .
