

HOWARD LOVECRAFT

AND THE
KINGDOM of MADNESS



HALLOWEEN
ComicFest

READERS BEWARE



The tome you hold in your hands is one of incalculable power. It contains hidden secrets, forgotten tongues; it dares to plumb the depths of a universe so vast and ageless as to be unknowable. The Necronomicon—like many magics—is not meant to be used. It is to be kept. Keep it secret and safe from the dark ones, the servants of evil. Should they get their slime-covered appendages on it, the consequences would be too dire to utter by name. Contrary to what the dark ones would have you believe, the Necronomicon can be made safe. To bind it, one must simply ~~the text is illegible~~ ~~the text is illegible~~ ~~the text is illegible~~ If for whatever reason, you cannot do this one common task, consult the Chief Librarian at Mishatonic University. He will know what to do. He always has before...

I beseech you: if you value your sanity, put this book down at once and forget it exists!

Turn back before it's too late! Too late!!

Howard Lovecraft

My boy, my boy!!

My pride and joy. Never before has there been a child quite so bright and curious and... peculiar as my young Howard. The apple fell not far from the tree with this one!

The Lovecrafts are a curious bunch, and my son is no exception. Why, there's no puzzle he won't ponder, no riddle he won't quibble, no mystery he can resist. Yes. Yes. My boy. So much like his old man..

I'm so proud of him. The first time I heard him cast, I knew he was a natural. He took to the Art like a Deep One to water! Hah! But bittersweet too. It's too late now. Too late for any kind of life but this.



I wonder how he will take it when he learns the truth. Beyond the adventures and the monsters, past the dark pacts and promises made in the shadows. The finality of it. The end awaiting us both. There's nothing for it now.

Howard's a resourceful boy, and a good thing too.

He'd never have survived the trials put before him if he wasn't

It was never my intent to draw the boy into trouble. No. No. Far from it. But he's so good at it. He's risen to every challenge. Faced every horror. Made allies where lesser men would have run away screaming. Luck. Luck has played its part, there can be no doubt. But skill too. Skill and wits, and an earnest desire to do good. Such a good boy. Such a loyal son... I fear for him. His safety, his soul. His sanity. The same dread whispers that accost me may have already wormed their way into my boy's mind.

I can only hope I'm wrong.

There are things in the dark. Shadows with purpose. Ancient evil, slumbering the years away. I've marked him now. He has drawn the Old Ones' attention, as they have his. In my heart of hearts I know this can end but one way. But not yet, not yet!! That Lovecraft curiosity may well be his undoing. As it has sealed mine...



Sarah Lovecraft

MY DARLING.

Light of my life, the apple of my eye.

Curious phrase, that. Never quite grasped it. An apple wouldn't even fit in my eye... My first and last thought every day is of her... when I'm not haunted by specters of timeless and ancient squid-faced horrors, that is. My sweet wife. Beloved mother of my child. Guardian of all that is still precious to us in this world. How she has kept her spirits up in the ancestral home these many years. I'll never know. All alone...

When we met, she adored my stories. At the time, she thought them mere fantasies. Tales to chill the blood and raise gooseflesh on the skin.

How she loved them. Some women fall for a man of looks, or wealth, or brawn. My Sarah so loves a good story...

Sarah is the kindest, most thoughtful woman I could ever hope to meet. That she fell in love with a crackpot like me never ceases to amaze me. It's been so hard for her. I know it. Raising our boy alone, unable to answer his questions about me for so long. Doing her best to make a home for him. To say nothing of her time as a Deep One. All those scales? (One shudders to think of the smell.) Sarah remains a diligent partner, willing to do anything (and everything) necessary to protect our son. In light of all she's been through—all my adventures have put her through—she has to be the bravest woman I've ever known.

