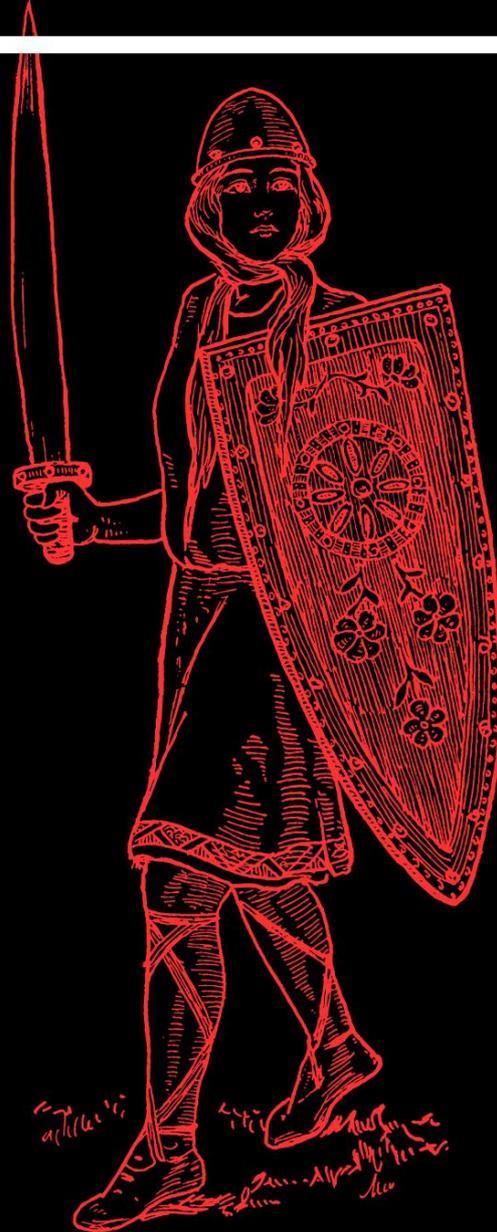


SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS MONTHLY MAGAZINE[©]

#47



Shadows of Centralis Monthly Magazine: Issue #47 (March 2026)

Writers: John Wombat, Ruth Moreira & Rick Priestley

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SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS MONTHLY MAGAZINE[®]

Issue: #47 (March 2026)

Greetings, my pretties, and welcome to the March 2026 issue of Shadows of Centralis Monthly Magazine, the essential old school publication for players of Space Battles and Shadows of Centralis, as well as enthusiasts of pulp and the golden age of fantasy, science fiction, and horror.

The first book in a very special series which features the collaborative efforts of Wombat Wargames and Ian Miller, *The Writings of H.P. Lovecraft: Volume I* is out now! Covering this exciting release, while expanding on the splendid series as a whole, this month's Latest News article details what readers can expect.

For players of Shadows of Centralis, this issue has several short stories and lore pieces to enjoy, as the strange world of the Orb and its many varied inhabitants continues to be explored. Meanwhile, for players of Space Battles, this month's Spacefarers article includes an easy to follow guide to making a gaming board.

As we continue to bang the drum for classic horror and fantasy works of yesteryear, this month's Coffee Mutterings article features Robert Bloch, Henry Kuttner, and Seabury Quinn.

Huzzah!

John Wombat



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RETRO RULESETS

PREMIUM PULP PUBLICATIONS

Wombat Wargames: Fusing old-school rules mechanics with innovative new features, while drawing on literary and aesthetical inspiration from the classic age of weird fiction and pulp publications, Wombat Wargames is an independent publisher of wargaming rules, books, and magazines. In homage to the wonderful wargaming and pulp worlds of yesteryear, every one of our A5-sized publications have a distinctive and unashamedly old-school feel to them.



Making our products available for worldwide purchase via Amazon, as well as specially selected stockists, while working with some of the best figures in the wargaming hobby, Wombat Wargames offer retro-inspired, high-quality products. Among our most recently released titles are Space Battles: A Spacefarers Guide, Shadows of Centralis (3rd Edition), Pulp Fiends Volume I: Seabury Quinn, Starfarer: An Authorised Biography of Poul Anderson (2nd Edition), Poul Anderson Collected Works: Volumes I & II, Wargaming Interviews: Volumes I, II & III, and Blanche: The Rise of Grimdark.

Monthly Magazine: Released on the 1st of each month, Shadows of Centralis Monthly Magazine is an A5-sized, 114-page, full colour, premium paperback magazine which covers Wombat Wargames' flagship system, Shadows of Centralis, along with Space Battles, the exciting retro-fuelled spaceship tabletop wargame by world-renowned rulesmith, Rick Priestley. Including detailed interviews, we regularly feature a host of wargaming personalities. Further to this, as we champion the golden age of pulp publications, the monthly magazine also includes special features on classic science fiction, fantasy, and horror.

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**Leading his mass of mindless
monsters through the darkened
marshlands, he eyed the
illuminations of the
unsuspecting village...**



**SHADOWS
OF CENTRALIS**
WOMBAT WARGAMES®



WOMBAT WARGAMES: LATEST NEWS

The Writings of H.P. Lovecraft: Volume I

The first in a very special series of books which sees Wombat Wargames collaborate with renowned artist Ian Miller, while championing the works of the chief architect of weird fiction and cosmic horror, *The Writings of H.P. Lovecraft: Volume I* is available via Amazon now! Adorned with Lovecraft-focussed artwork by Ian Miller, *The Writings of H.P. Lovecraft: Volume I* concentrates on Lovecraft's works from 1916 – 1921. This 207-page paperback boasts thirty poems, one essay, one letter, and fifteen short stories.

"I love the Lovecraft stories, and it was a world I found easy to imagine, and describe graphically. It was back in the 1960's when I first became aware of Lovecraft's work, just after reading Mervyn Peake's Gormenghast trilogy, and J.R.R. Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings. Somehow, it seemed a strangely familiar world to me, though there was no scratching behind the wainscot as I recall. I was impressed by his work, how could one not be with the intensity of it all? As I say, it was a world that felt strangely familiar. The lingering residue of nightmares. Crepuscular, half-seen things on the peripheries of one's mind. Arcane, scratching, abject, horror borne."

Ian Miller on H.P. Lovecraft.

The Writings of H.P. Lovecraft: Volume I

Poems:

Inspiration

The Bookstall: An Epistle to Reinhart Kleiner, Esq., Poet-Laureate

On Receiving a Picture of Swans

Iterum Coniunctae

Prologue

The Poet of Passion

Pacifist War Song – 1917

The Nymph's Reply to the Modern Business Man

To Greece, 1917

Lines on the 25th Anniversary of The Providence Evening News, 1892 – 1917

Fact and Fancy

On the Death of a Rhyming Critic

To Mr. Lockhart, on His Poetry

Autumn

Ver Rusticum

Earth and Sky

Grace

Ambition

Monos: An Ode

Nemesis

Bells

The Pensive Swain

A Cycle of Verse

The Dead Bookworm

To the Eighth of November

Hylas and Myrrha

To Edward Moreton Drax Plunkett, Eighteenth Baron Dunsany

Cindy: Scrub-Lady in a State Street Skyscraper

The Dream

The Voice

**“Sometimes I stand upon the shore
Where ocean vaults their effluence pour,
And troubled waters sigh and shriek
Of secrets that they dare not speak.”**

Taken from A Cycle of Verse by H.P. Lovecraft, first published in 1919.

The Writings of H.P. Lovecraft: Volume I

Essays:

The Brief History of an Inconsequential Scribbler by H.P. Lovecraft

Letters:

A Reply to the Lingerer

Short Stories:

The Alchemist

A Reminiscence of Dr. Samuel Johnson

The Beast in the Cave

Dagon

Beyond the Wall of Sleep

The White Ship

The Street

Poetry and the Gods

Polaris

The Cats of Ulthar

The Doom That Came to Sarnath

Nyarlahotep

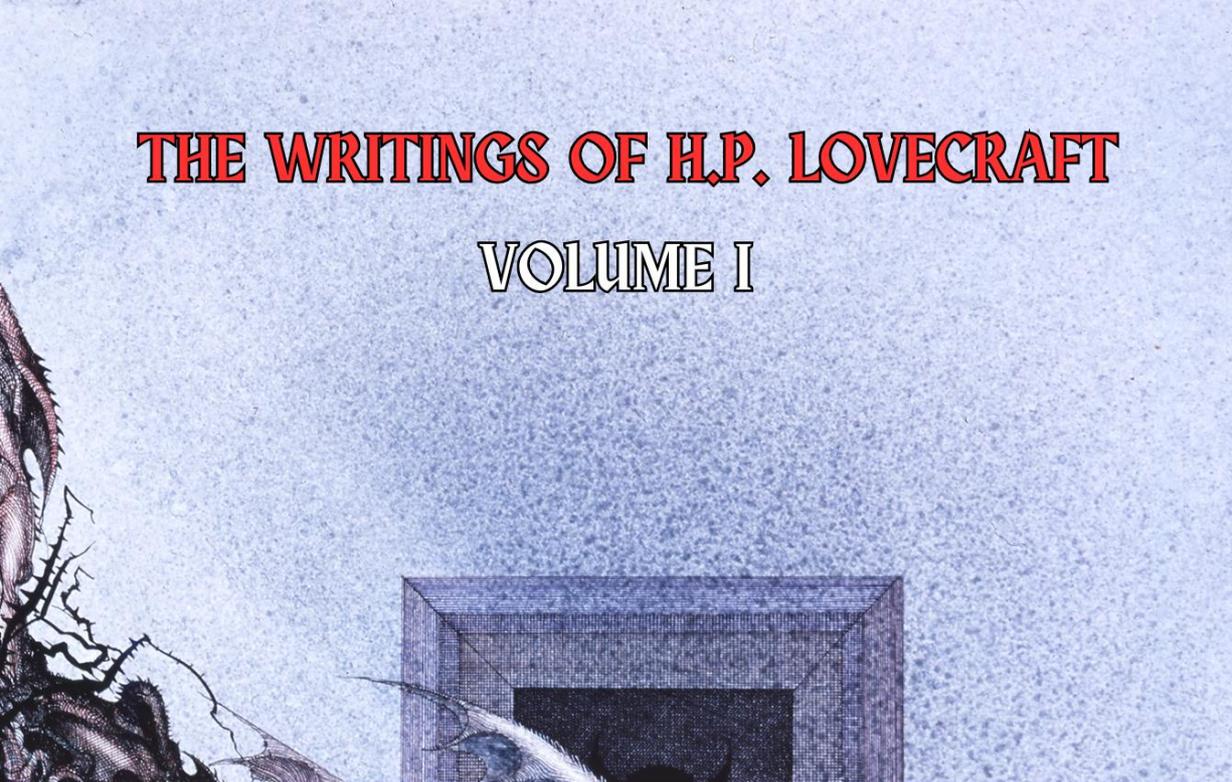
The Tree

The Terrible Old Man

The Picture in the House

“And as I writhe in my guilty agony, frantic to save the city whose peril every moment grows, and vainly striving to shake off this unnatural dream of a house of stone and brick south of a sinister swamp and a cemetery on a low hillock; the Pole Star, evil and monstrous, leers down from the black vault, winking hideously like an insane watching eye which strives to convey some strange message, yet recalls nothing save that it once had a message to convey.”

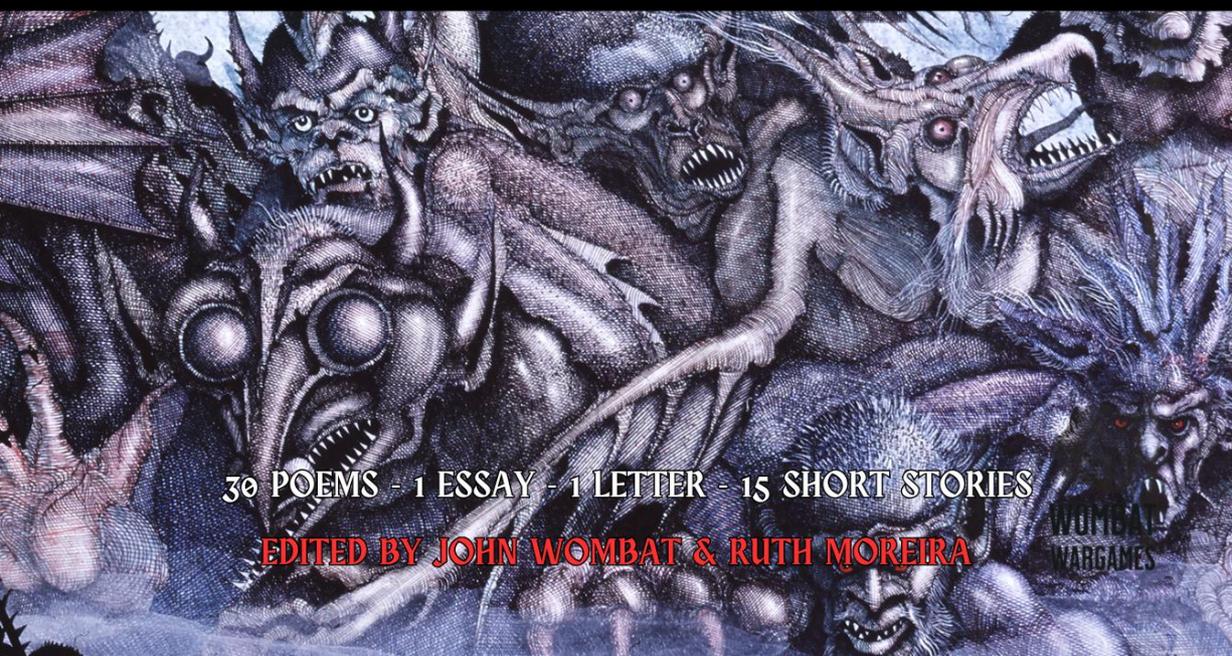
Taken from Dagon by H.P. Lovecraft, first published in 1920.



THE WRITINGS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT

VOLUME I

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30 POEMS - 1 ESSAY - 1 LETTER - 15 SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY JOHN WOMBAT & RUTH MOREIRA

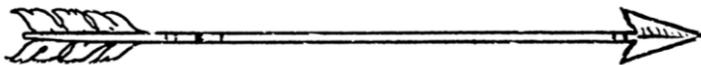
**WOTIC!
WARGAMES**

SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: HORROR OF THE HAG ELVES

Pale-skinned and evil-eyed, their lithe, tattooed bodies covered in a shiver-inducing ice-cold sweat, while hands, long fingered and agile, itched with agitated excitement, units of Hag Elf Crossbowmen eyed the approaching fleet of the Konstrato Empire with intense bloodlust. Eager to satiate their twisted cravings for the spilling of blood, the corrupted elves fingered the triggers of their crossbows with an almost sensuous anticipation. Waiting in their concealed position, resting stealthily in the calm cerulean waters behind a large cluster of rocks which towered over the waves like a ruined cathedral, the heinous force of Hag Elves was poised to attack...



The unfortunate crewmen of the Konstrato Empire's Fireships failed to notice the slate-grey vessels of the murderous Hag Elves until it was too late. Then, in desperate panic, they scrambled to prepare their ballistae. However, such efforts were in vain, as there rained down upon the followers of Endovelicus a wave of ebony-black, sky-blotting bolts. Skewered like fish in a barrel, their bodies peppered with armour-piercing quarrels, dozens of Konstrato soldiers fell. Those killed outright were the lucky ones. When overwhelmed by a force of Hag Elves, a quick death is always preferable. Those maimed but not killed by the crossbow fire would be the tortured playthings of the vile elves, and their spine-chilling pleas for death would echo across the blood-streaked waves. Later, their butchered bodies would feed the fishes.

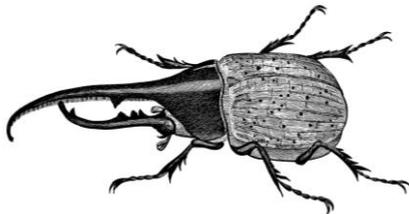


SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: SANCTUARIUM ULTIONIS

Festering like an infected sore concealed beneath a silken shirt, positioned on the south east coast of Coelum, to the east of the forested, nature-bestrewn witching realm Civitas Maleficis, Sanctuarium Ultionis is the sprawling underground sanctuary of the sickly and shunned, T'Zor-worshipping

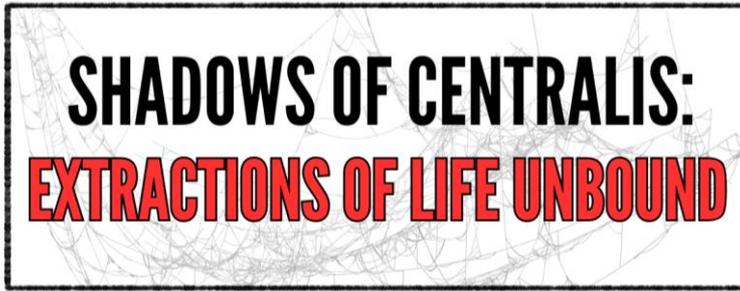


Damned. Damp, dark, and teeming with chittering rodents and all manner of scurrying insects, which often grow to gigantic proportions, this multi-level, labyrinthine realm comprises a complex network of creaking ventilation shafts, along with an elaborate series of rusted pumps and corroding fans which circulate a stale and nauseating air. Comprising sulphur mixed with lime, whilst offering some minimal warmth to the draughty tunnel networks, the dancing flames of wall-mounted torches mingle with the fetid and dank tones of the diseased atmosphere as they illuminate the innumerable passages of the Damned's dark domain.



**“HE IS US. WE ARE HIM.
OUR VENGEANCE IS BOUNDLESS.”**

TAKEN FROM 'THE BOOK OF T'ZOR' BY MASTER SCRIBE AND CHIEF
ADVISOR TO THE COURT OF THE DAMNED, RUPERT THE REPULSIVE

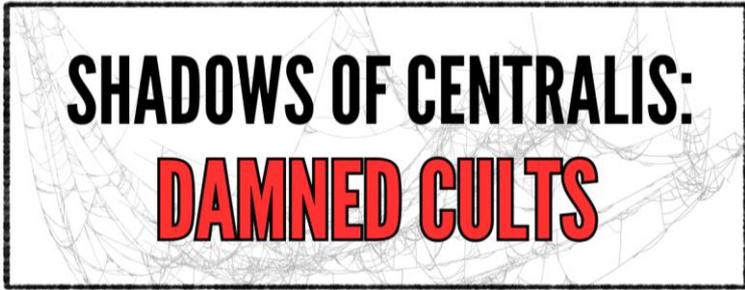


SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: EXTRACTIONS OF LIFE UNBOUND

“We, the Daughters of Disease, are the privileged attendants of T’Zor’s gift of Putridum Angelum. Though T’Zor’s gift to his children was for the benefit of all, with our unique ability to speak the tongue of Putridum Angelum, while our brethren cannot, we are in a position of which T’Zor intended; the Daughters of Disease are to benefit most from T’Zor’s gift. As we listen to the voice of Putridum Angelum, a supreme being whose communication varies in terms of senses employed, it is our reading of his words that sees us comprehend his intention to be used as a nucleus for a new dawning of the Damned. Others within the Court of the Damned may argue that our ways are apart from the true teachings of T’Zor, though they do not dispute our ability to hold direct communication with Putridum Angelum. Our brethren fail to understand our true position though; we, the Daughters of Disease, are the true essence of T’Zor. Our god intends for us to harvest his gift; we are to create life which stems from the supernatural material which makes up Putridum Angelum.

Only through complete extraction of the lifeforce of Putridum Angelum, implementing filtration and supplementary additions when required, can we hope to fashion the beings which hold to the true, undiluted intentions of T’Zor. As we hold to the true meaning of the sacred Damned mantra, “To be diseased is to be blessed,” gestation of the New Wave stems from superordinary cells spliced with organic and manufactured disease. For us to adhere to our timetable of action, to which any deviations would be extremely harmful to our Line of Lineage project, our supplies cannot be allowed to fall below point dimidium.”

Taken from ‘Extractions of Life Unbound’ by Sickness Superior, Listeria Vilis.



SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: DAMNED CULTS

“From what I can discern, this group comprises at least thirty members. The societal status of those involved varies greatly. Some members are wealthy lords, duplicitously projecting in their everyday lives a picture of devout belief in Endovelicus, even financially supporting the construction of churches. Other members are the basest of Konstrato Empire society; they are filthy and poor, often carrying infections or bearing hideous deformities. Men, women, and children; this clandestine cult appears open to welcoming any into the fold upon their swearing of allegiance to the god T’Zor and the cause of the Damned. This leads me to detail the induction process. When swearing their allegiance to T’Zor, encircled by the other cult members, newcomers drink from a special vessel called a Corrupted Chalice. Of an appearance most foul, adorned with grotesque carvings and strange writings, this cup holds The Life of T’Zor; a fetid cocktail of liquid disease. Such is their hideous character and so polluted are their souls, those who drink from this sickening stein devour the evil drink with fevered delight... Though this particular group is relatively small, from conversations I overheard, I am led to believe that there are many more groups like this within the city. To consider that other locations of our great land may also harbour such detestable denizens of darkness is a truly horrifying thought. My worry is further intensified by some papers I briefly glanced within the cult leader’s study. Though some of the text was written in a pattern of symbols wholly alien to me, there were some words which I understood; “expand,” “corrupt,” and “kill.” I fear that if these underground cults of the Damned are not rooted out and their members made public spectacles of intense purification, a time of great woe awaits us.”

Taken from ‘Absconditus Peccata’ by Edward de Beoronset.

SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: DAMNED DETERMINATION

Eyeing the tired, unsuspecting dwarfs and their pony-pulled carts, which were laden with heavy wooden chests of weapons and armour, stacks of shields, and straining crates of food and exotic wines, the unit of Damned Slingers, concealed by the cover afforded by the extensive, ancient ruins on either side of the hilly passing, loaded their crude slings with small, bullet-like rocks and fragments of scrap metal. The Damned fighters had been patiently tracking the dwarfs for several days, waiting for the most opportune moment to launch their ambush. With the ruins utilised by the Damned Slingers allowing them to attack from two sides, while in order to retreat the fatigued dwarfs would need to climb the steep mountain path they had just descended, now was the time to strike...

With unnerving rapidity more than compensating for a lack of bowmanship, units of Mutants blanketed the advancing soldiers with ceaseless volleys of arrows. It was the continual raining down of projectiles that was taking the biggest toll on the Konstrato Empire Swordsmen, weakening their spirit, as well as depleting their numbers. Well-trained soldiers with superior weaponry and armour, these swordsmen knew that the Damned's units of Mutants would offer little resistance in close combat, the problem was actually engaging them in this. Meanwhile, growing continually weakened, the block of swordsmen knew they were becoming increasingly vulnerable to being overwhelmed by the Damned's horde units of Diseased. Cursing their general's orders and naivety which had led to them into this trap, the under-fire Konstrato soldiers whispered prayers to their god Endovelicus...

SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: TO THE PALACE OF SOLACE

Boasting several dozen imposing warships, the large Servants of Extinction fleet, having navigated the treacherous Lost Seas, now approached the warm Sea of Buffo. The vessels, known as his Death Ships, were led by the infamous R'Iyeh, Acolyte of Rooth, one of the Orb's most feared and brutal Extinction



warlords. Billowing in the morning's balmy breeze, the heavy, bloodred sails of R'Iyeh's ships rippled foreboding death tones as R'Iyeh whispered a prayer to Rooth. Upon the closing words of his communications with the Goddess of Extinction, which clung to the steaming air around him like a dispersing poison, R'Iyeh took his gleaming dagger from his studded belt, and calmly slit the throat of the prisoner tied in front of him. As the tongueless, sacrificed captive fell lifelessly to the bloodstained deck, its thick torso making a dull thud against the wooden boards, R'Iyeh whispered, "I gift this soul to you, one of many who will fall beneath my blade. Guide me, goddess, to the Palace of Solace."

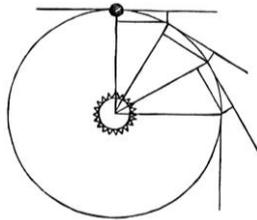
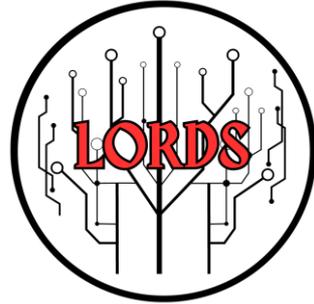


**"SPARE NONE. DESTROY ALL.
ASCEND TO PARADISE."**

DOCTRINE OF EXTINCTION.

SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: FUTURM TERRAS

Located on the east coast of Coelum, with the dark Splintered Seas lapping at the eroding, sulphurous shoreline, Futurm Terras is the realm of the technology obsessed Lords. Stripped of nature, there are no grasslands or forestry within the lands of the Lords, instead the whole territory is an encased, cramped metropolis with high reaching spires and vast underground networks. Having long ago chosen a path which shuns organic life, though the Lords are descendants of the human race, be it be through mental, emotional, or in many cases physical, conditioning, the Lords are terrestrial aliens. Worshipping the god Berossus, the Lords are fixated on technology and experimentation. Such is the mania of their beliefs, and their blind, unquestioning following of the teachings of Berossus, the Lords have created a society which in many ways is far advanced of other races, and in many ways far behind.



**“BLESSED IS THE FUTURE OF WHICH
OUR LORD LEADS US.”**
PRAYER OF THE LORDS.

SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: METHODS OF THE LORDS

Vessel version 02.1: Liquid variant design to implement improved fuel system (as constructed in factory 2.00.1 of Q2). Increase oxidiser levels as agreed in session 4.02 of Combustion Protocol. Re-enforce pump protection and fault tracking chip, along with secondary fault monitoring. Test thrust interruption levels, along with weight manipulation of tank capacities (as per Liquid 1.102 Design Instruction).

Point 321.22: Quantum teleportation methods to be re-tested. As part of re-testing, filtration of compressed time dilation to be recalibrated to ratio 1:2:4 via conductors Xy and Xq.

Ti x4: This has been confirmed as a transition metal. Properties see the metal corrosion-resistant to water, hydrochloric acid, and chlorine. The metal remains vulnerable to contact with concentrated acids, tests to counter this are underway.

1C: All crew to be fitted with time transition chips, these should be inserted into the temporal lobe, a nerve chamber should then run to the spinal cord. Fix time dilation chips to retinas. Replace pupils with second sight chips.

2Y: Circuitry of telepathic chip to include a re-direction from cerebellum to occipital lobe. Quantum teleportation override control to be re-wired through spinal cord. Upon completion of previous procedures, 2Y to be re-tested with vehicle X1.1Y. Biomechanical direction to be fully integrated before next surgical steps.

Taken from 'Methods of the Lords' by Leonidas Beronitous.



SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: HARPIES

Resting high amongst the tall and twisted, moss-covered, heavens-climbing treetops, constructed with thick branches of oak and maple, and lined with a deep, woven blanket of woodrush and grass, the enormous, evil-smelling eyrie was strewn with the grisly litter of previous kills. Of a scene most gory, flesh-stripped ribcages and assorted pieces of battered armour jostled for position with discarded arm and leg bones, while bleached-white skulls decorated the outer edges of the large, bloodstained nest. Towering above the surrounding mountainous landscape, this was just one in a series of such high-resting hideaways, for this was the dark domain of harpies.



With their monstrous appearance bringing to mind gigantic, corrupted eagles, while their faces and forms offer strange suggestions of human aspects, harpies are an unhallowed amalgamation of woman and bird. Fierce and ferocious killers, these feathered fiends bear deadly, armour-piercing talons, while their wicked mouths boast razor-sharp teeth. Loyal followers of N'kish, the Beast God, these dark-hearted creatures are keen consumers of flesh. Such is their wild nature, seeing it as an opportunity to indulge in savagery and make a feast of the slain foe, as well as serving their dark deity, harpies will often provide their fearsome fighting services to armies of Fiends. Meanwhile, when residing in their own lands, harpies are fiercely territorial and hostile to outsiders, with unsuspecting trespassers rarely escaping with their lives, as they fall prey to merciless, lightning-fast attacks.

Scouring these vast, bleak highlands, unaware of the convocation of harpies which eagerly eyed their arduous trek from ahigh, an adventurous party of dwarfs were in search of the legendary treasure of Druddoth the Determined, which was said to be buried somewhere in this inhospitable, mountainous area. Though their travels had been testing at times, with sudden, sky-blotting snow storms having greatly delayed their progress, while the landscape offered innumerable challenges to negotiate, the dozen doughty dwarfs were of a decidedly determined spirit. Furthermore, the party of intrepid treasure hunters, Froyrd's Fighters, held unswerving faith in their leader, Froyrd the Fearless.



Ruddy-cheeked, with wild, bushy eyebrows which curled in a confused profusion, and great golden beard which reached almost to his bulging waist, Froyrd the Fearless had a craggy and weathered face, one best described as 'characterful'. Meanwhile, like all dwarfs, he was short in stature and bulky in build, though still a fearsome fighter. Indeed, it was his reputation as both an intrepid treasure hunter, as well as mighty warrior, which had earned Froyrd the name 'Fearless'.

Though he would have ideally liked to push on further that day, keen to make up for time lost due to adverse weather conditions and the general challenges endured earlier in the trek, Froyrd could see the weariness of his men, as well as their burden-carrying ponies. It was as well to make camp for the night now, so as to start the following day with energies renewed. They could use the nearby trees as a screen to the icy wind which was steadily building momentum, with signs of a blizzard to follow. "Let's call it a day for now, boys. It's been a long day. Furthermore, that wind is picking up in strength, while it will soon be nightfall, too. It's better we rest now, so as to be back to the search in the morning with energies replenished. We'll set up camp, using those trees over there as a screen. Let's get some wood cut for a fire as well. What's better than a warm fire, flagons of beer, a haunch of deer, and talk of the treasure that awaits us!" Froyrd's

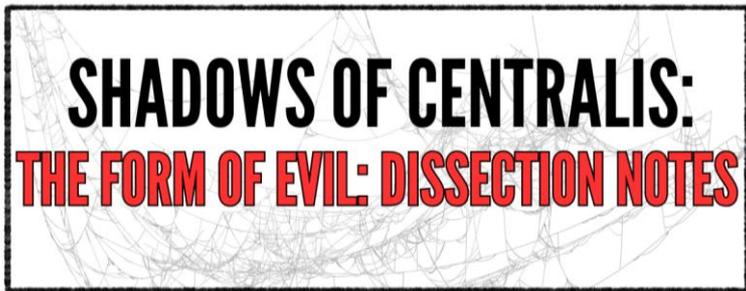
words were received with a call of cheerful agreement, and his tired troop set about making camp for the night.

The dwarfs were in high spirits as they sat around a warm, crackling fire which cast an amber glow upon their weather-beaten faces. As the day's journey had been particularly arduous, involving the tricky crossing of a treacherous crevasse, the travellers made merry as they enjoyed a much-needed rest. Eating and drinking, while sharing tales of old and the talk of treasures still ahead of them, with much laughter and tones of sweet pipe smoke filling the air, Froyrd's Fighters were oblivious to the ever-watching eyes and murderous thoughts of the harpies, hidden high in the trees above. Then came the attack...

Directed by the largest and most savage of their kind, seemingly the group's leader, the wild-eyed harpies descended on the dwarfs with unbridled viciousness as twisted avian kill-calls sounded loudly over the snow-capped hills. Before they were able to fully comprehend the situation, as their ponies bolted into the chill night, the unarmed dwarfs were engulfed in a wave of feathered violence as chaos and carnage unfolded.

As they swept down from the towering treetops, the harpies wickedly tore at their stunned prey with tearing talons and ripping teeth. Unprepared for such an attack, overwhelmed by the winged-hunters, the flat-footed dwarfs scrambled for their weapons, though few reached them. One of the few to reach his axe, though, was the troop's leader, Froyrd the Fearless. Bellowing his rage into the night, as he powered into the noisome nightmares, the dwarven leader lived up to his name. However, though the mighty dwarf felled several of the fiends, whirling his blade in a fury of blows, Froyrd could see that the fight was all but lost. He and his men had never stood a chance against such a savage and rapid ambush.

Finally succumbing to the swarming enemy, unable to quell the frenzied attack, as his entire troop lay dead around him, feasted upon by the bloodthirsty beasts, Froyrd himself was enveloped and ripped apart by several harpies. Once picked clean, once the harpies had enjoyed their grisly fill, the broken remains of Froyrd and his Fighters would add further decoration to the ghastly eyries high above.



SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: **THE FORM OF EVIL: DISSECTION NOTES**

“So intolerably hideous was the foul stench of this vile beast that it was necessary to load my dissection mask with twice the normal amount of crushed lavender, juniper berries, and laudanum-soaked sponge. Meanwhile, fearing the potential corruption of the air, I ordered my assistants to purify the room with the burning of extra sage. I truly believe that the beast that lay in front of me, though dead, still exuded a most evil menace.

Though essentially humanoid, this revolting creature was more monster than man. With powerful, oversized canine teeth, huge black eyes, and large, pointed ears, the beast’s furry head resembled that of an enormous, hideous wild dog. Muscular, fur-covered, and teeming with lice, its rank body was like that of some obscene species of ape. As for its forelimbs, these were like that of a man, though much oversized and possessing long, rat-like claws.

Upon closer examination of the abominable beast’s internal organs, reasons for its unnatural stamina became clearer. In addition to its oversized biceps, quads, and pectoral muscles, this twisted monster boasted two sets of abnormally large lungs, along with what appeared to be a second heart. Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of this creature, however, was its brain. Though relatively large, the brain of this beast seemed stunted, with cell damage evident. The malformed organ had evidence of having held keen intelligence and structured thought, lifting it to essentially a higher form of animal cunning. Comparing the brain to the vocal chords, along with cavernous mouth and tongue, I would calculate the beast was capable of speech, though only of the most crude, rudimentary fashion.”

Taken from ‘The Form of Evil: Dissection Notes’ by Konstrato surgeon, Pieter Klofftein.

SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: **THE WILL OF ENDOVELICUS**

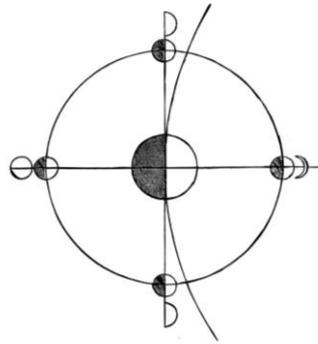
With eyes closed, mouthing silent prayers to their god Endovelicus, rank upon rank of broadsword-bearing Konstrato Empire Swordsmen followed the pre-war service of the priest. Considered the elite soldiers of the Konstrato Empire, these warriors had fought in countless military campaigns across the Orb. With experience came caution as the soldiers knew their army would be outnumbered in the coming conflict with the defending force of the Damned. They trusted implicitly in the teachings of Endovelicus though, should they fall in battle then it would be as they fought to purge the Orb of evil. As loyal servants to their god, upon their deaths, be it in this battle or the next, they believed their souls to be destined for spiritual sanctuary in the heavens of Endovelicus...

Teeming over the crest of the hill, bringing the fight to the invaders, an unsightly scene of disease and disfigurement, the Damned's horde units charged forward. Seeing the fetid force bearing down upon them, the soldiers of the Konstrato Empire gripped ever tighter their blades of war. Meanwhile, for many, the words of the priest still resounded loudly in their ears, "Cleanse the Orb of this plague. Eradicate evil in all its guises. There is no greater good than to serve Endovelicus. There is no greater gift to offer than your lives."

As the Damned's troops powered down upon them, the units of Konstrato Empire Swordsmen charged to meet them. Cleaving through the determined enemy, though grossly outnumbered, the embattled swordsmen demonstrated their martial superiority. Amidst cries of praise to Endovelicus, the soldiers of the Konstrato Empire thrust their blades with as much religious fervour as physical strength. This unholy foe would fall. The will of Endovelicus would triumph.

SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: TIME POCKETS

Though far from fully understood and extremely dangerous, allowing for the travel of inter-dimensions, time, and space, the Orb's time pockets are much coveted by the world's many different factions. Furthermore, there are a number of time pocket cults which worship the mysterious portals as a deity. Some consider these perplexing portals to be gateways to their respective gods, believing that each journey brings them closer to divine blessings. Others believe that the supernatural pockets are relics of the disappeared Recti Serpentes, linking to a lost technology. Meanwhile, the appearance of these bizarre gateways, which range in size from a standard door to fortress gates, varies greatly. Some time pockets are black as pitch, while others swirl with an otherworldly radiance. Strangest still, some time pockets emit a whaling of voices which speak an incomprehensible tongue. Sometimes the sounds of these unfathomable words will captivate and beguile the listener, other times they will terrify. Then there are the times when a ripple of agonised faces will appear in these perplexing gateways. Contorted in pain, petrified with fear, these haunting faces offer a glimpse of nether-torture. But such are the otherworldly rewards the gateways offer, any warnings are soon foolishly dismissed. Little do the Orb's inhabitants know that, surreptitiously, these supernatural openings are slowly growing a collective soul of consciousness. These pockets of time feed on the souls of all those who traverse their paths. Then comes the question, what happens when a consciousness is fully realised?



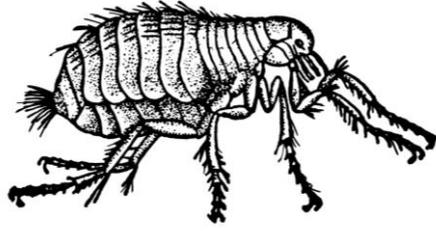
SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: VOX THE VILE

Having boasted vast wealth and great swathes of land, grand dwellings and scores of servants, it is said that he was once a most respected nobleman of the Konstrato Empire. So astute was he in matters of commerce, so keen his business acumen, while so fervent his religious zeal, so steady his belief in the teachings of Endovelicus, that he was once a chief adviser to the High Prophet. But such times are long past. No longer is he the devout follower of Endovelicus. No longer is he the beacon of the god's teachings. No more does he adhere to the Beliefs, for plague opened his eyes...



Residing in his palatial home within the large city of Iceltium, secure behind high, fortified walls and twice bolted doors, while plague and pestilence ravaged the lands outside, felling the weak and punishing the sinner, he worried not. Such were the vast provisions his household boasted, such was the number of servants to serve him, he felt impervious to the plague and pestilential fallout. Furthermore, was he not a loyal follower of Endovelicus? Did he not champion the sacred Beliefs? Did he not give generously to the Church of Endovelicus? Why then should his god fail to protect him from the disease which felled sinners and crushed the weak? He had but to simply wait for the plague to pass, and, in line with the teachings of his god, he was a most patient man.

But then, though he could scarce believe it, over the high walls and through the bolted doors, plague invaded his home. One by one, his servants grew sick, as their bodies became covered with



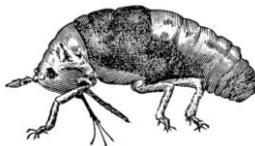
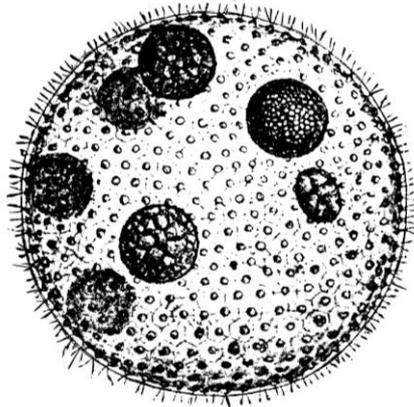
painful scarlet markings, while germ-riddled buboes swelled beneath their arms and filled their groins. Seeing the vile sickness infect his household, he ordered the diseased servants to be cast out. He ordered a thorough disinfecting of his grand dwelling, while corridors were filled with the aroma of burned sage, a practice said to cleanse diseased air. But so insidious was the infection which ravaged those around him, efforts to quell the spreading of the plague were futile. Locking himself away in his private chambers, alone with his god, he fell upon his knees and prayed to Endovelicus. Morning, noon, and night, incessantly did he pray, seeking the protection of his god, for whom he had always held the firmest belief. But pray as he might, his pleading calls for deliverance from the disease around him went unanswered.

His infection began gradually. At first he felt no more than a slight chill, with only mild aches troubling him. But the infection grew in virulence. First appearing on his trembling hands, the painful scarlet sores that had blighted his servants now began to cover his own body. So itchy were these inflamed sores, try as he might, he could not resist scratching, prompting them to bleed and spread further, while thick puss-crusts developed. Once no more than troublesome pains, his bodily aches became so intensely painful that he was reduced to writhing upon the ground in contorted spasms of excruciating agony. Then there were the disgusting, germ-filled buboes which swelled over his body, painfully twisting his form into a shape most foul. So it was that as a fetid, mouldering mass of disease, he pleaded further to his god for deliverance, but still his prayers remained unanswered. Then came the rebirth...

The whisperings were faint at first, like distant, half-heard echoes carried across a wind-swept meadow. Steadily, though, the voices grew louder and unified, calling out to him in discordant melody, "See

how your god, the great Endovelicus, cares for his followers? See how your god answers the calls of those in need? See how your god rewards loyalty? No? This is because Endovelicus has deserted you, for you are no longer 'pure'. Know now that Endovelicus is but a deceiver and false power. For Endovelicus, the sick are sinners, to be parted evermore from his favour. Now, consider T'Zor, God of the Damned. Does T'Zor desert his flock? Does T'Zor ignore the prayers of his followers? Never! T'Zor grants gifts on those who serve him, for is it not true that to be diseased is to be blessed, that a body contorted is one of strength?" The voices continued, urging him to gaze upon his chamber's many mirrors.

As he looked at himself in the array of ornately decorated, gilded mirrors, a sudden transformation of mind came upon him. Was not the sickness which ravaged him but a beauty of bacterium? Were not the scars that covered his body the marks of strength? Was his contorted body not one of magnificence? Was not T'Zor, God of the Damned, the Orb's true saviour? The voices then returned to his ears, urging his acceptance of the truth he beheld, "You see before you a being reborn. You see before you a being strengthened through disease. You feel the diseased vigour which runs through your reborn being. You see your saviour is T'Zor. You see now that your previous life was but the false service to a false god. You see now the future ahead of you, servant of T'Zor. Be you now free of falsehood. Know now that you are blessed, blessed by T'Zor. Now fester sickness and spread disease, take up arms in the name of T'Zor, and be now and forevermore known as Vox the Vile."



SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: MUSKETS

Rhythmically driving the force of Dwarfs forward, measured beats resonated from the drum of the army's musician, Olaf Youngstaff. Steely-eyed, pounding the skin of the large instrument, unperturbed by the weighted strain around his neck which the drum caused him, Olaf considered the coils of smoke around him which bled into the yawning sky. Suddenly, ripping through his chainmail and thick leather jerkin, a musket ball took



Olaf by the left shoulder. His ears ringing and his mind awhirl, before he had time to comprehend the situation, Olaf was knocked onto his back, his helmet thrown from his head, as another musket ball pierced his armour, this time hitting him like a sledgehammer in the chest.

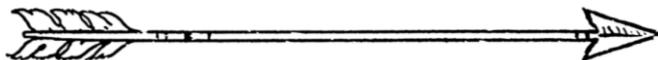
Finding himself pinned to the ground and gasping for breath, with his head resting in the trampled mud, Olaf stared upwards as the metallic taste of blood tingled between his moustached lips. All around him were the sounds of musket shots and falling comrades, their bodies punctured by the erupting guns of the Konstrato Empire. Then came the sounding horn announcing the charge of the Konstrato Empire's hidden swordsmen who had been lying in wait, the ambushed Dwarfs would be finished off with blades.

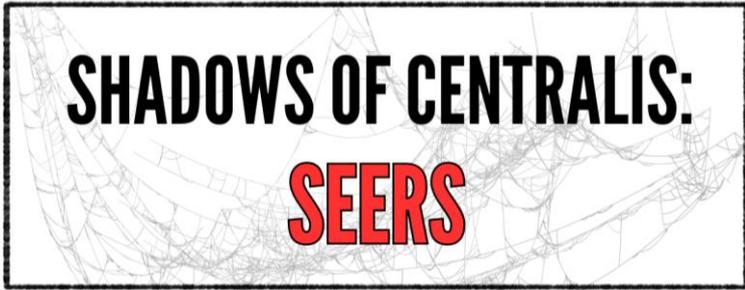
SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: BRUTUS RAKOSI

Leaving a sticky trail of crimson gore, Brutus Rakosi, the Leper Prince, wiped his bloodied sword against the right shin of his battered, knee-high leather boots. He had led his Damned brethren to a victory the Konstrato Empire had not thought possible. It had been the esteemed general, Alexander Rus, who had headed the defence of the northern outpost, he now lay in a moaning, crumpled heap. Resting upon one knee, and closing his eyes, Brutus whispered a prayer of praise to T'Zor, God of the Damned, before rising and cleaving the head clean from Alexander's body. "Our vengeance is boundless!" yelled Brutus.

Using the dwarven calendar and time system, it had been agreed the pitched battle would commence at the hour of the Crow on the first day of the Rat. The chosen site was a flat, long-dried riverbed, just outside the large dwarven town of Ko.

Eying each other across a landscape soon to be littered with fallen warriors, each general pictured victory. The devout dwarf lord, Oleg Lud, considered this land to be sacred, blessed by Ystrad, God of the Dwarfs. Meanwhile, Brutus Rakosi, the Damned's Leper Prince, considered only the tactical advantage he felt the location offered him and his sickly horde. Seeing the battle unfold in his mind's eye, Brutus mused to himself, "Dwarfs are fine fighters, stubbornly determined, too. Though I believe it not, if they believe these lands to be sacred, then they'll fight all the harder. Still, they'll struggle to deal with our numbers, while the clear, open ground will work well for our chariots..."



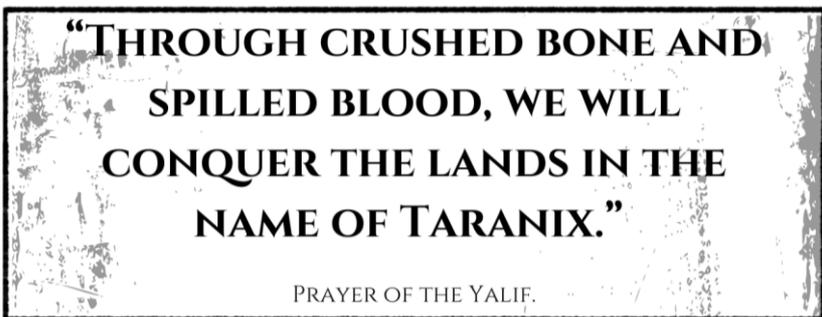


SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: SEERS

Highly respected within their tribes, and considered with some awe, Yalif seers offer spiritual guidance and premonitions of future events. In addition to his spiritual prowess, as a habitual user of chicoi stimulants, a seer fights with a frenzied energy. On the eve of battle or in times of need, a seer leads his tribe in ritualistic sacrifices, in an attempt to seek guidance and favour from Taranix, God of the Yalif.

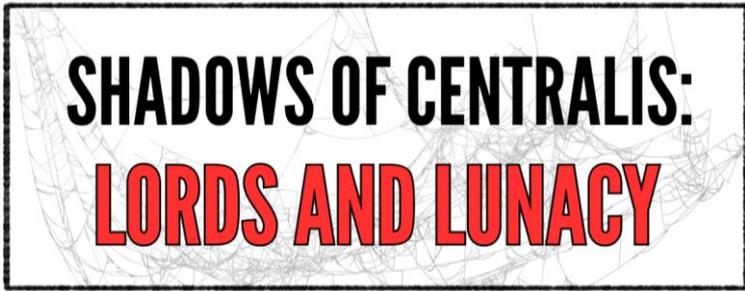
Unlike other Yalif tribesmen, a seer is often more open to time exploration and progressive technology, as a result of this, the relationship between seers and Taranix is a complex one, and often strained. Seers praise Taranix but many inwardly oppose some of his teachings, so conceit and resentment quietly fester. Taranix sees deep within the souls of all his servants. He feels intense anger towards those seers who question him, but also views them as necessary to unlocking his ultimate plans for the Orb.

In the shadows of Yalif society, some rogue seers have taken their opposition to Taranix further, and have set up secret cults. Disregarding entirely the teachings of the God of the Yalif, these pockets of discontent often pursue knowledge of the lost Serpent God, Chot, otherwise the teachings of Berossus, God of the Lords.



**“THROUGH CRUSHED BONE AND
SPILLED BLOOD, WE WILL
CONQUER THE LANDS IN THE
NAME OF TARANIX.”**

PRAYER OF THE YALIF.



SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: LORDS AND LUNACY

Strictly speaking, the Lords are part of the human race. However, be it through mental or physical altering, almost every inhabitant of their kingdom has been changed in some way. Under the banner of progress, and in the belief that the wishes of Berossus, God of the Lords, are being followed, the people of the Lords are often exposed to brutal biomechanical experimentation. Sometimes, this results in physical advancements, other times the subjects are left gibbering wrecks at the hands of crazed surgeons. Almost deified themselves, surgeons are both held in high esteem and considered with much fear within the society of the progress-obsessed Lords.

When it comes to warfare, the Lords are not natural fighters. However, such is their mental state due to environmental conditioning or the use of manufactured stimulants, the majority of the Lords' troops are impervious to fear, and fight with a frenzied, tireless energy.

Cerebrosus are elite units of the Lords. Each of these altered fighters are fitted with mind-altering devices called delirus-inventum. With electrodes inserted into their frontal lobes and hypothalamus, the wearer of a delirus-inventum becomes immersed within a false reality. The result is an almost unstoppable killing machine which is immune to pain. Other elite units of the Lords include Bellators. Often deployed as scouts, with mechanical wings grafted into their bodies and wired into their nervous systems, Bellators are winged humans whose eyes have been removed and replaced with superior, laboratory-grown lenses.

SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: PRAISE BE TO SUS

As the light westerly breeze brought the faintest trickle of relief from an otherwise stiflingly, claustrophobic, baking sun, rank upon rank of well-marshalled Konstrato Empire Spearmen lined up shoulder-to-shoulder to form a seemingly impenetrable wall. Behind this block of bristling points, positioned on a stretching, moss green hill which allowed for a clear view of the battle, were lines of keen-eyed archers. Utilising the advantageous cover and shade provided by a half-ruined grain silo, musketeers patiently waited for the enemy to approach. Meanwhile, with a regiment of Purging Beacons behind him, leading the army was Denisova Rurik, an impetuous young general who had returned victorious from the Konstrato Empire's most recent bloody crusade against the Damned. Sitting upon his huge, armoured warhorse, an immense beast which measured close to twenty hands, Denisova cast a haughty and hateful glance over the opposing force of Orcs which stood facing him and his men. To his eyes, these orcs were nothing more than primitive, filthy barbarians, possessing hulking strength but lacking all discipline, and much too dim-witted for him to fear defeat. "Pigs for the slaughter!" spoke Denisova to himself as he cast his empty crystal wine glass to the ground, and anticipated an easy victory.



It was obvious to Duroc the Gluttonous that he and his force of Orcs were outnumbered. He knew that the units of the Konstrato Empire were well-trained, well-armed. But the grizzled old orc was unfazed. Orcs are strong beasts with remarkable resilience, while facing difficult odds was something the creatures revelled in, rather than

feared. Furthermore, Duroc was a veteran leader and mighty warrior. As well as being a ferocious fighter who actively threw himself into the fray, indeed he had previously lost both his left eye and right hand in battle, Duroc was also a most crafty and calculating military strategist. The orc warlord had planned to face a Konstrato Empire army such as this, one which boasted both infantry and cavalry, as well as a battery of powerful cannons.

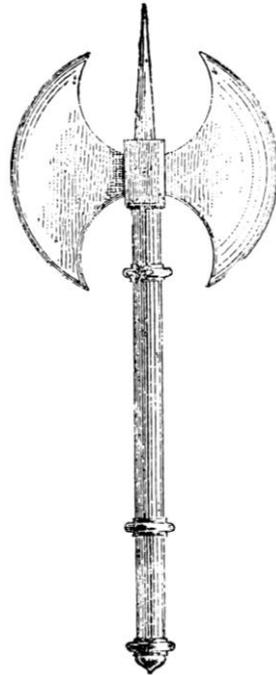
Meditatively chewing a mouthful of sweet-tasting, chicoi-laced tobacco, the savvy Duroc reflected on his opposite number, Denisova Rurik. Duroc held a grudging appreciation for Denisova's skills as a warrior, indeed he considered him a fearless fighter and superb swordman. As a general, however, Duroc thought Denisova to be impetuous and arrogant, pretentious and conceited. There would be no doubt, considered Duroc, that Denisova, the mighty "Blade of Beoronset," would have overestimated the power of the Konstrato Empire force. Talking more to himself than his advisors, Duroc considered further the arrogance of Denisova, "He no doubt feels his troops are superior, feels they are better trained and better armed. He no doubt looks upon orcs as no more than dumb brutes. Such arrogance will be his undoing. What's more, by the day's end, his butchered head will hang from my belt!"

Behind enemy lines, concealed in the dense woodlands to the side of the wrecked grain silo, Duroc had positioned several units of stealthy Wood Pigs, tasked with quelling the firepower of the musketeers. With orders to take out the enemy's artillery, his force's units of Pig Raiders would come from the west. Units of Orc Warriors would form the main target of the Konstrato Empire. To hold these units to disciplined combat during the battle, Duroc had assigned members of his personal guard.



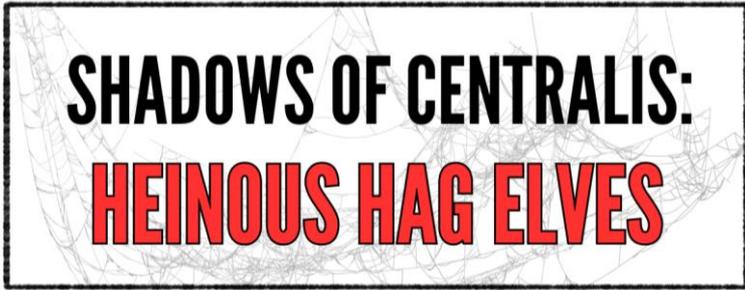
Breaking the initial lines of the Konstrato Empire, it would be his elite fighters, his battle-hardened Blades of Sus units, which would lead the main charge. Even now, armed with their huge, doublehanded swords and axes, these units were already snorting and squealing loudly with impatience, stamping upon the ground and calling for the order to charge, so keen were they to satiate their bestial bloodlust.

It was almost time, almost time for Duroc to unleash his troops and wreak havoc among enemy lines. It was almost time for his sounder of swine to lay to waste the cursed humans that faced them. First, though, Duroc lowered his flabby and scarred, filth-encrusted head and whispered a prayer to Sus, God of the Orcs. Following their warlord's lead, in turn, Duroc's advisors joined him in sacred communications, as he prayed, "Sus, most gluttonous lord. Sus, master of all life. Sus, whose wiseness cannot be matched. Sus, whose strength cannot be broken. Sus, whose glory cannot be over praised. Sus, the Orb's true ruler, be with us. Be with us, your servants, as we slay in your name. Be with us as we clear this



place of man. Take delight and feast greedily on their souls as we feast greedily on their flesh. Take delight as blood runs and bodies pile. Take delight in the carnage and slaughter which lies ahead. Revel in the wreckage we will leave. Revel in the praise we offer. Sus, most magnificent of the gods, the Swine Saviour, I pray for your blessing. Under the banner of your name, we crush, we kill, we feed, we drink, we conquer all! Praise be to Sus, God of Orcs!"





SHADOWS OF CENTRALIS: HEINOUS HAG ELVES

Pale-skinned, bearing slightly elongated, pointed ears, and slender features, standing tall and lean, while most agile and graceful in movement, physically, hag elves largely resemble their Dagr-following cousins. In mindset, though, they are polar opposites. Not for them are the preachings of virtue and the path of goodness, for hag elves follow only darkness, desiring only savagery and sin. When a force of Hag Elves marches to war, it does so with its black-hearted soldiers wearing grotesque, skull-adorned, darkly-blessed armour. What's more, such is their appetite for butchery, so heartily do they delight in slaughter, hag elves proudly display their grisly trophies of war, as they often attach slain enemy heads and hands to their belts. Meanwhile, these wild warriors typically take to the field of battle bearing swords, spears, bows, and crossbows. Their cavalry units comprise warriors armed similarly, with lances, swords, and bows. Dedicated to serving the darkest of gods and vilest of demi-gods, a hag elf's lily-white skin is usually tattooed with all manner of profane prayers and awful symbols.

When focused, hag elves are extremely proficient fighters. However, as they tend to become lost to murderous mania upon the field of battle, martial discipline is not something typically associated with the corrupted elven race. Indeed, such is their evil and insatiable enthusiasm for bloodshed and wanton destruction, a Hag Elf force tends to rush into conflict without caution or consideration of the consequences, often resulting in its demise. Therefore, a savvy general will often try to curb his warriors' wild behaviours through the use of various drugs, directing their energies until the battle is over, at which point warriors are allowed to run loose and delight in their crazed manner.



As part of the Space Battles book, Rick Priestley presents a step-by-step guide to making your own gaming mat. Looking to have a permanently placed gaming area available, we've used Rick's easy to follow instructions to construct a solid, wooden version. This short article details the basic steps for those looking to create their own permanent board.



The completed Space Battles gaming board, with a game taking place.

Materials needed: Wooden board, tape measure, pencil, ruler, saw, black paint, plastic containers, self-adhesive 'dot' stickers, matt varnish, and paint brushes.

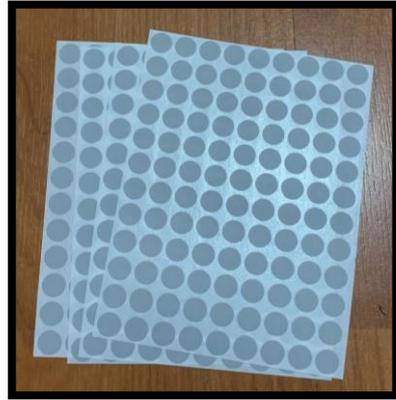
We used a piece of wood (1cm thick) which measured 100 x 100cm. Of course, should players wish, they could just as easily construct a larger or smaller board, simply adjusting the respective playing grid size accordingly. The tools needed for this stage comprise a piece of wood, tape measure, pencil, ruler, and saw. Simply measure and draw out the area to cut, then carefully cut the board with a saw.



We applied the black paint (and later varnish) using a paint brush.

Once the board has been cut to size, it is ready to paint. We used black paint and a brush. Should you prefer, spray paint could be used. Meanwhile, though we painted our board black, you could use any colour you like, perhaps even painting a galactic, star-strewn backdrop. Though, be careful not to overcomplicate the design, as this could confuse the visual layout of the playing grid.

Once the paint was dry, we followed Rick's suggested 7.5cm grid square measurements, using self-adhesive 'dot' stickers to mark the points. To ensure durability, we then applied two coats of matt varnish, which completed our gaming board. Again, we used a brush to apply the varnish, however, spray varnish could be used just as easily.



Self-adhesive 'dot' stickers.

That's it! Job done! Simply allow for the varnish to dry, and then you can start playing!



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While the game can be played and greatly enjoyed as a generic system, Space Battles also includes a dynamic backstory and range of unique factions. Each with their own individual playing style, five different factions are detailed within this book; the Federation, the Dahlians, the Orzo, the Anthozoans, and the Xixan. There is also the mysterious Spectral Fleet, an esoteric force of spacefarers who slip in and out of corporeality. In addition to his reputation as one of the finest wargames writers of all-time, Rick Priestley is also regarded as one of the greatest creators of backstories and lore, this is clearly evident in the unique universe he has created for Space Battles.

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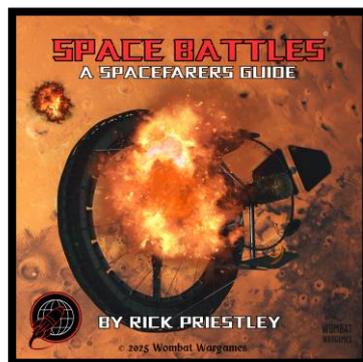
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Space Battles: A Spacefarers Guide, written by Rick Priestley.

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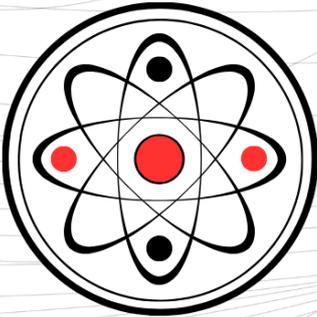
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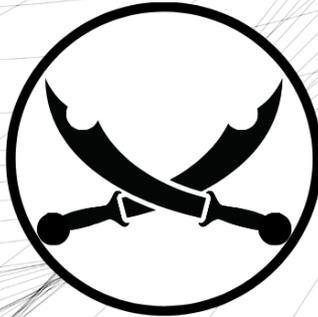
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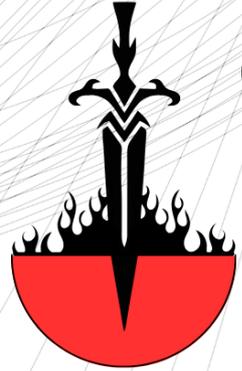
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Robert Bloch

Robert Bloch was born in Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., on April 5, 1917. His parents were Raphael 'Ray' Bloch and his wife Stella Loeb. With his father working as a bank cashier, while his mother was a social worker, Bloch grew up in a working-class household. Meanwhile, the young Bloch's preferred childhood pastimes included sketching, watercolours, collecting toy soldiers, and reading. Indeed, Bloch was a prolific reader, an interest especially encouraged by his parents, and he was soon a member of the local library, where he devoured scores of novels.

Serving as a creative catalyst, when Bloch was eight years old, he went to the local cinema to see *The Phantom of the Opera*, starring Lon Chaney. This silent film adaptation of Gaston Leroux's novel sees Chaney shock audiences with his ghoulish and macabre makeup effects, which the actor himself took the lead in creating. Such was the impact of seeing the film, Bloch suffered recurring nightmares for some time afterwards, but this film also ignited his love of horror and triggered his interest in the nuances of psychological hauntings.

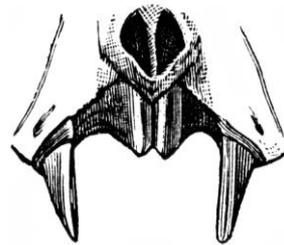
In the late-1920's, Bloch and his family relocated to Milwaukee, following his father unfortunately losing his position at the bank where he worked. Bloch's schooling in Milwaukee included time with Washington School, then Lincoln High School. It was during Bloch's time at Lincoln High School when he met Harold Gauer. The two quickly became close friends. Editor of Lincoln's literary magazine, *The Quill*, Gauer took a story Bloch had penned, entitled *The Thing*, and included it within one of the magazine's issues. The story was well received, and Bloch set about drafting further stories. Especially

inspired by H.P. Lovecraft, the young writer's go-to genre soon became weird fiction.

Bloch's love of horror and tales of the supernatural is something which remained with him throughout his childhood, through his teenage years, and into adulthood. Having been an enthusiastic reader of *Weird Tales* magazine for many years, when he was a teenager Bloch wrote to one of *Weird Tales*' most revered contributors, H.P. Lovecraft. What followed was a correspondence between Bloch and Lovecraft in which Lovecraft offered his advice and guidance with regards to Bloch progressing his career as a writer of weird fiction. Much more than a mentor, Lovecraft became close friends with Bloch; frequently corresponding via letter, sharing ideas and stories, the friendship continued until the premature death of Lovecraft in 1937, an event that devastated Bloch. Through his association with Lovecraft, Bloch also began corresponding with other writers, such as August Derleth, Clark Ashton Smith, and Frank Belknap Long, amongst others.

Encouraged by Lovecraft and his literary circle, Bloch spent more and more time authoring short stories, which he then submitted to *Weird Tales*. These works included *Lilies*, *The Laughter of a Ghoul*, and *The Black Lotus*. However, *Weird Tales*' editor, Farnsworth Wright, initially rejected Bloch's stories.

Unperturbed by the initial rejections, Bloch continued to submit his stories for inclusion in *Weird Tales*, and his persistence paid off. The writer's short story *The Feast in the Abbey* appeared in the January 1935 issue of *Weird Tales*. A few months later, Bloch's short story *The Secret in the Tomb* featured



in the May 1935 issue of the pulp magazine. Throughout the remainder of the 1930's, Bloch's short stories featured regularly within the pages of *Weird Tales*, with examples including *The Suicide in the Study* (*Weird Tales*, June 1935), *The Druidic Doom* (*Weird Tales*, April 1936), *The Faceless God* (*Weird Tales*, May 1936), *The Grinning Ghoul* (*Weird Tales*, June 1936), and *The Opener of the Way* (*Weird Tales*, October 1936), as well as many others.

Though Farnsworth Wright rejected some of Robert Bloch's early works, such as *Lilies*, *The Laughter of a Ghoul*, and *The Black Lotus*, other publications were happy to include them. *Lilies* was included in the Winter 1934 issue of *Marvel Tales*, *The Laughter of a Ghoul* featured in the December 1934 issue of *The Fantasy Fan*, while *The Black Lotus* was printed in the Winter 1935 issue of *Unusual Stories*.

Though *Weird Tales* was the main publication which featured Bloch's works, he did see his short stories appearing in a variety of other magazines also, with a handful of examples including *The Ultimate Ultimatum* (*Fantasy Magazine*, August 1935), *What Every Young Ghoul Should Know* (*Amateur Correspondent*, September – October 1937), *Secret of the Observatory* (*Amazing Stories*, August 1938), and *Unheavenly Twin* (*Strange Stories*, June 1939). At times using pseudonyms such as Tarleton Fiske and Nathan Hindin, as well as his own name, over the years that followed, carving out a cult fanbase for himself, Bloch became a constant contributor to a plethora of pulp magazines.

Robert Bloch and the Cthulhu Mythos

Influenced by H.P. Lovecraft, forming part of the Cthulhu Mythos, Bloch's *The Shambler from the Stars* was first published in the September 1935 issue of *Weird Tales*. In response, intended as a sequel, and dedicated to Bloch, Lovecraft wrote *The Haunter of the Dark* in the winter of 1935. *The Haunter of the Dark* was first published in the December 1936 issue of *Weird Tales*, and was one of Lovecraft's final works.

Bloch penned further Cthulhu Mythos short stories, with *The Shadow from the Steeple* appearing in the September 1950 issue of *Weird Tales*, while *Notebook Found in a Deserted House* featured in the May 1951 issue of the magazine.

Some years later, Bloch wrote *Strange Eons*, a novel linked to Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos, which was published by Whispers Press in 1978.



As the year of 1940 unfolded, Bloch remained prolific in his literary output, with standout short stories from this time including Queen of the Metal Men (Fantastic Adventures, April 1940), The Ghost-Writer (Weird Tales, May 1940), Power of the Druid (Strange Stories, June 1940), and The Fiddler's Fee (Weird Tales, July 1940). Meanwhile, 1940 also saw Bloch marry his fiancée Marion Ruth Holcombe. Three years later, the couple had a daughter, Sally.

One of pulp's most popular and prolific pensmiths, over the course of the 1940's, Bloch saw his stories appear within a plethora of publications, including, among others, Weird Tales, Unknown Worlds, Startling Stories, Fantastic Adventures, Astonishing Stories, Super Science Stories, and Dime Mystery Magazine. Furthermore, entitled The Opener of the Way, a collection of Bloch's short stories was published by Arkham House in 1945. Over the course of his multi-decade writing career, many collections of Bloch's stories were published.

Featured in the July 1943 issue of Weird Tales, Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper sees Bloch create his version of the Whitechapel serial killer legend; the story's protagonist is led to committing human sacrifices to fuel his immortality. This story was later aired on radio, a communications medium which Bloch became more involved with, soon writing dozens of fifteen minute episodes for his own radio show, Stay Tuned for Terror. Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper was also adapted for television, featuring in an episode of the Boris Karloff-hosted Thriller series of shows.

At this time, blending aspects of crime, suspense, mystery, and intrigue, Bloch's stories were often of the thriller genre. Published via The Dial Press in 1947, Bloch's debut novel, The Scarf, tells the story of a writer who murders. Over the several years that followed, further of Bloch's thriller novels were published, including, among others, Spiderweb (Ace Books, 1954), The Way to Kill (Ace Books, 1954), The Kidnaper (Lion Books, 1954), and The Dead Beat (Simon & Schuster/ Inner Sanctum, 1960).



Published by Simon & Schuster in 1959, Bloch's novel *Psycho* tells the strange and sinister tale of Norman Bates. Beneath the character's veneer of respectability, *Psycho* describes the unravelling of Bates as his split personality and murderous tendencies are detailed. Starring Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, and Janet Leigh, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, a film adaptation of *Psycho* was released in 1960; to many, *Psycho* is the film most commonly linked with Hitchcock, and is often considered his finest work. Though the film received several Academy Awards nominations, it failed to win any such accolades, however, for her role as Marion Crane, Janet Leigh did receive the Best Supporting Actress Award at the Golden Globe Awards. Meanwhile, alongside screenwriter Joseph Stefano, Robert Bloch was honoured with the Best Motion Picture Screenplay at the Edgar Allan Poe Awards.

Robert Bloch was open to working in a range of mediums, including radio, television, and film. Released in 1960, centred around his created character of Norman Bates, *Psycho* was the first of Bloch's stories to be adapted for film. Over the decades that followed, including the likes of *Torture Garden* (1967), *The House That Dripped Blood* (1971), *Asylum* (1972), and *The Cat Creature* (1973), a number of Bloch's stories were later adapted for film and television.

The early-1960's saw Bloch continue to work at a prolific pace. Standout Bloch works from this time include the writer's novel *Firebug* (Regency Books, 1961), as well as his short story *A Home Away from Home* (Alfred Hitchcock's *Mystery Magazine*, June 1961).

In 1963, Bloch and his wife Marion divorced. The following year, Bloch remarried as he wed Eleanor Alexander Zalisko, a fashion model and cosmetician; the two remained together until Bloch's death in 1994. Meanwhile, as well as seeing the publication of his novels and collections of his writings, Bloch continued to see his short stories appearing in the pulp magazines of the day. Standout examples of Bloch's 'pulp appearances' from this time include *The Plot is the Thing* (*The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, July 1966), *Life in Our Time* (*Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, October 1966), *Sales of a Deathman* (*Galaxy Magazine*, February 1968), and *The Movie People* (*The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, October 1969).

The Skull

Starring the classic horror partnership of Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, produced by Amicus Productions, *The Skull* is a 1965 film inspired by Robert Bloch's *The Skull of the Marquis de Sade*. Having first appeared in the September 1945 issue of *Weird Tales*, *The Skull of the Marquis de Sade* was adapted for film by Amicus' co-founder Milton Subotsky.

Having previously worked with the mediums of radio, television, and film, Bloch was open to the use of popular, mass media in order to project his stories to a wider audience. The 1960's and 1970's, especially, saw a swathe of television and film projects for Bloch. Such was his creative zeal, and so diverse his visions, projects for Bloch included writing several scripts for *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour*, as well as *Thriller*. Bloch also penned three scripts for *Star Trek*, in addition to working on other television shows, such as *I Spy*, *Run for Your Life*, *The Girl from U.N.C.L.E.*, and *Journey to the Unknown*, as well as film features for Amicus Productions.

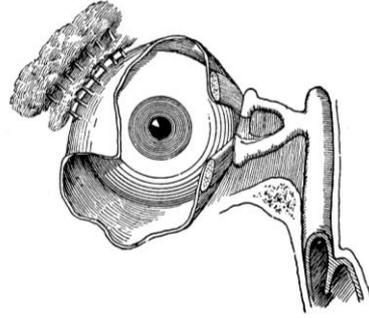


The House that Dripped Blood

Released in 1971, *The House that Dripped Blood* is an anthology film by Amicus Productions, which comprises four short films based on four short stories by Robert Bloch. As well as having penned the original stories, Bloch also worked on each of the respective film scripts.

Bloch's stories which make up *The House that Dripped Blood* are *Method for Murder*, *Waxworks*, *Sweets to the Sweet*, and *The Cloak*.

Over the course of his career, Bloch wrote a number of novels, with one of his most notable being *American Gothic*. Published by Simon & Schuster in 1974, *American Gothic* was inspired by the infamous serial killer H.H. Holmes and his notorious Murder Castle. With Bloch having studied in great detail the unhinged



Holmes and his grisly murders, the writer weaves historical references and suspenseful drama with psychological horror, as the life and crimes of the novel's protagonist, G. Gordon Gregg, are played out through the pages of *American Gothic*.

In recognition for his decades of fantasy writings, in 1975 Bloch was awarded the Lifetime Achievement Award at the World Fantasy Convention, held in Providence, Rhode Island, a place associated with Bloch's close friend and mentor H.P. Lovecraft; the award itself was actually a bust of Lovecraft.

Entering into the 1980's, and continuing as the decade progressed, Bloch continued to write scripts for television shows, including *Tales of the Unexpected*, and *Tales from the Darkside*, amongst other programmes. In addition to other projects, this time also saw Bloch return to his past creation, *Psycho*, as he penned two follow-up novels, *Psycho II* (Whispers Press, 1982) and *Psycho House* (Tor Books, 1990). Meanwhile, written by Robert Bloch and Andre Norton, labelled "The spine-tingling sequel to Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*," *The Jekyll Legacy* was published by Tor Books in 1990.

1993 saw the publication (via Tor Books) of Bloch's autobiography, *Once Around the Bloch: An Unauthorized Autobiography*. This was one of the writer's final works to be published during his lifetime. Losing his battle with cancer, on September 23, 1994, aged seventy seven years old, Bloch died. With a career which spanned six decades, and his work featuring across a range of mediums, Robert Bloch is one of the most important, influential, and prolific writers of crime, fantasy, science fiction, and horror.



Lon Chaney as The Phantom. Phantom of the Opera, Universal Pictures, 1925.

Henry Kuttner

Henry Kuttner was born in Los Angeles, California, U.S.A., on April 7, 1915, to parents Henry Kuttner, for whom he was named after, and his wife Annie Levy. Serving as the foundations for Kuttner's lifelong love of literature, his father operated a book store. Tragedy struck early in Kuttner's life, however, as his father died in 1920.

It was during his teenage years when Kuttner discovered *Weird Tales*, and he was especially drawn to the works of writers such as Edmond Hamilton, Seabury Quinn, and H.P. Lovecraft. Voracious in his reading, other pulp magazines to draw Kuttner's attention included *Air Wonder Stories*. Meanwhile, inspired by the works he read, Kuttner was also crafting his own ghostly tales and weird writings.

As well as enjoying the different stories featured within *Weird Tales*, Kuttner also wrote letters to the magazine's editor, Farnsworth Wright. Referencing when he discovered *Weird Tales* for the first time (the magazine's December 1926 issue), one of Kuttner's letters to be printed as part of *Weird Tales'* Eyrie column appeared in the publication's March 1929 issue, "I have been an ardent reader of your magazine, although I am only a high school student, ever since I became acquainted with it – which was, I believe, in an issue containing as a feature a story called *The Metal Giants*, by Edmond Hamilton. It was an excellent story, as are most of your others. My favorite fiction is horror and science stories, and *Weird Tales* fills a long-felt want."

Moving away from California, for a time, the Kuttner family lived in San Francisco. Here, as Kuttner later recalled, he attended the "toughest school in Frisco, near Hayes Valley, and acquired several medals for various useless things, as well as a great many black eyes." Moving back to California, Kuttner completed high school, with his thoughts now directed towards his entry into the world of employment. Initially, Kuttner had given thought to joining the Navy, however, he ultimately decided against this.

As he set about making his way in the world, Kuttner had a number of different jobs, as he spent time working at a hardware store, operating as part of a cement gang, working in a book store, and also

working for a time at a literary agency headed by his uncle, Laurence D'Orsay. During this time, Kuttner was still crafting his own short stories and occasional poems. Indeed, it wasn't long before Kuttner was a fulltime freelance writer, with his popular short stories appearing across a swathe of pulp magazines.

1936 was an important, breakthrough, year for Kuttner, as a number of his short stories, as well as poems, were included within issues of *Weird Tales*. Sparking the beginning of his literary career, Kuttner's poem *Ballad of the Gods* appeared in the February 1936 issue of *Weird Tales*. The following month's issue (March 1936) included Kuttner's short story *The Graveyard Rats*. Quickly establishing himself as a *Weird Tales* fixture, Kuttner's poem *Ballad of the Wolf* then appeared in the June 1936 issue of the magazine. Two more of Kuttner's short stories appeared within the pages of *Weird Tales* before the year was out, *The Secret of Kralitz* (*Weird Tales*, October 1936) and *It Walks by Night* (*Weird Tales*, December 1936).

The Graveyard Rats

Wonderfully dark and ghoulishly gruesome, Henry Kuttner's *The Graveyard Rats* tells the tale of cemetery caretaker and graveyard robber Old Masson and his struggles with a "colony of abnormally large rats." Old Masson sells resumed bodies to medical students and unscrupulous doctors, while prising the gold from their dead mouths to allow for further spoils for himself. However, he soon finds competition for these corpses. From "malodorous tunnels," huge, nefarious rats are taking whole bodies for themselves. Gnawing into coffins, working in packs, while seeming to be under instruction from a higher intelligence, these rats prove the undoing of the greedy Old Masson. The story closes with Old Masson succumbing to subterranean suffocation and being torn to ribbons by his rodent nemesis.

Weird Tales wasn't the only pulp publication to feature Kuttner's work during the writer's breakthrough year, as his short story *Bamboo Death* appeared in the June 1936 issue of *Thrilling Mystery*, while his short story *The Devil Rides* appeared in the September 1936 issue of the magazine. As his fanbase grew, in addition to *Weird Tales* and *Thrilling Mystery*, other pulp magazines which featured Kuttner's

stories over the following years included, among others, Thrilling Wonder Stories, Spicy Mystery Stories, Marvel Science Stories, Astounding Science Fiction, and Strange Stories.

Ray Bradbury's Futuria Fantasia

With illustrations by Hannes Bok, between 1939 – 1940, Ray Bradbury's science fiction fanzine Futuria Fantasia spanned four issues. Among the handful of writers to contribute pieces to Futuria Fantasia was Henry Kuttner, with his short story The Truth About Goldfish appearing in the magazine's Fall 1939 issue.

Coming to hold communications with H.P. Lovecraft, an author for whom Kuttner drew much inspiration, as well as the writer's wider literary circle, Kuttner was one of several contributors to Lovecraft's (posthumously named) Cthulhu Mythos. Adding his name to the likes of Robert Bloch, Clark Ashton Smith, and Frank Belknap Long, among others, Kuttner expanded and developed further the fantastical imaginings of Lovecraft. Appearing in issues of Weird Tales, as well as Strange Stories, during the mid to late-1930's, Kuttner's Cthulhu Mythos stories include The Secret of Kralitz (Weird Tales, October 1936), The Eater of Souls (Weird Tales, January 1937), and The Hunt (Strange Stories, June 1939), among others.

Brought together through their shared enthusiasm for pulp magazines and fantasy and science fiction stories, Kuttner met Catherine Lucille Moore (C.L. Moore) in the late-1930's, the two then wed in 1940. As well as sharing a marriage, Kuttner and Moore also enjoyed a highly creative relationship as the two of them wrote many stories together, typically using the joint pseudonym of Lewis Padgett.

Pseudonyms used by Kuttner

Perhaps adversely impacting on his wider appreciation as a writer, during his literary career, in addition to using his own name, Henry Kuttner wrote under more than a dozen different pseudonyms, including Edward J. Bellin, Kelvin Kent, Lewis Padgett, Keith Hammond, and Woodrow Wilson Smith, among several others.

Written by Kuttner and Moore, published under the joint pseudonym of Lewis Padgett, Mimsy Were the Borogoves is a science fiction story

which first appeared in the February 1943 issue of *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine. With its title derived from a piece in Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky* (which featured in his 1871 novel *Through the Looking Glass*), *Mimsy Were the Borogoves* references Carroll's respective works, while detailing advanced learning tools and time travel.

Henry Kuttner and the Cthulhu Mythos

With some more directly linked than others, Henry Kuttner wrote a number of short stories which make up part of H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos. Listed below are some of these stories. Two of these stories, *The Invaders*, and *Bells of Horror*, were attributed to Keith Hammond, one of the many different pseudonyms used by Kuttner.

The Secret of Kralitz (*Weird Tales*, October 1936)

The Eater of Souls (*Weird Tales*, January 1937)

The Salem Horror (*Weird Tales*, May 1937)

The Jest of Droom-Avesta (*Weird Tales*, August 1937)

Spawn of Dagon (*Weird Tales*, July 1938)

The Invaders (*Strange Stories*, February 1939)

The Frog (*Strange Stories*, February 1939)

Bells of Horror (*Strange Stories*, April 1939)

Hydra (*Weird Tales*, April 1939)

The Hunt (*Strange Stories*, June 1939)

Kuttner and Moore wrote many stories together. Another example of the couple's joint work is *Vintage Season*, a science fiction story which first appeared in the September 1946 issue of *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine. Like *Mimsy Were the Borogoves*, *Vintage Season* explores advanced technology and the theme of time exploration.

A collection of five Lewis Padgett science fiction short stories, featuring the created character of inventor Golloway Gallegher, *Robots Have no Tails* was published by the small publishing house Gnome Press in 1952. Popular pulp magazine tales, each of the stories

which featured in this compilation had been previously published in issues of Astounding Science Fiction. A year later, in 1953, another collection of Lewis Padgett short stories, *Mutant*, was published (again by Gnome Press).

Elak of Atlantis

Firmly within the world of 'sword and sorcery', the creation of Henry Kuttner, Elak of Atlantis is a sword-swinging adventurous hero. The character made his first appearance in the May 1938 issue of *Weird Tales*, as the first half of Kuttner's short story *Thunder in the Dawn* was included. Kuttner wrote a total of four Elak of Atlantis tales.

Thunder in the Dawn (*Weird Tales*, May 1938, June 1938)

Spawn of Dagon (*Weird Tales*, July 1938)

Beyond the Phoenix (*Weird Tales*, October 1938)

Dragon Moon (*Weird Tales*, January 1941)

While many of Kuttner's short stories appeared in various pulp magazines of the day, as well as surfacing as collected works over the years, the writer, both alone and with his wife, penned a number of novels too (some of which were first published as pulp magazine versions). Released as a Henry Kuttner book, though potentially written in collaboration with Moore, one of Kuttner's standout novels is *The Dark World*. First appearing in *Startling Stories* (Summer 1946 issue), followed by publication in *Fantastic Story Magazine* (Winter 1954 issue), *The Dark World* was published as a standalone novel by Ace Books in 1965.



During his lifetime, Kuttner, often writing under a plethora of pseudonyms, was a prolific author of science fiction, fantasy, and horror, greatly contributing to the classic age of pulp publications.



Forming part of H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos, written under the pseudonym of Keith Hammond, *The Invaders* is a short story by Henry Kuttner which first appeared in the February 1939 issue of *Strange Stories* magazine. Attributed directly to himself, without any pseudonym attached, also featured in this issue of *Strange Stories* is Kuttner's *The Frog* (another Cthulhu Mythos piece). Again using the pseudonym of Keith Hammond, Kuttner's *Bells of Horror*, another Cthulhu Mythos tale, appeared in the April 1939 issue of *Strange Stories* magazine.

A Gnome There Was and Other Tales of Science Fiction and Fantasy

Entitled *A Gnome There Was and Other Tales of Science Fiction and Fantasy*, a collection of eleven short stories by Lewis Padgett was published by Simon & Schuster in 1950.

Robots Have no Tails

Entitled *Robots Have no Tails*, a collection of five Golloway Gallegher short stories by Lewis Padgett was published by Gnome Press in 1952.

Mutant

Entitled *Mutant*, a collection of five short stories by Lewis Padgett was published by Gnome Press in 1953.

Ahead of Time

Entitled *Ahead of Time*, a collection of ten short stories by Henry Kuttner was published by Ballantine Books in 1953.

Sometimes including collaborative works between himself and C.L. Moore, there have also been a number of Henry Kuttner collections which have been released posthumously.

Though no longer writing with the same intensity of previous years, the 1950's still saw Kuttner write a number of works, including *Humpty Dumpty*, *Satan Sends Flowers*, *Or Else*, and *The Well of the Worlds*, as well as a handful of other titles. Furthermore, Kuttner was also teaching a writing course at the University of California. Then, tragically, aged just forty-two years old, Kuttner died of a heart attack on February 3, 1958.

Seabury Quinn

A 'New Year child', writer Seabury Grandin Quinn was born in Washington D.C., U.S.A., on January 1, 1889. An inherently inquisitive child, Quinn grew to be a studious and well-read individual with eclectic tastes in literature. In pursuing his further education, aged twenty-one years old, Quinn graduated from the law school of the National University, before being admitted to the District of Columbia Bar.



With conflict in Europe interrupting his legal career, as he looked to support the Allied cause during World War I, Quinn served in the U.S. Army. Following this time, having contributed to the Allied victory, he became editor of a group of trade papers in New York, while he also taught medical jurisprudence, wrote technical papers, and began penning tales for various pulp magazines of the day. A keen researcher, paying close attention to detail, Quinn's fictional pieces often centred around historical fact, resulting in richly textured tales.

“Beneath a brow as shallow as an ape’s, and as sloping as a mansard roof, the creature’s agate eyes stared forth from above its bloated cheeks with a look of unutterable hate and fury. To right and left of its knoblike nose great tusks of shining ivory protruded from the painted lips, which writhed and twisted in a snarl of rage, and the talon hands it brandished above its head were armed with claws like those of some giant vulture. It was like a vision from a nightmare, a fiend from Dante’s Inferno and a dijn from some Eastern horror tale rolled into one...”

Taken from The Stone Image by Seabury Quinn, first published 1919.

Seabury Quinn's Weird Crimes

Describing the cases of several ghastly and notorious historical crimes, Seabury Quinn's Weird Crimes series featured within Weird Tales magazine.

Bluebeard (Weird Tales, October 1923)

The Graverobbers (Weird Tales, November 1923)

The Magic Mirror Murders (Weird Tales, January 1924)

Swiatek, the Beggar (Weird Tales, February 1924)

Mary Blandy (Weird Tales, April 1924)

The Werewolf of St. Bonnot (Weird Tales, May/ June/ July 1924 (anniversary issue))

The Human Hyena (Weird Tales, November 1924)

Seabury Quinn's Servants of Satan

Seabury Quinn's Servants of Satan series of works are centred around a time when Puritanism was at its zenith, a time when superstition led to mania and the brutal persecution of those deemed guilty of practising witchcraft.

The Salem Horror (Weird Tales, March 1925)

Giles and Martha Corey (Weird Tales, April 1925)

Rebecca Nurse, Saint of Salem (Weird Tales, May 1925)

George Burroughs, Martyr (Weird Tales, June 1925)

The End of the Horror (Weird Tales, July 1925)

Maria Schweidler (Weird Tales, August 1925)



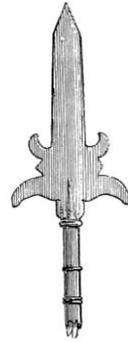
“Well he knew his fate awaiting him. He would be tied against a cartwheel so that he hung like a fly caught in the web of a giant spider. Then, with a heavy sledgehammer, the brawny executioner would rain blow after blow upon him, breaking the bones of his legs and arms, his ribs, finally crushing his skull. In ordinary cases the headsman would have given him the blow on the head first, so that the others would have been but savage mutilation of his dead body; but his sentence had expressly provided that he should “be broken on the wheel from the feet upwards without the customary mercy stroke.” He would die slowly, horribly. The thought drove him shrieking against the unyielding door of his cell, striking it with his fists, crying aloud for mercy – He who had shown no pity to the girls whose finery he coveted.”

Taken from *The Magic Mirror Murders* by Seabury Quinn, first published in 1924.

Quinn’s first published work was *The Law of the Movies*, which appeared in the December 1917 issue of *The Motion Picture Magazine*. Following the success of his debut piece, another of Quinn’s early published stories was *Demons of the Night*, which appeared in a March 1918 issue of *Detective Story Magazine*. Now firmly in his writing stride, among his other works of this time was the short story *Was She Mad?*, published via a later March 1918 issue of *Detective Story Magazine*.



Produced by the New York publisher Street & Smith, initially edited by Harold Hersey, The Thrill Book was a pulp magazine which saw issues released over the course of 1919, before the publication prematurely folded. One of the writers whose work featured in The Thrill Book was Seabury Quinn; his short story The Stone Image was published in the May 1919 issue of the short-lived magazine. Quinn's literary star was rising.



“How few of those who echoed the news writer’s epithet realized that Landru, who later expiated his crimes upon the guillotine at Versailles, and even the “Bluebeard” whose story still frightens fretful children to stillness, were but amateurs in crime compared to the man who first bore the name; the man whose trial and conviction rocked Mediaeval France to its foundations, and whose criminal exploits surpass the wildest flights of imaginative fiction. Never in the stories of Poe, of Gautier, of de Maupassant — not even Bram Stoker’s Count Dracula — has a character more depraved, more terrible, more fascinating, been portrayed than Gilles de Laval, Sire de Retz, Marshal of France, chamberlain to the French king and cousin to the mighty Duke of Brittany.”

Taken from Bluebeard by Seabury Quinn, first published in 1923.



“Marks of blood, however, gave evidence the spring gun’s bullet had struck its mark, and a scrap of blue cloth clinging to one of the iron spikes with which the wall was topped afforded an added clue to the ravisher of the graves.”

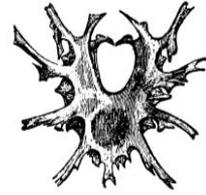
Taken from *The Human Hyena* by Seabury Quinn, first published in 1924.

Then came the association for which Quinn would become most well-known, that with the gloriously gruesome and superbly strange *Weird Tales* magazine. Quinn became the most prolific writer to be featured within the pages of *Weird Tales*, even surpassing weird writing heavyweights such as H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, and Clark Ashton Smith. The writer’s debut appearance in the classic pulp publication came via the magazine’s October 1923 issue, when two of his works, *The Phantom Farm House* and *Blackbeard*, were featured.

Utilising his own middle name as part of the creative process, occult detective Professor Jules de Grandin became Quinn’s most popular and enduring character. Assisted by Dr. Trowbridge, across the lands of New Jersey, Jules de Grandin, once of the French *Sûreté*, an expert in anatomy and criminology, and keen martial artist, investigated a myriad of mysteries. The first of these tales, *The Horror on the Links*, appeared in the October 1925 issue of *Weird Tales*. The magazine’s editor at the time, Farnsworth Wright, held a great appreciation for the works of Seabury Quinn, and for his Jules de Grandin character especially. Indeed, Wright was one of the key motivating supporters pushing for Quinn to develop Jules de Grandin as a central character in a series of stories. In total, running from 1925 – 1951, ninety-three such stories were published via *Weird Tales* magazine. With a tireless creative zeal, in addition to his Professor Jules de Grandin character, Quinn also created the erudite Professor Forrester, whose mystery-solving adventures featured within the pages of *Real Detective Tales & Mystery Stories*.



Writers, editors, publishers, artists, and more, Quinn held many friendships with those in the pulp world. One such friend, indeed a close acquaintance, was H.P. Lovecraft. Upon his untimely death in 1937, aged just forty-six years old, in a letter to *Weird Tales* (June 1937 issue), of Lovecraft, Quinn wrote, "... (he) was both a scholar and a gentleman, and his writings disclosed both his scholarship and his gentility, as well as a genius which has not been observable since the death of Poe and Hawthorne... "



The publishing house's first illustrated book, and Quinn's first standalone novel, *Roads* was published by Arkham House in 1948. Illustrated by classic pulp artist Virgil Finlay, comprising three parts (*The Road to Bethlehem*, *The Road to Calvary*, and *The Long, Long Road*), *Roads* is a yuletide tale which details the beginnings of the legendary Santa Claus.

Meanwhile, in addition to his pulp writings, linking to his legal work, Quinn saw the publication of the books *A Syllabus of Mortuary Jurisprudence*, as well as *An Encyclopedic Law Glossary For Funeral Directors and Embalmers*; both titles featured his contributions.

Though in his seventies, still active in mind and body, continuing to write, Quinn's creative momentum was abruptly interrupted as he suffered a stroke in 1964; this greatly weakened him, adversely affecting both his mobility and vision. Over the following years, the writer's health continued to decline, resulting in him suffering another stroke in 1969. Aged eighty years old, Seabury Quinn died on Christmas Eve of that year.

With Seabury Quinn penning a special introduction, as well as making some slight revisions, *The Phantom Fighter* is a collection of ten short stories from the writer's Jules de Grandin series, published by Mycroft & Moran, an imprint of Arkham House, in 1966.



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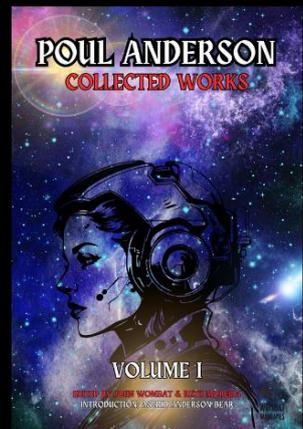
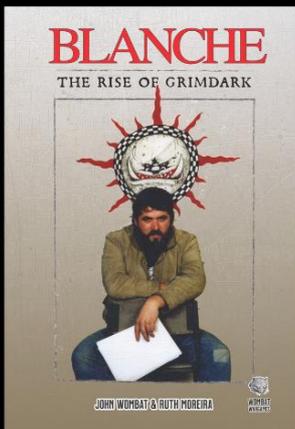
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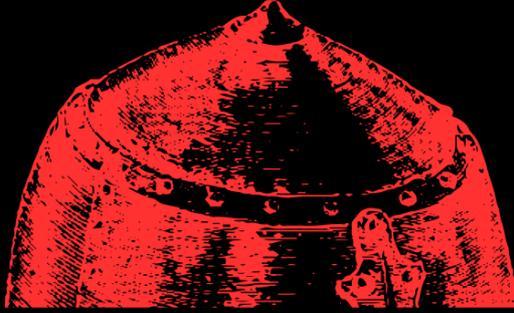
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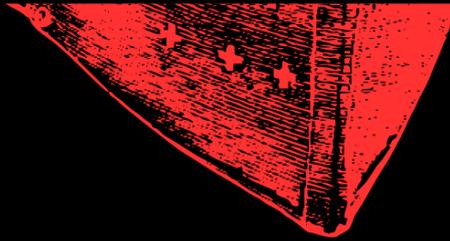
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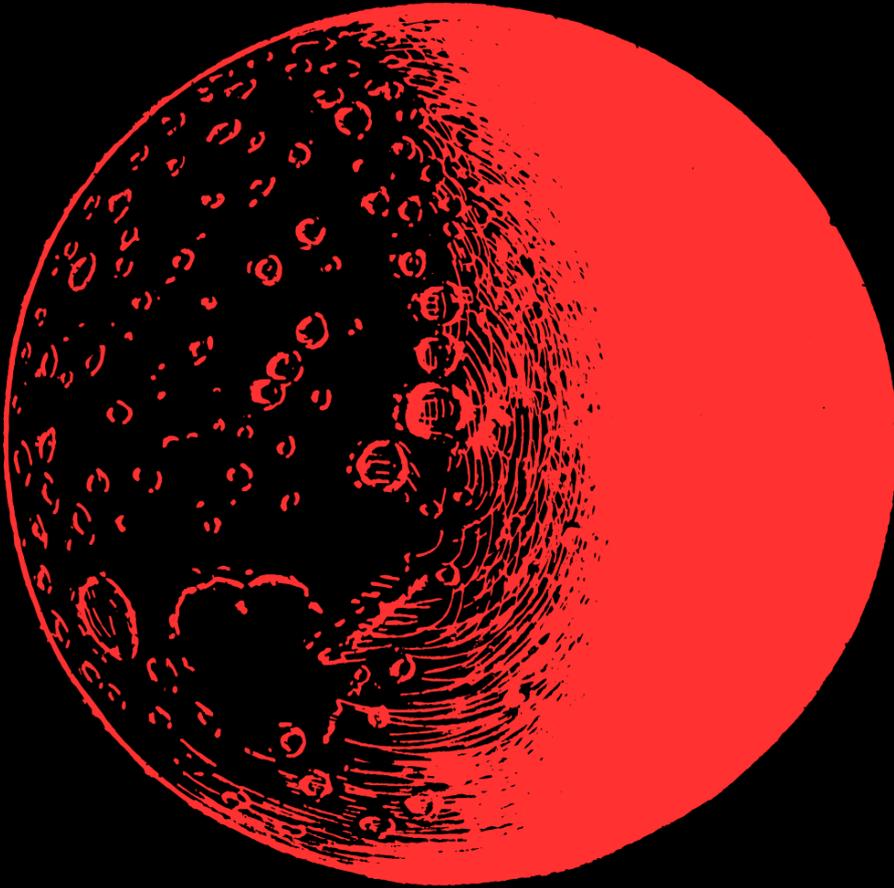
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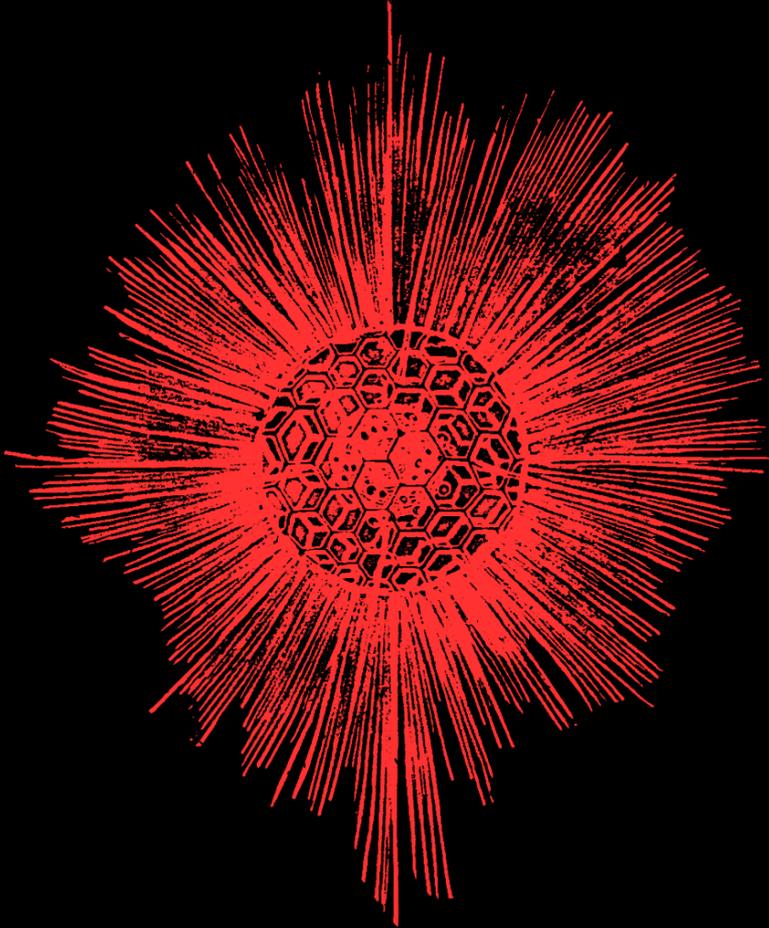
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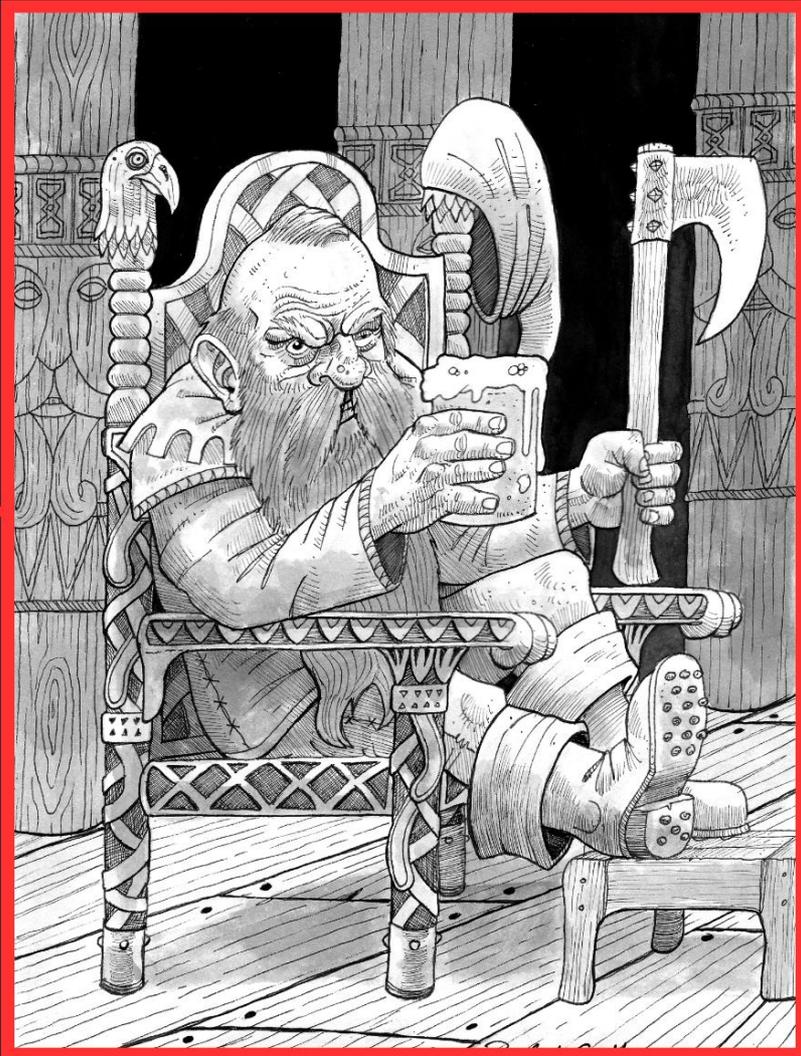
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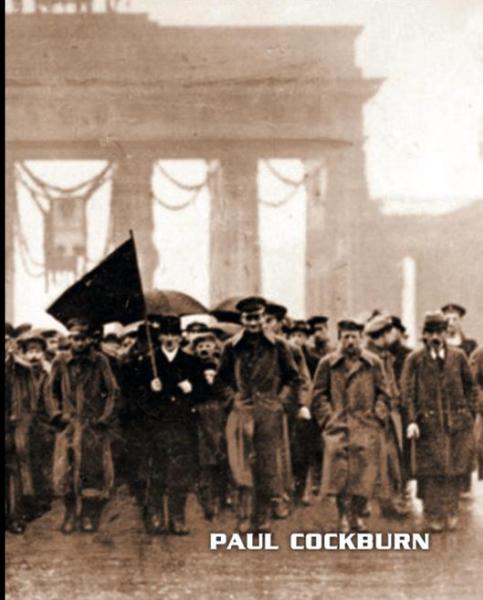
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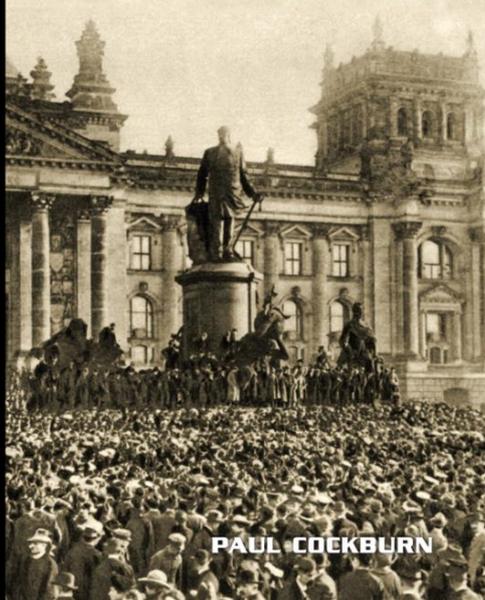
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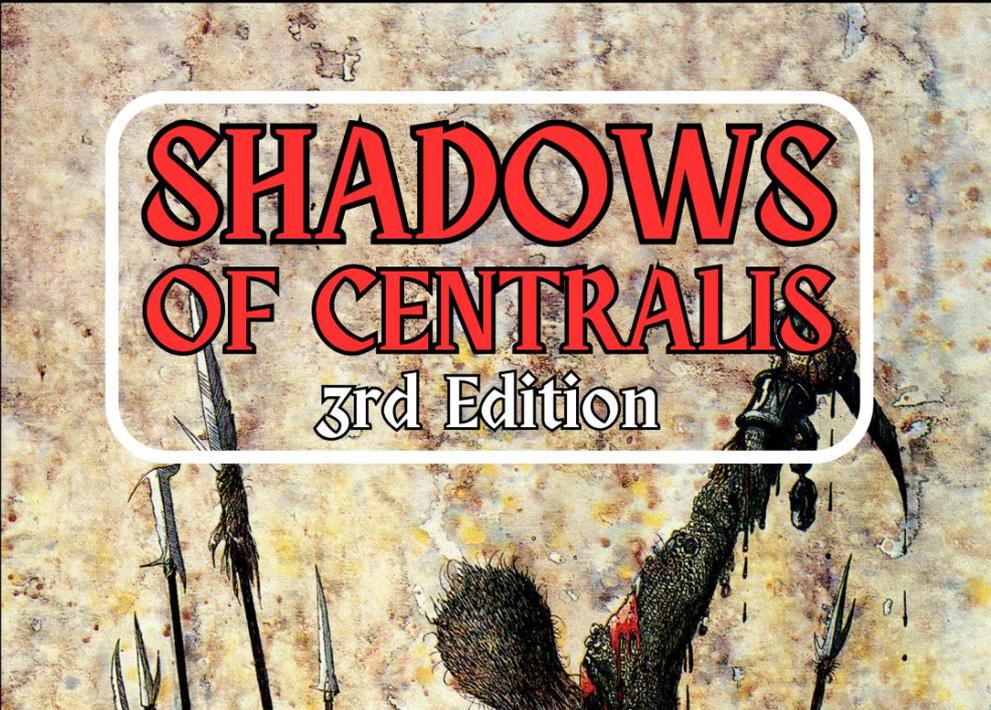
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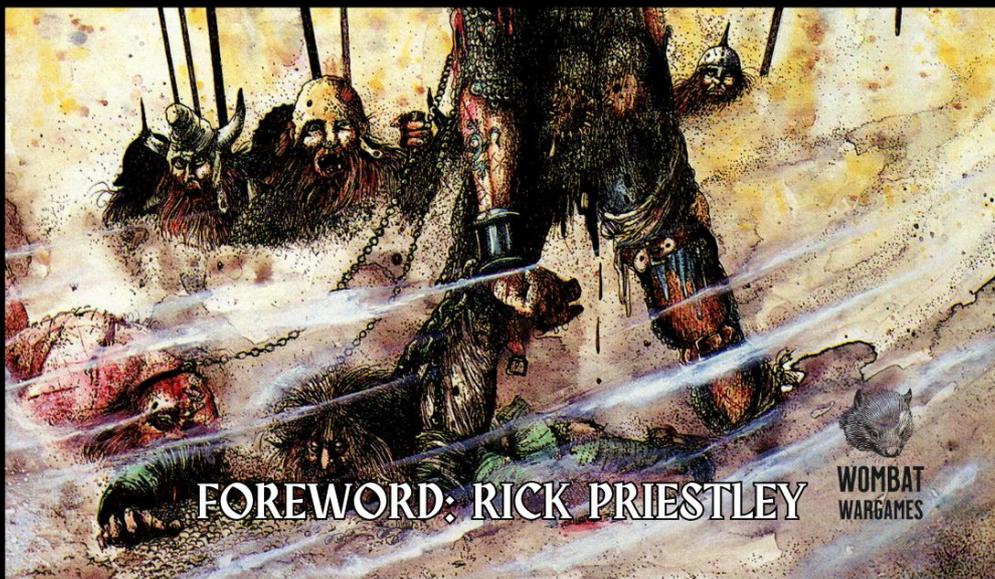
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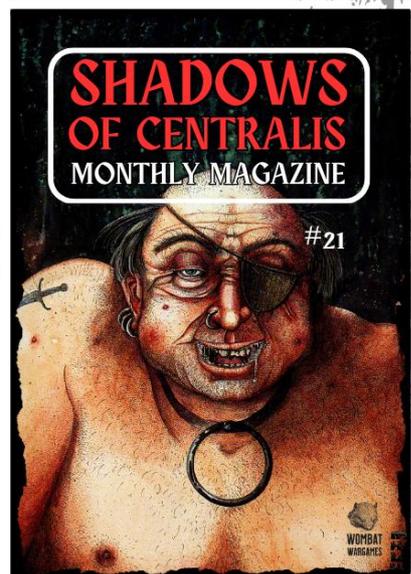
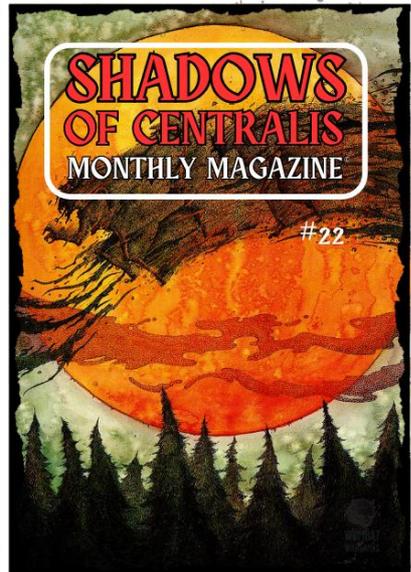
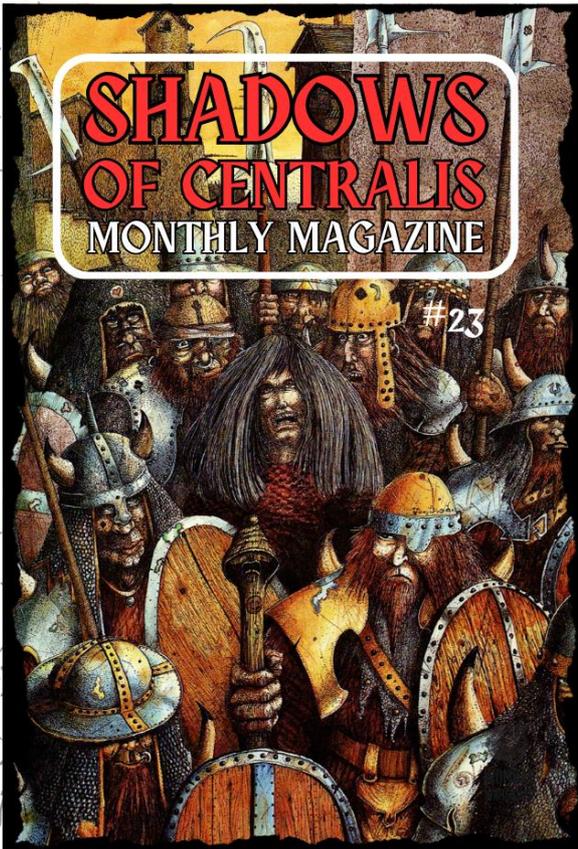


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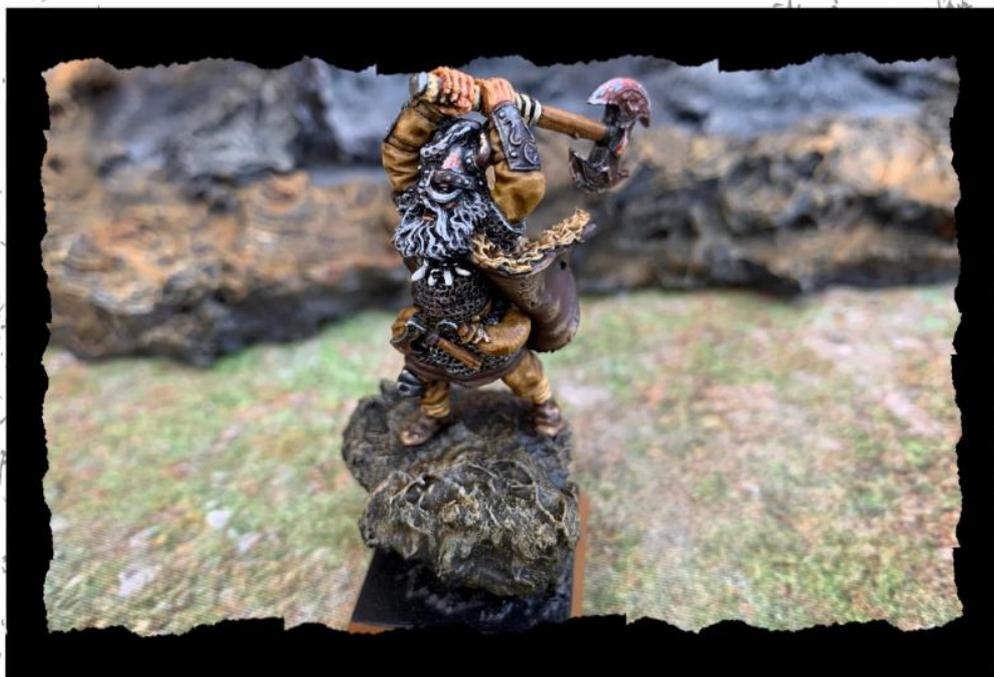


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at the forefront of shaping the science fiction, fantasy and historical fantasy genres. Over the course of a career that spanned more than five decades, during which time he was decorated with a plethora of awards, including seven Hugo Awards and three Nebula Awards, Poul Anderson wrote hundreds of short stories, novels, essays, and articles. With approval and support kindly provided from his daughter, Astrid Anderson Bear, this authorised biography of Poul Anderson tells the story of a true pioneer and consummate gentleman.

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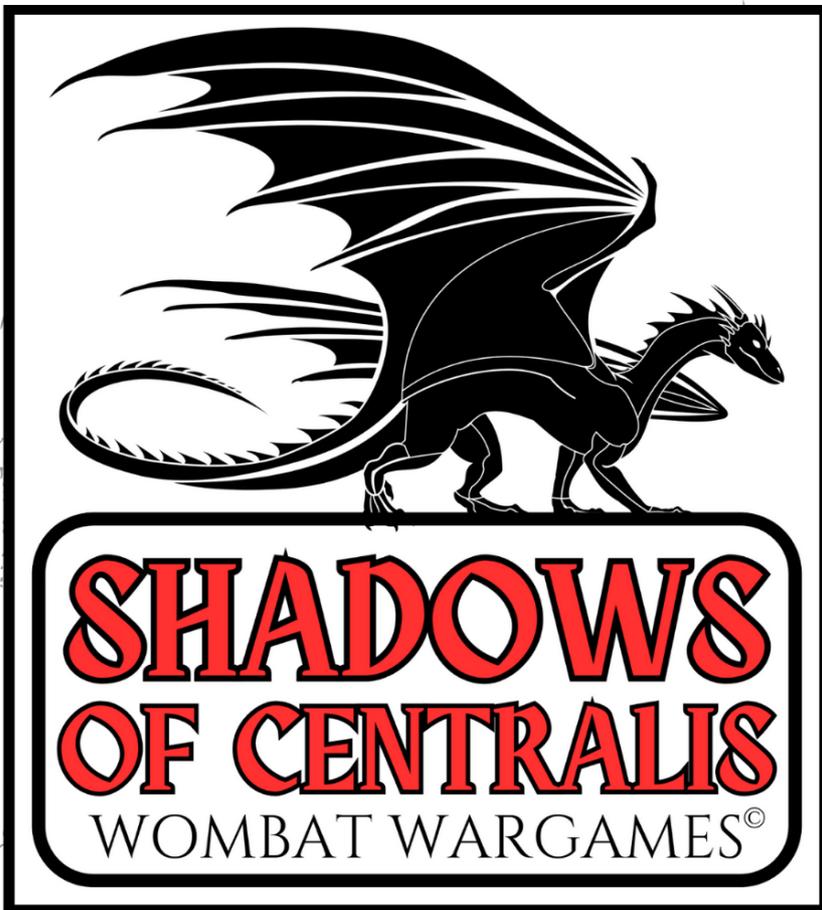


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