

# The King In Yellow Tales Of Mystery The Supernatural

In a 25th anniversary, behind-the-scenes account of the making of the cult-classic film, the lead actor shares never-before-told stories and exclusive photographs as well as interviews with Robin Wright, Billy Crystal and more. 100,000 first printing.

'No one does the darker side of surreal better than this man.' - Laird Barron Nearly two decades before True Detective helped popularize The King in Yellow, Joseph S. Pulver, Sr. was writing poetic tales based upon Robert W. Chambers' King in Yellow. Collected within this substantial volume of madness, murder, and spectral tragedy are tales of Carcosa, the characters that inhabit the KIY Play, and Chambers' cosmic horror. Pulver's tales adhere to Chambers' core ideas and themes, and they retain all the mystery of Chambers originals. Joseph S. Pulver, Sr. has been acclaimed by many notable editors, writers, and reviewers, as the contemporary heir to Robert W. Chambers' King in Yellow. Have you seen the Yellow Sign? 'The King In Yellow reigns over the labyrinthine crossroads between the grand indifference of the cosmic Outside, and the inner wasteland of the tormented mind, so it's no surprise to find Joe Pulver's saturnine face so frequently behind the Pallid Mask. Joe plies the fathomless depths of existential nightmare breathing music and poetry, and brings back strangely beautiful salvage. That he has so lovingly and deeply explored Chambers' bizarre pocket universe without destroying the merest scintilla of its mystery is ample testament to his painfully sharp craftsmanship and terrible wisdom.'" - Cody Goodfellow, Radiant Dawn

That evening I took my usual walk in Washington Park, pondering over the occurrences of the day. I was thoroughly committed. There was no back out now, and I stared the future straight in the face. I was not good, not even scrupulous, but I had no idea of deceiving either myself or Tessie. The one passion of my life lay buried in the sunlit forests of Brittany. Was it buried forever? Hope cried "No!" For three years I had been listening to the voice of Hope, and for three years I had waited for a footstep on my threshold. Had Sylvia forgotten? "No!" cried Hope. I said that I was not good. That is true, but still I was not exactly a comic opera villain. I had led an easy-going reckless life, taking what invited me of pleasure, deploring and sometimes bitterly regretting consequences. In one thing alone, except my painting, was I serious, and that was something which lay hidden if not lost in the Breton forests. It was too late now for me to regret what had occurred during the day. Whatever it had been, pity, a sudden tenderness for sorrow, or the more brutal instinct of gratified vanity, it was all the same now, and unless I wished to bruise an innocent heart my path lay marked before me. The fire and strength, the depth of passion of a love which I had never even suspected, with all my imagined experience in the world, left me no alternative but to respond or send her away. Whether because I am so cowardly about giving pain to others, or whether it was that I have little of the gloomy Puritan in me, I do not know, but I shrank from disclaiming responsibility for that thoughtless kiss, and in fact had no time to do so before the gates of her heart opened and the flood poured forth. Others who habitually do their duty and find a sullen satisfaction in making themselves and everybody else unhappy, might have withstood it. I did not. I dared not. After the storm had abated I did tell her that she might better have loved Ed Burke and worn a plain gold ring, but she would not hear of it, and I thought perhaps that as long as she had decided to love somebody she could not marry, it had better be me. I, at least, could treat her with an intelligent affection, and whenever she became tired of her infatuation she could go none the worse for it. For I was decided on that point although I knew how hard it would be. I remembered the usual termination of Platonic liaisons and thought how disgusted I had been whenever I heard of one. I knew I was undertaking a great deal for so unscrupulous a man as I was, and I dreaded the future, but never for one moment did I doubt that she was safe with me.

Had it been anybody but Tessie I should not have bothered my head about scruples. For it did not occur to me to sacrifice Tessie as I would have sacrificed a woman of the world. I looked the future squarely in the face and saw the several probable endings to the affair. She would either tire of the whole thing, or become so unhappy that I should have either to marry her or go away. If I married her we would be unhappy. I with a wife unsuited to me, and she with a husband unsuitable for any woman. For my past life could scarcely entitle me to marry. If I went away she might either fall ill, recover, and marry some Eddie Burke, or she might recklessly or deliberately go and do something foolish. On the other hand if she tired of me, then her whole life would be before her with beautiful vistas of Eddie Burkes and marriage rings and twins and Harlem flats and Heaven knows what. As I strolled along through the trees by the Washington Arch, I decided that she should find a substantial friend in me anyway and the future could take care of itself. Then I went into the house and put on my evening dress for the little faintly perfumed note on my dresser said, "Have a cab at the stage door at eleven," and the note was signed "Edith Carmichael, Metropolitan Theater, June 19th, 189—."

King mesmerizes readers with fiction deeply rooted in the sixties, exploring in five interconnected narratives, spanning 1960 to 1999, the haunting legacy of the Vietnam War.

"Engaging . . . King's gift of storytelling is rich" .--"The Los Angeles Times Book Review".

"The Street of the First Shell" by Robert W. Chambers. Published by Good Press. Good Press publishes a wide range of titles that encompasses every genre. From well-known classics & literary fiction and non-fiction to forgotten?or yet undiscovered gems?of world literature, we issue the books that need to be read. Each Good Press edition has been meticulously edited and formatted to boost readability for all e-readers and devices. Our goal is to produce eBooks that are user-friendly and accessible to everyone in a high-quality digital format.

He was making a full length study in clay now. All day long she sat there enthroned, her eyes partly closed, the head lifted a trifle and fallen back, and her lovely hands resting on her heart--and sometimes she strove to imagine something of the divine moment which she was embodying; pondering, dreaming, wondering; and sometimes, in the stillness, through her trance crept a thrill, subtle, exquisite, as though in faint perception of the heavenly moment. And once, into her halfdreaming senses came the soft stirring of wings, and she opened her eyes and looked up, startled and thrilled.

A collection of speculative short stories by the renowned American writer Ambrose Bierce, 'Can Such Things Be?' was first published in 1890s. An interesting and engaging collection for those who like detective and mysterious literature.

The first volume in a comprehensive set of weird fiction and poetry focused on one of the genre's most mysterious and intriguing figures, the King in Yellow, features works by Richard L. Tierney, William Laughlin, Mark McLaughlin, Joseph S. Pulver Sr., John Tynes, Will Murray, G. Warlock Vance, Ann K. Schwader, Roger Johnson, Robert M. Price, and others.

The King in Yellow, a book of short stories by American writer Robert W. Chambers. The book is named after a fictional play with the same title which recurs as a motif through some of the stories. The first half of the book features highly esteemed weird stories, and the book is described by S.T. Joshi as a classic in the field of the supernatural. There are ten stories, the first four of which mention The King in Yellow, a forbidden play which induces despair or madness in those who read it. The first four stories are macabre in tone, centering, in keeping with the other tales, on characters that are often artists or decadents. The first and fourth stories are set in an imagined future 1920s America, whereas the second and third stories are set in Paris. These stories are haunted by the theme: "Have you found the Yellow Sign?" The weird and macabre character gradually fades away during the remaining stories, and the last three are written in the romantic fiction style common to Chambers' later work. They are all linked to the preceding stories by their Parisian setting and artistic protagonists.

"The forty-seven components of Josh Russell's engrossing King of the Animals are always

entertaining, never less than mischievous, constantly surprising, and stunningly well expressed. Yes, they are stories, vignettes, parables, moral tales—but none of those descriptions do them full justice. Let's just say that Russell is the master of short-form fiction in all its limitless variety.”—Jim Crace “With *King of the Animals*, Josh Russell affirms his status as one of our most shrewdly capable writers. Mortality and transformation, being a child and being a parent, the lifelong process that is growing up—these are but some of the aspects of American life toward which Russell, in stories that vary richly one from the other except in never ending up where you expect them to, aims his telescope. Tenderhearted, funny, and gorgeously written.”—David Leavitt A teenager and his family seek asylum in an Atlanta IKEA after their split-level is burned down because his father made fun of an autocrat's bad grammar. A man remembers how seeing a snapshot of his sister naked changed his life—and hers too. A talking doll fails her spelling test, and a king made of sugar and flour watches Fox News and smokes dope with the neighbor kid. The Chicago Tribune praised Josh Russell's fiction for “virtuoso storytelling, evocative prose, and original conception,” and in *King of the Animals*, he entwines the extraordinary with the commonplace, leaving us to wonder why we ever thought them separate.

It is October 1928. London: the capital of an empire that covers a quarter of the globe and contains a quarter of the human race. The population busies itself with its concerns of politics and government, finance and production, work and recreation. But how fragile things are. What ignorance there is. For there are those who are engaged in quite different pursuits. Those who would see an inhuman power come to Earth that would make such activity seem merely a last dance before dying. Over this winter [the] taint emerges as never before. The sensitive and the weak feel it first; few can know the source, but some welcome it anyway experience in it a thrill. Artists find their work strangely influenced, and they mine this vein of creativity. Many exhibitions this season feature the saem images: a social gathering gripped by a repressed panic; a lake or marsh cloaked with mist; the presence of something that stands just off canvas. New fiction and theater bring scenes of upheaval and confusion that are never allowed to reach a climax. Seances and mediumistic exhibitions bring untoward results and end in disruption. And other people are susceptible to variations in mood: they feel new lines of communication opening. Some claim God is talking to them. All feel the lure of the stars. Artists, musicians, and writers work at their windows after sunset, their curtains thrown open to the sky. The troubled walk the streets by night conversing with themselves, railing at interruptions. Madmen sit in their cells gazing where the Hyades will rise. Tatters of the King is a complete campaign for Call of Cthulhu. Visited locations include Milan, Suffolk London, Nepal, Scotland, the Severn Valley, and Bombay, Events here are best met with 4-6 investigators. Since game styles vary, allow for 12-24 sessions of play. The book is 232 pages. Written by Tim Wiseman. Cover and illustrations by Ashley Jones. Maps and plans by Antony Fentiman.

From New York Times bestselling author Jay Kristoff comes *Empire of the Vampire*, the first illustrated volume of an astonishing new dark fantasy saga. From holy cup comes holy light; The faithful hand sets world aright. And in the Seven Martyrs' sight, Mere man shall end this endless night. It has been twenty-seven long years since the last sunrise. For nearly three decades, vampires have waged war against humanity; building their eternal empire even as they tear down our own. Now, only a few tiny sparks of light endure in a sea of darkness. Gabriel de León is a silversaint: a member of a holy brotherhood dedicated to defending realm and church from the creatures of the night. But even the Silver Order could not stem the tide once daylight failed us, and now, only Gabriel remains. Imprisoned by the very monsters he vowed to destroy, the last silversaint is forced to tell his story. A story of legendary battles and forbidden love, of faith lost and friendships won, of the Wars of the Blood and the Forever King and the quest for humanity's last remaining hope: The Holy Grail.

A milestone of American supernatural fiction from the author who has been hailed as the link

between Poe and Stephen King. 12 gripping stories, with an introduction by E. F. Bleiler. One of the most influential works of this century, *The Myth of Sisyphus and Other Essays* is a crucial exposition of existentialist thought. Influenced by works such as *Don Juan* and the novels of Kafka, these essays begin with a meditation on suicide; the question of living or not living in a universe devoid of order or meaning. With lyric eloquence, Albert Camus brilliantly posits a way out of despair, reaffirming the value of personal existence, and the possibility of life lived with dignity and authenticity.

Much as I dislike it, I am obliged to include this story in a volume devoted to fiction: I have attempted to tell it as an absolutely true story, but until three months ago, when the indisputable proofs were placed before the British Association by Professor James Holroyd, I was regarded as an impostor. Now that the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, the Philadelphia Zoölogical Society, and the Natural History Museum of New York city, are convinced that the story is truthful and accurate in every particular, I prefer to tell it my own way. Professor Holroyd urges me to do this, although Professor Bruce Stoddard, of Columbia College, is now at work upon a pamphlet, to be published the latter part of next month, describing scientifically the extraordinary discovery which, to the shame of the United States, was first accepted and recognised in England. Now, having no technical ability concerning the affair in question, and having no knowledge of either comparative anatomy or zoölogy, I am perhaps unfitted to tell this story. But the story is true; the episode occurred under my own eyes—here, within a few hours' sail of the Battery. And as I was one of the first persons to verify what has long been a theory among scientists, and, moreover, as the result of Professor Holroyd's discovery is to be placed on exhibition in Madison Square Garden on the twentieth of next month, I have decided to tell, as simply as I am able, exactly what occurred. I first wrote out the story on April 1, 1896. *The North American Review*, *the Popular Science Monthly*, *the Scientific American*, *Nature*, *Forest and Stream*, and *the Fossiliferous Magazine* in turn rejected it; some curtly informing me that fiction had no place in their columns. When I attempted to explain that it was not fiction, the editors of these periodicals either maintained a contemptuous silence, or bluntly notified me that my literary services and opinions were not desired. But finally, when several publishers offered to take the story as fiction, I cut short all negotiations and decided to publish it myself. Where I am known at all, it is my misfortune to be known as a writer of fiction. This makes it impossible for me to receive a hearing from a scientific audience. I regret it bitterly, because now, when it is too late, I am prepared to prove certain scientific matters of interest, and to produce the proofs. In this case, however, I am fortunate, for nobody can dispute the existence of a thing when the bodily proof is exhibited as evidence.

Appealing to the casual comic book reader as well as the hardcore graphic novel fan, this ultimate AtoZ compendium describes everyone's favorite participants in the eternal battle between good and evil. With nearly 200 entries examining more than 1,000 heroes, icons and their place in popular culture, it is the first comprehensive profile of superheroes across all media, following their path from comic book stardom to radio, television, movies, and novels. The best-loved and most historically significant superheroes—mainstream and counterculture, famous and forgotten, best and worst—are presented with numerous full-color illustrations, including dozens of classic comic covers. Each significant era of the superhero is explored—from the Golden Age of the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s through the Modern Age—providing a unique perspective of the role of the hero over the course of the 20th century and beyond. This latest edition has been revised to reflect updates on existing characters, coverage of new characters, and recent films and media trends in the last several years. The stories in this book evoke a tracery of evil rarely rivaled in horror writing. They represent the whole evolving trajectory of such notions as Hastur, the King in Yellow, Carcosa, the Yellow Sign, the Black Stone, Yuggoth, and the Lake of Hali. A

succession of writers from Ambrose Bierce to Ramsey Campbell and Karl Edward Wagner have explored and embellished these concepts so that the sum of the tales has become an evocative tapestry of hypnotic dread and terror, a mythology distinct from yet overlapping the Cthulhu Mythos. Here for the first time is a comprehensive collection of all the relevant tales.

Carmen Agra Deedy's award-winning retelling of a powerful World War II legend. Without the yellow star to point them out, the Jews looked like any other Danes. In 1940, Nazis occupied Denmark and King Christian X, beloved amongst his people, has to find some way to resist their overwhelming power. When the order goes out that all Jews must wear a yellow star on their clothes, the king has an idea that might just work. But it would take the faith and commitment of all Danes. In this retelling of a World War II legend, New York Times best-selling author Carmen Agra Deedy poignantly remind us of the power of a good, wise leader. Paired with Henri Sørensen's arresting full-color portraits, this is a powerful and dignified story of heroic justice. Teacher's Guide available! Bologna Ragazzi Award for Children's Non-Fiction Christopher Award (Books for Young People) Jane Addams Peace Prize (Honor Book) ABC Children's Booksellers' Choices (Non-fiction) Notable Books for a Global Society NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER USA TODAY BESTSELLER NATIONAL INDIE BESTSELLER THE WASHINGTON POST BESTSELLER Recommended by Entertainment Weekly, Real Simple, NPR, Slate, and Oprah Magazine #1 Library Reads Pick—October 2020 #1 Indie Next Pick—October 2020 BOOK OF THE YEAR (2020) FINALIST—Book of The Month Club A "Best Of" Book From: Oprah Mag \* CNN \* Amazon \* Amazon Editors \* NPR \* Goodreads \* Bustle \* PopSugar \* BuzzFeed \* Barnes & Noble \* Kirkus Reviews \* Lambda Literary \* Nerdette \* The Nerd Daily \* Polygon \* Library Reads \* io9 \* Smart Bitches Trashy Books \* LiteraryHub \* Medium \* BookBub \* The Mary Sue \* Chicago Tribune \* NY Daily News \* SyFy Wire \* Powells.com \* Bookish \* Book Riot \* Library Reads Voter Favorite \* In the vein of *The Time Traveler's Wife* and *Life After Life*, *The Invisible Life of Addie LaRue* is New York Times bestselling author V. E. Schwab's genre-defying tour de force. A Life No One Will Remember. A Story You Will Never Forget. France, 1714: in a moment of desperation, a young woman makes a Faustian bargain to live forever—and is cursed to be forgotten by everyone she meets. Thus begins the extraordinary life of Addie LaRue, and a dazzling adventure that will play out across centuries and continents, across history and art, as a young woman learns how far she will go to leave her mark on the world. But everything changes when, after nearly 300 years, Addie stumbles across a young man in a hidden bookstore and he remembers her name. At the Publisher's request, this title is being sold without Digital Rights Management Software (DRM) applied.

A young american is mistaken for a mad king and the adventure begins! A story of action and intrigue and a noble hero!

There was once a play with the power to drive you mad... or to transport you into the bizarre world of Carcosa, and the King in Yellow. Banned, burned, yet never totally destroyed, the play lives on, eating away the fabric of society and rotting the veneer of civilization... Come and enjoy new visions of the King, expanding and deepening the fragments glimpsed in the award-winning True Detective television series, penned for your delight by a host of master scribes eager to guide you to a new world of delirium,

despair, and madness. Featuring stories by: Glynn Owen Barrass Tim Curran Cody Goodfellow T.E. Grau Laurel Halbany C.J. Henderson Gary McMahon William Meikle Christine Morgan Edward Morris Robert M. Price W.H. Pugmire Stephen Mark Rainey Pete Rawlik Brian M. Sammons Lucy Snyder Greg Stolze Jeffrey Thomas and a stunning cover by Daniele Serra!

This massive collection brings together the entire body of Robert W. Chambers' weird fiction works including material unprinted since the 1890's. Chambers is a landmark author in the field of horror literature because of his King in Yellow collection. That book represents but a small portion of his weird fiction work, and these stories are intimately connected with the Cthulhu Mythos -- introducing Hali, Carcosa, and Hastur. Short stories from The King in Yellow, The Maker of Moons, The Mystery of Choice, The Tracer of Lost Persons, The Tree of Heaven, and two complete books, In Search of the Unknown and Police!!! This book contains all the immortal tales of Robert W.

Chambers, including "The Repairer of Reputations," "The Yellow Sign," and "The Mask." These titles are often found in survey anthologies. In addition to the six stories reprinted from The King in Yellow (1895), this book also offers more than two dozen other stories and episodes, about 650 pages in all. These narratives rarely have appeared in print. Some have not been published in nearly a century. A Chambers novel, The Slayer of Souls (1920), is not included in this short story collection.

The King in Yellow is a book of short stories by the American writer Robert W. Chambers, first published by F. Tennyson Neely in 1895.

On their way home, Elmer and a flying dragon land on an unusual island and help some canaries uncover a buried treasure in this second installment of the My Father's Dragon's trilogy. Illustrations.

Toward the end of the year 1920 the Government of the United States had practically completed the programme, adopted during the last months of President Winthrop's administration. The country was apparently tranquil. Everybody knows how the Tariff and Labour questions were settled. The war with Germany, incident on that country's seizure of the Samoan Islands, had left no visible scars upon the republic, and the temporary occupation of Norfolk by the invading army had been forgotten in the joy over repeated naval victories, and the subsequent ridiculous plight of General Von Gartenlaube's forces in the State of New Jersey. The Cuban and Hawaiian investments had paid one hundred per cent and the territory of Samoa was well worth its cost as a coaling station. The country was in a superb state of defence. Every coast city had been well supplied with land fortifications; the army under the parental eye of the General Staff, organized according to the Prussian system, had been increased to 300,000 men, with a territorial reserve of a million; and six magnificent squadrons of cruisers and battle-ships patrolled the six stations of the navigable seas, leaving a steam reserve amply fitted to control home waters. The gentlemen from the West had at last been constrained to acknowledge that a college for the training of diplomats was as necessary as law schools are for the training of barristers; consequently we were no longer represented abroad by incompetent patriots. The nation was prosperous; Chicago, for a moment paralyzed after a second great fire, had risen from its ruins, white and imperial, and more beautiful than the white city which had been built for its plaything in 1893. Everywhere good architecture was replacing bad, and even in New York, a sudden craving for decency had swept away a great portion of the existing

horrors. Streets had been widened, properly paved and lighted, trees had been planted, squares laid out, elevated structures demolished and underground roads built to replace them. The new government buildings and barracks were fine bits of architecture, and the long system of stone quays which completely surrounded the island had been turned into parks which proved a god-send to the population. The subsidizing of the state theatre and state opera brought its own reward. The United States National Academy of Design was much like European institutions of the same kind. Nobody envied the Secretary of Fine Arts, either his cabinet position or his portfolio. The Secretary of Forestry and Game Preservation had a much easier time, thanks to the new system of National Mounted Police. We had profited well by the latest treaties with France and England; the exclusion of foreign-born Jews as a measure of self-preservation, the settlement of the new independent negro state of Suanee, the checking of immigration, the new laws concerning naturalization, and the gradual centralization of power in the executive all contributed to national calm and prosperity. When the Government solved the Indian problem and squadrons of Indian cavalry scouts in native costume were substituted for the pitiable organizations tacked on to the tail of skeletonized regiments by a former Secretary of War, the nation drew a long sigh of relief. When, after the colossal Congress of Religions, bigotry and intolerance were laid in their graves and kindness and charity began to draw warring sects together, many thought the millennium had arrived, at least in the new world which after all is a world by itself.

Zelie Adebola remembers when the soil of Or sha hummed with magic. Burners ignited flames, Tiders beckoned waves, and Zelie s Reaper mother summoned forth souls. But everything changed the night magic disappeared. Under the orders of a ruthless king, maji were killed, leaving Zelie without a mother and her people without hope.

Ten twisted tales that have haunted generations of readers and writers from H. P. Lovecraft to the creators of the hit TV series True Detective Nightmare imagery courses through these stories like blood through the veins. In "The Repairer of Reputations," a Lethal Chamber stands at the edge of Washington Square Park, open to all who can no longer bear the sorrows of life. A Parisian sculptor discovers a liquid solution that can turn any living thing—a lily, a goldfish, a love-struck young woman—to stone in "The Mask." The unnamed narrator of "In the Court of the Dragon" seeks respite in a church only to be driven mad by organ music that no one else can hear. Nothing is stranger or more frightening, however, than The King in Yellow, the play that links these tales to one another and to a larger fictional universe containing the ghost stories of Ambrose Bierce, the cosmic horror of H. P. Lovecraft, and the first season of the critically acclaimed HBO series True Detective. Said to induce insanity and despair in those who read it, little is known for certain about the play beyond the ravings of those who have dared to open its pages. They speak of Carcosa, where black stars hang in the heavens. Of twin suns sinking into the Lake of Hali. Of the Yellow Sign and the Pallid Mask. And, in dread-filled whispers or lunatic shouts, of the King in Yellow himself, come to rule the world. A masterpiece of weird fiction, Robert W. Chambers's The King in Yellow holds the answer to countless mysteries—some of which might just be better left unsolved. This ebook has been professionally proofread to ensure accuracy and readability on all devices.

Stephen King's legendary debut, the bestselling smash hit that put him on the map as

one of America's favorite writers "Gory and horrifying. . . . You can't put it down."  
—Chicago Tribune Unpopular at school and subjected to her mother's religious fanaticism at home, Carrie White does not have it easy. But while she may be picked on by her classmates, she has a gift she's kept secret since she was a little girl: she can move things with her mind. Doors lock. Candles fall. Her ability has been both a power and a problem. And when she finds herself the recipient of a sudden act of kindness, Carrie feels like she's finally been given a chance to be normal. She hopes that the nightmare of her classmates' vicious taunts is over . . . but an unexpected and cruel prank turns her gift into a weapon of horror so destructive that the town may never recover.

"[This collection] features all new tales in tribute to the creations of Robert W. Chambers"--P. [4] of cover.

The utter desolation of the scene began to have its effect; I sat down to face the situation and, if possible, recall to mind some landmark which might aid me in extricating myself from my present position. If I could only find the ocean again all would be clear, for I knew one could see the island of Groix from the cliffs. I laid down my gun, and kneeling behind a rock lighted my pipe. Then I looked at my watch. It was nearly four o'clock. I might have wandered far from Kerselec since daybreak. Standing the day before on the cliffs below Kerselec with Goulven, looking out over the sombre moors among which I had now lost my way, these downs had appeared to me level as a meadow, stretching to the horizon, and although I knew how deceptive is distance, I could not realize that what from Kerselec seemed to be mere grassy hollows were great valleys covered with gorse and heather, and what looked like scattered boulders were in reality enormous cliffs of granite. "It's a bad place for a stranger," old Goulven had said; "you'd better take a guide;" and I had replied, "I shall not lose myself." Now I knew that I had lost myself, as I sat there smoking, with the sea-wind blowing in my face. On every side stretched the moorland, covered with flowering gorse and heath and granite boulders. There was not a tree in sight, much less a house. After a while, I picked up the gun, and turning my back on the sun tramped on again. There was little use in following any of the brawling streams which every now and then crossed my path, for, instead of flowing into the sea, they ran inland to reedy pools in the hollows of the moors. I had followed several, but they all led me to swamps or silent little ponds from which the snipe rose peeping and wheeled away in an ecstasy of fright. I began to feel fatigued, and the gun galled my shoulder in spite of the double pads. The sun sank lower and lower, shining level across yellow gorse and the moorland pools. As I walked my own gigantic shadow led me on, seeming to lengthen at every step. The gorse scraped against my leggings, crackled beneath my feet, showering the brown earth with blossoms, and the brake bowed and billowed along my path. From tufts of heath rabbits scurried away through the bracken, and among the swamp grass I heard the wild duck's drowsy quack. Once a fox stole across my path, and again, as I stooped to drink at a hurrying rill, a heron flapped heavily from the reeds beside me. I turned to look at the sun. It seemed to touch the edges of the plain. When at last I decided that it was useless to go on, and that I must make up my mind to spend at least one night on the moors, I threw myself down thoroughly fagged out. The evening sunlight slanted warm across my body, but the sea-winds began to rise, and I felt a chill strike through me from my wet shooting-boots. High overhead gulls were wheeling and tossing like



bits of white paper; from some distant marsh a solitary curlew called. Little by little the sun sank into the plain, and the zenith flushed with the after-glow. I watched the sky change from palest gold to pink and then to smouldering fire. Clouds of midges danced above me, and high in the calm air a bat dipped and soared. My eyelids began to droop. Then as I shook off the drowsiness a sudden crash among the bracken roused me. I raised my eyes. A great bird hung quivering in the air above my face. For an instant I stared, incapable of motion; then something leaped past me in the ferns and the bird rose, wheeled, and pitched headlong into the brake.

In this thoroughly entertaining story collection, the renowned Dr. Percy travels the world searching for unique animal specimens -- and keeps an eye on attractive examples of the fairer sex, as well. Will his dedication to these dual quests ever pay the dividends he's looking for? Equal parts romantic farce and fantastical science fiction, *Police!!!* is a rollicking read with something for everyone.

Part of a new six-volume series of the best in classic horror, selected by Academy Award-winning director of *The Shape of Water* Guillermo del Toro *American Supernatural Tales* is the ultimate collection of weird and frightening American short fiction. As Stephen King will attest, the popularity of the occult in American literature has only grown since the days of Edgar Allan Poe. The book celebrates the richness of this tradition with chilling contributions from some of the nation's brightest literary lights, including Poe himself, H. P. Lovecraft, Shirley Jackson, Ray Bradbury, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and—of course—Stephen King. This volumes also includes "The Yellow Sign," the most horrific story from *The King in Yellow*, the classic horror collection by Robert W. Chambers featured on HBO's hit TV series *True Detective*. By turns phantasmagoric, spectral, and demonic, this is a frighteningly good collection of stories. Filmmaker and longtime horror literature fan Guillermo del Toro serves as the curator for the Penguin Horror series, a new collection of classic tales and poems by masters of the genre. Included here are some of del Toro's favorites, from Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and Ray Russell's short story "Sardonicus," considered by Stephen King to be "perhaps the finest example of the modern Gothic ever written," to Shirley Jackson's *The Haunting of Hill House* and stories by Ray Bradbury, Joyce Carol Oates, Ted Klein, and Robert E. Howard. Featuring original cover art by Penguin Art Director Paul Buckley, these stunningly creepy deluxe hardcovers will be perfect additions to the shelves of horror, sci-fi, fantasy, and paranormal aficionados everywhere.

Does public speaking paralyze you and tie your stomach into knots? Want to get a standing ovation every time? What goes into a dazzling opening and closing? Does the prospect of facing embarrassing judgment make your palms sweat? Or do you want to learn how to absolutely own the stage and become a magnetic speaker? Public speaking and presenting is one of the most common phobias -- and it's completely understandable. When else in our lives are we so open and vulnerable? But it's a necessary evil in all aspects of our lives, whether professionally and personally. From making a presentation in the boardroom to being more confident with the opposite sex, your speaking skills will take you to the next level and get what exactly what you want in your life. *Fearless Public Speaking* is the rare book that will (1) help you destroy your anxiety so you can confidently take any stage, and (2) once you're up there, be unforgettable and captivating as a speaker. The tenets in this book come from studying the experiences of the best presenters in the world, from CEOs, standup comics, to actors, and more. Jason Bax, noted actor, speaker, and entrepreneur, lends his thoughts in a guest

chapter. And me? I'm a social skills and charisma coach, speaker, and semi-professional musician who thrives in front of the crowd... but I wasn't always like this - I know your struggles and I can help you from point A to point B! How will you learn to captivate audiences? •Why knowing where your audience gets their news is key to your memorability. •How to construct a bulletproof opening and closing. •How to make sure you reach any audience emotionally. •Overcoming stage fright and jitters with mental rehearsal techniques. As well as... •What rehearsed spontaneity is and how it makes your audience connect. •Stage presence techniques of the masters of performance like Freddie Mercury. •How standup comics own the stage and win over hostile crowds. •What a memory palace is and how it will help you memorize your speech. Put the audience in the palm of your hand, starting now! •Feel confident and empowered in taking the stage anywhere, anytime. •Speak your way to better jobs and relationships with each mini-presentation. •Build a reputation as an effective and engaging speaker. •Learn to overcome judgment and build self-confidence. •Own the room, audience, and applause.

"Only when the Nan-yang Maru sailed from Yuen-San did her terrible sense of foreboding begin to subside. For four years, waking or sleeping, the awful subconsciousness of supreme evil had never left her. But now, as the Korean shore, receding into darkness, grew dimmer and dimmer, fear subsided and grew vague as the half-forgotten memory of horror in a dream. She stood near the steamer's stern apart from other passengers, a slender, lonely figure in her silver-fox furs, her ulster and smart little hat, watching the lights of Yuen-San grow paler and smaller along the horizon until they looked like a level row of stars."

"In the Quarter" by Robert W. Chambers. Published by Good Press. Good Press publishes a wide range of titles that encompasses every genre. From well-known classics & literary fiction and non-fiction to forgotten or yet undiscovered gems of world literature, we issue the books that need to be read. Each Good Press edition has been meticulously edited and formatted to boost readability for all e-readers and devices. Our goal is to produce eBooks that are user-friendly and accessible to everyone in a high-quality digital format.

Return to the captivating world of Elfhome with this illustrated addition to the New York Times bestselling Folk of Air trilogy that began with *The Cruel Prince*, from award-winning author Holly Black. Once upon a time, there was a boy with a wicked tongue. Before he was a cruel prince or a wicked king, he was a faerie child with a heart of stone. #1 New York Times bestselling author, Holly Black reveals a deeper look into the dramatic life of Elfhome's enigmatic high king, Cardan. This tale includes delicious details of life before *The Cruel Prince*, an adventure beyond *The Queen of Nothing*, and familiar moments from *The Folk of the Air* trilogy, told wholly from Cardan's perspective. This new installment in the *Folk of the Air* series is a return to the heart-racing romance, danger, humor, and drama that enchanted readers everywhere. Each chapter is paired with lavish and luminous full-color art, making this the perfect collector's item to be enjoyed by both new audiences and old.

The book is named after a fictional play with the same title which recurs as a motif through some of the stories. The first half of the book features highly esteemed weird stories, and the book is described by S.T. Joshi as a classic in the field of the supernatural. There are 10 stories, the first four of which, "The Repairer of Reputations", "The Mask", "In the Court of the Dragon" and "The Yellow Sign", mention *The King in Yellow*, a forbidden play which induces despair or madness in those who read it. "The Yellow Sign" inspired a film of the same name released in 2001.

The King in Yellow Library of Alexandria

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