

Chapter 1 : Transformers: Dark of the Moon () - IMDb

The dark man's face had a look of fear which he tried to hide, and Blake saw him make a curious sign with his right hand. Then suddenly a black spire stood out against the cloudy sky on his left, above the tiers of brown roofs lining the tangled southerly alleys.

It has been suggested that this section be merged into Robert Harrison Blake. Discuss Proposed since October Lovecraft modeled Blake on Bloch, but also gave him characteristics that evoke Clark Ashton Smith and Lovecraft himself. Lovecraft indicated in his letters with then-young writer Robert Bloch , that the character Robert Blake was an intentionally thinly veiled gesture at killing off one of his friendly correspondents. In , Bloch published a story that continued the professional fun, in which Blake did not actually die, but was possessed by Nyarlathotep, and kills off a character based on Lovecraft. Author Lin Carter wrote stories which are pastiches of either Lovecraft or Clark Ashton Smith utilising all five titles. Brian Lumley borrowed the title *The Burrowers Beneath* for his first novel Other characters[edit] Edwin M. Lillibridge Lillibridge was an inquisitive reporter for the Providence Telegram a real paper who first investigated the Church of Starry Wisdom and disappeared in Blake finds his skeleton while investigating the Free-Will Church on Federal Hill, and finds a notebook on his body. He also finds a cryptogram which he takes away to decipher and eventually deduces is written in Aklo. This cryptogram provides a history of the trapezohedron across the ages; a kind of parallel text to *History of the Necronomicon*. A year later, Bowen mysteriously ceased his archaeological dig and returned to Providence where he founded the Church of Starry Wisdom. He dies circa Dexter who is given the first name of Ambrose. Dexter takes a position on a nuclear physics team developing advanced nuclear weapons. Nephren-Ka In "The Haunter of the Dark", Nephren-Ka is said to have "built around it [the Shining Trapezohedron] a temple with a windowless crypt, and did that which caused his name to be stricken from all monuments and records". The Shining Trapezohedron then remained in the ruins of the temple until it was re-discovered by Enoch Bowen in Inspiration[edit] Lovecraft wrote this tale as a reply to " The Shambler from the Stars " by Robert Bloch, in which Bloch kills the Lovecraft-inspired character. Lovecraft Encyclopedia suggests that this interpretation is the key to understanding the ending of "The Haunter of the Dark": The Shining Trapezohedron was treasured and placed in its curious box by the crinoid things of Antarctica", suggesting a connection with the Elder Things from *At the Mountains of Madness*. The "catacombs of Nephren-Ka" are mentioned as the haunt of ghouls in " The Outsider ", and Nephren-Ka is mentioned as the Pharaoh who built a temple with a lightless crypt to the Shining Trapezohedron and "did that which caused his name to be stricken from all monuments and records". The events of this story are alluded to in *The Illuminatus!* Hadji included "The Haunter of the Dark" on his list of the most frightening horror stories. Alberto Breccia illustrated a seventeen-page adaptation in John Coulthart illustrated another version of the story in that was reprinted in *The Haunter of the Dark: And Other Grotesque Visions in Volume I* in The story was illustrated by Shane Evan Oakley. Volume I" was edited by Lockwood and includes adaptations of the following Lovecraftian stories: Its recipient in was editor and scholar S. The award is in the shape of the Shining Trapezohedron.

Chapter 2 : "The Hunter of the Dark" by H. P. Lovecraft

"The Hunter of the Dark" is a horror short story by American author H. P. Lovecraft, written in November and published in the December edition of Weird Tales (Vol. 28, No. 5, p.). It was the last-written of the author's known works, and is.

The Hunter of the Dark By H. Lovecraft I have seen the dark universe yawning Where the black planets roll without aim Where they roll in their horror unheeded, Without knowledge or lustre or name. Cautious investigators will hesitate to challenge the common belief that Robert Blake was killed by lightning, or by some profound nervous shock derived from an electrical discharge. It is true that the window he faced was unbroken, but Nature has shewn herself capable of many freakish performances. The expression on his face may easily have arisen from some obscure muscular source unrelated to anything he saw, while the entries in his diary are clearly the result of a fantastic imagination aroused by certain local superstitions and by certain old matters he had uncovered. As for the anomalous conditions at the deserted church on Federal Hill the shrewd analyst is not slow in attributing them to some charlatanry, conscious or unconscious, with at least some of which Blake was secretly connected. For after all, the victim was a writer and painter wholly devoted to the field of myth, dream, terror, and superstition, and avid in his quest for scenes and effects of a bizarre, spectral sort. His earlier stay in the city a visit to a strange old man as deeply given to occult and forbidden lore as he had ended amidst death and flame, and it must have been some morbid instinct which drew him back from his home in Milwaukee. He may have known of the old stories despite his statements to the contrary in the diary, and his death may have nipped in the bud some stupendous hoax destined to have a literary reflection. Among those, however, who have examined and correlated all this evidence, there remain several who cling to less rational and commonplace theories. Lillibridge in , and above all the look of monstrous, transfiguring fear on the face of the young writer when he died. Though widely censured both officially and unofficially, this man a reputable physician with a taste for odd folklore averred that he had rid the earth of something too dangerous to rest upon it. Between these two schools of opinion the reader must judge for himself. The papers have given the tangible details from a sceptical angle, leaving for others the drawing of the picture as Robert Blake saw it or thought he saw it or pretended to see it. Now, studying the diary closely, dispassionately, and at leisure, let us summarise the dark chain of events from the expressed point of view of their chief actor. Young Blake returned to Providence in the winter of '05, taking the upper floor of a venerable dwelling in a grassy court off College Street on the crest of the great eastward hill near the Brown University campus and behind the marble John Hay Library. It was a cosy and fascinating place, in a little garden oasis of village-like antiquity where huge, friendly cats sunned themselves atop a convenient shed. The square Georgian house had a monitor roof, classic doorway with fan carving, small-paned windows, and all the other earmarks of early nineteenth-century workmanship. Inside were six-panelled doors, wide floor-boards, a curving colonial staircase, white Adam-period mantels, and a rear set of rooms three steps below the general level. Against these, some two miles away, rose the spectral hump of Federal Hill, bristling with huddled roofs and steeples whose remote outlines wavered mysteriously, taking fantastic forms as the smoke of the city swirled up and enmeshed them. Blake had a curious sense that he was looking upon some unknown, ethereal world which might or might not vanish in dream if ever he tried to seek it out and enter it in person. Having sent home for most of his books, Blake bought some antique furniture suitable to his quarters and settled down to write and paint living alone, and attending to the simple housework himself. His studio was in a north attic room, where the panes of the monitor roof furnished admirable lighting. At sunset he would often sit at his desk and gaze dreamily off at the outspread west the dark towers of Memorial Hall just below, the Georgian court-house belfry, the lofty pinnacles of the downtown section, and that shimmering, spire-crowned mound in the distance whose unknown streets and labyrinthine gables so potently provoked his fancy. From his few local acquaintances he learned that the far-off slope was a vast Italian quarter, though most of the houses were remnants of older Yankee and Irish days. Now and then he would train his field-glasses on that spectral, unreachable world beyond the curling smoke; picking out individual roofs and chimneys and steeples, and speculating upon the bizarre and curious

mysteries they might house. The feeling would persist long after the hill had faded into the violet, lamp-starred twilight, and the court-house floodlights and the red Industrial Trust beacon had blazed up to make the night grotesque. Of all the distant objects on Federal Hill, a certain huge, dark church most fascinated Blake. It stood out with especial distinctness at certain hours of the day, and at sunset the great tower and tapering steeple loomed blackly against the flaming sky. It seemed to rest on especially high ground; for the grimy facade, and the obliquely seen north side with sloping roof and the tops of great pointed windows, rose boldly above the tangle of surrounding ridgepoles and chimney-pots. Peculiarly grim and austere, it appeared to be built of stone, stained and weathered with the smoke and storms of a century and more. The style, so far as the glass could shew, was that earliest experimental form of Gothic revival which preceded the stately Upjohn period and held over some of the outlines and proportions of the Georgian age. Perhaps it was reared around or As months passed, Blake watched the far-off, forbidding structure with an oddly mounting interest. Since the vast windows were never lighted, he knew that it must be vacant. The longer he watched, the more his imagination worked, till at length he began to fancy curious things. He believed that a vague, singular aura of desolation hovered over the place, so that even the pigeons and swallows shunned its smoky eaves. Around other towers and belfries his glass would reveal great flocks of birds, but here they never rested. At least, that is what he thought and set down in his diary. He pointed the place out to several friends, but none of them had even been on Federal Hill or possessed the faintest notion of what the church was or had been. In the spring a deep restlessness gripped Blake. He had begun his long-planned novel—based on a supposed survival of the witch-cult in Maine—but was strangely unable to make progress with it. More and more he would sit at his westward window and gaze at the distant hill and the black, frowning steeple shunned by the birds. It was then that he first thought of crossing the city and climbing bodily up that fabulous slope into the smoke-wreathed world of dream. Late in April, just before the aeon-shadowed Walpurgis time, Blake made his first trip into the unknown. Plodding through the endless downtown streets and the bleak, decayed squares beyond, he came finally upon the ascending avenue of century-worn steps, sagging Doric porches, and blear-paned cupolas which he felt must lead up to the long-known, unreachable world beyond the mists. There were dingy blue-and-white street signs which meant nothing to him, and presently he noted the strange, dark faces of the drifting crowds, and the foreign signs over curious shops in brown, decade-weathered buildings. Nowhere could he find any of the objects he had seen from afar; so that once more he half fancied that the Federal Hill of that distant view was a dream-world never to be trod by living human feet. Now and then a battered church facade or crumbling spire came in sight, but never the blackened pile that he sought. When he asked a shopkeeper about a great stone church the man smiled and shook his head, though he spoke English freely. As Blake climbed higher, the region seemed stranger and stranger, with bewildering mazes of brooding brown alleys leading eternally off to the south. He crossed two or three broad avenues, and once thought he glimpsed a familiar tower. Again he asked a merchant about the massive church of stone, and this time he could have sworn that the plea of ignorance was feigned. Then suddenly a black spire stood out against the cloudy sky on his left, above the tiers of brown roofs lining the tangled southerly alleys. Blake knew at once what it was, and plunged toward it through the squalid, unpaved lanes that climbed from the avenue. Twice he lost his way, but he somehow dared not ask any of the patriarchs or housewives who sat on their doorsteps, or any of the children who shouted and played in the mud of the shadowy lanes. At last he saw the tower plain against the southwest, and a huge stone bulk rose darkly at the end of an alley. Presently he stood in a windswept open square, quaintly cobblestoned, with a high bank wall on the farther side. The vacant church was in a state of great decrepitude. Some of the high stone buttresses had fallen, and several delicate finials lay half lost among the brown, neglected weeds and grasses. The sooty Gothic windows were largely unbroken, though many of the stone mullions were missing. Blake wondered how the obscurely painted panes could have survived so well, in view of the known habits of small boys the world over. The massive doors were intact and tightly closed. Around the top of the bank wall, fully enclosing the grounds, was a rusty iron fence whose gate—at the head of a flight of steps from the square—was visibly padlocked. The path from the gate to the building was completely overgrown. Desolation and decay hung like a pall above the place, and in the birdless eaves and black, ivyless walls Blake felt a touch of the dimly sinister beyond his power to define. There were very

few people in the square, but Blake saw a policeman at the northerly end and approached him with questions about the church. He was a great wholesome Irishman, and it seemed odd that he would do little more than make the sign of the cross and mutter that people never spoke of that building. When Blake pressed him he said very hurriedly that the Italian priests warned everybody against it, vowing that a monstrous evil had once dwelt there and left its mark. He himself had heard dark whispers of it from his father, who recalled certain sounds and rumours from his boyhood. There had been a bad sect there in the ould days—“an outlaw sect that called up awful things from some unknown gulf of night. It had taken a good priest to exorcise what had come, though there did be those who said that merely the light could do it. But now there was nothing to do but let it alone. It hurt nobody now, and those that owned it were dead or far away. Better it be left alone for the years to topple, lest things be stirred that ought to rest forever in their black abyss. After the policeman had gone Blake stood staring at the sullen steeped pile. It excited him to find that the structure seemed as sinister to others as to him, and he wondered what grain of truth might lie behind the old tales the bluecoat had repeated. Probably they were mere legends evoked by the evil look of the place, but even so, they were like a strange coming to life of one of his own stories. The afternoon sun came out from behind dispersing clouds, but seemed unable to light up the stained, sooty walls of the old temple that towered on its high plateau. It was odd that the green of spring had not touched the brown, withered growths in the raised, iron-fenced yard. Blake found himself edging nearer the raised area and examining the bank wall and rusted fence for possible avenues of ingress. There was a terrible lure about the blackened fane which was not to be resisted. The fence had no opening near the steps, but around on the north side were some missing bars. He could go up the steps and walk around on the narrow coping outside the fence till he came to the gap. If the people feared the place so wildly, he would encounter no interference. He was on the embankment and almost inside the fence before anyone noticed him. Then, looking down, he saw the few people in the square edging away and making the same sign with their right hands that the shopkeeper in the avenue had made. Several windows were slammed down, and a fat woman darted into the street and pulled some small children inside a rickety, unpainted house. The gap in the fence was very easy to pass through, and before long Blake found himself wading amidst the rotting, tangled growths of the deserted yard. Here and there the worn stump of a headstone told him that there had once been burials in this field; but that, he saw, must have been very long ago. The sheer bulk of the church was oppressive now that he was close to it, but he conquered his mood and approached to try the three great doors in the facade. All were securely locked, so he began a circuit of the Cyclopean building in quest of some minor and more penetrable opening. Even then he could not be sure that he wished to enter that haunt of desertion and shadow, yet the pull of its strangeness dragged him on automatically. A yawning and unprotected cellar window in the rear furnished the needed aperture. Debris, old barrels, and ruined boxes and furniture of numerous sorts met his eye, though over everything lay a shroud of dust which softened all sharp outlines. The rusted remains of a hot-air furnace shewed that the building had been used and kept in shape as late as mid-Victorian times. Acting almost without conscious initiative, Blake crawled through the window and let himself down to the dust-carpeted and debris-strown concrete floor. The vaulted cellar was a vast one, without partitions; and in a corner far to the right, amid dense shadows, he saw a black archway evidently leading upstairs. He felt a peculiar sense of oppression at being actually within the great spectral building, but kept it in check as he cautiously scouted about—“finding a still-intact barrel amid the dust, and rolling it over to the open window to provide for his exit.

Chapter 3 : Dark Hunters Lyrics, Song Meanings, Videos, Full Albums & Bios | SonicHits

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You will not be able to look away. Schnitzer got unprecedented access to the haunts and hunters and ran a successful kickstarter campaign to create the polished and professional work that he wanted to. I had to make an effort to separate my respect for the art and elegance of the film I watched from my revulsion at how disturbing some of the material is. The extreme haunts are, well, they are extreme. I would have enjoyed the movie even more if the transgressive material had been left out. You judge for yourself. Their guests share in the fun and enjoy the fright. The audience for their performances is deep and growing. People love the experience. Most of the haunts and hunters are pure delight. They are gothy lovers of the dark and scary. The players love it so hard. Shar Mayer recounts her life, who has loved and suffered being a professional hunter for 35 years. The passion of the people involved is remarkable and watching them make their dark art is a thrill. Halloween is a sacred time for the people in this controversial subculture. Schnitzer gets a lot of backstory on the hunters. At some point we pass beyond into the stomping grounds of the extreme haunts. Some are managed well and some are a hot mess that needs to not happen. There was an attraction here in Atlanta for a while that varied between fun scary and not cool scary. It focused on gore porn included some BDSM scenes with nudity and torture the victims in this case portrayed by actors. Mostly it was sophisticated adult fun and it worked but near the end they began wandering into distressing material such as a finale scene of a man confronting his wife about infidelity, abusing her, and then killing her with a shotgun. That crossed the line. This is one creepy sadistic motherfucker. There are online interviews where Russ picks his victims from a deep waiting list. He conducts faux abductions where people are collected for their experience. He refuses to release people who ask to leave he holds them for up to 8 hours while they are being physically and mentally tormented. To get in requires signing a 10 page waiver, provide sign-off by doctors, an interview by Russ and then being selected from an extensive waiting list. This is like Hannibal Lecter planning a dinner party. My opinion is sincerely not meant as a challenge, but hey, you do you. Then we get the footage of his long nights doing god knows what in his room poring over the videos he shoots of the people in the haunt. He speaks of the videos with what I can only describe as a sexual intensity. While the other extreme haunts put emphasis on the safe word Russ laughs at the notion of having one. This is a dangerous person and someone is going to get hurt. This veneer of decency makes him all the more unsettling and creepy. Go find a nice BDSM club instead and vet the players for their experience and safety. So, yes, Russ McKamey freaked me the fuck out but the fact that I reacted so strongly speaks to the marvel of an accomplishment the film itself is. It will necessitate a few viewings to take it all in. This movie is not for the faint of heart or those with a weak stomach but if you want to see what goes on behind the scenes of the haunting industry you will love watching it. Hunters has yet to debut at a film festival and has not been screened for the public. More information can be obtained by visiting the official Hunters website.

Chapter 4 : mckameymanor | Netflix

Song: Hunters Of The Dark by Nox Arcana I don't own neither the song neither the vid it was made by crazysharky and i don't own the art either.

Grant me a bolter and an army of foes to face, and I will be truly happy. There is a legend of how the Chapter earned its name, telling of certain White Scars Legion companies that fought in joint operations with the Raven Guard Legion, and, on their return, the tactics these White Scars had learned from their brethren had become part of the battle-code of their companies. That campaign has left a deep-rooted mistrust of the machine within the collective psyche of the Dark Hunters. The Dark Hunters took this sacred relic as their Chapter icon, the twice-bladed symbol of vengeance and justice. Some venerate him as a Saint of the Imperium. He formed a temporary alliance with the Aeldari of the Kaelor Craftworld in order to help them find an ancient artefact in exchange for their aid in fighting against Chaos. Despite the lies and the cunning of the Aeldari, Kerne stayed true to his word and gave the artefact to their Farseer, thus committing an act of heresy. The remaining Imperial and Aeldari forces were able to hold back the Punishers long enough for the rest of the Space Marines of the Dark Hunters to arrive with their allies from other Chapters. When the war on Ras Hanem had ended, Jonah was taken by his Chapter back to his homeworld of Phobian, from where he was taken by the Inquisition to stand trial against the charge of heresy. Captain Mithryan - Captain of the Ansar 8th Company. Mithryan heroically sacrificed himself and the remains of his company to destroy the great Titan. One of the closest councillors of Jullunai Khan. He was presented on Phobian during the battle against the renegade Titans of the Blind King. Apothecary Passarion - Apothecary of Mortai Company. Techmarine Heinos - Techmarine of Mortai Company. Heinos died while fighting the Punishers in orbit of Ras Hanem. Like his captain, he did not survive the operation. Dreadnought Breughal Paine - Former Forge Master of the Dark Hunters, now interred within a Dreadnought and the last survivor of the second founding of the Chapter in Dreadnought Geherran - Known for his boldness, Geherran chose to be encased in a mighty Dreadnought after his own body was destroyed. He fell with most of his company while fighting against the Punishers on Perreken. It is a vast starship which was laid down before the Dark Hunters Chapter had been founded. In its youth it was part of the battle fleet of the White Scars Chapter. The White Scars Primarch himself, Jaghtatai Khan, had travelled aboard it, sanctifying the ship with his presence. And ancient though it was, it still possessed enough firepower to lay waste to a planet. Umbra Mortis Battle Barge - At present, the Umbra Mortis is nothing more than an orbital battery, stripped of parts and incapable of travelling the Warp. Its cameleoline-bonded plating renders the wielder nearly invisible, and the Hunter-Killer Auspex has claimed the lives of hundreds of Chaos Space Marines by pinpointing the weak points in older, warped or ill-maintained Power Armour. The white squad specialty symbol Tactical, Assault, Devastator or Veteran is indicated on the right shoulder guard or on the left knee plate. Squad number is designated by a stenciled black Roman numeral centred within the squad specialty symbol. The Chapter iconography is painted on the left shoulder guard. Shoulder guard trim denotes company designation in accordance with the Codex Astartes -- i. Successor Chapters Limited Release Booklet, pg. Space Marines 7th Edition Digital Edition, pg. Space Marines 6th Edition Digital Edition, pp. Space Marines 5th Edition, pp.

Chapter 5 : Dark Hunters - Encyclopaedia Metallum: The Metal Archives

Lyrics to 'Haunter of the Dark' by Cough. Visions they come in the night, they tear out your mind / Places of horror obscene, they're haunting your dreams /

Chapter 6 : The Haunter of the Dark - Wikipedia

HAUNTERS OF THE DARK Spyrer scenarios by Jirn Duerksen Kai Ran Lo buddled in the darkness artongst tbe rusted girders aboae the ruined processing plant and prel>ared for.

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Chapter 7 : Haunters â€“ Film Threat

Big news for Dark Haunters! After almost 10 years, Danilo Cantarini, historical bassist and founder of the band, returns to play with us! We're so happy and proud of this great comeback.

Chapter 8 : Dark side of the Force | Wookieepedia | FANDOM powered by Wikia

Explore John Jay's board "Haunters of the Dark" on Pinterest. | See more ideas about Haunted mansion, Crafts and Halloween art.

Chapter 9 : Cough - Haunter Of The Dark Lyrics | MetroLyrics

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