

MYTHOS ABC



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Production & Layout: Claus Raasted

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Text & Idea

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Production & Layout

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Grand Master

Jes Ravn

Illustrations

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Cover illustration

Paul Mudie

Publisher

Rollespilsakademiet

Thanks to...

Jesper Rugård for editorial assistance; Tine Ravn, Anja Skoglund,
and Morten Skovgaard for proofing; and of course to Bjørk for
insisting that I should write a rhyme about a shoggoth.

The horror writer H. P. Lovecraft (1890-1937) was a master of the macabre and he wrote about truly scary things. His stories weren't as much about vampires and ghosts as they were about unfathomable creatures and ancient gods. In Lovecraft's world evil isn't out to get man – it just doesn't care about us. And almost all of his stories deal with meeting the unknown and what it does to our fragile mind. Or as he himself puts it: ““The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown”

No, I can't imagine a better world to dive into with my kids before bedtime.

Lovecraft's universe – his cosmology – is called The Cthulhu Mythos after the best known of his creatures: ancient Cthulhu who sleeps at the bottom of the sea. But his mythos is not all about creepy gods like Cthulhu and Nyarlathotep or frightening monsters like shoggoths or flying polyps. No, they are also about the cat city of Ulthar, the musician Eric Zann, and many other strange and wonderful things.

Lovecraft was quite unknown when he lived, but luckily that has changed since. You can find references to his works in such places as *Batman*, *Hellboy*, Metallica's *Black Album*, and the first season of *True Detective*. A lot of writers have also added to the Cthulhu Mythos (something he encouraged them to do), but in *Mythos ABC* I've tried to stick to Lovecraft's original creations.

If you don't know Lovecraft already, but want to read more, *The Call of Cthulhu*, *At The Mountains Of Madness*, *The Music Of Eric Zann*, *The Colour Out of Space*, and *Shadow Over Innsmouth* are all good places to start.

Mythos ABC was made possible thanks to all those who supported our Indiegogo campaign and preordered the book. And not least thanks to our fantastic illustrators who've been working hard to find the right mix of scary and strange. Thanks to you all.

The English version is slightly different from the Danish original because I wanted all rhymes to be about something beginning with the appropriate letter. Therefore you'll find rhymes about flying polyps, Jupiter, Outer Gods, and vooniths in this edition only.

Mads Brynnum, July 2015



Jes Ravn (Grand Master)

Jes Ravn is the Grand Master of Mythos ABC. It's something about him having secured us funds to publish in the exchange for our souls, we think. This is him with his spawn.

The people behind the book

Mads Brynnum (Text & Idea)

Mads is among other things a comedian, a game designer, and a professional geek. He is the father of two, and he often reads books about monsters and unspeakable horrors to them hoping that they'll grow up and become someone he can play board games with.

www.madsbrynnum.dk

Claus Raasted (Production & Layout)

Claus is a professional roleplayer, a lecturer, and the author of 17 other books. When he's not doing roleplaying tourism at Polish castles, he has a tendency to get involved in strange projects - and this one is no exception. Claus also believes that the world needs more monsters in general.

www.clausraasted.dk

Illustrators

Mathias Bottfeldt – A, E, F, I, V, and W

Dracan Dembinski – background for S

Mads Hermann Johansen – B, C, D, H, N, and S

Rafał Kocój - Grand Master

Tom Kristensen – R, U, X, and Z

Paul Mudie – G, K, O, and the cover

Sean Philips – L

Aske Schmidt Rose – J, M, P, T and Y

Sophus Vinther – Q



A

Ancient and great, preceded by flutes
By thunderous drums and panicking brutes
Azathoth rises. Such power. So strong
Has no idea what's right and what's wrong

He is the Sultan of both space and time
He is the essence of all things divine
Azathoth rules both now and before
Always the center, but dumb as a door





B

Be oh be my byakhee
Let's Soar in the night sky So bleak
My favourite game - will you play it with me?
Is a moonlit and strange hide and seek

C

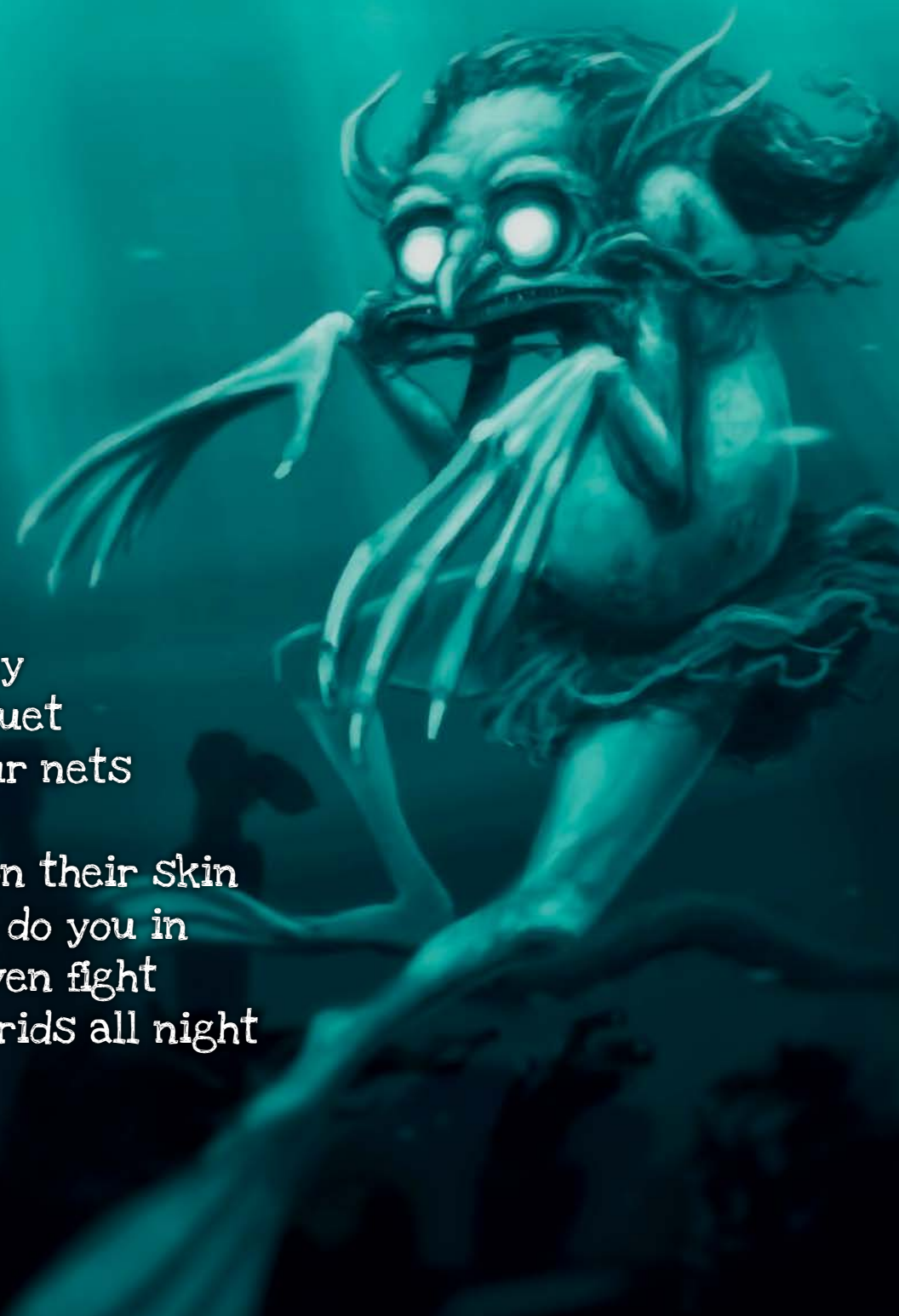


Cthulhu Sleeps
in the ocean down South
Dreaming of when
cultists devout
Will make him
- ho-hey!
Rise up with R'lyeh
And crunch little kids in his mouth

D

Deep in the dark and dangerous sea
Dwells a devilish race in great secrecy
The deep ones and Dagon they sing a duet
And if you join in, you'll get gold in your nets

The deep ones have claws and scales on their skin
And look quite disgusting - like they'll do you in
But deep ones won't kill you and not even fight
They just wanna smooch and make hybrids all night



E

Emma and crew they sailed on out
And met Cthulhu who made them rout
They tried to flee
Away on the sea
But sailed the schooner into his snout

One man was lucky - escaped a foul fate
But the god he is waiting and now he's irate





F



From the deep and formless darkness
comes a creature very foul
If you hear its frightful flute
you know it's on the prowl.
Flee you fool, the flying polyp
is a fiend from distant stars
It flutters blindly, cannot see
but knows exactly where you are

Ghastly gug is almost
nine or ten feet tall
Ghastly gug has teeth
and wears no clothes at all
Ghastly gug is evil
he learned it from his pa
Gug will gladly gnash a kid
in his giant maw



G

H

Hastur, Hastur
there in the mask
Show me your play,
it is all that I ask
Show me a world
that really is true
Show me your face,
and make me mad too
Show me every
and each hidden thing
Show me that you
are my yellow-clad king



I

Inside his icy-cold
Greenlandic cave
Ithaqua slumbers
So grim and so grave
He sends us snow
and icy debris
But all that he wants
is a nice cup of tea



J

Jupiter the giant
was a junction or a door
In the interstellar roadmap
joining worlds of yore
Polyps that were flying
and the race that came from Yith
Were jostling on the moons of Jove
- according to the myth
You can go there too
you just have to take the leap
And find the path of light,
there beyond the wall of sleep



K

Kadath's the place where the gods have their hearth
Crowned by stars you won't see on this earth
Kadath is unknown and quite hard to find
The path there is guarded by Azathoth the blind
Kadath is scary and empty and black
Go there you can, but can you go back?





Let's not pretend
it's just paper and ink
No, a book is a portal
a door and a link
Leading you into
a world that was lost
Showing that knowledge
will come at a cost

Lovecraft will show you
how little you are
When compared to the gods
that came from afar
His stories are nightmares,
- bleaker than most
Turn the first page
and turn pale as a ghost

M

Mysterious crabs
Fly and grab
Your brain putting it into a box.

Fly with a mi-go
The funghi from Pluto
And see the stars without wearing socks

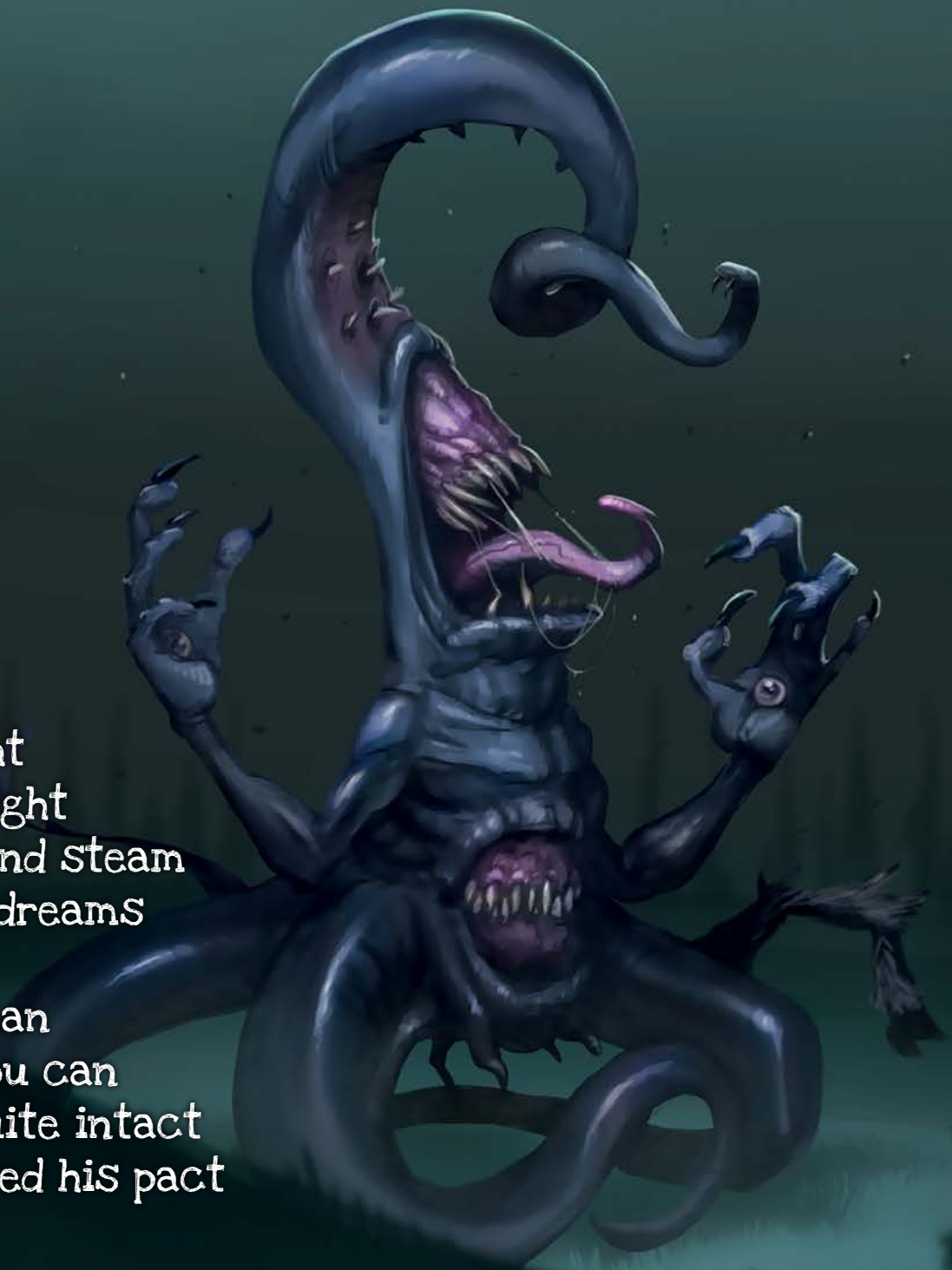


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N

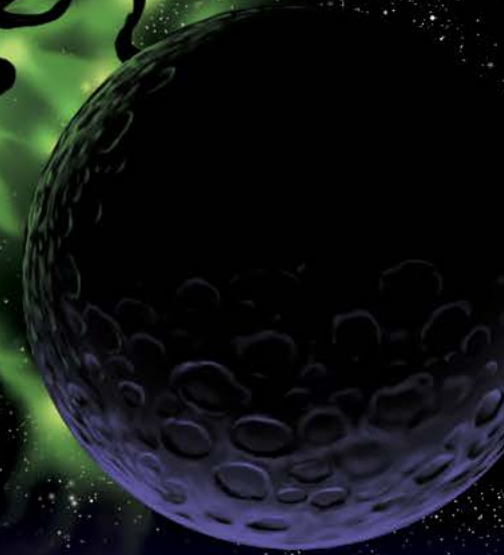
'Neath the floorboards during the night
The black man is a most wonderous sight
He fiddles with beakers and thingies and steam
Nursing your deepest and darkest of dreams

But now he is suddenly more than a man
A monstrous form and I don't think you can
Escape with your wits or your soul quite intact
You should have said no when he offered his pact



O

Outside of space
and outside of time
The outer gods rule
both obscure and sublime
Some of them sleep
and some of them don't
Some of them dance
around Azathoth's throne
You can worship them, praise them,
and offer them things
But men are still puppets
and they pull the strings



P

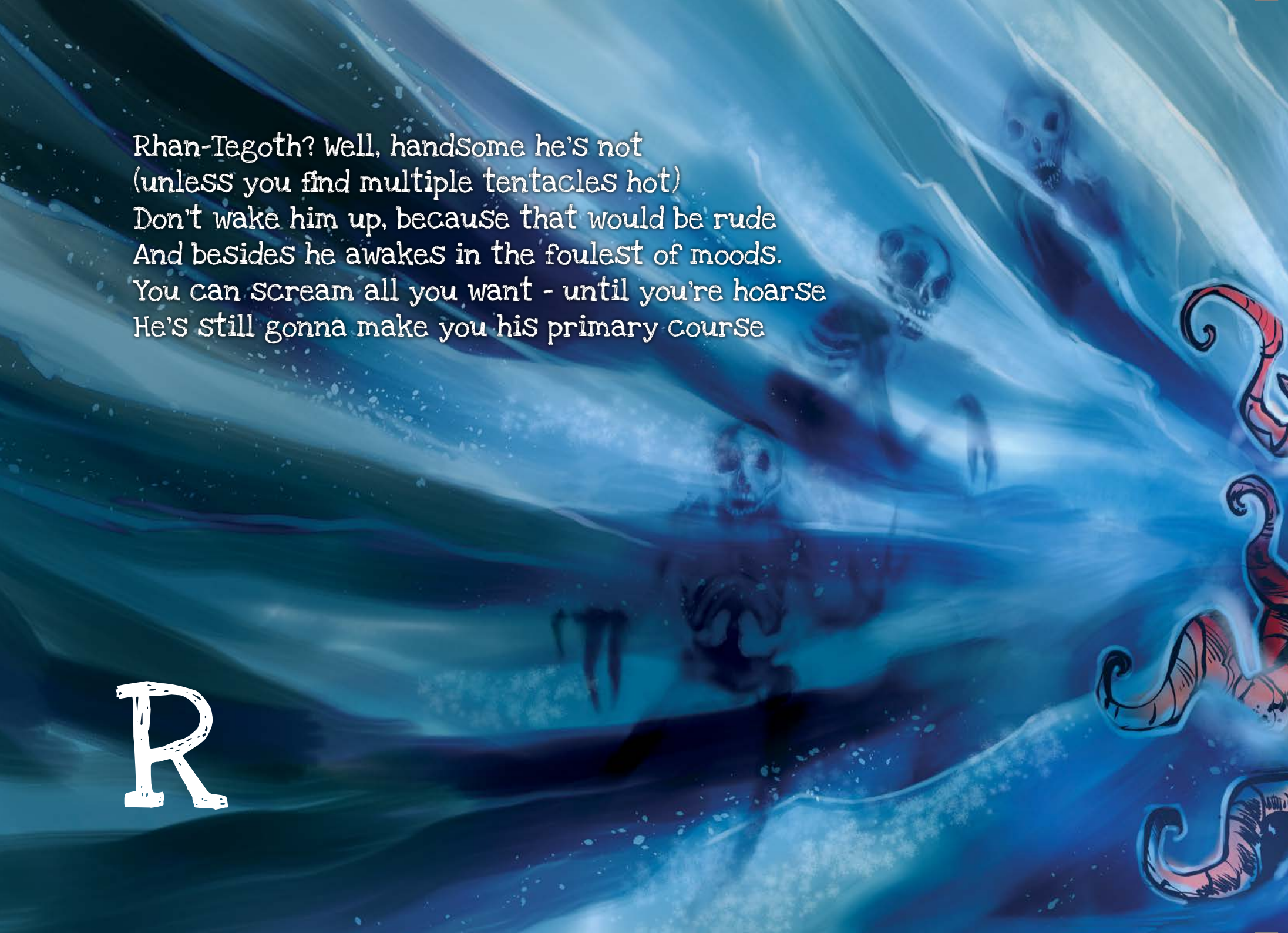


Parchment and paper are not what they seem
Perhaps it's a nightmare and not just a dream
Perhaps you'll end up wise as a sage
Perhaps your soul will seep into the page
Peek if you will in a book in Pnachotic
Most likely you'll end up being psychotic

Quachil Uttaus is small and pale
You better beware if he crosses your trail
Run away - never pause
And watch out for his claws
Run away or you're nuts
Less he turns you to dust

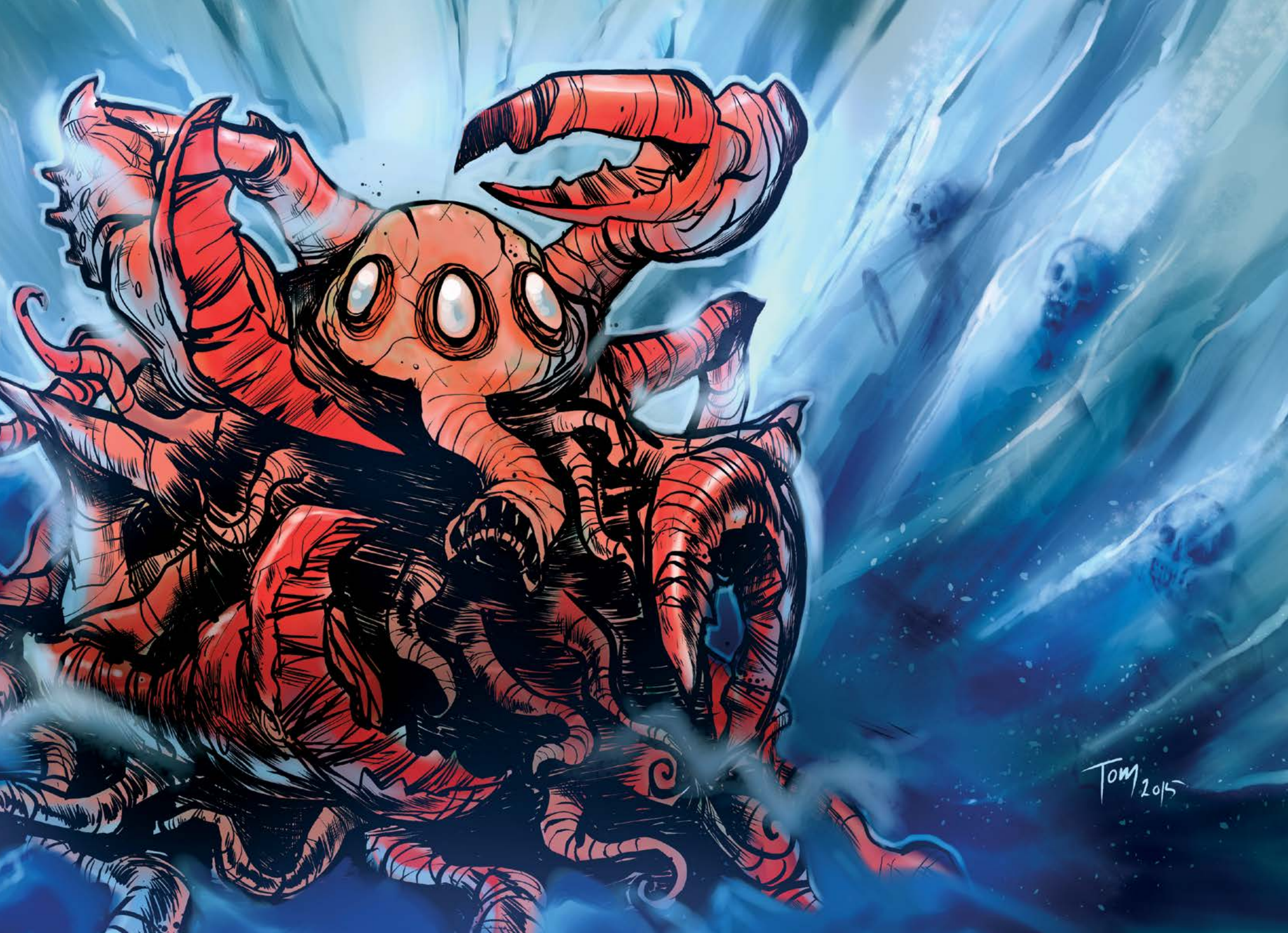
Q





Rhan-Tegoth? Well, handsome he's not
(unless you find multiple tentacles hot)
Don't wake him up, because that would be rude
And besides he awakes in the foulest of moods.
You can scream all you want - until you're hoarse
He's still gonna make you his primary course

R



Tom 2015





S

Suddenly I saw it sliding towards us
Slimy, Shapeless and big as a bus
A Shoggoth it shines with a ghostly green sheen
The most nightmarish thing that I ever have seen
Every night I wake up - Screaming a plea
Free me from it's horrible "tekeli-li tekeli"!

T

Tall and toady and terribly gross
Tsathouggua thrones - do not come too close
Beware of the flicks of his tinkering tongue
Take cover or you'll become food for his young



U

Unforgiving Ulthar lies beyond the river Skai
If you speak the tongue of cats, go there and say hi
But if you go and kill a cat, you'd better run away
In Ulthar those who harm a cat become a cat buffet. •





V

Vooniths often vent their voices from their hidden cave
Vooniths sound so very vile but aren't very brave
When you hear a voonith howl, you shouldn't feel no fear
Rejoice instead, cause now you know that nothing worse is near



W

Wilbur he is neither monster nor a man
He is both at once, believe it if you can.

Wilbur is the son of a mystic bubble god
Lives in little Dunwich and looks rather odd.

Wilbur's buying cattle, more and more each year
When they go into the barn they always disappear.

Cause Wilbur has a twin, one that can't come out
But if you catch a glimpse of it I think you'll cry and shout.

Wilbur does black magic, casts spells that are quite bad
But he just wants an open door to welcome home his dad



X

Xeno is everything strange and bizarre
Things coming down from a star very far
Xeno's an island under the waves
And a visiting colour from outer space
Xeno is things that you don't understand
Trying will certainly make you feel damned

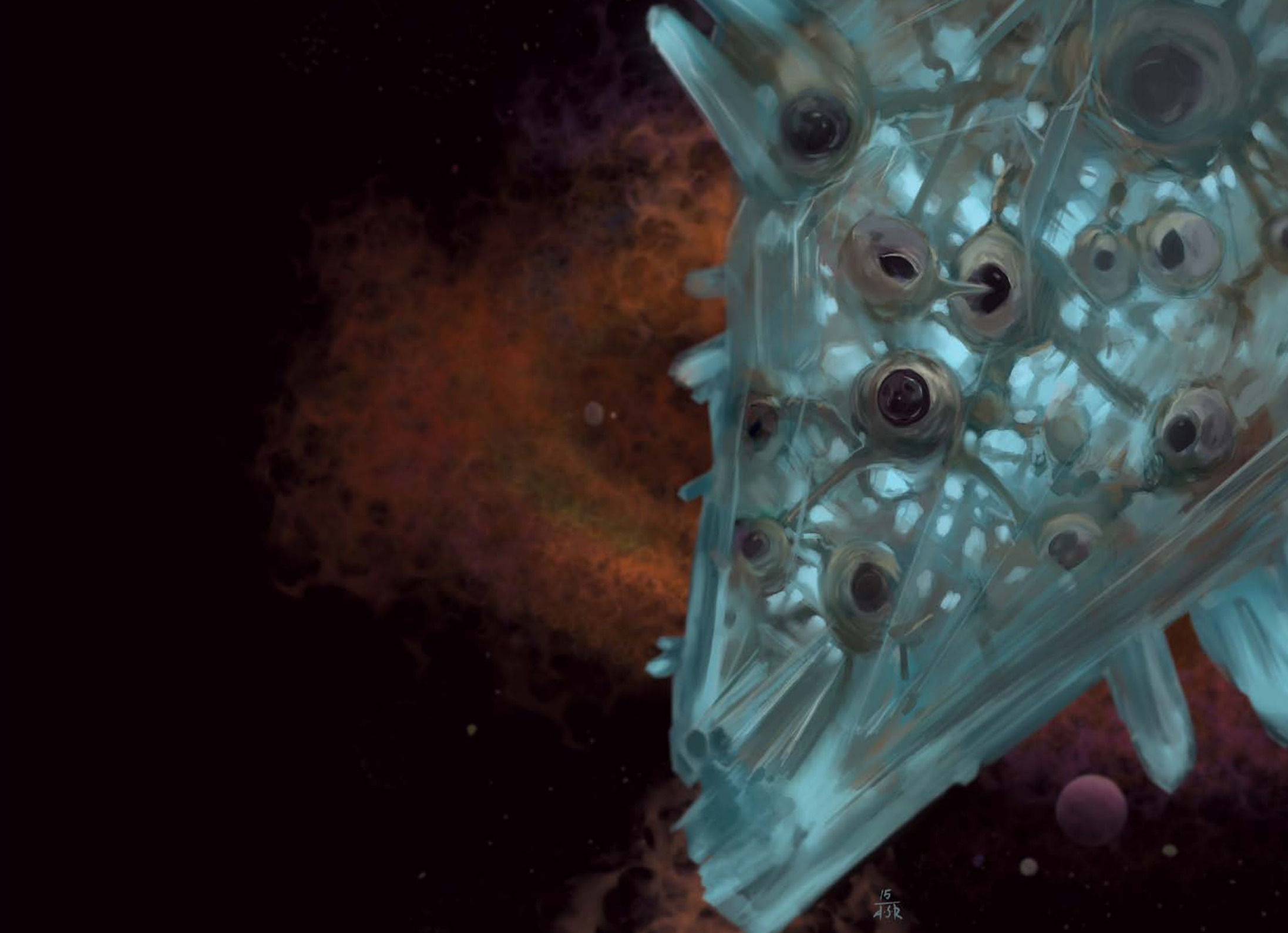




Y

Yonder on the threshold something appears
A Jovian mass of glistening spheres
It looks like bubbles of water and soap
But is something with which I just cannot cope

Yog-Sothoth lurks and wants to get in
Into your mind and under your skin
Yog is a key but also a gate
He opens it gladly thus sealing your fate

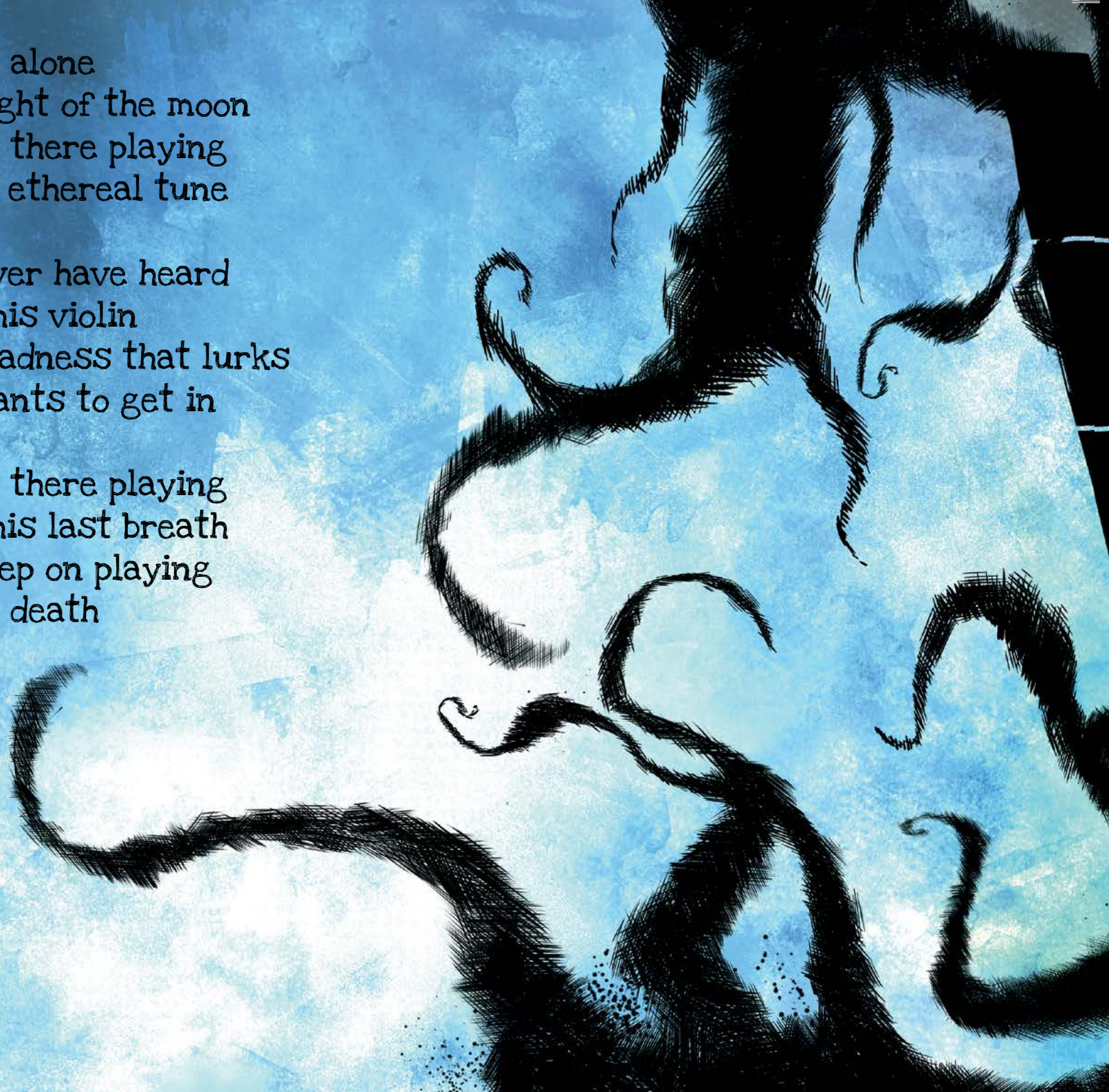


Zann is sitting alone
there in the light of the moon
Zann is sitting there playing
a strange and ethereal tune

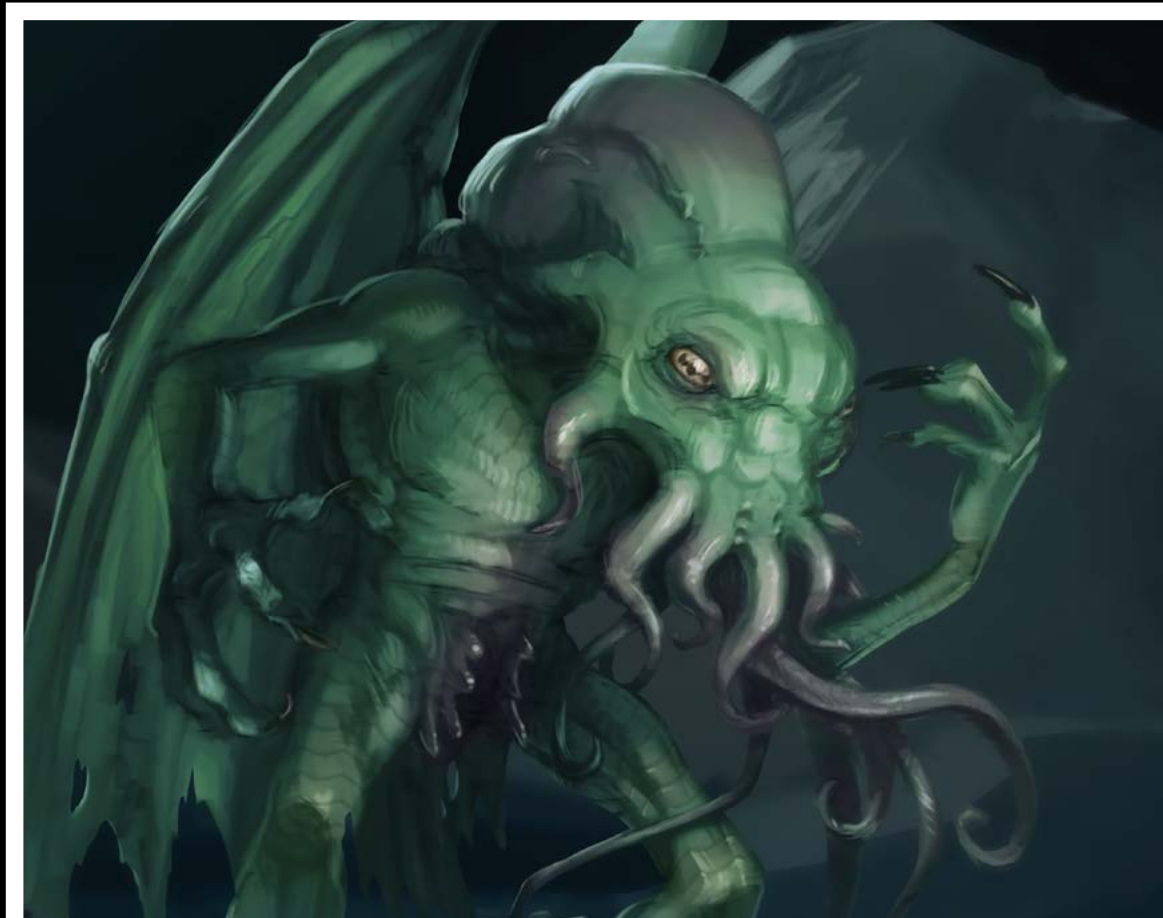
Sounds you never have heard
emerge from his violin
Stopping the madness that lurks
outside and wants to get in

Zann is sitting there playing
playing until his last breath
Zann he will keep on playing
even after his death

Z







Wonderfully scary alphabet rhymes about
mysterious monsters and unspeakable horrors

Rollespils Akademi



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