

# DARKNESS FROM THE SKIES

## Fiction by Nickolaus A. Pacione

In the gathering clay where one would see its tracks, as the prayers of the children are spoken into the empty skies. The presence of the crawling chaos is what becomes the most evident as one sees this being looking on. Deeper down we all know that he is watching, from the utter cosmos one could hear the names of him being spoken from the blasphemous whispers. In what would be heard knowing ~ crawling deeper in the mind where the nightmares dwell among the pages. As one hears them rising, from the nightmares they sit not dead but dreaming - an observer sees everything in death, sleeping inside his coffin within the ground.

“I see the nightmares as they are, looking and wandering. The horrors in the sands and clay become the madness of all who’ve seen them. The blasphemy and Godless from above and the death below, observers as they are - in memory and horrors when they stand alone. The elder sign etched in the sand waiting for their father, Dagon.”

They all know that Cthulhu is the one who watches from below, the one who sees all of demise before his eyes as he spreads his wings and smiles with his tentacle grin. Ashes which still in the grounds as one can tell of his presence. In nightmares that are told through the eyes of the Mad Arab, and those pages left behind by his testimony of the nightmares as they relate the passages of the blood of the dead. Where one can hear the call of him, the whispers of the Other Gods, stirring from fires ~ as one cannot begin to relate the stench of Hades. Among the howls from the hounds louder as they sound ~ louder from the airs within the darkness from the skies. In the vast memory that one brings from the documentation written from ones nightmares as the patterns are seen within the Nameless City. Louder they whisper, and the more I heard them - further I knew the horrors where coming. Natural disasters, unnatural demise and all the depths to follow with the prayers of the hybrid children who watch the freshwater sea.

From the dream one sees from the shadows overlooking the city by the lake, as from which described of the infinite darkness. Among the pages as one can tell ~ the known fears which stare into the fears of the unknown as one looks back at the journals of the Mad Arab. In the hellish visions describing the crawling chaos as it dwells underground, where one sees the horrors in time within the clay. In the time which came after the passing of 6 years and seven aeons. Knowing from the years among the nightmares as one would document them ~ one knows of the place where it brings to the haunting detail of the knowing. The

place as it comes in time knowing, and in the fears and horrors reflecting the unseen entity.

that of which is not dead, may eternal lie  
And with stranger aeons, even death may die.

The whispers from the clay are what become of them. As of when they begin pray ~ when the sermons of the preacher after the memories are left and gone, as death watches on from the darkness in the skies. I bare witness to the prayers to the sea as the hybrid children congregate, where one hears the other gods while the children pray from the darkness and voidless colour out of space. In pages from the Mad Arab, one sees the nightmares being congregated as the circle was seen within the dust. In the gathering testimonial as one would relate ~ from the nightmares told within the journals of cryptic entries one would see the shadow of the crawling chaos.

Such horrors they dreaded or witnessed among the whispers of a harrowing blasphemy waiting for them - the hybrid children whispering in the fog, for their father. The type of thing only preachers seem to have nightmares about, and waking to cold sweating blood upon their brow.

From letters as they were inked describing the nightmares according to the correspondence circles, they described of what was the unspeakable memories. In letters telling the narrative of nightmarish descriptions of a being spreading its massive wings. In the whispers spoken in a blasphemous tone. In the faith and perversions of the lie dwells the thought being inside the knowing ~ deeper from which it tears, seething pain within the mind as the nightmares are the evident thing. Where He can be seen, he as in the crawling chaos. In the eyes as one sees the witness of all that remains. Death becomes in the shadow's eye ~ becoming in the dreams among the journals written by the years of sleep.

In circles of the storm gathering among the darkness from the skies. From the words of demons as they whisper inside the void, among pages as told ~ from the penned and narrated among the poetic darkness. Where the watching from the waters and hearing all the prayers in a tormenting silence. In the vortex of the being described of the observations told among the psyche and dream. Among the dreams as one describes, in the pages of the diary of the Mad Arab-from dreams which he wrote of the crawling chaos. As what would become, while I watch the absolute horror dwelling within the darkness from the infinite heavens. The thought of being as it walks ~ looking from the waters edge, overlooking the winters of the Midwest.

From the knowing that the letters documented by students of the Miskitonic University, and the patients out of the Arkham Sanitarim. what the

horrors among their letters relate among these nightmares over looking the lakes within the Midwest. From in their letters describe the dreams which begins foretelling the horror in the clay, as in the letters describe the hybrid children pray to the gods of the darkness in the vast heavens. The unearthly chants and the whispers which summon the nameless god ~ the voices of the summoning.

*ia, ia, cthulhu flagum, ia, ia, cthulhu flagum,, ia, ia, cthulhu flagum,,,,,*

The nightmares from the sky as they open to a blood red. Deeper from the midst as one sees them ~ the shadows over the Chicago winter. As he watches, knowing ~ not dead but not dreaming either; horrors in the mind as one tells them in the letters from the unknown. Beneath the shadowed remains the become of them ~ the knowing of them seeing the prayers watching of them while he watches from beneath the waters. In the shadow of the nightmares observe the being as the crawling chaos, Nythyrotep, as he watches within the darkness of the infinite skies. Beyond the nocturnal waters and in the letters penned by the students of the Miskatonic University describe the pages of the Nameless City. Nor one's single words can describe the vastness of the nightmares they had about the place.

In the letters they write within the thoughts haunting them in time ~ the nightmares as the whispers pass within the ashes and dust while Cthulhu watches them from the distance. As what would describe from the shadows of their nightmare haunted sleep, one knows of the uncertain eyes looking on from them ~ that overshadows the places as West Warrick and the New England reigns but in the Midwest Winters one knows the darkness from the infinite skies. Among the thoughts left behind of their letters, the dreams which bring upon the infinite dreams and tormented sleep. In the being where he watches, in the vast darkness one could feel its eyes watching. Where I read of the letters about the nightmares which were penned by the students ~ by the volumes of a statue of the demi-god. They described in the distance where they see the hybrid children with their chanting as the loudness of it is heard within the nightmares inhabiting them. And the passage which comes into the letters being the most evident is the words spoken by the Mad Arab, Abdul Alzhared.

That which is not dead, may eternal lie,,,,,  
And with stranger aeons, even death may die,,,,,

Of their dreams one cannot begin to tell of the horrors that are written of their nightmares but the most evident item was the particular passage of the letter. In the portion of the letter that comes of mind being what is known of them and the passage as it is recited. They described a female in a blackish grey gown walking to the edge of the lake and the darkness rises as she recites these words, an

incantation...

keeper of the circle gathering of the years  
nightmares in the mind as they gath'ring,,  
under the light of the full blood moon shin'ing,,,  
inside the stranger aeons of the keeper of spheres,,,,  
knowing of the sleep that are said to reap,,  
gath'ring within the shadows of the eye of sleep.....

In the mind as one sees the darkness from the skies. I study within the pages of the letters describing their nightmares as the sense of the relation to them in Miskatonic University. From the infinite darkness as one bares the witness to as the crawling chaos awakens from the sleep invoked by the prayers of the hybrid children. Of the mind as they are documented in the letters ~ the dreams which follow their sleep telling of the spheres dwelling in their hours. The sense of what they penned of the Other Gods stands among the observations of anything beyond frightening. Among the dreams as they were written out in the volumes of letters ~ the inpatients had similar stories and nightmares as shared with the university.

Cthulhu watches on in the infinite dark ~ from the eyes watching, sitting without signs of motion. In the eyes staring ~ looking as one reads the nightmares penned into the letters from the patients of Arkham and Miskatonic University. Their testimony of the nightmares describing the Nameless City as the nightmare from their sleep is transcribed in each methodical detail. Deeper drawn from their pending insanity ~ in a methodical hand they draw the symbol of the opening gate. As they gather and pass the articles of the witch cult, one cannot tell from sure how they were able to summon the Other Gods. As one would observe the patterns of the letters as they were written, the horror in ones sight of knowing what was there beyond the darkness from the sky. As the darkness becomes more dense the sound of the chanting becomes louder still:

*ia, ia, cthulhu flagum, ia, ia, cthulhu flagum, ia, ia, cthulhu flagum,,,,,*

Watching from the waters that grow darker as the darkness from the infinite skies. Ashes from the shadows rising from the waters ~ in where the crawling chaos stares within the darkness and the congregation of the hybrid children, he watches. As the moon from the reflection off the water is in its brightest reflection, showing its face in the void among the darkness from the skies. In the letters they wrote ~ the madness of the horror from one of the patients which had holy symbols drawn all over their body. The thought from the nurses and the doctors being this person had lost all the sense he once had.

The letter that I am reading from was from his account of the things that

he saw from when he was in New England. How it made it to the Midwest was through a student he kept in contact with ~ the best friend of his wife. The wife met him when she was in New England for a week, but the best friend lived in the Bridgeport neighborhood. He apparently lived in the area originally as well in Winthrop Harbor, moved to Salem to continue his studies in Abnormal psychology then found a book which was from the writer who disappeared more than 70 years ago named Robert Blake. He began to look for the manuscripts of the vanished writer and started to have many bizarre nightmares which echoed a lot of his work. He often described the one character that was the most evident within his dreams being the siren in a grey gown.

According to the letter, one described the dream as being around the Racine shore of Lake Michigan and sees the water turning black before his eyes without signs or warnings. Of what they could never know of the nightmares ~ what he came to tell them, the next hours or days he found himself in the walls of the place known as Arkam. In his dream he kept seeing the Mad Arab walking around outside of his place in Salem. That the patterns of his dreams were those according to the journals found in the Witch-house, and of the pages which they wrote of the Lost Rlyeh. In the pages which are written from his letter, the dreams which relate to the madness ~ the madness which plays upon the mind when time is not on their side. From the horrors in his mind describing the nightmares which the crawling chaos resides. Nor the pages written from the dreams of the Mad Arab ~ in the testimony given from him, among the eroding thoughts and wandering nightmares ~ decaying away at the last of the mental health he had left.

In pages of nightmares as they dwell, among horrors which follow from the darkness of the infinite skies. In the passing of the 70 years after the disappearance of the writer, Robert Blake. Among the nightmares of the patient who was writing this letter ~ there were a few out of the Miskatonic University saying they had similar accounts of the nature of seeing the darkness from the infinite skies. Among the thoughts and dreams reflecting the terrors which rise from the clay. Within the thoughts as they become ~ as the nightmares they related of the place which resembles the Nameless City. As where the person saw from the nightmares, about the description of Lake Michigan from the Racine shore. Their nightmares. In the pages of their thought invoked by what was gone ~ gathering among their minds tormenting of their senses. In the names in the nightmares they describe the being staring on among the mind of those who are not dead, but dreaming. In the dreams they could see him staring on with his green bat like wings and tentacle grin. That the control of the Midwestern winters are at his hand and the watching on from the mind of the crawling chaos. Where they describe of the articles which were once documented ~ of the old witch cults.

As their journal they kept, one once wrote of meeting that writer before he

disappeared but the dreams which are of the horrors within the clay. In the echoed of the writers papers left laying around the dorm and the hotel he once called base for his writing, the hotel was somewhere on Chicago's infamous South Side. The pages that are found from them became the story which he penned before his disappearance. The sense of what they write lacks some coherent but from what they made from the detail of the dream being the echoes from the darkness within the black skies of infinity, gathering within the horrors above - the darkness from the skies. Drawn from the ashes in the sky among the nightmares they describe of the temple of the lost R'hlyeh - where they walked into the temple of the place. The table they found the etchings resembling the head of something inhuman or an octopus. Waiting as they see, waiting as they know - horrors that man or preacher will never know.

"I am not supposed to know these things, such blasphemy. God - let me understand why I know these things!"

In their minds of the telling of themselves the nightmares are not real but the sense that what they see within the darkness - observations of the Stygian nightmares. In the inferno which they write, in the infernal memory of what was inside the witch houses. Horror from the ashes which rise in the memories of hell. Knowing that what was there among the nightmares according to the writings of the students and the patient at Arkham, MA, but it baffles some of the staff how such an arkane journal made its way to the Chicago shore.. The journal he kept was the key thing that left the etchings of shadows in the mind as one reads this inscription of the front page of the book.

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The pages which are written from the mind as they are in the sense of horror knowing that it was from there haunting him. The journal was one that left the reader in a sense of absolute horror which one cannot find the words to put into the details. Of horrors beyond anything that would be seen in the sense of the nightmares telling of them into the narratives. For as it was among the sense of the mentally unsound which is there among the pages, among the horrors which are seen.-the presence of the Other Gods seen within the fires staring into the madness of forever. Deeper within the nightmares - Cthulhu watches the sleeping as they are not dead but dreaming. Where one would see the shadow of its tentacled grin - resembling the horrors which remain in the clay. Looking as it seems, I saw of all this in the pictures collected in the depths of my most foreboding nightmares and this wanders among the passages of time for an infinity of years. Looking on in form of a statue sleeping in the madness collectives

of mankind - I stood there at the waters edge as the hybrid children prayed. The darkness became further intense and horrifying, knowing what was happening.

Beneath the shadow of the mind peering from ones dreams as one sees the description of the Nameless City. As what was described in the journal of the person in the hospital ~ saying as what would be said of the dreams of the Mad Arab. It is written within the nightmares as the ashes from the shadows rising within the madness one dwells while the voidless thunder shatters from the silence in the skies. In the sleep which one would gather, the dream would soon follow within the deafening silence of the thunder within. Horrors within the dust and the living shall return to the place they were born - of dust and clay.

© 2003-2007 by Nickolaus A. Pacione, all rights reserved on this one. First appeared on this website then on AuthorsDen, eventually published it to my first short story collection. This is an expanded version of the short story. The collection it appears in the shorter form is *Collectives In A Forsaken Lanscape*. This also appears with the short story *AMONG SHADOWS*. First written in March 2003 after a hack from New Orleans doubted I was a writer to begin with. My return to the Cthulhu Mythos.