



# The Dunwich Horror and Other Stories

*H.P. Lovecraft*

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## **The Dunwich Horror and Other Stories** H.P. Lovecraft

In the degenerate, unliked backwater of Dunwich, Wilbur Whately, a most unusual child, is born. Of unnatural parentage, he grows at an uncanny pace to an unsettling height, but the boy's arrival simply precedes that of a true horror: one of the Old Ones, that forces the people of the town to hole up by night.

This edition is part of the Penguin Gothic Horror series designed by Coralie Bickford-Smith.

## **The Dunwich Horror and Other Stories Details**

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# From Reader Review The Dunwich Horror and Other Stories for online ebook

## Oscar says

En mi afán por revisar la obra completa de H.P. Lovecraft, ahora toca 'El horror de Dunwich', que incluye cuatro narraciones: 'El horror de Dunwich', que da nombre a la antología, 'El modelo de Pickman', 'El susurrador en la oscuridad' y 'El extraño'. En mi opinión, estos cuentos son de lo mejor que escribió el Maestro de Providence. En ellos se conjugan a la perfección los llamados Mitos de Cthulhu y los relatos del ciclo de Nueva Inglaterra, llegando a unas cotas de horror y suspense extraordinarias, sin dejar de lado la gran calidad literaria (a pesar de la opinión de algunos críticos pedantes de la época, como bien comenta August Derleth en el prólogo sobre la vida y obra de Lovecraft).

Cito a Lovecraft: "La literatura de terror debe ser realista y ambiental, limitando su desviación de la naturaleza al canal sobrenatural elegido, y recordando que el escenario, el tono y los acontecimientos son más importantes a la hora de comunicar lo que se pretende que los personajes y la acción misma." Y esto es lo que mejor sabía hacer Lovecraft, crear atmósferas asfixiantes y sobrecogedoras, donde lo macabro y sobrenatural "eran" posibles. Cuando lees uno de estos relatos, casi parecen artículos periodísticos dada su erudición y documentación sobre los hechos que se suceden, donde los personajes son lo de menos, aunque estén narrados en primera persona; lo importante es la sensación que transmite al lector, casi de simbiosis con el narrador, arrastrándolos a ambos por los increíbles cauces de lo sobrenatural.

Estos son los cuentos que incluye el volumen:

- El horror de Dunwich (The Dunwich Horror). La granja Whatheley, situada en el municipio de Dunwich, tiene muy mala fama entre sus vecinos; su nombre está asociado a la brujería y a elementos extraños. Y desde el nacimiento de Wilbur Whateley, aquélla se ha acrecentado. Esta es la historia de un horror, un horror asociado al apellido Whateley en general, y a Wilbur en particular; un horror que asolará la región, y que tendrá como testigo de primera fila al doctor Henry Armitage, gran erudito y bibliotecario en Miskatonic. Este es un relato imprescindible, construido magistralmente, que te envuelve en el misterio y el horror hasta su terrible final.

- El modelo de Pickman (Pickman's Model). El protagonista le está contando a su amigo Eliot su obsesión por la obra del pintor Richard Upton Pickman, un artista tan genial como provocador, cuyos cuadros sólo aprecian unos pocos, dado su cariz morboso. Y es que Pickman pinta el horror, cuadros donde late lo siniestro y espectral. Será esta obsesión la que haga que acepte una invitación de Pickman para visitar su casa privada, donde guarda algunas de sus "mejores" obras...

- El susurrador en la oscuridad (The Whisperer in Darkness). Wilmarth, profesor de literatura en la Universidad de Miskatonic en Arkham, nos relata cómo se vio envuelto en unos asombrosos hechos a raíz de relacionarse con Akeley. Todo empezó cuando unas inundaciones sacaron a la luz unos extraños seres. Esto provoca que las gentes del lugar rememoren antiguas leyendas relacionadas con las montañas de Vermont. Wilmarth, experto en folklore, tiene algo que decir sobre el tema. Es entonces cuando Akeley, que vive en estas montañas en su granja, escribe al profesor comunicándole que estas leyendas podrían guardar más verdades de lo que parece... De nuevo la maestría de Lovecraft sale a relucir en esta historia fascinante de principio a fin.

- El extraño (The Outsider). El protagonista, que vive en un castillo, no recuerda nada de su pasado. Recorre el castillo y alrededores llenos de temor y tristeza, y su único deseo es poder vislumbrar el sol. Un cuento, corto, pero espeluznante.

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### **J.L. Sutton says**

HP Lovecraft's tales are dominated by a mounting sense of dread; however, the amount of time he spends creating this atmosphere is often at odds with moving the narrative forward in an effective way. For me, that means I enjoy HP Lovecraft's tales (and his mythos), but I haven't always cared much for his writing. In Dunwich Horror, Lovecraft evokes a nameless, ancient terror without sacrificing the story. Once the Necronomicon is opened, our world becomes linked with the world of the Ancient Ones. Dunwich Horror is a satisfying and enjoyable read! This is not his most well-known work, but if you haven't read any of Lovecraft's stories before I would say this is a good place to start.

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### **?????? says**

3.75

"Pues aun cuando el nepente me ha tranquilizado los nervios, sé que siempre seré un extraño.  
Un extraño en este siglo entre quienes siguen siendo hombres"

H.P. Lovecraft y su obra, por August Derleth \*RELLENO\*  
El horror de Dunwich 2/5  
El modelo de Pickman 5/5  
El susurrador en la oscuridad 4/5  
El extraño 4/5

Con ya leídos casi cuarenta relatos (entre ellos novelas cortas) de Howard Phillips Lovecraft en poco más de un mes podéis haceros una idea de cuánto me gusta. Pero con esta antología no he podido evitar decepcionarme un poco, en parte debido al relato que da nombre a la susodicha.

Antes de embarcarnos en terrenos fangosos, vamos a empezar por lo que me ha gustado. El relato que ha mantenido durante toda su extensión esa calidad y meticulosidad de Lovecraft ha sido El modelo de Pickman.

“Cualquier ganapán de esos que dibujan portadas puede embadurnar un lienzo sin orden ni concierto y darle el nombre de pesadilla, aquelarre o retrato del diablo, pero sólo un gran pintor puede conseguir que resulte verosímil o suscite pavor. Y ello porque sólo un verdadero artista conoce la anatomía de lo terrible y la fisiología del miedo: el tipo exacto de líneas y

proporciones que se asocian a instintos latentes o a recuerdos hereditarios del temor, y los contrastes de color y efectos luminosos precisos que despiertan en uno el sentido latente de lo siniestro”

En el no puedo evitar pensar que Lovecraft hace una crítica a todos aquellos que piensan que expresar emociones mediante el dibujo es algo fácil; cualquiera que haya dibujado un número considerable de veces y se considere algo “artista” descubrirá que suscitar emociones en el espectador es complicado – por experiencia– . Además de esta “crítica encubierta” , está la parte macabra del relato, que yo por lo menos, no me vi venir y fue cuanto menos, sorprendente y el final, todavía más.

Luego pasamos a El extraño; relato bastante corto pero fascinante a partes iguales. No hay mucho que contar, ya que el autor se centra más en aquello que siente el protagonista, mediante avanza la historia, que en los hechos mismos.

***“Tal es lo que los dioses me concedieron: a mí, el consternado, el desengañado, el infecundo, el destrozado. Y, sin embargo, tengo una extraña alegría y me aferro desesperadamente a aquellos marchitos recuerdos cuando mi mente amenaza momentáneamente con atrapar al otro”***

Y por último, el relato de El susurrador en la oscuridad. Relato Bastante extenso, que al contrario que El horror de Dunwich no se me ha hecho cuesta arriba. Lo he leído con avidez y deseando desentrañar el misterio que llevaba cociéndose desde la mitad de él.

***“Los seres proceden de otro planeta y pueden vivir en el espacio interestelar y volar en él gracias a unas toscas y potentes alas resistentes al éter”***  
***“Lo que en un principio había juzgado como morboso, vergonzoso e ignominioso es en realidad algo sorprendente, algo que ensancha los límites de la imaginación y resulta hasta glorioso”***

Pasamos, entonces, a la parte "mala" de la antología: El horror de Dunwich. Vamos a ver, no me ha parecido mal relato, sino que me parecía que iba a tener un desenlace mucho más increíble – yo creo que desde el final de La búsqueda en sueños de la ignota Kadath, que me quedé tan asombrada, ya nada ha vuelto a ser lo mismo desde que lo leí– y resulto demasiado mediocre, demasiado simple para ser Lovecraft, prosaico, vulgar...¡convencional!

También como ya he comentado, está el hecho de que varias partes se me hicieron cuesta arriba porque realmente no pasaba nada demasiado increíble. Creía que en general, sería mucho más macabro, que habría mucha más sangre, incluso ritos tan prohibidos que tan solo con leerlos podría helarte la sangre. Para mi L. se quedó a medias y por ello no puedo darle más nota. Porque sé que tiene relatos mil veces mejores de este ciclo y porque también sé que me hubiera agradecido que hubiese tenido mano dura con él.

Y como apunte final añadir que comparando traducciones, las de Valdemar les dan diez mil patadas a las de

Alianza. Me he encontrado con varias erratas con las que me ha resultado complicado no poner cara de asco. Además no entiendo porqué esta introducción de "Lovecraft y su obra", la verdad es que no me ha aportado nada. Derleth defiende a capa y espada a Lovecraft e incluso se ve que lo veía CASI como una figura paterna y que tachan a Howard algunos "críticos" de enfermo mental lo ofende ~~–bueno, a él, y a mi, porque es como si insultasen una parte de mi–~~.

C?????? ?????.

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## **Lindsay says**

Lovecraft does Cold Comfort Farm, or Stella Gibbons on a very bad acid trip. A family of inbreds in the sticks of New England grow something nasty in the woodshed. Flora Post is replaced by one Professor Arkham fresh from the city, going native and saving the day. The Cowkeepers' Weekly Bulletin and Milk Producers' Guide is replaced by the Mad Arab Abdul Alhazred's Necronomicon. Aimless, Feckless, Graceless and Pointless the cows are savaged by a gargantuan oily beast summoned from another dimension. But in essentials they are the same book.

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## **Lyn says**

Jerry, George, Elaine and Cthulhu are sitting in Jerry's New York apartment discussing H.P. Lovecraft's 1928 novella The Dunwich Horror.

[Kramer bursts through the door] Kramer: Is Cthulhu still here, oh there you are. Wow, great honor your greatness.

Cthulhu: Kramer! Good to see you my friend, come on in, we're just talking some Dunwich Horror.

Kramer: Yeah, I read it, and I'M LOVIN' IT JERRY!

Jerry: One of H.P.'s best, no doubt.

George: What do you think of the Arkham references, Jerry?

Jerry: Well, it's more Batman than Superman, but all good fun just the same.

Cthulhu: Lovecraft's introduction of Wilbur Whateley into the mythos was a stroke of inspired horrific genius, providing a link from the mundane to the cryptic and profane. Something to inspire dreams and nightmares.

Jerry: I had a dream last night that a hamburger was eating me.

George : And another story that includes the Necronomicon, a fantastic and arcane tome of forbidden lore. Jerry, just remember, it's not a lie if you believe it.

Elaine: And his creepy family living back in the woods, interbreeding and carrying on, I mean – yuck! – And

the old fiery rites and sacrificing bulls to Old Gods, for God knows how long. They were a very festive people.

Kramer: If you're not gonna be a part of a civil society, then just get in your car and drive on over to the East Side.

Jerry: Yeah, a little too much chlorine in that gene pool.

Cthulhu: Lovecraft further explores his thematic homage to pre-historic deity. But I gotta tell you, those were some good times. Good times.

Kramer: Here's to feeling good all the time.

Cthulhu: Thanks Kramer, and I can appreciate your enthusiasm, but it really transcended just having a good time. And H.P. picked up on this, it was also about soul scrubbing horrors of an unspeakable and sanity defying nature.

Elaine: Why does everything have to be so... horrific with you? ?

Cthulhu: I'm an Old God.

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## Stephen says

**Wilbur Whateley** is the offspring of an extreme interracial relationship. His mother is a FUGLY, deformed, inbred albino. She's the more attractive set of chromosomes because "papa" is reeeeeeeeeeeally FUBAR and quite a bit "elder." This unnatural **genetic bouillabaisse** helps Wilbur sprout into an impressive 15 year old that stands over 8 feet tall, carries a full beard and has a face that can cure constipation.

Yes....Wilbur is awesome.

The Dunwich Horror is among my favorite Lovecraft stories and is a central component of the Cthulhu mythos. Now keep in mind that I have a serious smitten on for HPL and so my reviews of his stories are coming from the perspective of someone who joys at his trademark brand of atmospheric melodrama and over the top descriptions of "nameless horrors." I like his vivid, archaic prose and love that he might describe a swamp not as "spooky looking" but rather some *"eldritch conglomerate of unholy components whose fetid stench radiated evil and whose appearance cried of unspeakable dread."*\*\*

\*\*Note: that this was my own attempt to emulate Lovecraft so don't hold the above description against him.

## PLOT SUMMARY:

The story is told as a historical recounting of the "Dunwich Horror" and takes place in a secluded Massachusetts town called...uh, Dunwich. The plot revolves around Wilbur's unusual birth, his early development and indoctrination in the dark arts by his sorcerer grandpappy and his subsequent attempts to

obtain an original Latin version of the dreaded *Necronomicon*. Wilbur needs the evil tome in order to perform a sinister ritual involving the “Old Ones” and the gatekeeper entity known as **Yog-sothoth** (pronounced just like it sounds but with a throat full of phlegm).

HPL takes his time in this short novella and does a superb job of setting the mood with his description of Dunwich and the surrounding wilderness. The first few pages are evidence of the influence that *Algernon Blackwood* had on HPL’s writing as his depiction of the Dunwich valley as a malevolent, almost living presence, reads much like the beginning of Blackwood’s *The Willows*.

*When a rise in the road brings the mountains in view above the deep woods, the feeling of strange uneasiness is increased. The summits are too rounded and symmetrical to give a sense of comfort and naturalness, and sometimes the sky silhouettes with especial clearness the queer circles of tall stone pillars with which most of them are crowned....When the road dips again there are stretches of marshland that one instinctively dislikes, and indeed fears at evening when unseen whippoorwills chatter and the fireflies come out in abnormal profusion to dance to the raucous, creepily insistent rhythms of stridently piping bull-frogs. As the hills draw nearer, one heeds their wooded sides more than their stone-crowned tops. Those sides loom up so darkly and precipitously that one wishes they would keep their distance, but there is no road by which to escape them.*

It's descriptions like these, dripping with color commentary and emotional projection, that are helpful in separating the HPL lovers from those that find him full of ham, corn and cheese. I am certainly one of the former and get absolutely enrapt by his lush, vivid prose that just ooze atmosphere.

HPL raises the creep level considerably when he begins to describe the inhabitants of Dunwich. As Lovecraft explains,

*...the natives are now repellently decadent, having gone far along the path of retrogression so common to many New England backwaters. They have come to form a race by themselves with well-defined mental and physical stigmata of degeneracy and inbreeding. The average of their intelligence is woefully low, whilst their annals reek of overt viciousness and of half-hidden murders, incests and deeds of almost unnameable violence and perversity.*

All I could think of while reading that was the pig-loving mountain men from *Deliverance* and now I’m gonna have nightmares of Ned Beatty squealing like a pig out of his **very perdy mouth**. Thanks HPL.

This is classic Lovecraft and fans of his work should love this. If you've never read any of HPL’s work and are looking for a good place to start, you could do a lot worse than this story which provides some excellent background on the Cthulhu mythos and the “Old Ones.”

5.0 stars. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED!!

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## Kathy says

Estos son mis primeros cuentos de Lovecraft que he leído. Me atraparon desde un inicio, la forma en que describe a los monstruos y lo que viven los personajes es super intrigante. En definitiva hay que leerlos y leer



más de este grandioso autor.

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## Maciek says

*When a traveller in north central Massachusetts takes the wrong fork at the junction of the Aylesbury pike just beyond Dean's Corners he comes upon a lonely and curious country.*

*The Dunwich Horror* is set in the isolated and derelict village of Dunwich, and is the story of an isolated and derelict family - the Whateleys. The story is centered around the youngest Whateley, Wilbur, who is a most unusual person - son of an albino mother and an unknown father, he grows up much faster than other children, reaching maturity in just ten years. There are whispers of the Whateley grandfather strange and disturbing influence on the boy, as old Whateley constantly buys more and more cattle, having a seemingly unending amount of money - yet the size of his herd never increases. The Whateley farm is also a topic of many hushed talks - there's an omen of a strange presence in the farmhouse, which the Whateleys keep rebuilding, and strange noises frighten infrequent visitors.

*The Dunwich Horror* builds up slowly to the actual horror, which occurs at the very end; most of the novel focuses on the disintegration of the Whateley family, and the growing strangeness of young Wilbur. At fourteen Wilbur resembles a gargoyle rather than a man, and is universally hated by dogs; he has to buy a gun to be able to defend himself from them. Lovecraft's trademark Miskatonic University in Arkham makes an appearance as the place where young Wilbur ventures to study the infamous Necronomicon. The actual horror occurs at the end of the novel, and affects most of Dunwich in its grotesque monstrosity; it is notable that *The Dunwich Horror* remains one of the very few (if not only) Lovecraft stories where a group of heroes not only actively study the nature of said horror, but put up successful resistance against it. Still, the story lacks the intrigue and suspense of *The Shadow Over Innsmouth*, which I thought was much more engaging and enjoyable.

As always with Lovecraft, you can freely and legally read this story online, or download a copy for your eReader.

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## Wanda says

6 OCT 2015 - Today was a very slow day at work. It happens sometimes. We are not permitted to read real books at our desks; so, I could not read *The Narrow Road*. Instead, we are permitted mobile devices. I downloaded *The Dunwich Horror* from Project Gutenberg and spent the day being scared out of my mind. Holy Mud! This is a spooky read.

Here is your link to being frightened: <https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/50133>

Do NOT read before bedtime. You have been warned.

Dagny and I shared our Lovecraft reading experience. I want to include it here.

Dagny wrote: "I can still remember the first time I read a story by Lovecraft. It was back in the 70s and I thought it was the scariest story I had ever read."

Exactly. There is such a build-up to the ending - excitement, tension. There are no wasted words. I love when an author makes words come to life and those alive words have the ability to create such strong emotions in the reader.

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## **Brian says**

Dunwich claims a story, a "blasphemy" of a story. The Horror, the "blasphemy" came to the town as a boy named Wilbur Whately. At three little Wilbur could read with a profound intelligence, a prodigy, who looked twelve instead of three. The town produces strange phenomena, such as the whippoorwills; they move to a rhythm when people die. The birds sing in glee, and legend says they stop singing if they become discouraged at a person's death. You see, the birds want to capture and torment that person's soul.

Wilbur wants to get his hands on "The Necronomicon," an ancient book remembering a world before ours, an ancient world when the "Ancient Ones" once lived and ruled. Wilbur becomes obsessed and unlocks a portal with strange words, calling on an ancient entity of which Cthulhu has no contest. Portals become opened. The man becomes a beast, an inhuman, other-worldly beast, and he calls upon a foreign power invisible to the human eye, an entity from another dimension.

"Oh, oh, my Gawd, that haff face – that haff face on top of it... that face with the red eyes an' crinkly albino hair, an' no chin, like the Whateley's... It was a octopus, centipede, spider kind o' thing, but they was a haff-shaped man's face on top of it, an' it looked like Wizard Wateley's, only it was yards an' yards acrost...."

This story helps me see why Lovecraft has become the face of the Fantasy Award, why he has developed into a name evoking respect in the fantasy and horror fields. The short scared me and freaked me out. I loved it. I deeply respect the imagination of this man, and his ability to create other worlds and dimensionality.

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## **Joey Woolfardis says**

I'm going to have to think up a name for a shelf on GoodReads for these types of books. They're not quite fantasy or sci-fi, not quite gothic and not quite wholly esoteric. Maybe just "Lovecraftian" will have to do...

Much like his other works, this was sublimely written. The story seemed much more fleshed out and seemed to have a linear purpose beyond just being a short story about esoteric dealings and horrific things from the blackness etc

If I weren't so lazy I'd look up the chronology of this story, which I imagine was written much later than the others I've read, simply because it reeks of advanced storytelling, and not the simple "ooh, and then this happens" kind of storytelling I've found in his others.

My only consternation with this story is the rather trite Now Let That Be A Lesson To You dialogue that occurs towards the end, when Mr. Education defeats the monster and must chide the Backwater Idiots,

verbally spanking them and making sure They Never Do It Again. No more interbreeding or incest, thank you. Look what happens when you do. Possible apocalypse, etc.

Still bloody good, though. What an imagination. H.P. (or Brown Sauce as we like to call him) was magnificent, yet assuming like all great minds, really fucking fucked up.

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## **Ken McKinley says**

In my quest to discover the works of one of the most influential writers in all of horror, I immerse myself into yet another story by H.P. Lovecraft. This time it is The Dunwich Horror and I find, yet again, its hard to go wrong with Lovecraft.

In the backwoods town of Dunwich, Mass., Wilbur Whateley is born to his disfigured albino mother Lavinia. The father's identity is unknown but later in the story it is alluded that the father is Yog-Sothoth by Wilbur's half-mad and witchcraft practicing grandfather, Old Whateley. Wilbur grows at an abnormally fast rate and reaches maturity by age ten and continues to grow. The locals try to avoid Wilbur and his family and animals detest him due to the smell he gives off. Wilbur continues to grow into a freakish size and learns sorcery and black magic from his grandfather. The locals begin getting suspicious as Old Whately always seems to be purchasing cattle, yet his herd never seems to grow and the cattle that are seen in the pasture have open sores on them.

Wilbur attempts to secure an unabridged Latin version of the Necronomicon in an effort to summon the "Old Ones" into this world. As the years go by, Wilbur and his grandfather continually remodel their home to larger proportions and strange rumblings are heard inside the house. Soon afterwards, Wilbur's grandfather and mother mysteriously die and the rumblings get worse and more frequent. What could be going on in the Whateley house?

Lovecraft's tale continues the revealing of Yog-Sothoth, the Old Ones, and the Necronomicon. It is wonderfully written with lots of suspense and eeriness. Its impossible to miss his influences on so many well-known horror stories and movies of the past and present. I've really enjoyed this journey into discovering Lovecraft. I'm looking forward to the next chapter of our journey together....into the macabre.

5 out of 5 stars

You can also follow my reviews at the following links:

<https://kenmckinley.wordpress.com>

<https://www.goodreads.com/user/show/5...>

<http://www.amazon.com/gp/profile/A2J1...>

TWITTER - @KenMcKinley5

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## Jason Koivu says

After you're finished with *The Call of Cthulhu* and you feel as if you still have your senses about you (You *think* you do, but you don't. Good try though!), give *The Dunwich Horror and Other Stories* a go. Herein you'll find more possessed people and plenty others driven insane, as per usual.

If nothing else, this is a wonderful foundational work on the Lovecraftian mythos that details in creepy color Cthulhu and that devilish book of magic, The Necronomicon.

The language evoked by Lovecraft is more simplified here than it was in *Call...* or *The Horror at Red Hook*. *Dunwich...* often reads like an old-timey newspaper story. That style tends to distance the reader from the action, but this is an intentional device used to keep up the mystery. Perhaps some might call the writing stiff at times. Maybe a modern reader or two might find this too formal. Well, this was writing about 90 years ago.

The fact is, this is still solidly spooky stuff. I'm thinking I should read Lovecraft every time Halloween comes around, if I dare...

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## Monse says

[ Lovecraft tiene una fijación con describir a los monstruos, que aparte de no d

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## Bettie? says

<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/50133>

Opening: **When a traveler in north central Massachusetts takes the wrong fork at the junction of the Aylesbury pike just beyond Dean's Corners he comes upon a lonely and curious country. The ground gets higher, and the brier-bordered stone walls press closer and closer against the ruts of the dusty, curving road. The trees of the frequent forest belts seem too large, and the wild weeds, brambles, and grasses attain a luxuriance not often found in settled regions. At the same time the planted fields appear singularly few and barren; while the sparsely scattered houses wear a surprizing uniform aspect of age, squalor, and dilapidation. Without knowing why, one hesitates to ask directions from the gnarled, solitary figures spied now and then on crumbling doorsteps or in the sloping, rock-strewn meadows. Those figures are so silent and furtive that one feels somehow confronted by forbidden things, with which it would be better to have nothing to do. When a rise in the road brings the mountains in view above the deep woods, the feeling of strange uneasiness is increased. The summits are too rounded and symmetrical to give a sense of comfort and naturalness, and sometimes the sky silhouettes with especial clearness the queer circles of tall stone pillars with which most of them are crowned.**

This was a scary one. Must make an effort to read more from the Welsh author Arthur Machen.

## A month of Halloween 2015 reads:

- #1: 3\* Nobody True by James Herbert: fraudio
  - #2: TR The Horror Stories of Robert E. Howard: fraudio
  - #3: 1\* Brain Child by John Saul: fraudio
  - #4: 3\* Domain (Rats #3) by James Herbert: fraudio
  - #5: CR The Mourning Vessels by Peter Luther: paperback
  - #6: 2\* The Doom of the Great City: ebook short-story
  - #7: 5\* Long After Midnight by Ray Bradbury: fraudio
  - #8: 5\* The Dead Zone by Stephen King: fraudio
  - #9: TR The Chalice: hardback
  - #10: TR Seven Gothic Tales: ebook
  - #11: TR Tales of Men and Ghosts
  - #12: 2\* Shattered by Dean Koontz: fraudio
  - #13: 5\* The Dunwich Horror: e-book: gutenber project
- 

## Greg says

This is a cheat review, I didn't actually read this book. I read the story *The Dunwich Horror* and maybe this edition has only that story in it, or maybe it has some other ones included as well. I don't know. And this unknowing kind of disturbs me, and I think maybe I shouldn't review this as a book, but just tack it on to my review of *The Weird*. It almost fills with the horror that the citizens of Dunwich feel when they take turns looking up on the hill towards the end of this story. Yeah, it's that serious and incomprehensible to rational thought.

This is the most bearable of all the Lovecraft I've read. This isn't say too much, since I haven't read too much by him, but I didn't feel like throwing the book across the room at any point while reading it. The book did a decent job of ruining my Sunday though. This was my daily story I had to read from *The Weird* so I sat down to read it, and told myself that I'd make my way through it and then go on to more productive things, but instead I couldn't keep reading more than a couple of pages at a time before all sorts of banal things would seem more interesting and needing my attention than continuing to read. But I wouldn't let myself do anything actually productive or fun (not that I had any ideas for anything fun to do, but maybe I would have thought of something (No, I wouldn't have)). So I started the story around 10 am and sometime just shy of 4 pm I finished it. In that time I also started to read a Dan Simmons novel, read a chapter or two in *The Remainder*, watched snippets of Friday night's UFC on FX (which I also blame for my lethargic Sunday, what a bunch of boring fights, I couldn't watch more than about half a round before feeling the need to break the monotony with returning to Lovecraft or to do something else, like pick up pieces of paper on my floor or just sit on my bed and stare, it was a fun Sunday, it's a shame I didn't document it for look at what I do when Karen isn't around to orchestrate AIFAF.

But, as much as the story didn't really hold my interest it didn't actively annoy me (maybe I was just easily distracted yesterday?) and I found the basic story to be pretty interesting. I thought ending (being the immediate build up to and the climax) to be suck but the build up and character development I enjoyed (which seems odd to say since I couldn't sit still long enough to get through much of it at a time). In theory I like the misanthropic qualities of the Old Gods, or Cthulu or whatever you want to call it (were the monsters

in this books supposed to be even more badass than Cthulu? I tried deciphering the passage where octopus face is mentioned but couldn't really make out what Lovecraft meant (am I just stupid? Probably), but every time he brings one of these creatures onto the page the reaction of people and the description (or non-description because they are so horrific that they just cause fainting and insanity among men) is a literary turn off for me.

Fortunately the stories in this collection (that would be *The Weird*, not the rest of the stories in this Lovecraft book) should be leaving the era and style that Lovecraft is an example of. I have high hopes for most of the rest of this collection, but please no more unspeakable horrors.

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## Kate says

[I'm on the 4th paragraph and I just audibly yelled at the book. You cannot spend 3 paragraphs explaining how menacing the countryside is only to then tell me that it is "*more than commonly beautiful*". Screw you, Lovecraft, I already hate this story.

"deeds of almost unnamable violence and perversity"

\*rolls eyes\*

"No one, even those who have the facts concerning the recent horror, can say just what is the matter with Du

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## ? Irena ? says

### 4.5

This is one of my favourite Lovecraft's stories. It is wonderfully written, the imagery is perfect for what it was set out to do and some of the characters are just horrifying enough to keep you on your toes.

Dunwich is an isolated little place in New England. It wasn't much better before the events told here either.

Wilbur Whately was born in 1913. His mother Lavinia Whateley, a deformed albino woman, spends her days wondering through the countryside. After his birth, his grandfather starts buying a lot of cattle and sheep, but their numbers don't seem to increase at all when the nosy and curious neighbours check them.

Wilbur is not an ordinary child. He grows too fast, he starts speaking almost right away. And dogs seem to hate him with passion.

Every now and then Wilbur and his grandfather, a black magic practitioner, would start working on the house, rebuilding and changing. All the people know is that part of the house is almost completely closed.

One thing the Whatelys couldn't get rid of is the all-present stench that enveloped Wilbur.

Wilbur's father is interesting. You know from the start that the father isn't human. Later you get another surprise too. Cthulhu is not mentioned, but Yog-Sothoth is and you get a glimpse of a threat the Old Ones present and how far they'd go to return.

The whole story is told by a narrator who did not experience the Dunwich horror events himself. The reader somehow ends up being totally immersed in the story, but from above. If I had to choose one book to introduce Lovecraft to someone, this would be it.

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### **Lou says**

Master of horror writes a story of true forces of evil. The story beats a lot of modern writers in prose, characters and plot. I can see why many screenwriters have taken from pages of Lovecraft's characters. It seems that The Dark Tower series by King has a lot of inspiration from these elements in Dunwich Horror and other stories. A dark malevolent force of evil has taken over Dunwich is there hope? You are taken through the accounts and findings of this evil, a very good tale.

*"Young Wilbur's precociousness,  
Old Whateley's black magic, and  
the shelves of strange books, the  
sealed second storey of the  
ancient farmhouse, and the  
weirdness of the whole region  
and its hill noises. "*

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### **TheSkepticalReader says**

I started out incredibly skeptical and wary of this collection as I was made aware that Lovecraft is racist and that his prejudicial attitude appears in his writing often. I liked the title story and "The Thing on the Doorstep" quite a bit, but as I continued jumping around the collection, I found the collection too repetitive ultimately. He seems to play with the same themes repeatedly and, forget scaring me, the stories eventually stop becoming even mildly entertaining.

I think I'll pass on more Lovecraft in the future.

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