

O JAUNDICED ONE: A TALE OF THE KING IN YELLOW

by ALLEN MACKEY

EDITORIAL NOTE: This brief example of ritualistic flash-fiction is from the present editor's "*Fourth Collection*" of original *Hasturian or Yellow Grimoire Fragments*. Inspired by the hyperbolic free-verse style used in the Yellow Cult's religious texts, this is what I imagined a crazy religious tract might sound look like; itself a part of the Fictive Arcana. A cursory examination would reveal much; the difference between life and death passed between his lips in a huff. He immediately astral projected into the Maze of the Seven-Thousand Crystal Frames where no one could follow or harass him. He was a scarecrow clothed with tattered saffron shreds. His dreams became living daytime consciousness; the Pallid Mask covered his face. He could no longer distinguish between the fantastic and mysterious or the dismal facets of reality. Drug addiction had made him a slave. And the Yellow King favored him. Shifting again, the POV goes minute with critical study of Yellow Fragments. Hmmmm. One can easily discern how the following passage could be from some crackpot document. (It is actually a creatively channeled text, an occult communication document--original to the 4th *Fragment of the Yellow Grimoire*.) Really, folks, I simply wrote this little yarn to depict the insidious holds The King In Yellow exerts over us all. Nihilistic, perhaps, and prophetic. But Hey! Do you want it real, or do you prefer Fantasy? I can give you both. This is what I offer: Starry Wisdom. The Power of the Yellow Sign. The Aklo Letters. Salvation. Eternal wonderment, and *The Saffron Testaments*; whispers of *The Lost Arcana Of Carcosa*. The Howl of Hastur

can be heard across the galaxies by a selected few artists and psychic sensitives. I wield the Sword of Hastur! Hark! Or, do you prefer your Cover Stories to be completely made-up? Me, I know well enough that the Phantom of Truth is truly Stranger Than Fiction, and he can show you the way to blow your mind! Revelations in truth for whispered secrets. His stone tomb would never be found; the crumbling, and shifting tunnels are sure to destroy all traces. Ancient stone tombs with hidden treasures and horrors guard well this secret. "O Jaundiced One," is a demented romp into the magical prose of Hastur, a quick rollercoaster-ride of raucus fun. It is only one of ***The Songs Of The King In Yellow*** that haunts my waking and my dreams....

Here is the complete text of "O Jaundiced One: A Tale Of The King In Yellow." It was an early fragment, evocative of both the best and the worst of the Carcosa Mythos.

O JAUNDICED ONE: A TALE OF THE KING IN YELLOW

O Jaundiced One! IO! IO! Listen! In the ancient Holy Books of our Order, It was said aforetime that our Lord, Hastur, waked down from the heights to behold a youthful world in the lower registers of consciousness. A world that had been ripe for His soft touch of corruption. This is the World of Horrors. The Saffron Pestilence irrevocably tainted this planet, sealing its DOOM; it lurks unsuspected in shadowy places. The hot winds of sickness cleanse the weak! For is it not said that His is the breath that instantaneously wilts plants? Observe, His feet never touch the ground. He wears His tattered yellow shreds in the mirror, looking at you; He is also in your dreams. Initiate contact with The King In Yellow. Bow before the Elder Throne which is on the planet Carcosa. O Jaundiced King, May Your Blessings Forever Shower Down Upon Me! Hastur! Hastur! Haster! Bow! For Behold, He is your King now, too.

Author's Note: We are informed by our spirit guides that there are certain types of low-class spells that can only be activated by the rapid three-fold repetition of the word: "Hastur! Hastur! Haster!" Be aware that the text of this three-fold worded spell had originally been a joke between role-playing gamers: a great exaggeration that some folks took very close to their rotten hearts. Word-play gone bad. Like wildfire raging across the smoking woods, to the darkest niches where the lore of Hastur's Unspeakable Name had been distorted, warped. Soon even novice magicians were able to tap into the empowering signals from the archetypal darkness; there was undeniably a great power channeled by the avatar of Hastur, whose name is Zukala-Koth, and whose only face is the Pallid Mask. Listen up for his whispered instructions from across the void. Hastur is a malleable name; it can refer to, at different times, a person, a place (usually a city or a planet), or even a dark god. Its power is in its usage. Call upon Hastur primarily during times of reverence and reflection. By the Yellow Sign, Praise Him! The Unspeakable Name becomes a key, unlocking