

SHREDS AND STITCHES

THE 2nd FRAGMENT OF THE GRIMOIRE OF ZUKALA-KOTH

by ALLEN MACKEY



THE KING IN YELLOW

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SHREDS AND STITCHES: THE 2nd FRAGMENT OF THE GRIMOIRE OF ZUKALA-KOTH

DEDICATION

To RICK LAI:

Thank you for keeping the literary spirit of my favorite occult-oriented pulp fiction author (and fellow Gemini), LIN CARTER, alive. And *especially* for giving us the Secret Name of the KING IN YELLOW -- **ZUKALA-KOTH!** As you can tell, I really admire your work. I AM plainly resonant with you and Lin. A thousand thanks! All hail **ZUKALA-KOTH**, the King In Yellow!

PREFACE

SHREDS AND STITCHES constitutes the second of thirteen fragments that are intended to comprise my upcoming Grimoire of Zukala-Koth. The first is **THE YHTILL TABLET** and was published in January 2017 as **Yellow Leaves # 10** by Atlantean Publishing. (If you don't have a copy of that particular issue of David John Tyrer's broadside poetry series, PLEASE order it.)

Truly, each of these 13 fragments is a work of channeled poetry and fiction; acausal and functional. Beyond simple verses, these are bonafide rites of **Carcosa Mythos** sorcery. Herein ye shall find a few more incantatory treasures. There are rites for blessings *from* and protection *against* the **KING IN YELLOW**.

As with all Lovecraftian arcana, use with caution as the author takes NO responsibility for the actions of any would-be magus. One should not practice these rites. The Phantom of Truth is truly Stranger Than Fiction!

Blessed are the Black Stars of the Hyades!

Allen Mackey

16 April, 2017

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NOTE: "Thrice-Named Doom" (as "O Jaundiced One: A Tale Of The King In Yellow"), "An Ancient Prayer To Hastur", "To Call Upon Him Who Should Not Be Named", "A Spell For Protection From The Searing Gaze Of Zukala-Koth", and "A War-Song Of The Imperial Dynasty Of America" have all previously appeared on SCRIBD from late 2016 to early 2017.

ALLEN MACKEY

INTRODUCTION:

**"WELCOME TO THE LAND OF THE DUO
SUNS!"**

o. "The Initiatory Text"

I am the endless legacy, the power behind the timelessness. I am the moments frozen in time and doomed to repeat themselves. I am CADON-YETH, the force of Saffron and the Herald of the Last King! I am all this and more, for herein is my secret, and I am COME forth!

O traveller, I bid thee ... Welcome To The Land Of The Duo Suns!

SHREDS AND STITCHES

THRICE-NAMED DOOM*

O Jaundiced One! IO! IO! Listen! In the ancient Holy Books of our Order, It was said aforetime that our Lord, Hastur, walked 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! Hastur!* 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! Hastur!" 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 the mysteries of Aldebaran. *Arion! Hail thee, O lost world!*

* An earlier version of this item appeared as "O Jaundiced One: A Tale Of The King In Yellow" in late 2016 on **Scribd**.

A SPELL FOR PROTECTION FROM THE SEARING GAZE OF ZUKALA-KOTH*

NOTE: This Ritual has been excerpted from the "*The Lost Hymnal Of Carcosa*," which has been preserved for untold millennia by the Hidden Ones Of The Yellow Sign. (*Sshhh, Don't Tell Anyone!*) While not guaranteed to be one-hundred percent effective, this simple Rite has been known to work in the past. By performing the Spell, one should be safe from the machinations of the Yellow King.

METHOD: Traditionally a sacrifice of blood (your own or another's, animal or human) is given in a white ceremonial bowl. The amount is optional, but consider: How much is your immortal Soul worth to you? As with most things in the Imperial Dynasty of America, more is always better. Facing due East, under the Sign of Taurus, recite the following Words:

*"Your Majesty Of The Black Stars,
Zukala-Koth of Yrimid and Halvvon!
I Am [Name], Your Servant,
I Am Unworthy Of Your Gaze!
Insignificant, Below Regard
Accept My Praise And Scarlet Gift!
By Your Will, Allow This One
To Remain Under The Yellow Sun!
All Hail The Pallid King!
And The Night You Bring!"*

* Originally published online by **Scribd** in late 2016. The previous version was a rough draft; here it is revised. For instance, by mistake the second line was excluded. Other bits have been

polished to fit the present collection.

O GREAT UNSPOKEN ONE

NOTE: This is a religious hymn to the pastoral god, HASTUR. The text was extracted from a crumbling proto-Mayan codex found in a recently-uncovered archaeological site in Central America, [HISTORICAL TITLE REDACTED]: A rare cult item from "The Hidden Ones of the Yellow Sign," given to the pre-Mayans to preserve.

O Great Unspoken One!

Listen as we hail You!

The Words of Power,

Howled during sleep:

In the Name of Ha-Set-Ur!

Grant Power! Grant Power!

Ia! Ia! Aster M'ur-Rurh!

Gol'Haa O'lth Aht-Aht! Ai! Ai!

THE CEREMONY OF THE CLOUD-WAVES

NOTE: The short text that follows is from ***THE LOST BOOK OF ZUKALA-KOTH***, a companion volume to ***THE LOST HYMNAL OF CARCOSA***. It was found by occult researcher Adam Qade during one of his adventures in South America. The fragmentary tome is apparently a precursor of both ***THE CELAENO TELALIBRO*** and ***THE CELAENO CLOTHBOOK*** and was discovered in a partially-collapsed network of underground tunnels somewhere beneath the Andes Mountains. Unfortunately, Qade never revealed the location

of this long-forsaken "Hall of Records" used by the Hidden Ones of the Yellow Sign. Too bad, because he claimed that the original tome was a gold metal codex. Other dust-covered tomes and relics, all of precious metals, were also stored in the deep vault. The invisible guardians only permitted him to leave with a series of charcoal rubbings--after the Red Offering of the one native guide *loco* enough to show him the place. (Qade had attempted to make a video with his iPhone but recorded only static.)

THE GREY RITE: The celebrant, alone or in a group, shall endeavor to generate ectoplasm. After much concentration, and many trials and errors, one should eventually be able to summon the cloudy mass of floating ectoplasm. In this Grey Rite, one must create the portal with the aetheric substance, and to look within the cloudy depths of the fabled Lake of Hali of Carcosa. The ectoplasm should churn and heave, moving like waves upon a great inland sea. This is the divinatory link to The King in Yellow. The celebrant should make every attempt to master the calling, and the scrying, of the cloud-waves, for it is concealed herein that the power of Zukala-Koth is known to reside. This is the place between places that the black stars reflect the wavering face of King Aldones, the thirteenth leige of Carcosa.

AN ANCIENT PRAYER TO HASTUR

Reverence to thee, O Hastur of Yhtill!

Thou art the Red Eye of the Bull,

The light in the darkness,

The darkness within the light.

Grant me, O mighty Hastur

That I may walk the path of Yellow

That I may embody wholeness,

For I am just and true.

NAOTALBA'S BENEDICTION

O King, Bless Us Today With Bountiful
Golden Wealth And Reversal Of Fortune!
O Great Liege, Bless Us With Warm
Golden Rays Of The Morning Suns.

THE CHARM OF ZUKALA-KOTH

NOTE: Originally found at a secret dig in the Gobi Desert in 1974, the following charm has become known as one of the earliest known records of Zukala-Koth. Zukala-Koth is the secret name of the King In Yellow. There is power in the name! Preliminary carbon dating of the original artifact conjecturally place the age of the charm at around forty-thousand years old. By that dating, this charm easily predates the oldest known Sumerian tablets.

ZKLKT

KLKTZ

LKTZK

KTZKL

TZKLK

COMMENTARY: The power of this confounding charm is undeniable. This calls upon the King In Yellow's shadow to empower the worthy magus.

A PRAYER TO THE KING IN YELLOW

O Great Yellow King!

Hail Carcosa! Hail Hali!

May The Favor Of Queen Cassilda

Forever Shine Upon Us!

A MANTRA FOR SAFE JOURNIES

NOTE: The following mantra is a VERY brief magical item, but no less effective for its brevity. This is NOT a joke. The mantra *really* works. Only a few words are needed:

"O GREAT HASTUR! GRANT ME A SAFE JOURNEY!"

COMMENTARY: This quick-and-easy formula is similar to another one that originally appeared in *The Book Of Old Ones* by Scorpio.

THE SERF'S DEATH-SONG

O King, have mercy upon my soul!

My light is Yours! My soul is Yours!

Ia! Ia! Hastur! Cf-yak nommos bh'trn!

TO CALL UPON HIM WHO SHOULD NOT BE NAMED

O Mighty One, I Call Thee!

O Great One, Attend Me!

TO PETITION THE KING FOR GOOD FORTUNE

O Great King, hear me!

Grant to me/us all Your Blessings.

From Carcosa's Golden Age,

Shine the Light of Saffron Wealth

Upon the timeless shores

Of the dreaming Lake of Hali.

By the Sign of Axn-Camr!

By the Name of Zukala-Koth!

Let this plea be answered!

OF THE LEGACY OF ALAR

The ruined city of Alar, which most often is hidden by thick fog, is believed to be around five kilometers from the eastern edges of the Borderlands ruled by the doomed city of Carcosa. On a good night, the most keen-eyed guards of the watch, high atop their stone walls, could see the small flickering fires of caravans as they rode between the cities, on to distant lands to peddle cheap wares from the fabled capital of the kingdom, Carcosa. The royal palace was in a particular

state of entropy. It was disconcerting, like seeing an avalanche in super-slow, almost no-motion. The decline of the King's palace appeared to happen over a slow span of millions and millions of years, yet to any casual observer, it would have seemed to have blurred by, tremendously fast. ALAR is one of two words in the Alaran tongue with the meaning of "Stranger." Obviously, YHTILL--the second Alaran word meaning "Stranger"--and ALAR refer to different kinds of "Stranger." One word means "More Strange" or "Strange-er" (ALAR). The other word (Yhtill), is the one that indicates someone unknown, literally a stranger. The fallen city of Alar, conquered after a brief but violent war against the neighboring city of Carcosa, was said to be a majestic sight still in taverns across the desert lands.

A WAR-SONG OF THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY OF AMERICA

NOTE: The present text is from an alternate timeline, circa 1936. Originally chanted by the marching Imperial Hordes in a parallel universe, one where the King in Yellow had swiftly crushed the young unruly United States of America. During the Industrial Revolution, France retaliated for earlier transgressions with heavily-armored, spike-covered steam-powered automata. The "War-Song" remained popular until the mid-1960s, when the Imperial Army finally took Asia. It remains perhaps one of the best known of the Imperial martial anthems, a savage rallying call for fellow American soldier's to utterly crush their enemies.

March! March! March!

March! March! March!

March! March! March!

O weary soldiers, keep on!

For none may stand against

The unbridled might and fury

Of the Imperial Dynasty of America!

We fight for the Yellow King!

All hail the crimson spirit of His Majesty's oppressive Dynasty! America the Beautiful, America the Ravenous!

The fierce winds of His Wrath shall mow down all who dare to stand in His Path! America the Strong, America the Brave!

Turn thine eye if the King offends thee, but bend thine knee to stay alive! America the Sorcerous, America the Bloodthirsty! The Imperial Dynasty shall bring the Consuming Horror!

Rays of searing light from the King's Torches stab into the night, reducing all foes into shifting piles of blackened ashes. Souls blinded, easily devoured by the gluttony of the Yellow King.

America, the crushing fist! America, the fanged mouth! My bite is venomous and my sword is sharp!

All hail as the King lays waste and rapes, His worldly rule enthroned--Upon the glorious Saffron Throne!

America the Brutal, America the Nightmare! The fears of the world are realized as the King pronounces DOOM upon them all.

March! March! March!

March! March! March!

March! March! March!

O weary soldier, keep on!

None may stand before the might

Of the Imperial Dynasty of America!

We fight for the Yellow King!

NOTE: Imperial Historians, following the lead of the revered principle archivist, Jolan Uoht Carstairs (who died in 1941), would generally append mention of this War-Song:

"And so begins the whelming of yet another enemy of the state, another county

for the King to take."

AUTHOR'S BIO

"Allen Mackey is a Native American occult and paranormal author, as well as a lifelong fan of the Cthulhu Mythos. His fiction began appearing in the early to mid-1990's in several issues of Robert M. Price's **CRYPT OF CTHULHU** and a few other Lovecraftian fanzines. A tale also manifested in the Chaosium trade paperback, **THE AZATHOTH CYCLE** (1994) called "**The Plague Jar**." Then, due to unforeseen events, he went into a twenty-year hiatus. (No, not due to alien abduction.) Now the stars are right for Allen Mackey to return to the Lovecraft Mythos! (Or the Chambers Mythos?) After testing the waters on **SCRIBD** with a few original excerpts from various Mythos Tomes, the first stage of his comeback was "**THE YHTILL TABLET**" which was **YELLOW LEAVES # 10**, published as a broadside by Atlantean Publishing in January 2017. (That particular item is the first of thirteen **FRAGMENTS** of an original Yellow Grimoire of The Carcosa Mythos.) Now the author is hard at work editing future volumes of **YELLOW GRIMOIRE FRAGMENTS** and **BLASPHEMY MADE FLESH** (a collection of new pseudobibliographical Cthulhu Mythos Fragments and flash-fiction), in addition to other upcoming projects."