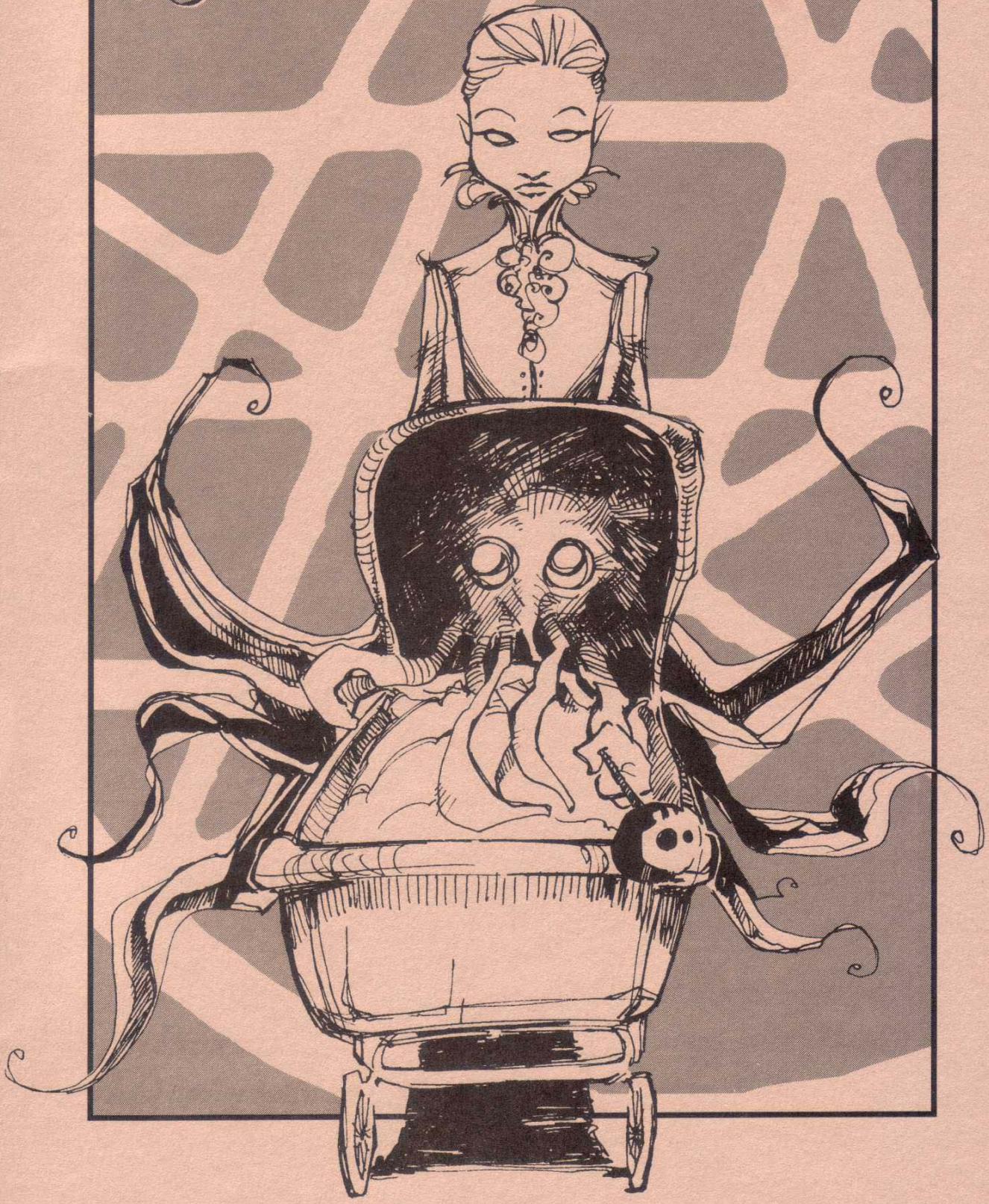
BABY'S FIRST MYTHOS

C. J. Henderson and Erica Henderson



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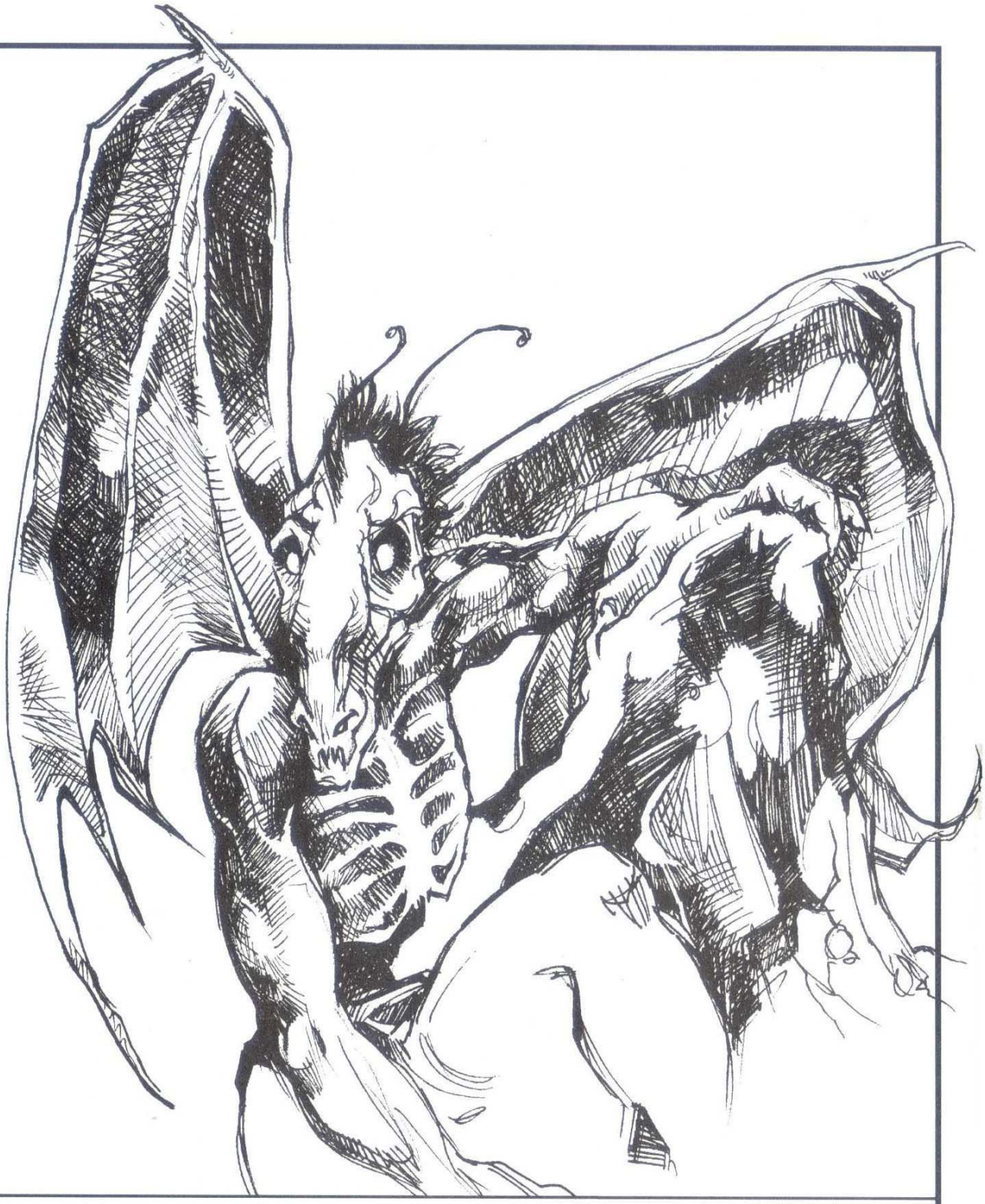
published by ZEV SHLASINGER, of z-Man Games

CAVEAT LECTOR.

Recitation of these passages has been known to drive impressionable children to the very brink of suicidal madness and despair, and beyond.

A *is for* AZATHOTH,
Who dwells in the center,
Dreaming us from a place
That we cannot enter.



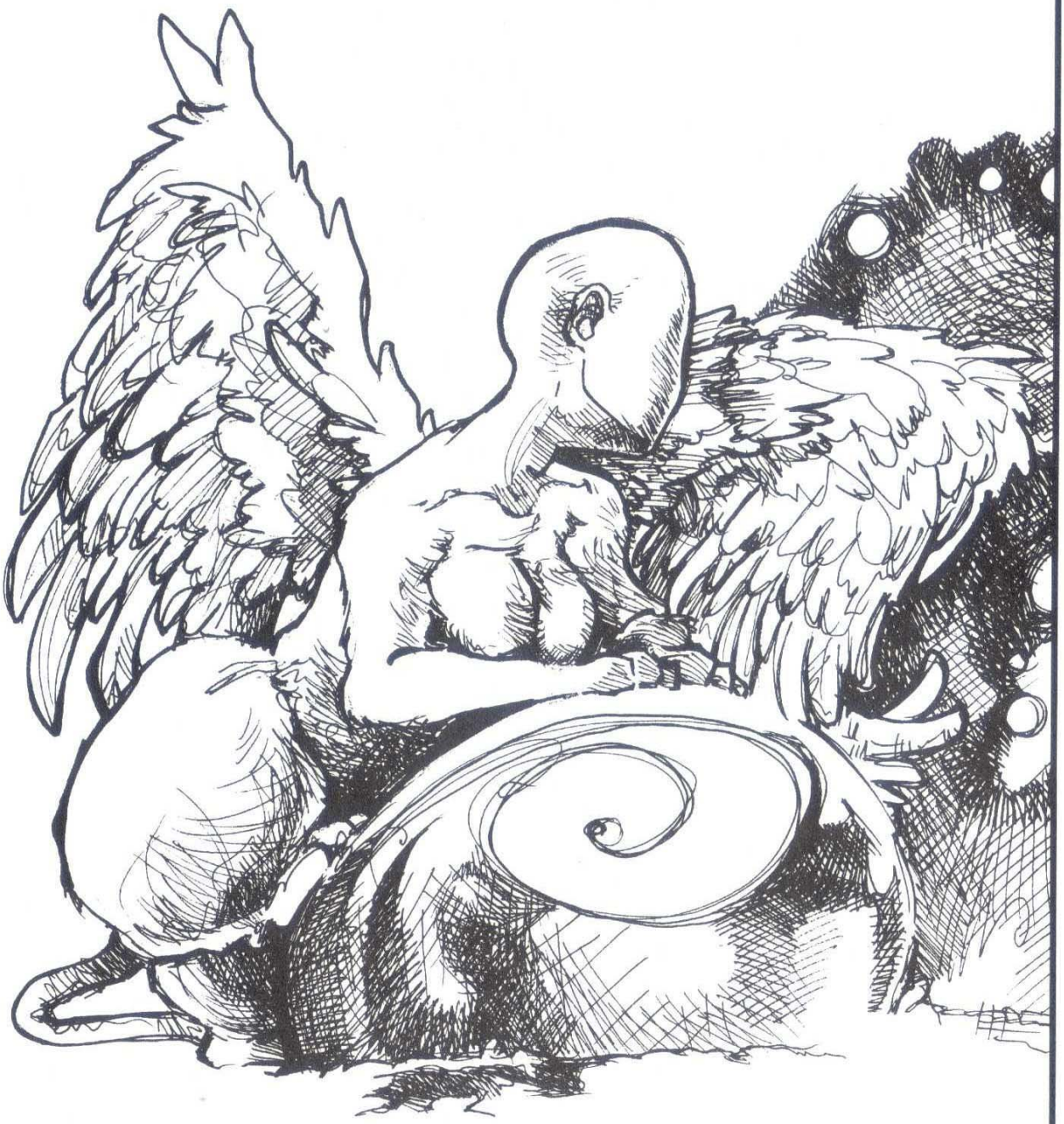
B *is for* BYAKHEE,

An interstellar race that often serves Hastur,
Summoned from the sky, into space they will fly,
And if you shout "Iä, Iä" they'll go faster.

C *is for* CTHULHU,
Who lies in R'lyeh a'dreaming,
One sight of whom leaves most,
Gibbering, drooling or screaming.

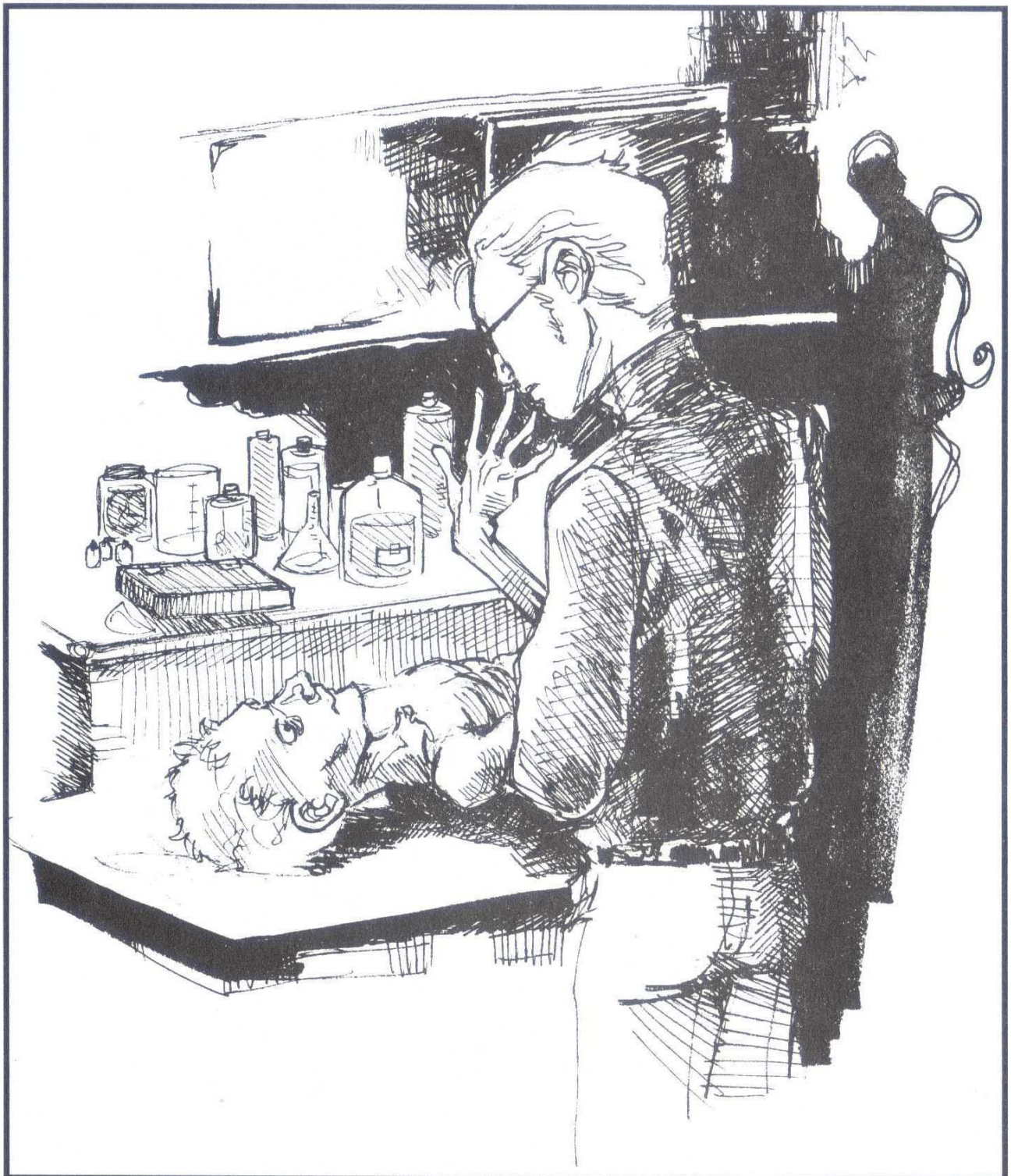
D *is for* DAGON,
Because he's one of the gods,
And not for the Deep Ones,
Who're just one step up from frogs.

E *is for the* ELDER GODS,
About whom not much is known,
Save that when the stars align
and the seals are broken,
They probably won't answer the phone.



F *is for the* FACELESS GOD,
Or Nyarlathotep by name,
The soul and messenger of the Outer Gods,
Who always seems to have mischief on the brain.

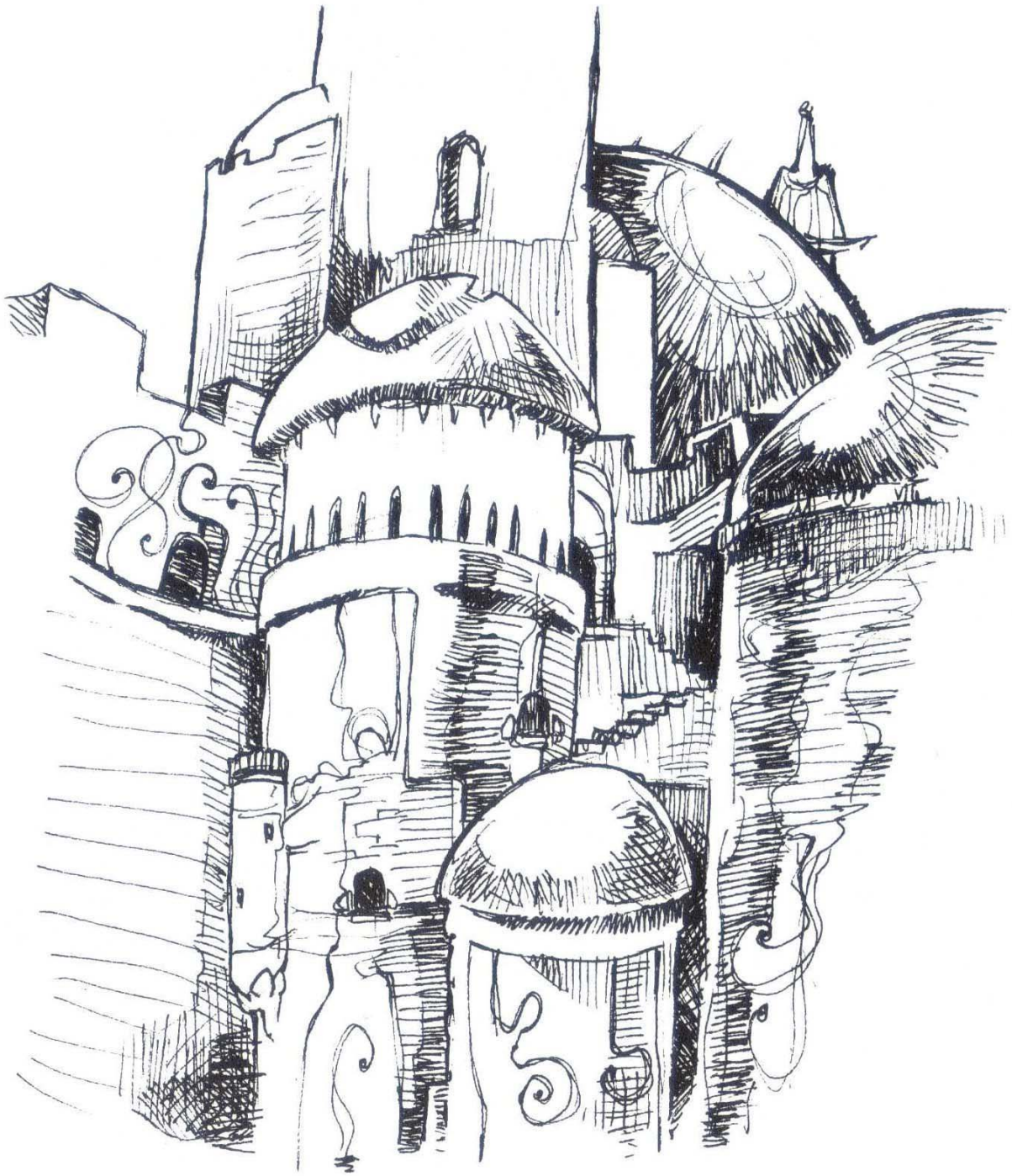
G *is for* GOL-GOROTH,
Who lives where it's cold as December,
Who is worshiped by Shantaks but is also forgotten,
For reasons I cannot remember.



H *is for odd, old* HERBERT WEST,
Who revived the dead with his potions.
It's said playing with aliens
and making a zombie of Jesus,
Were just two of his interesting notions.

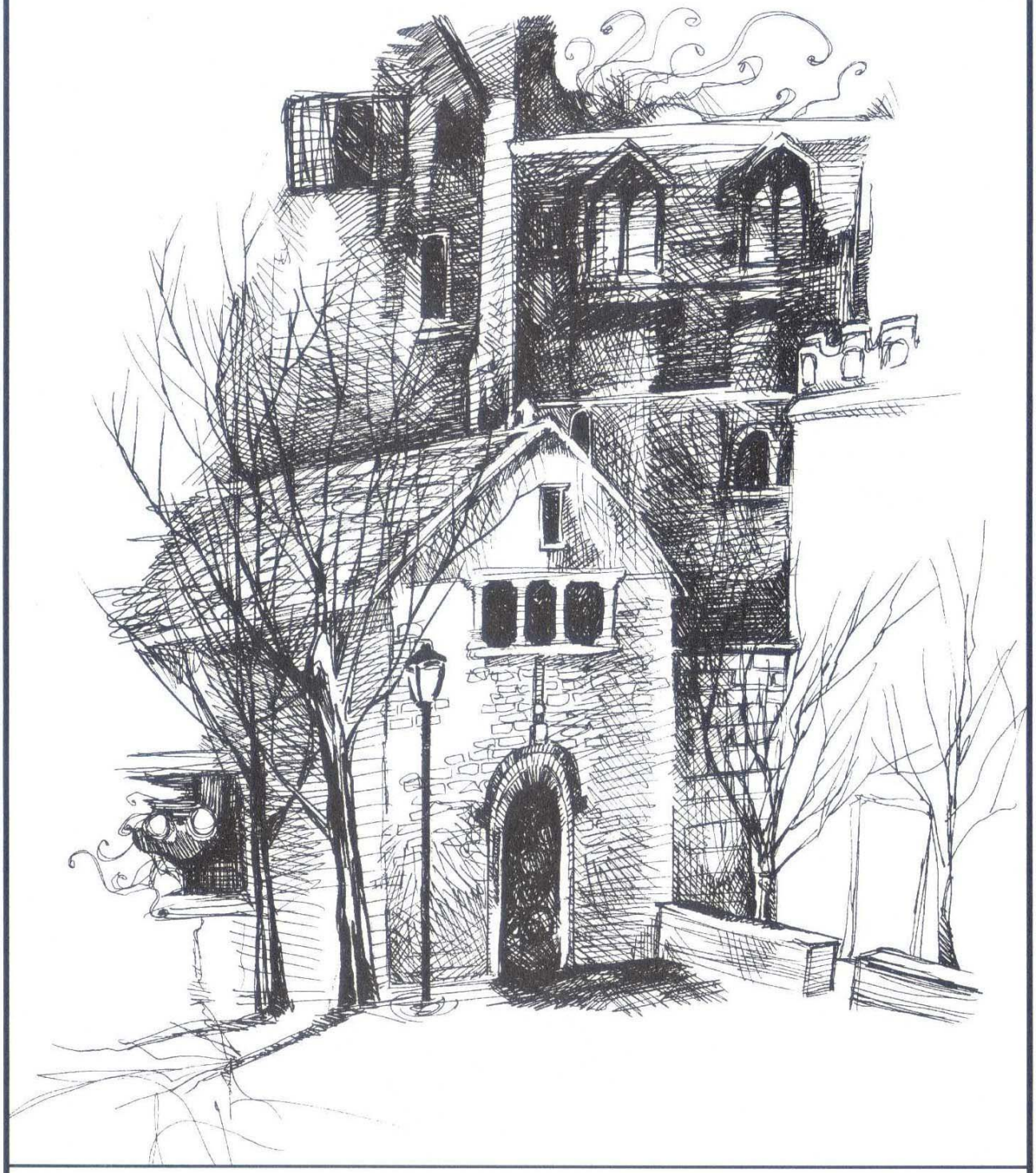
I *is for* INNSMOUTH,
A Hell of a town,
Where the people wear gold,
And are quite hard to drown.

J *is for poor* GUSTAF JOHANSEN,
A sailor from Oslo most sorely tried,
Who survived pirates, R'lyeh and even great Cthulhu,
Then was hit by a bundle of papers and died.



K *is for* KADATH,
The home of the gods of Earth,
Which has killed every visitor
(save for the dreaming Randolph Carter),
And thus is not overly known for its mirth.

L *is for* H.P. LOVECRAFT,
The father of all modern horror,
Who created the Mythos after just 2 years of marriage,
Whereas most of us would've needed at least 4.



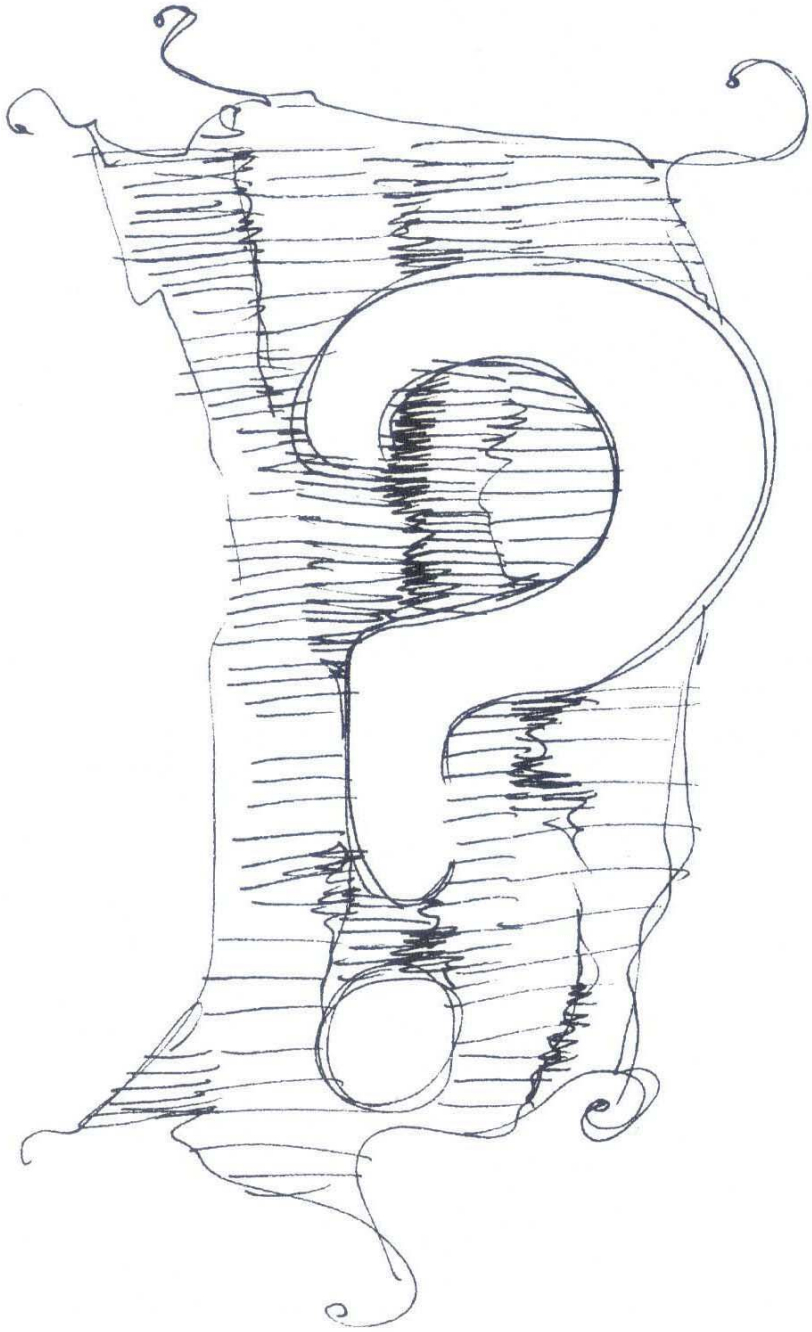
M *is for* MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY,

An Ivy League school over 200 years old,

Housing the largest occult collection in the western world,

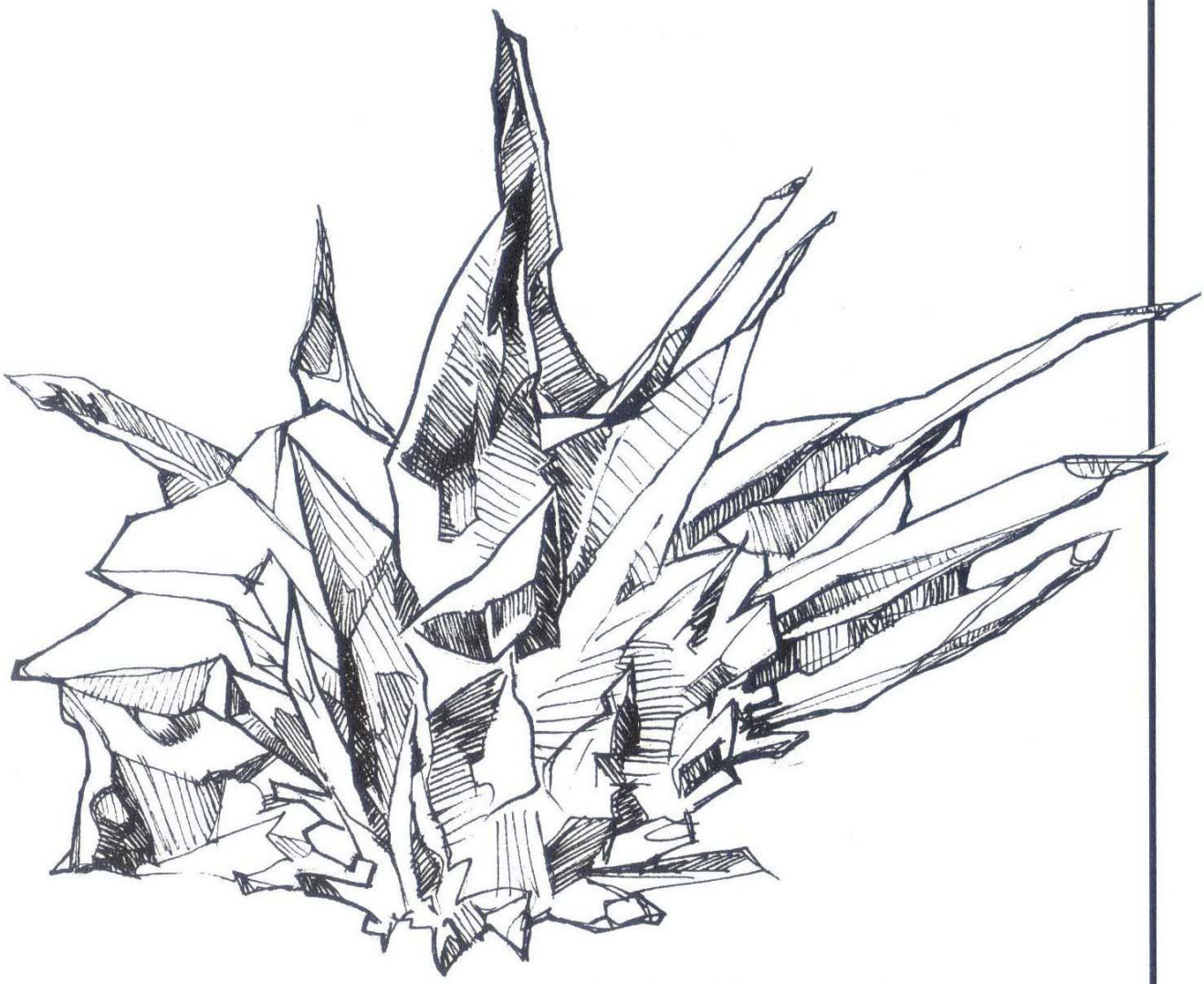
And the most varied alumni, I'm told.

N *is for* NECRONOMICON,
That horrid flesh-bound book of magic,
The reading of which by mere
mortals brings their damned souls,
To ends both terrifying and tragic.

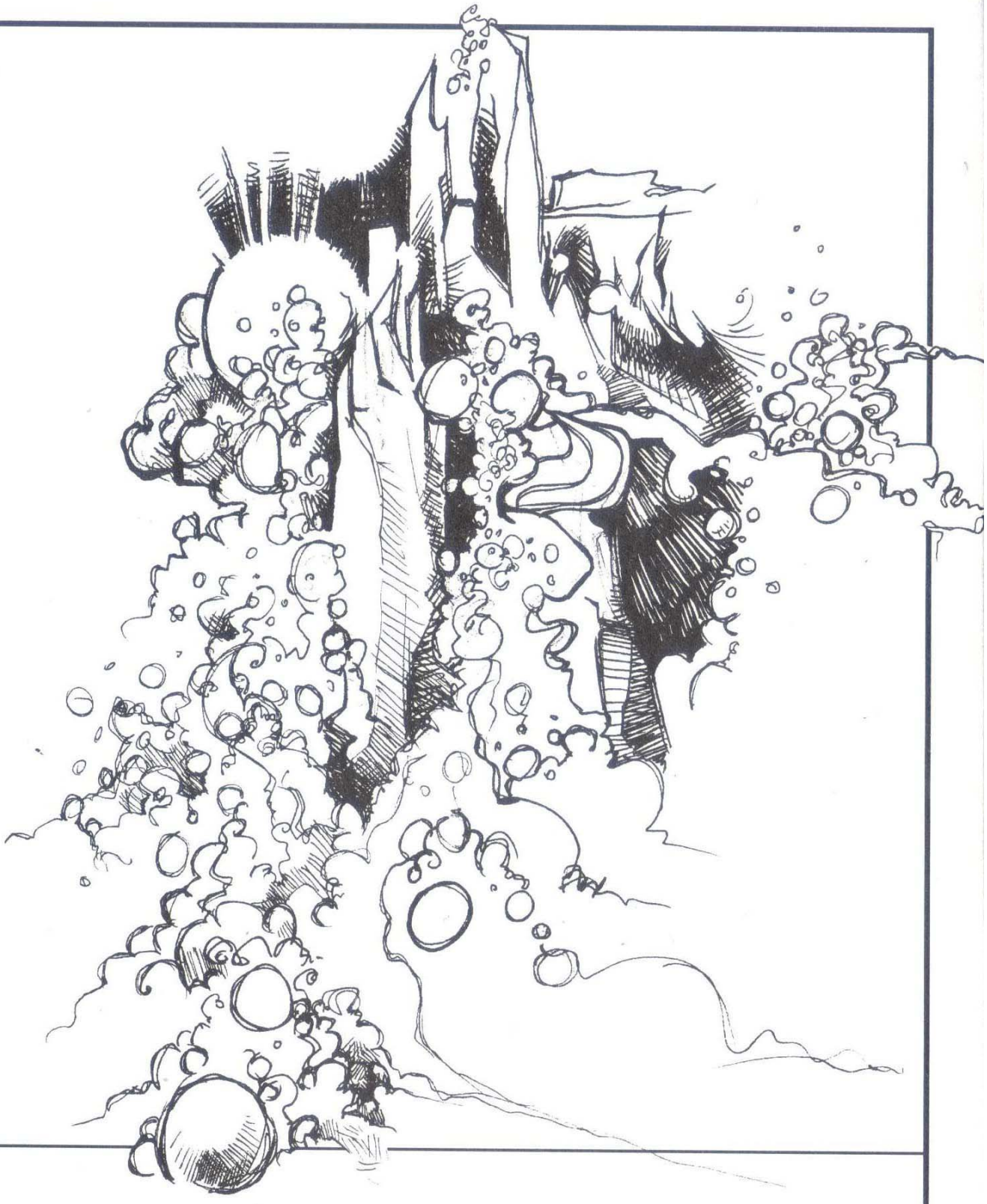


O *is for the* OLD ONES,
Known also as Elder Things,
—just a terrible, terrible spawn—
Who contact humans only through possession,
And simply just can not be drawn.

P *is for* PICKMAN, *the artist,*
The one both infamous and quite renown,
A ghoul in the end, and not much of a friend...
But ultimately as daring a painter as can be found.



Q *is for* Q'YTH-AZ,
The great and wise crystalline Old One,
Who will turn your planet to glass hard as granite,
Certainly no one's prescription for fun.



R *is for* R'LYEH,
Whose buildings are fit together in a
non-Euclidian fashion,
It's a wondrous sight, inspiring both awe and fright,
And no end of murderous passion.

S *is for the* SHUGGOTHS,
Those shapeless congeries of protoplasmic bubbles,
Who crush, devour and kill, all just for a thrill,
And who have caused, oh!, just no end of troubles.

T *is for the* HOUNDS OF TINDALOS,
Who appear through angles in many a form,
To destroy all attempting to travel through time,
And to feast on the remains while still warm.

U *is for* UBB, *the Father of Worms,*
A burrower extraordinare who,
Breathes sulfides, among his anatomical traits,
And assisted Zanthu in the destruction of Mu.

V *is for* FRIEDRICH WILHEIM VON JUNZT,

"Unaussprechlichen Kulten's" author,

A noted explorer, and a hell of a guy,

Killed in a locked room and left on the floor.

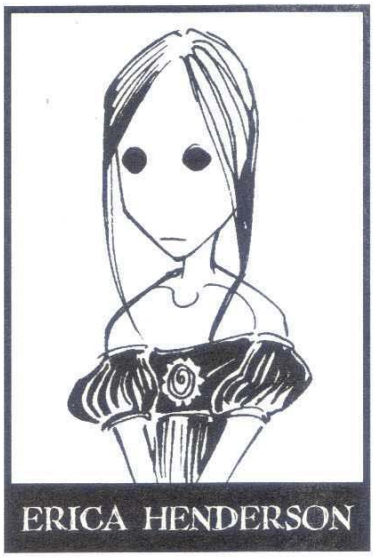
W *is for the* WHATELEYS,
A strange and mysterious clan,
Witches and wizards and eaters of gizzards,
From whom every sane person just up and ran.

Y *is for the Mi-Go homeworld,* YUGGOTH,
Where they built the Shining Trapezohedron,
And where both Glaaki and Rhan-Tegoth vactioned,
While on their separate ways to Earth and beyond.

Z *is for* ANTON ZARNAK,
Pyschic Sleuth is his general task,
His residence, 13 China Alley,
Or at least, it will be, in the past.

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

C.J. HENDERSON



ERICA HENDERSON

Abandoned as a child in Canada's vast Yukon Territory in the winter of 1899, ***C.J. Henderson*** was adopted into a wolf pack — while others his age were learning to read and write, Henderson was filing his teeth down to vicious points in order to survive. Captured by lumberjacks while leading his pack on a daring daylight raid on a logging camp, the then teenaged Henderson was sold into slavery as a carnival sideshow novelty and displayed throughout Canada and parts of the American midwest as the "Carnivorous Wild Boy." Henderson escaped but, now partially civilized, decided to remain in the world of men. He travelled to San Francisco, where he won his wife, a Celestial beauty, from the leader of a Chinatown Tong in a blindfolded knife fight. With a wife — and soon after, a girl-child — Henderson mellowed somewhat, and turned to less dangerous pursuits to earn a living. He gravitated naturally towards writing, a profession in which having teeth filed to points proved remarkably useful, and published his first tale in the December, 1928 issue of *The Lariat Story Magazine*. Later venues included *Oriental Stories*, *Wild Game Stories*, *Man Stories*, *Red Blooded Stories*, *Popular Engineering Stories* and *Fire Fighters*.

Henderson's daughter ***Erica*** was stricken with a rarified skin condition that precluded her from venturing out of doors during the daylight hours without suffering agonizing lesions and boils over the exposed portions of her body. Thus she spent her youth within the confines of the fabulous Nob Hill mansion her father purchased with the proceeds of his successful writing career. She became enamored of the rare books he acquired to line the shelves of his mammoth library, many of them dealing with the occult. While her parents and the servants slept, she would perform the rites described in these books, seeking companionship to ease her enforced isolation. By the time she was 15, Henderson Hall was acknowledged by the Theosophical Society to be the most haunted place in all San Francisco. Erica's pen and ink and oil renderings of the invisible creatures that stalked her home were briefly the toast of San Francisco's art world, before being condemned by the Catholic Church.

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From the twisted minds of

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–Joseph B. Mauceri, FEARSmag.com

"The consistently enjoyable C.J. Henderson delivers again..."

–Cemetery Dance

"*Baby's First Mythos* is a remarkably original book that heralds the work of a phenomenal new artist talent, Erica Henderson, and a name to keep a watch on."

–World of Fandom Magazine

"Henderson is a first-rate Mythos writer."

–Cthulhu@bass.org

"I'm sure *Baby's First Mythos* would have put a smile on the habitually dour expression of H.P. Lovecraft's face. This is a guilty pleasure that is sure to be one of the least dusty books in your collection."

–NITE SHIFT, WBAI 99.5 FM

"Erica's work in *Baby's First Mythos* is strikingly intense, suggestive of a hundred masters in the field, yet both starkly and amazingly unique. This is a woman who will be delighting that part of us that loves to be scared for decades to come."

–The Brooklyn Skyline

"Erica is one of the best new lights on the horizon. I wish there was something left I could teach her."

–Allen Koszowski

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