

IT'S THE DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE THICKETS' MOTTO:

TO HELL WITH TRADITION

You know, December 25th was not the day Jesus Christ was born. Until the 4th Century, it simply was not customary to recognize or celebrate as we do the date of a person's birth. Ancient pagan rituals celebrated the winter solstice on December 21 or 22, and the Roman festival of Saturnalia was observed the same time. Yes, it was Roman Bishop Liberius in 354 who chose Dec 25 as Christ's B-day to enhance the appeal of Christianity among the pagans, and to unify the various customs and rituals throughout the God-lovin' world. My point? Christianity is a crock. So this year, throw away those nativity scenes, wreaths and stockings, and celebrate the Yule-rite Lovecraft style: pull out your Necronomicon, adore the sick pillar of flame, and ride your byakhee into pits and galleries of panic where poison springs feed frightful and undiscoverable cataracts. Kick off Festival by mounting at your tree's pinnacle not the star of bethlehem, but the star-headed crinoid from At the Mountains of Madness. Just colour it, cut it out and tie its legs to the treetop (use cardboard backing and wire to secure it) and you are well on your way to the path of darkness. Iä!

TRANSDIMENSIONAL CANNIBAL CYBERDEMONS ON VIRTUAL WEED

A CALL OF CTHULHU SCENARIO OUTLINE by Ubbo-Spamla

Frank Foster is the proud owner of 'Honest Frank's New and Used Cars, Trucks and Plant Equipment'. On the surface this appears to be a perfectly respectable automobile and heavy machinery business, but at the back of his warehouse there is a Gate to the Plain of Leng, where Frank trades with the Moon-Beasts and grows dope. He likes to buy slaves from the Moon-Beasts, some for sacrifice to his horrific god Yibleth-Na, and some to eat.

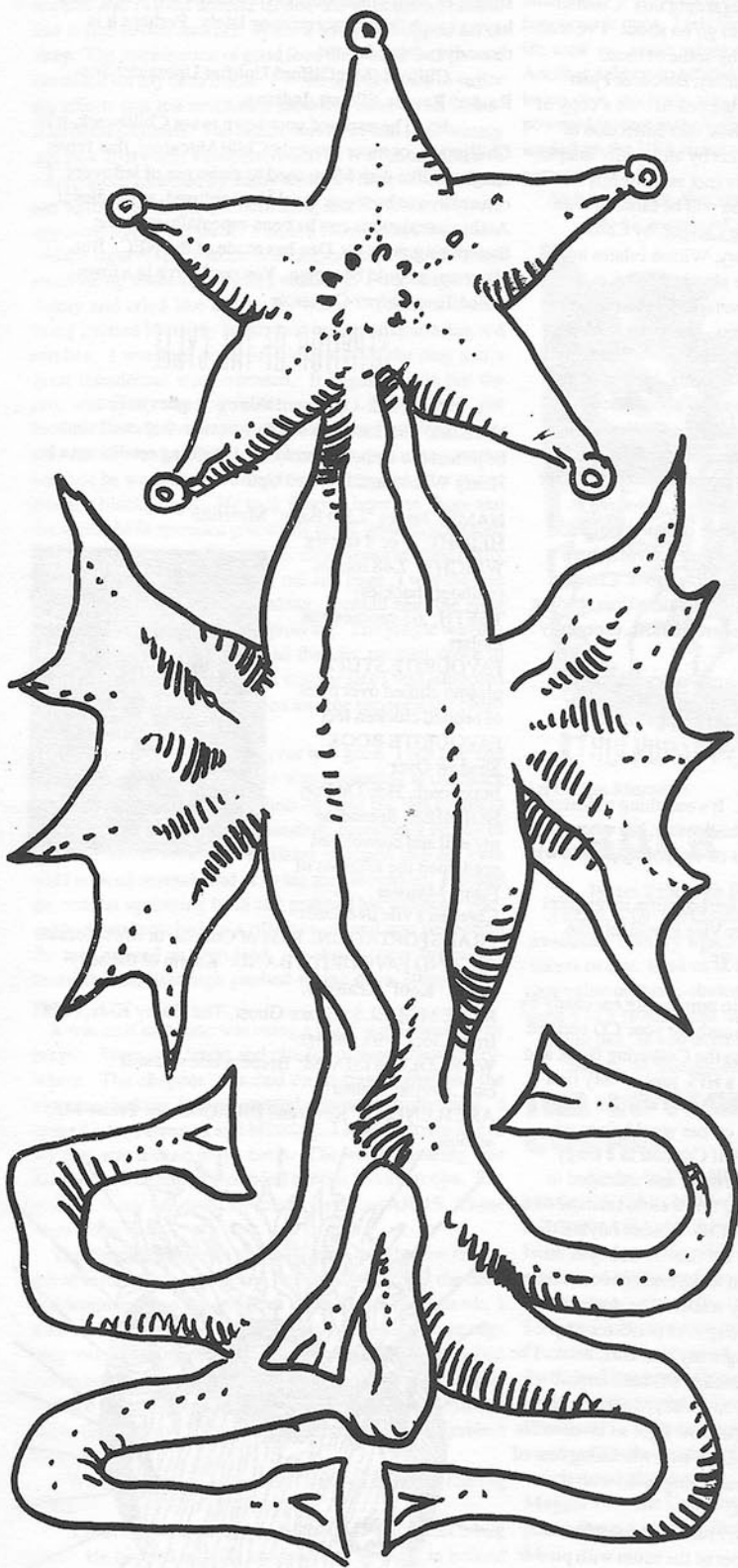
Herbert Prick is a computer wizard and occultist. He is known in the world of the Internet as deathsatan@aol.com (DeathSatan). He has invented a way of cursing people by email. He sends them a special file which acts like the spell Contact Hound of Tindalos when read. The unfortunate recipient of the email (which appears to be just random ASCII) is then killed by the grisly hound some weeks later. The file is only effective once, cursing the first person to read it once it is sent.

DeathSatan met Frank through the Internet newsgroup alt.satanism, and Frank started selling DeathSatan his Grass from Leng. Unfortunately DeathSatan can't afford very much of it, so he's trying to threaten Frank into giving him a huge stash in return for not being killed by a Hound of Tindalos. DeathSatan has already killed a couple of mutual acquaintances just to show that he's serious, but Frank has stood his ground, knowing that if he is killed DeathSatan will have no way of getting his hands on the ganja.

This is the story so far. The Investigators could be drawn into the scenario from a number of angles. They could be investigating the deaths of the two unfortunates (both subscribers to alt.satanism, both known to Frank and to DeathSatan), or they could be investigating this particularly strange and potent weed which has recently come onto the market (perhaps the herb has some unusual powers such as giving smokers clairvoyant dreams, or turning them into exploding zombies). Alternatively, either Frank or DeathSatan could be looking for a spell which they need to get leverage over their enemy, and the Investigators could get involved this way.

If the Investigators come after Frank then he will retreat through his Gate to Leng. The Gate is concealed by a sturdy steel door, locked by a heavy-duty lock. Only Frank has the key to this door. The door is very strong for a normal door, but is not as secure as, say, a bank vault. It could easily be ripped down with some of the heavy machinery in the warehouse. Once the door is disposed of, anyone can step through to

continued on page four



UNDERLINGS SPEAK!

To the Musical Harbingers of the Great Awful Ones from the Stars;

I want to congratulate you on your highly interesting and disturbing People of Insmouth newsletter -- it gave me the first disturbing dream I've had since I was about six years old. You seem to have some link to the Great Beyond.

That said, I heard of you people through the Internet, and I have to say that you are one of the more interesting Lovecraft-devoted institutions that's come along in a while. I can't believe that you guys existed for two years without me hearing of you (even though I was in New Mexico for most of that time).

Now, I guess I'm supposed to demonstrate that I'm evil enough to join you, right? Well, how about this -- I have a California Teacher's certificate. I earned it, too.

In addition I own several esoteric volumes of lore, including the first edition of Deities and Demigods. I personally think that it was a great idea to stick Cthulhu in there in the first place, and even better that they took Him out. You see, when people play Call of Cthulhu, usually the players know that they are dealing with squamous yet slimy blasphemies from beyond the limits of human existence. They know they're going to get slaughtered. On the other hand, AD&D players expect to be able to kill whatever they meet. Introducing Cthulhu or Azathoth to a game world is a great way to conclude a campaign that you're tired of.

Nyar shtan, Nyar gashanna,
John Goodrich, Alameda, California

Cthulhu Goodtime Boys

Goheeny the Unworthy here. Much time has passed since my last letter. I have been up to vast evil deeds ever since I became SERVITOR OF THE CYCLE. I am now a changed man because of it. I mean, just the girl factor alone is mind-boggling. So thus I express my gratitude towards you. Thank You Great Evil Ones. The burning question in my mind is how I managed to be announced Servitor before Jessica, Jimmy the Squid, and all the other greasy spawns you have under your control. I feel quite silly about being the first Servitor, owning 10 of the 11 People of Insmouths newsletter (which brings me to the question, what happened to #1?) and just having dealings with The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets and their shoals of evil doers, while at the same time I do not possess a certificate of membership. What a horrid pain to bear upon myself. Oh yes I liked the Cthulhu Strikes Back CD, quite evil! LA LA CTHULHU FHTAGN. I've been saving up my Kool Aid points and if I collect only 8869345363 more of them I can get the handy dandy Cthulhu Specs. Cool, no? In one of the earlier People of Insmouth newsletters you go on to say if I send you a coupon for whatever you will send me a membership card. So I included a dollar off Subway as well as a \$1 coupon good at the Chilliwack Dairy Queen, so I guess you can use it next time you visit Mr. Pratt or just give it to him. I do not have a recent photo so feel free to improvise. I also included a few stamps to help spread evil.

Travis Goheen, Coquitlam, BC

There's a good lad, Goheeny. If I may address your concerns in order, it sometimes comes to pass that with our many and varied schemes weighing heavy on our ill-begotten minds, some of the people who write us and request to become People of Insmouth do not get their official People of Insmouth membership certificates. This loss is no doubt devastating, and they are left to face many moons staring at that dry, cold, cracked spot on the wall where they hope one day this evil paper may be framed. Let me remind all of you cretins out there that the band all agree with Darwin's theory, survival of the fittest. Do like

Goheeny does, and bug us. Only then will you receive what is rightfully yours. Secondly, it is IA IA, not LA LA. La La Cthulhu fhtagn. How absurd! Thirdly, the offer made in issue # 4 for wallet size P.O.I. I.D. cards was a one time deal. Yes, I know we still haven't gotten around to sending them out, but we're so close now! Ohhhhhh! I can feel it! Just you be patient, like Cthulhu, and your goodies will come.

Hello. My name is Arthur Pewtey & I want to know what all the fuss is about regarding this "Cthulhu Mythos" thing that you all seem to go on about. I've read some of the lamentable material by some of those forgettable authors - Derleth, Lumley, Bloch, & I just don't get it. For example, if you happen to own a copy of **New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos**, that collection of half-baked, pea-brained pot-boilers by an equally insipid collection of two-bit, pulp writers (not surprisingly including Stephen King), then you will be familiar with the tedious tale **The Return of the Lloigor**, by Colin (yawn) Wilson. In this vapid story, Wilson relates how some "astral" creatures may take physical form, in the traditional "Nessie" plesiosaur pattern, so as to scare the hell out of dullard backwater idiots - the same kind who see "UFOs", I suppose. Why they should choose to pick this form, instead of, say, Fred Flinstone, is beyond me, but I guess that's the beauty of writing about alien things - they are *sooo* inexplicable, *sooo* alien. And another story I recall had something to do with some over-grown octopus. Big deal - that's supposed to scare me? Well, geez, call Jacques Cousteau, or better yet, a sushi chef, and that should take care of that problem. The upshot? If you can piece anything between these goofy bits of trash & literature, well, go to it, Chester. I've got far better ways of spending my time than reading obscure works by better-left-obscure authors, especially that *Lovecraft* hack.

P.S. Please learn to play your instruments properly - and try learning some Michael Bolton, for Heaven's sake!

Dear Spawn,

We don't like your kind. It's one thing to fester and copulate in your own dirty backwater, but when you go national, polluting the minds of our young people with your disgusting ideology...

Oops! Sorry, that's the introduction to my joint letter to Jesse Helms and former Vice President Dan Quayle. Let's start again, shall we?

Dear Spawn,

Unaccustomed as I am to purchasing ear candy by mail, I have decided to pull the cash for your CD entitled Cthulhu Strikes Back, as well as the Colouring Book and Calendar. Yes, I confess, I am a HPL junkie. My first intro to the Old Man of Providence was my first job as a clerk in a bookstore, where the owner would close up shop early in order to play Call of Cthulhu in a dingy back-room. I was sixteen at the time, and managed to convince my parents into letting this weirdo take me on a 3-day cross-country trip to GenCon. I recall buying the game there, as well as meeting Ed Greenwood (yes, in those days they actually let him leave his typewriter for a few hours a day) and losing my wallet. The down side was having to listen to every song ever performed by Heart on the way home. I bought my first HPL book, *The Tomb*, when I was 19 at the Chicago's O'hare airport waiting for my girlfriend (now my wife) to come home for Christmas. I don't remember how I got so involved in the Cthulhu Mythos, but I think my overwhelming fear of the Hounds of Tindalos had something to do with it. Overheard at Cliff's apartment:

Elise: Honestly, honey, I just don't see why we have to smooth out every corner of the room with plaster. This is ridiculous! Our security deposit will never cover it.

Cliff (feverishly): Keep mixing, woman! And hand me that copy of *The Early Long*. He was right!

Gods in Space, he was right!!!

To be fair, I'd have to say my first encounter with TDOTHT (The band, not the nice gas-cloud intelligence near M-35) was in an issue of *Crypt of Cthulhu*, that witty journal of dry humour vomited forth thrice a year by Robert M. Price. When I'm not reading (or soon, hopefully, listening) to some variant of the Cthulhu Mythos, I role-play at the local club or do Viking things like comb dandruff out of my beard or throw axes at the nextdoor neighbor's tree stumps. Kindly excuse the stream of semi-consciousness format of this letter, but I have a tough time concentrating lately. Perhaps it is those disturbing dreams....

Clifford (MacGifford Uplifter Upbraider Sea-Raider) Raeder, Elkhart, Indiana

P.S. The name of your town is not Chilliwack, it is Chillimack, or more properly Chilli Macaroni, that funny spaghetti-like dish Mom used to make out of leftovers. I can easily see how you would be confused, as Medieval Arabic translations can be bear, especially with the transposing mess Dr. Dee has made of the NEC. But cheer up, it could be worse. You could live in a town called Tuna Helper Casserole.

SERVITOR OF THE CYCLE

Our Suck-Up Award this cycle goes to Jim Meredith. Jim has been sending us non-stop mail since he joined the club, and includes disturbing renditions a la Henry Wilcox and Richard Upton Pickman.

NAME: James "LSD Baby" Meredith

HEIGHT: 3 or 4 stories

WEIGHT: 7.48 tonnes

(without shackles)

TEETH: 63 canines and

molars

FAVOURITE STUFF:

plasma chilled over piles

of broiled chicken feet

FAVOURITE BOOK:

Shadow Over

Insmouth. Hop On Pop

HOBBIES: Spreading

my evil and convoluted

seed upon the minions of

Prime Minister

Chretien's vile overlords

TRANSPORTATION: Pods of Cthulhu or Ma's Corsica

SECOND FAVOURITE BAND: Kaptin of the sexy-

phone "Kool" Kenny G.

ROLE MODELS: Space Ghost, The Cosby Kids, Alex

from Clockwork Orange

WORLDLY WISDOM: Breed while you still

can...sterility is near!

ARCH ENEMY: Reverend Billy Graham. Praise ME,

asshole!



Art by Jim Meredith

THE PRATT FILES

The perplexingly authentic (yet at the same time CLASSIFIED by the government) history of The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets' drummer, Jordan Pratt, warms the pages of this newsletter once again, continued from issue 10.

After our huge breakfast, we sat around the coals and felt fatter than we'd ever been. I was glad Warren still had loads of cheap tobacco; we smoked like fiends. The jungle hopped and rustled around us and the animals screeched and called to one another. After a while, I dropped off to sleep. The combination of good food and jungle heat proved too much for my tired frame. I woke up only once to suffer the effects that too much rich food will have on an undernourished stomach. The attack was brief and I felt watery and sick afterward. I collapsed next to Warren and fell into a deep sleep troubled by many strange visions. I recall the sun setting and the jungle becoming deathly silent. Figures appeared out of the dusk. Painted faces leered into mine and the figures spoke to me with impossibly slow voices. I recall being shaken gently and vomiting. I was desperately thirsty and cried like a baby for water. I felt as if I were being carried by many hands into a ring of sputtering red torches. I was laid down in the center of the ring and a great thundering was overhead. It began to rain but the rain was syrup and it burned my skin. The thunder got louder. The wind came out of nowhere and suddenly Warren was above me. I yelled at him to stop wasting ammo because he was crouched over me firing round after round into the black jungle. He took forever between shots and the spent shells spiraled gracefully to the ground, shrouded in watery, drifting cordite smoke. Everything seemed funny to me. Warren was impossibly tall and huge. I was the size of an ant and shrinking, shrinking. I could hear the slow rustle and shriek of the grass growing. The jungle was dying around us and the rain and thunder pressed down in lead-coated layers. Suddenly I was the size I was supposed to be and the thunder had turned into the ear-splitting chop-and-thwack of a helicopter.

I was instantly alert. The fever was gone. I felt fear and the closeness of peril. Warren was screaming at the black jungle and as I looked up at him he fired the last round in the .45. The helicopter was landing, practically on top of us. The smoke from the red flares whipped into my eyes and I noticed several dead or dying men around us. I kicked the nearest squirming head and grabbed his weapon. Warren had just snatched up a rifle as well and was peppering the area around us with lead. As the chopper lowered, I heard the familiar high pitched whine of a 20mm mini-gun.

It was as if someone was using a giant weed-eater on the jungle. Trees and limbs and chunks of wood flew everywhere. The chopper switched on its huge lights and the swaying, jerking foliage created a bizarre strobe light. I looked away, stunned and blinking. I looked down and at my feet was a dead green beret. The whole clearing was littered with dead and wounded special forces troops. The weapon in my hand was an empty, smoking AR-15. These were Americans.

The chopper set down and as Warren and the few troops left able to shoot covered me, I assisted in lugging the dead and wounded into the spacious cabin of the Blackhawk. I didn't notice any returning fire but Warren still kept capping rounds and the mini gun spent itself, reloaded and then continued spraying the forest. We had the chopper loaded in three minutes. I yelled to Warren and he turned tail and ran to the chopper. He was about to jump in when I grabbed him.

"What the Hell is going on?" I yelled over the roaring wind.

"I don't know but we're dead either way! Let's bug out!" He hopped into the chopper and I swung in behind him.

I had just settled back into the sling when the bullet hit. I was leaning back, the chopper was rising and it was a perfect shot. Who-ever shot me that night, and I am certain

of this, raised his rifle, an AK-47, and sighted quickly and neatly through a scope. He held his breath and cradled his weapon in the curve of his shoulder. He squeezed the trigger and a single shot, aimed perfectly, went through the open door of the helicopter and hit me in the side of the neck. My spine was severed neatly and the slug ricocheted up into the base of my skull and tore a large tunnel through the medulla oblongata; the part of the brain that controls functions like heartbeat and breathing. The lights went out with a sharp pain and a curious ping. I was dead two seconds later. I stopped breathing and let go all my bodily functions at once. I fell forward and the medic caught me. He took my vitals while another cut all my clothes off. Another soldier stabilized my wound. Two minutes after being shot, my body was ten degrees below zero in a gas powered freezer in the back of the chopper. By the time we landed on the USS Nimitz, I was blue-lipped, frozen, and very, very dead.

As it turned out, that was just how they wanted me.
...to be continued...



Art by Jim Meredith

BACK ISSUES

Issues 2 through 12 of the exceedingly unpopular PEOPLE OF INNSMOUTH fanclub newsletter are available. Specify which issues you need. If you need 4 issues or less, send us at least 1 Canadian stamps (of 45 cent value or more, obviously), or a US dollar bill. If you need 5 to 8 issues, send us at least 2 Can stamps, or a US dollar bill. If you need 9 or more issues, send us 3 or more Can stamps, or \$2.00 US.

THE LOVECRAFT CORNER

Kudos to THE HUNGRY MAGGOT (2912 N. Main #1, Flagstaff, AZ 86004 USA) for their special Cthulhu Issue (#2 March 95). The zine includes a reprints of *Hexes and Hoaxes*, a very informative essay on the curious career of Lovecraft's *Necronomicon* by Robert M. Price (originally seen in a 1984 issue of *Twilight Zone*), and *Occult Organizations of the 1920's* reprinted from *Different Worlds* #15. It also includes reviews of various Cthulhu books, other interesting articles, and plenty of art. The *Hungry Maggot* #3 -- the Conspiracy issue -- is pretty damn good too. Each issue costs \$1.

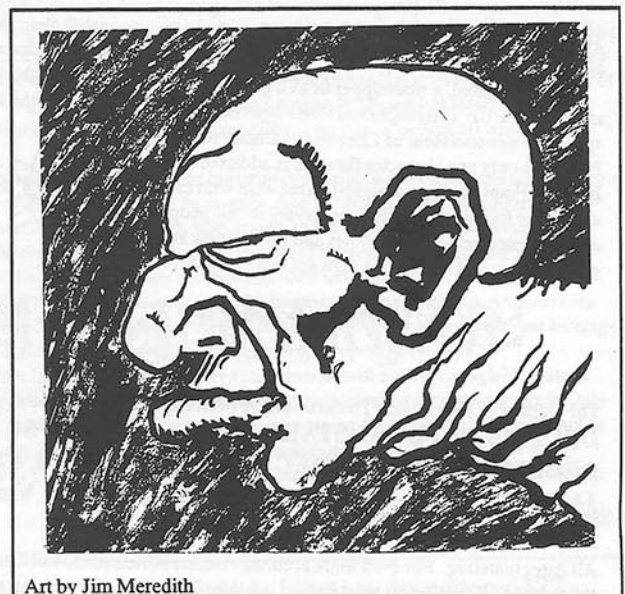
Here's a little something from the Lovecraft FAQ (Frequently Asked Questions list) of Donovan Loucks:

* Q: How is "Cthulhu" pronounced?

A: There are basically three different pronunciations that I have heard, other pronunciations being slight modifications on these. The most commonly heard pronunciation is that suggested by Chaosium, makers of the "Call of Cthulhu" roleplaying game. On the back of many of their gaming products is printed the phrase, "Can you say kuh-THOOL-hoo?". Another pronunciation is that used by several Lovecraftian scholars. This form is based on Lovecraft's revision tales where Cthulhu is often referred to as "Cloodoo" or "Clulu". Unfortunately, this form does not have a sound representing the "th" combination. The pronunciation that I prefer is a compromise between these two. The "h" sounds are aspirated, thus the "th" is not as in "them" or "thin", but two separate sounds. The first four letters of the word are run together in something like a sneezing sound, "K't' hoo-lhoo". According to H. P. Lovecraft: "The actual sound - as nearly as human organs could imitate it or human letters record it - may be taken as something like Khlu' -hloo, with the first syllable pronounced gutturally and very thickly." "The best approximation one can make is to grunt, bark, or cough the imperfectly formed syllables Cluh-Luh with the tip of the tongue firmly affixed to the roof of the mouth. That is, if one is a human being. Directions for other entities are naturally different." From these quotes (taken from Lovecraft's letters), one might conclude that the second pronunciation mentioned above is the most correct of the three.

KEEPING THE FAITH

A few more pointers to keep the holiday season evil:
Eat produce at the market; don't buy it
Leave your Safeway cart in a good parking spot
Take 10 or more items through the express checkout
Take things from others' shopping carts, especially bathroom stuff
At the top right of the Safeway automatic door is a switch -- flick it on your way out
Give completely wrong directions to old people
Record over a borrowed tape
Claim you're a youth when buying tickets. Don't back off!
Touch paintings
Pledge money you won't be sending
Tell people their moles are cancerous
Give limp handshakes
Leave your brights on all the time
Keep chain letters going
Never take down X-Mas decorations



Art by Jim Meredith

Every umbrella is your umbrella
 Donate your liver; drink excessively
 Stopping for red lights after midnight is a waste of precious time
 Tuck a 20 dollar bill or two in with your drivers license so that the officer will catch the hint
 Put a title like Senator or Doctor before your name when making dinner reservations
 Have an alias and the I.D. to prove it
 Before exiting the elevator, push all of the buttons
 When it says RESERVED PARKING, that means you
 Libraries and supermarkets are highly organized places -- remedy this.
 Have a penny, take a penny
 Tell young children the truth about Santa
 Heads I win, tails you lose (you'd be surprised!)
 Lean way back on delicate old chairs
 Get into every photograph you can
 Glare, sneer and growl very low at babies
 Make up statistics and use them to your advantage in conversation
 Stop for hitchhikers -- almost
 Format C:
 Shake with your left hand
 Make yourself a handicapped sign for your car
 Buy it, wear it, return it
 Don't tell vegetarians about the meat in the casserole
 Ask beggars if they can spare any change

SHOULDN'T EVEN HAVE TO MENTION: Take the hotel towel; reveal movie endings; don't say anything when you get too much change back; be unkind -- don't rewind; shake the soda pop can; never call to cancel reservations.

A few of these were stolen from "Life's Little Destruction Book" by Charles Dene, St. Martin's Press NY

TRANSDIMENSIONAL CANNIBAL... continued from page 1

Frank's ganja plantation on the Plateau of Leng. This is a large open area dotted with monstrous towering tree-like plants, which grow particularly large and potent on the blasted plateau despite (or because of?) its pestilent air. This area is lightly infested with weedworms, burrowing creatures 10 to 20 feet in length which come up from the earth to feed off the plants and get stoned. Frank employs five Men of Leng to guard the area against weedworms. The Leng-men have long barbed spears for hooking the worms and ripping their innards out, and 8 inch killing knives.

CHARACTER SUMMARIES

'HONEST' FRANK FOSTER, occultist and car dealer, age 33

A cannibal, a worshipper of evil gods from before mankind, a seller of strange alien weed from beyond our space and a connoisseur of Cheech and Chong movies, Frank has only one character flaw: he is addicted to the Internet. Frank is a big, straight-talking man who can usually be found at his warehouse trying to sell people reconditioned vehicles, machines and parts. Frank always gives a direct and more often than not honest opinion

about any subject he's confronted with, and has a habit of clapping his expansive hands together and rubbing his meaty palms into each other whenever he feels that he's made a sale or won an argument.

Frank worships Yibleth-Na, the Pointless God. His cannibalism has nothing to do with worshipping Yibleth-Na. He just happened to acquire a taste for human flesh. Frank has no magical powers, but has found the spell Create Gate in a book. Frank has not learnt the spell, just used it out of the book, and so cannot change the set destination: Leng.

DEATHSATAN (Herbert Prick), occultist and computer dweeb, age 23

DeathSatan is tall, thin and pale. At 23 he still has raging acne, caused by his diet of chocolate bars, white bread with chocolate sauce, Pepsi and the occasional MacDonald's. DeathSatan is deeply in love with all things computery and particularly with the Internet. He once started doing a degree in Computer Science, but was kicked out because he was too lazy to do any work and just wanted to play on the Internet all day.

DeathSatan doesn't really like smoking dope very much - it makes him cough and gives him a headache - but he believes that if he starts selling the stuff people will think he is really cool and women will want to go to bed with him in return for drugs. He also wants the money to buy more computer gadgets.

DeathSatan should have very low characteristics except for INT and EDU which should be average or slightly above. He has virtually no skills except for computer-related ones, which are very high. He is incredibly naive: his FastTalk and Psychology skills are 0% and he believes everything he reads on the Net. DeathSatan has the spell Contact Hound of Tindalos and may have other minor spells at the Keeper's discretion.

YIBLETH-NA, THE POINTLESS GOD, Outer God

Yibleth-Na is one of the Dancers in Darkness that perpetually circle Azathoth's throne, writhing mindlessly to the dry, monotonous beating of drums and the thin, horrible whining of daemon flutes. He is called the Pointless God because he confers no blessing or benefit of any kind upon his worshippers, and probably doesn't care or even know that they exist, so it's completely pointless worshipping him. This doesn't stop some people, though. Some people just like to worship strange gods from before time for the hell of it. One such is Frank Foster.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This scenario outline was brought to you by sah@dl.ac.uk (Ubbo-Spamla), who is not at all a sad Internet dweeb in any way and is actually out on the town every night chasing women and partying into the small hours of the morning...honest! Would I lie to you?



SUSPICIONING IS HOW WE LIVE

The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets will be performing at the following gigs:

DECEMBER 14, '95: STARFISH ROOM Homer St, Vancouver

DECEMBER 19, '95: GREG'S PLACE Yale Road, Chilliwack

JANUARY 6, '95: RED LION HOTEL 222 North Vineyard, Ontario, California, 91764. Entrance Fee is \$10.

All dates tentative. For even more accurate concert information, call The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets hotline at (604) 859-8291. Warren, your fiendly operator, is standing by for your call. Concert info is also available via the band's internet WWW site, at <http://www.holycow/thickets/>

SCAREWEAR AND ACCESSORIES

POSTAGE SUCKS BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? Ordering through the mail is messy, but it's all we got. State your order CLEARLY. All postage is \$3 Canadian, \$3.25 American or \$5 for overseas (Canadian or American funds only) -- this is per order, not per item. All cheques or money orders should be made out to Toren Atkinson. Please, I can't stress this enough. **TOREN ATKINSON, NOT THE Darkest of the Hillside Thickets.** We do not accept credit cards of any kind. We try to keep our prices as low as possible while still keeping our heads above water. Your \$\$\$ is welcome at 6122 Glengarry Dr, Chilliwack, BC, V2R 2H9, Canada.

MUSIC

...CTHULHU STRIKES BACK

Our 15-track compact disc release, includes Goin' Down to Dunwich, Yig Snake Daddy, Shoggoths Away, and Cthulhu Dreams. \$12 Can, \$9.50 US -- plus postage.

...**CTHULHURIFFOMANIA** is currently out of stock.

...FRASER VALLEY CHAMPIONS

Compilation CD of all the Veritable Shrine bands (including two The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets songs not otherwise available on CD) \$10 Can, \$7.50 US -- plus postage

CTHULHU

...CTHULHU STRIKES BACK TEE

Our yellow Starwarsian logo on the front, and black and white print of the band members agog in the cockpit of the Millenium Falcon. Black XL short sleeve only. \$15 Can, \$11. US -- plus postage

...WORSHIP ME LIKE A GOD TEE

It's back! Purple XL short sleeve only. On the front, Cthulhu clutches the band in his oily mits. On the back a phoetal Cthulhu with the logo, "Worship Me Like A God." \$15 Can, \$11.30 US -- plus postage

BOOKS

...1996 CYBER-CTHULHU CALENDAR

12 months of horror (although not horrible artwork!) by real artists who get paid real money to draw real pictures. Filled with grisly factoids the whole year round. Christmas (we just call it "Festival") is just around the corner, so introduce your peon friends to Lovecraft OUR WAY.... \$8 Can, \$6 US -- plus postage