

TONIGHT, IN THIS PLACE, IN THIS MOMENT, WE CALL UPON THEE, **SHUB-NIGGURATH**, BLACK GOAT OF THE WOODS WITH A **THOUSAND** YOUNG...

LORD OF THE WOOD, HEAR US, FROM ACROSS THE CRIMSON DESERT AND THE RUINS OF THE CITY OF PILLARS, FROM IREM AND THE VOID.

YOU KNOW THE ONE WE SEEK, GREAT MOTHER. SHE MURDERED SO MANY OF YOUR CHILDREN.

YOU KNOW HER NAME.

FROM THIS WILDERNESS WE CALL THEE TO DELIVER HER BACK INTO THIS WORLD, REBORN AS YOUR SERVANT, DIRECTED BY OUR FAITHFUL HANDS.



BREAK
THE WALLS
BETWEEN THE
WORLDS. CLEAVE
THE WILL OF
ANGELS. DEFY
THE GATES OF
SHEOL.



BY MY
BLOOD, BY
ALL THAT I AM,
I BESEECH THEE.
DELIVER HER
UNTO US, GREAT
MOTHER.



HUNTER,
DO YOU
THINK SHE
HEARD
ME?

SHE
HEARD
YOU.

DO YOU
THINK--

SHHHHH,
LOVE. WAIT.
LISTEN.



WATCH,
SISTER, AS
ALL THE
UNIVERSE IS
WATCHING
US.



SHE'S
COMING.
SHE **HAS**
TO COME.





SILLY...
LITTLE...
MONKEY.



THINKS IT
CAN CALL
DOWN GODS,
DOES IT?
THINKS GODS
CARE? SILLY...
WORM.



STAY
THE
BACK, BOTH
OF YOU.

WE TAKE THE
BLADE, AND THIS
WILL NOT BE THE
NIGHT YOU DIE.



YOU PLAY
NICE, LITTLE APE,
AND YOU MAY
YET SEE ANOTHER
DAWN.



YOU'RE TOO LATE,
HOUND. YOU'RE TOO
LATE. KILL US
BOTH, TAKE THE BLADE,
AND YOU'RE STILL
TOO LATE.



IT'S DONE.
HELL IS OPENING
TO SPIT UP YOUR
UNDOING.

